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Francis Rufus Bellamy, Publisher Ernest Hamlin Abbott, Editor-in-Chief

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
Malcolm Waters Davis Dixon Merritt Harold T. Pulsifer
Frances Lamont Robbins Parkhurst Whitney

William L. Ettinger, Jr., Advertising Manager

Walter Thalen, Circulation Manager

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From Publisher—To You

A *CANDID subscriber wrote in this morning and took us to task for printing, in his estimation, too many articles about Governor Smith—intimating that our motive in chronicling different aspects of Governor Smith's personality and actions was for the purpose of boosting his candidacy. Is it necessary to point out that The Outlook is first of all a weekly newspaper, a journal of current life, and not a political organ devoted blindly to advancing anybody's ambitions?*

MOST *of our readers will not need to be reminded that so far we have printed many articles on Mr. Hoover, Mr. Reed, Mr. Willis, and now Mr. Dawes. In the very near future will appear portraits of Mr. Walsh, Mr. Lowden, and Mr. Curtis. We even have a piece about Mr. Heflin waiting for an eager public.*

NO, *we do not sit up nights trying to favor any one or even nominating anybody. We are merely intensely interested in what is going on nowadays and in the people who are making the world go round. It merely happens that Governor Smith is in the forefront of the news and is by all odds the most prominent as well as the most interesting of the Democratic candidates for the Presidency.*

AS *a matter of fact, The Outlook at present is extremely well balanced on the subject of politics. Its editors include men of both political persuasions, and its advertising staff is exactly divided. We have just completed arrangements with two of the best reporters in the country to cover the coming political Conventions. They are keen observers first, and honest writers second, and beyond that their politics are their own. In short, we wish to be as fair and as thorough as possible in reporting all politics of whatever party.*

THIS *intention applies equally to religious subjects, to marriage, prohibition and business, and the arts. So far as we are aware, we have at present no ax to grind. When we do have one, you can rely on us to come out and say what it is. When we decide to support any one for the Presidency, we shall name him.*

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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Charles Gates Dawes

The Outlook

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"Hell and Maria"

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Charles Gates Dawes has managed to vitalize and dramatize the hollow office of Vice-President. What would he do to the Presidency? In Mr. Anderson's opinion, "the country that changes from Coolidge to Dawes will be in the situation of a man who awakes from an afternoon nap to find himself in the midst of a tornado." And yet it might be an excellent thing. This article by a St. Louis journalist is the fourth in a series of political portraits.

IF Charles Gates Dawes is nominated and elected President of the Republic this year, the White House will be invaded next March by the most dynamic and colorful personality to occupy it since Theodore Roosevelt departed. I choose the word "invaded" deliberately. Dawes would not merely make things hum; he would make them crackle and hiss and detonate. That is his temperament, and it would be accentuated by contrast. The country that changes from Coolidge to Dawes will be in the situation of a man who awakes from an afternoon nap to find himself in the midst of a tornado.

Hollow and ignominious by constitution and usage, the Vice-Presidency has been vitalized and dramatized through Dawes's vigor and imagination. What would he do under the brilliant spotlight which beats incessantly upon the most powerful office in the world?

Let us consider Dawes himself. "One hundred per cent American" fits him as the skin fits a potato. He possesses not only the virtues originally conveyed by that phrase, but he suffers in like measure from the shortcomings which it has come to impute. That is, he is robustly patriotic, narrowly partisan, and intensely chauvinistic. Thus he is almost the "typical American" of contemporary mythology. But not quite. Just as Roosevelt was saved from that doubtful eminence by his genuine respect for learning, so Dawes exhibits one exotic strain in his love for good music and painting. Otherwise, he falls true to the American pioneer type.

Picturesque daring unites in him with a cool and good-humored self-reliance. He has a minimum of respect for precedent and authority, and a maximum of confidence in his own judgment. The cowboy virtues—reckless courage, humor, personal loyalty—abound in him, together with a touch of that homely uncouthness which endears Will Rogers to the American heart. A banker and a multimillionaire, he yet savors of the soil.

Like so many of his countrymen who have achieved material success, his fancied "hard-headedness" and "practicality" is largely superficial, and covers a lush sentimentality, out of which spring the standards and ideals of the football field and the success magazines. In other words, his yearnings and ambitions at bottom are those of a sixty-three-year-old Boy Scout, hardened by an experience in which action has played a far greater part than reflection.

In the Senate chamber one is struck by the resemblance between Dawes, its most reactionary occupant, and Senator Wheeler, of Montana, its most outspoken radical. In addition to a physical resemblance which is at once apparent, they have the same smiling contempt for danger, either personal or political; the same indifference to opposing opinion, the same blue-eyed twinkle, and the same cheerful readiness for a fight. Each has the quality of leadership, but Wheeler would lead a crusade to hang all reactionaries on the nearest limb, and Dawes would lead a posse to "restore law and order" and hang the crusaders. Both would be actuated by the pioneer traits of initiative and determination. A lithe, hard-riding, straight-shooting pair, cast, it would seem, almost by accident, to occupy opposing rôles in the battle of life and politics.

VICE-PRESIDENT DAWES was born in Marietta, Ohio, in 1865, one of several sons of General Rufus Dawes, who commanded a brigade in the Civil War. His family is proud of the fact (and it will not be neglected in the event of a Dawes Presidential campaign) that William Dawes, an ancestor, accompanied Paul Revere on his historic ride. It is fully in keeping with the family history and with the history of our subject, although it may be retorted that the only similar ride ever undertaken by the present Dawes was signally less successful.

After studying law and being admitted to the bar in Ohio, he moved to Lincoln, Nebraska. The opposing counsel in one of his first lawsuits was another

young man, William Jennings Bryan. The sum involved was $1.27, alleged to be due the Missouri Pacific Railroad on a shipment of horse collars from St. Louis, and alleged by the consignee—a militant anti-monopolist—to be an overcharge. Curiously, the railroad was represented by Bryan, who later was to advocate Government ownership of railroads, and the anti-monopolist harness dealer was defended by Dawes, who subsequently was to assail the Sherman Act and other legislation aimed against monopoly. History fails to record who won.

Dawes's talents were not long squandered in the justice courts of Lincoln. A richer field beckoned—the field of public utilities. Dawes had learned the advantages of credit. Borrowing money to make a first payment, he acquired a gas plant, issuing bonds to pay off the remainder. Soon he was interested in public utilities in several States. Entering the Chicago field, he met John R. Walsh, who occupied a position there comparable to that now occupied by Samuel Insull. Dawes was far too canny to set up in competition. On the contrary, he induced Walsh to accept him as an ally, and it was through Walsh's aid that he was able to acquire the Evanston gas plant.

The association was fruitful in other ways. Through Walsh, Dawes became the friend of William Lorimer, the "Blond Boss" who later was to be ejected from the United States Senate, to which he had been elected by bribery in the Illinois Legislature. Through Lorimer, he met Mark Hanna, the Ohio Warwick. By 1896 Dawes had made a fortune and had displayed an aptitude for politics. Doubtless both these facts influenced Hanna in selecting Dawes as the Illinois member of the Republican Executive Committee which conducted William McKinley's campaign for President.

In the game of life Dawes had outdistanced his old rival. Bryan remained an obscure lawyer back in Lincoln. But 1896 brought one of those fabulous events which seldom occur outside the United States. It was the "Cross of Gold" speech which made Bryan the Democratic nominee for President. Overnight Dawes became, by comparison, the obscure rival, almost a spectator among the wondering millions whose eyes were focused on the Boy Orator of the Platte.

I think the incident influenced him profoundly. He was, and is, a shrewd and observant man. He recognized the speech as a brilliant piece of pure hokum. Moreover, like most informed politicians of the time, he knew that it was not, as was popularly supposed, a spontaneous outburst of inspiration, but a carefully prepared composition which Bryan had been rehearsing for months in anticipation of the opportunity which came. Yet the consequences were none the less real, and the lesson was obvious.

From that lesson, I believe, came the inspiration for his celebrated "Hell and Maria" show before a Congressional committee in 1919. So with his whirlwind descent upon Washington to establish the Budget Bureau in 1921, so with his raucous and startling assault upon the Senate's venerable rules in 1924. Theatricals, every one, and each time a delighted American public chuckled and cheered. The newspaper editors who were not taken in had to pretend they were, in order to satisfy their readers, who were determined to be. The almost "typical American," Dawes, knew how to tickle the *genus Americanus*. Nor has he forgotten.

To return to 1896, however—the silver tongue which won the nomination for Bryan was not sufficient to overcome the fear of an empty dinner-pail. McKinley was elected, and, out of gratitude and real liking, Dawes was made Comptroller of the Currency. He was not quite thirty-two years old. Within five years he had absorbed a knowledge of finance, and—which probably was more important—had established powerful connections, which enabled him to resign his post and establish his own bank in Chicago, the Central Trust Company. It became one of the most powerful institutions in the Middle West, with Dawes devoting most of his time and energy to it.

His old friend Lorimer also had a bank, the La Salle Street National Bank. Lorimer, unlike Dawes, did not devote all his time and energy to the banking business, and in the course of events the La Salle found itself in bad condition, with National bank examiners coming to inspect the books. In this crisis "Blond Bill" appealed to Dawes, the man who had never been known to go back on a friend. Without consulting his Board of Directors, Dawes "loaned" the La Salle $1,250,000 of the Central Trust Company's money. That is, he wrote a check for that amount, and allowed Lorimer to list it among the La Salle's cash assets when the bank examiners came. When they had departed, Lorimer returned it to Dawes. Soon afterward the La Salle failed disastrously, with heavy losses to depositors. When the facts about the "loan" became known, the depositors sued the Central Trust Company and its officers.

The public heard little more of Dawes until the United States entered the World War. In the business and social life of Chicago, however, he was known to a host of admiring friends and associates as a "square shooter," a sound poker player, an ideal companion on the golf course, a brilliant banker, and an amateur violinist and composer, one of whose compositions had been honored with a place in the repertory of Fritz Kreisler. Altogether a charming and successful man.

When this country declared war, Dawes immediately was commissioned a major of engineers. Within a few months he was a general, directing the purchase of supplies for the American Army in France, and serving as the American representative on the Allies' Military Board of Supply. It was a tremendously trying job, and of vital importance. He discharged it with heroic labor and a passionate hatred of red tape. For such work he had a singular fitness.

This service undoubtedly reawakened Dawes's taste for the drama and adventure of public life. But for the war he would likely have been known to posterity as the Chicago banker who composed a piece that Kreisler played.

Returning to the United States, he found a hostile committee of the newly elected Republican Congress industriously investigating the Wilson Administration's conduct of the war. There were stories of fabulous prices paid profiteers for war supplies, of mountains of food and equipment lost or wasted, of whole fleets of automobile trucks junked or abandoned. Dawes, as purchaser of supplies at the front, was summoned to testify.

David Belasco never staged a performance with more care or a nicer sense of the dramatic values. Dawes led the committee on to nag him with trivial questions and carping criticisms and insinuations. At just the right moment he leaped to his feet.

"Hell and Maria!" he shouted, explosively. "We were winning a war, not keeping books! Suppose we did lose a few car-loads—what of it? We won the war, didn't we? Can't you understand that men were dying under shell fire? When we got a call for a car-load of ether for the field hospitals, do you think we stopped to put it down in the right column of the proper ledger? Hell and Maria, no—we shot it along!" And

so on, for about an hour. He stalked up and down the committee room, waving his fists. Under his scorn the committee withered. From Dawes, a good Republican, it had expected sympathetic co-operation. Instead, he literally blew the investigation out of the water. His honest indignation struck a tremendously popular chord. The committee quietly shut down. Close observers reported a twinkle in the blue eyes of the victoriously retiring General, and something like a chuckle issued from the region of his underslung pipe. The country had a new hero.

His next appearance in Washington was almost equally spectacular. President Harding had appointed him Director of the newly formed Budget Bureau, which had been assigned offices on the third floor of the Treasury Department. On the appointed morning Secretary Mellon walked down the corridor to greet him. An astonishing spectacle confronted the shy and unobtrusive Secretary. Chairs had been catapulted into corners. Desks were piled in the corridor. New filing cases were being rushed in as if by the Fire Department. A wrecking crew and a construction gang were engaged simultaneously. The action was terrific. In the thermometer the mercury boiled. The General had arrived!

Presently there occurred a meeting of all the bureau chiefs. As a rule, bureau chiefs are meek in the presence of greatness. And the President and all his Cabinet were present. But a new spirit was in the air. Suddenly the bureau chief had realized that he was the keystone of the Government. Dawes made a speech. Rather, it was a sermon, in the well-known fashion of Billy Sunday. His voice was vibrant as he called on all wastrels to repent and consecrate themselves anew to economy. Eyes became misty. Old bureau chiefs, grown gray in the service, blew their noses as they went forward to give the Director their hands. It was a powerful spectacle.

When the organ peals had died away and the trail-hitters had taken their exaltation back to their bureaus, Dawes settled down to the business in hand, and when it was completed it was obvious that he had accomplished a first-class piece of work in organizing and launching the budget system. Not one of Mr. Hoover's efficiency experts could have done better, and not all of them combined could have got one-tenth the publicity. Dawes retired at the end of six months in a shower of sky-rockets and pinwheels, and again there were reports of a satisfied chuckle.

NEXT came his appointment to the Reparations Commission, whose work finally resulted in the Dawes Plan. There is no doubt whatever that this plan was almost wholly the work of Sir Josiah Stamp, an English economist, and Owen D. Young, head of the General Electric Company. But Dawes presided vigorously at the meetings, he made a spectacular airplane trip to get somewhere in a hurry, he smoked his pipe picturesquely, slapped Germans and Frenchmen on the back and bade them be sensible, and so it was called the Dawes Plan. However, there is no convincing evidence to show that Dawes either drafted the plan or was mainly responsible for it.

So in 1924 "Hell and Maria" was nominated for Vice-President. In view of the circumstances, it is obvious that Coolidge would have been re-elected regardless of all other considerations. Nevertheless it is true that Dawes made the only effective campaign that was made. By picturing La Follette as an enemy of the Constitution, and by conjuring up dreadful visions of the chaos to ensue in the event of any candidate failing to get a majority of the Electoral College, he undoubtedly frightened thousands of voters into the Republican column.

It was an odd chance that the day on which he was nominated should have been chosen by the Illinois Supreme Court as the date on which to hand down a decision holding Dawes and his fellow-officers of the Central Trust Company partially liable for the failure of the La Salle Street National Bank. At once it was raised against him, and the New England group among the Republican managers were seriously alarmed. But again Dawes showed that he knew his United States.

"I will debate my character with no man," he briefly announced, and went right on denouncing "the enemies of the Constitution." What had seemed a nasty hit turned out a perfectly harmless dud.

His inauguration address is well remembered. President, Supreme Court Justices, diplomats, and all that distinguished assembly sat petrified with amazement when the new Vice-President launched into a violent assault upon the Senate rules—amazement which, on the part of Senators, changed quickly into outraged indignation. As one present, I am confident that fully ninety per cent of those who heard him felt that Dawes had committed an egregrious political blunder, as well as an offense against good taste. I shall never forget Mr. Coolidge's face as he watched his running mate whirl and gesticulate on the Senate rostrum. But again Dawes was the best guesser. A public long (and, I believe, falsely) taught to regard the Senate as a collection of incorrigible windbags howled its approbation, even while Jim Reed was making scathing reference to Kipling's "Injy rubber idjit on a spree."

IN fairness, let it be added here that the Senate, in three years of association with Dawes, has grown, not only to like him, and not only to recognize the uniform fairness of his rulings, but actually to respond to his influence in matters of legislation—a circumstance which had not occurred for more than a generation. The outstanding example of this was when he conceived and executed the agreement in the last Congress whereby the McNary-Haugen Bill was permitted to come to a vote. No episode better illustrates his political shrewdness.

The farm bloc was demanding a vote, and the Administration was eager to prevent one. The "banking bloc" wanted a vote on the McFadden Bill, granting unlimited charters to Federal Reserve banks. Dawes brought the two groups together under an agreement which provided for votes on both bills. As a potential candidate for President, he was interested in the farmer vote. As a banker, he was interested in the McFadden Bill. He knew perfectly well that President Coolidge would veto the McNary-Haugen Bill and sign the McFadden Bill, as, indeed, he did. Thus Dawes got the friendship of the farmers and the gratitude of the bankers. Mr. Coolidge, it has been said, almost got apoplexy when he realized how neatly the buck had been passed to him. A mutual distaste was considerably heightened, and this may eventually cost Dawes the Republican nomination and the Presidency.

Politicians generally like him, because he speaks their language and because they know he will "play ball." In contrast is Mr. Hoover, who cannot, or will not, do either. By his zealous and militant advocacy of the "open shop" Dawes has earned the just enmity of union labor; nevertheless, I think he would be an immensely popular candidate even with labor, which always forgives the man who puts on a good show. Heaven help them, however, if he is elected! and Heaven help the Nicaraguans, the Filipinos, the Bill of Rights, the advocates of peace, and the big bass drum! "Hell and Maria" will bust them all.

Natural Censorship

By HARVEY O'HIGGINS

"Laurel" would seem to be a pleasantly suggestive word, but a young woman fainted at the sound of it. Therein, as Mr. O'Higgins points out, is the source of the impulse to censorship and the reason, as well, why no single individual is competent to exercise it.

THERE was once an American poetess whose æsthetic sense was offended by the sight of herself. She had grown too fat for her profession, and she knew it, but she had an idea that the flame of her genius was in some way fed by the oil of her physical excess, and she absolutely refused to try to reduce. Instead, she banished all the mirrors from her home and never left it without taking along a supply of cheesecloth to cover up any looking-glasses that might confront her in the hotels and guest-rooms that she visited.

This idiosyncrasy of hers represents the popular impulse to censorship as the artist sees it, and it is against the absurdity of such an impulse that all his indignation rebels. Freely translated into terms of mirrors and cheesecloth, his arguments run something like this: "Life isn't always beautiful. Far from it. And the artist insists on holding the mirror up to nature, and the censor runs around with bolts of cheesecloth, covering up the mirrors that are too true. He doesn't interfere—the censor doesn't—with the false mirrors that are cunningly made to beautify the uglinesses of reality in their reflection. No. He applauds those. 'Let us have a picture of life,' he says, 'that cheers, uplifts, and makes us better'—meaning 'makes us feel better.' He can even enjoy the trick mirrors of the comic artist when they give a burlesque picture of life, after the manner of the reflectors in the House of Fun in an amusement park. He never censors what he can laugh at. It's the deadly reflection of the realist that he hates. And particularly the reflection made in the mirror of the reforming realist. 'You're ugly,' the reforming realist says to life. 'Look at your reflection here. You're horrible to behold. How did you let yourself get into such a state? Why don't you do something about it?' And the horrified public screams: 'What an obscenity! Even if life *does* look like that, who wants to know it? It's difficult enough for us to live with ourselves, without having mirrors like that around us. Smash it! Suppress it! Cover it up!'"

Such is the case against censorship as the artist sees it, though, of course, it is not his whole case. Not, as you might say, by several books full. But it covers his chief point, and he goes on to argue that point something like this: "There are backward communities, even in Kentucky, that are slowly working out their evolution a hundred years behind the times, and they still censor science, as they censor art, and try to keep Darwin out of print. But no district attorney in New York city, for example, would think of prosecuting a physician for writing the material of 'The Captive' in a medical text-book, even though 'The Captive' was driven from the Broadway stage. Art is censored, but not science. And what sense is there in that? Why should the common facts about sexual perversion be tabooed in drama, but not in medicine? We have to live a life in which such perversions are a frequent disease. Why shouldn't we be warned about them in the theatre in words that we can understand, instead of having to go to medical books to puzzle out the truth about them where it is hidden in a language that baffles us?"

And here, it seems, the artist is a bit wall-eyed. He fails to see that the question of language is important. He also fails to see why comedy is permitted a freedom which the serious drama is denied. In both instances he overlooks an element of shock in the situation, and yet this element of shock, speaking scientifically, is the secret and the essence of the whole problem. Any sensible psychiatrist can tell you that.

THERE is a natural censorship that is older than law, older than civilization, older than intelligence. Historically, it is seen among primitive people as the fear of the omnipotent word. They seem to believe that to know the name of a thing is to have some magical power over the thing itself. The real names of their gods are not allowed to be known except to their priests, who guard the secret as a source of power. Among some savage tribes a wife is not permitted to speak her husband's name in public, and so many words are tabued to her, and she invents so many substitutes, that a man of the tribe, when he overhears the women talking together, cannot understand what they say. Even among civilized people there are such superstitions—the superstition, for instance, that to speak of the death of a living person is to endanger his life. It is as if by the tabu of the terrible word some magical security were obtained.

The emotional state of mind that incubates this impulse to censorship arises in the deepest levels of human nature. It is transmitted from parents to children, generation after generation. The words which the parents fear are words that, for one reason or another, are liable to bring down on the speaker some supernatural evil, but these words become, to the children, words that incur the parent's wrath. The child finds that if he speaks such a word he throws the parent into a state of panic. The panic would be communicated to the child even if the parent made no explanation, but he is usually told, of course, that the use of such a word alarms society or angers God, and this warning is enough to establish in him the mood of censorship. He finds, however, that the tabued words are used freely among his young companions when their elders are not within hearing, and his first censorship is practiced merely to protect himself from parental anger.

Once established, the fear of the tabued word remains at the bottom of his mind, beyond the reach of argument, irrational, emotional, and, as it were, instinctive. To hear the word used gives him a shock of horror. The horror may have no intelligent origin, but it will be intelligently explained as due to blasphemy, to obscenity, to an offense against good taste. The degree of horror will differ in different persons, according to their early training. Some may not feel it at all. Others will feel it for words that are innocent to most people—like the school-teacher in Barrie's novel who censored the word "love" wherever she found it and substituted for it the phrase "word with which we have no concern."

I once knew a young woman to whom the word "laurel" was so unbearable

hat at the sound of it she fainted. She vas the patient of a psychiatrist who iscovered that, in the innocence of her hildhood, she had been guilty of an ffense at which her parents had been nsanely shocked, and the offense had een committed in some laurel bushes. Her whole life had been ruined by the ncident. She had repressed the mem- ry so deeply that for a long time the loctor could not discover from her what had occurred, and it was, unconsciously, o escape the returning recollection that he fainted when she heard the word 'laurel." He had another patient who eacted almost as painfully to the word 'mother-in-law." This man considered hat his life had been wrecked by his wife's mother. He could not bear the thought of it. He was nauseated, he grew pale and dizzy at the sight or sound of the word. The ordinary mother-in-law joke was horrible and shocking to him. He could no more laugh at it than he could laugh at a disgusting obscenity.

ANY experienced playwright knows that to get a loud laugh in the theatre he must first build up in his audience a resistance to the impulse to laugh. Their resistance sets up a dam that holds back the feeling of amusement, and when the dam at last is carried away the laughter comes out with a roar. That dam is the shocked feeling which makes for censorship. If the shock be too great, the dam will hold and the audience will be unable to laugh, but if the dam gives way the shock is dissipated and the impulse to censorship is relieved. That is why the censor allows comedy a freedom which he denies to the serious drama; he arrests the actors in Shaw's "Mrs. Warren's Profession," while a farce around the corner exploits the same theme unreproved. Naturally, the height of the dam varies, and one man will sit roaring with laughter beside another whose face is stern with disapproval; or perhaps, if pathos is used to make the dam, half the audience may be laughing, wet-eyed, while the rest sit suffering with sympathy.

To speak in the solemn language of psychiatry: "The impulse to censor an art arises in people when the art uses any symbol that evokes in them an emotion of horror. The symbol may be a word, a picture, a pantomime. When they see it, or hear it, their horror makes the symbol seem as if it were a visible emanation of evil. They are thrown back into the panic of childhood, or, beyond that, into the panic of primitive man threatened by the diabolic. They are overcome with a superstitious fear. They feel, irrationally, that they are in danger, and the feeling spurs them on to irrational mechanisms of defense. All this goes on in the deep emotional strata of the mind. Above it, in the conscious intelligence, a rationalization takes place. They declare that the art is dangerous, but the danger is not described as the danger of vengeance from an outraged divinity or his surrogate, the shocked parent. The danger is declared to be a danger of the demoralization of society by the encouragement of vice and crime."

It is useless to argue against this declaration that outspoken art should be censored because it encourages vice. It is useless to argue against it because it is the issue of an irrational feeling that cannot be reached by argument. One might as well argue with the girl who fainted at the sound of the word "laurel" and try to prove to her that there was nothing to be shocked at in the sound of that word. The impulse to censorship being irrational, the artist could only placate it in every individual by expurgating the words, the pictures, the pantomimes, the scenes, that are the symbols of evil for that particular individual. The word "laurel," for instance, would have to be expurgated from the English language to make English literature safe for the unfortunate girl whom the psychiatrist treated; and other words, almost as innocent, would have to be expunged for other neurotics suffering, as she suffered, from some psychic disaster. The impulse to censorship is a reaction that is specific to the individual and conditioned by his individual training, and to placate it in every possible case would be to destroy the value of all art.

SOCIETY has handled the situation successfully in the past in the same way that it has handled the horror and the impulse to revenge that are aroused by a crime. Originally, that shock of horror led to the private action which we call lynch law. Among savage communities, if a man were murdered, his friends and relatives avenged his death, driven by a superstitious fear of injury at the hands of his ghost if they failed to avenge him. Civilization has long since forced such people to leave their vengeance to the officers of society. Lynch law has been modified into the procedure by which a crime is submitted to the decision of a delegated few—that is to say, to a judge and a jury—who place the guilt and decree the punishment. The friends and relatives of the murdered men are compelled to accept the judgment of the court by the power of majority opinion; and the satisfaction of the majority, by a sort of mass suggestion, produces a sense of satisfaction in the revengeful individual.

In the same way, society has handled the horror that is aroused by the evil symbol in art. The symbol is taken before a judge and jury, and if it excites the same horror in them it receives a vote of punishment. In a small and homogeneous community the prosecution of the symbol rarely fails. Since the horror of the tabued symbol is kept alive by transmission from parent to child in a society where all children have the same sort of training, the jury will generally feel the same shock of horror as the complainant. But in a heterogeneous community this is not so. And America today is markedly heterogeneous. One of our juries may be made up of men and women of various nationalities, of different religions, raised in alien homes, and trained to discrepant standards in their childhood. They are not likely to agree in horror at any evil symbol in art. And when they disagree with the horrified complainant he will feel that the law is lax.

Of recent years such laxity has been greatly complained of in America by the more Puritanical citizens who are most easily shocked. Again and again, judges and juries have failed to be horrified by books and plays and pictures brought before them for censure by the prosecuting officers of the law. Hence the cry for a censor. What is that cry? What does it ask? It proposes to take the trial of the evil symbol in art out of the hands of the judges and juries who represent the whole community and put the prosecution in the hands of individuals who shall represent the complaining members of the community. It is, in fact, a modified form of lynch law. It asks direct action without the intervention of judge and jury or the benefit of judicial procedure. The wise artist, instead of arguing about mirrors and cheesecloth, will say: "You may pass all the laws you please against moral turpitude in books and plays so long as you leave the enforcement of those laws to judges and juries. I don't expect to move any faster than the civilization in which I live. But don't set up a private Judge Lynch to censor me according to his personal sense of shock. That is a return to barbarism which the community may come to regret."

The Job versus the Child

By HELENA HUNTINGTON SMITH

SOME months ago a group of wealthy, earnest, and charitable ladies met at luncheon in a large city to discuss the needs of the local day nurseries. Like all such nurseries, they existed for the prime purpose of enabling mothers to help support their families by taking the children off their hands during the day. But at the luncheon the ladies backing this philanthropic enterprise had a spasm of doubt and self-searching. Were they, after all—the question was raised officially—encouraging an anti-social tendency, because the day nurseries made it too easy for mothers to work?

Fortunately, they decided that if this disturbing thing were true, they could do nothing about it. But their momentary qualms reflect a widespread conviction that it is unnatural, if not actually immoral, for a married woman with children to work just because she wants to. It is still held by the public at large that only dire necessity excuses her.

Is this opinion justified in the year 1928? Or is it time to abandon for good and all the lingering notion that woman's place is within the literal four walls of the home? Can a working mother provide her children with necessary care and also satisfy her employer?

Concerning the business man's answer to this question I shall presently let some large employers speak for themselves. But as to the children, little doubt remains that they are quite as well off, and in many cases better off, in a modern home where both parents have an outside occupation than under the best of old-fashioned, twenty-four-hour maternal care.

Almost without exception present-day educators confirm the Freudian doctrine that nothing is more disastrous for a child than too much maternal devotion. It is not necessary to accept the sexual implications of the mother complex in order to recognize its existence all around one. The too-much-mothered child in later life is a pathetic and all too common figure, emotionally immature, dependent on other people, and unable to get rid of his infantile feeling that his wishes are automatically gratified. All of which has a decided bearing on the heated—though futile—debate of the hour, as to how far it is right for a mother to lead her own life.

I speak of the debate as futile because, of course, she is doing it, anyway. So far, it is true, the housewives who have gone back to their jobs simply because they prefer them to the deadening domestic grind are a very small minority, yet they are significant out of all proportion to their numbers. The personnel manager of a large New York bank told me that of the eight hundred women in his employ less than two per cent were married. But he was impressed by the great increase, in the course of a single year, in the number of married women applying to him for positions.

A FEW years ago, when pioneer working mothers told you how they had managed to achieve professional distinction along with a home and children, they spoke of a ten or fifteen year interlude devoted to family-raising. Today a big business executive, famous for his sympathetic co-operation with women, estimates the time out for being a mother as about six months. The discrepancy is not altogether due to a weakening of prejudice—nor yet to a falling off in the maternal instinct—with the passing years. A woman who chooses to try it now can swing her double responsibility better than ever before. No one pretends that it is easy. She has to make many adjustments, and she needs the constitution of a channel swimmer. But at least society is meeting her half-way.

Some years ago it was a serious matter for the children if their mother was out of the house an appreciable part of the day. They didn't start to school until they were five or six, and their bringing up to that ripe age, lacking the maternal presence, was left to the casual supervision of servants. A good maid or nurse is still an urgent necessity to most working mothers, but the rest of her problem has been vastly simplified, thanks to modern education. The strictly up-to-date child starts going to school at three or two or sooner. Some of the best infant academies insist on having them at fourteen months.

Under ideal conditions in a large city, the business mamma takes her small offspring at an early hour in the morning and deposits him at a nursery school, where he remains for the better part of the day, receiving such attention and training as the wisest home care cannot provide. He is taught to be self-reliant; to wash and dress himself; to have good manners; to undertake such responsibilities as are involved in the care of goldfish or a canary bird. He is fed and aired and napped, and persuaded to eat spinach by the painless road of seeing everybody else eat it. Most important of all, he learns at this early age that there are other people besides himself in the world, and if he shows undesirable tendencies they are gently corrected.

The trouble with this otherwise ideal solution is that it is not within every parent's reach. All the progressive schools have many times more applications than they can take care of, and there are other drawbacks. I know a couple in New York city who would like nothing better than to send their ten-months-old son to one of these Lilliputian seminaries next fall. But they can't do it, because they live too far away and they have a two-year lease on their apartment. The pupils must be brought on foot or by taxi, or, at the lowest, by Fifth Avenue bus, because they may not be exposed to infection in the subway. Another difficulty for the working mother is that if her infant has one degree of temperature or a slight sniffle he must be kept home to protect the other children, and that frequently means that she is kept home herself.

WHILE the cost of pre-school education, as it is formally called, gives pause for thought, it is seldom prohibitive to parents of the professional classes. One of the best nursery schools in New York charges $175 yearly tuition, with three dollars a week extra for food. Another, which keeps the children from eight-thirty in the morning until four in the afternoon, charges $50 a month for eight months. This is pretty stiff, but it includes delivering your child in a taxi at night in charge of the teacher. And the expense is not as bad as it sounds when you consider what you save in domestics' wages. A number of schools keep the children only from the hours of nine to twelve. But I know

Courtesy Children's Aid Society

"What nursery schools do for mothers of the professional class the free or semi-charitable day nurseries are beginning to do for the rest." These children in a nursery of the Children's Aid Society are having special attention given to nutrition

several mothers who fill out the rest of the day with an excellent nurse and feel safe in going to business.

What nursery schools do for mothers of the professional class the free or semi-charitable day nurseries are beginning to do for the rest. For the current craving to escape the restrictions of the home is not confined to females debauched by higher education, but is permeating the whole social structure. One nursery in a city tenement district found recently that the proportion of families using it while both parents worked had increased in four years from nine per cent to fifty-five per cent. These mothers were out to pay for the extras. They wanted to lighten the burden of illness, keep the children in school longer, or bring a relative to the United States.

Blessing though they are to mothers, however, the day nurseries, like the nursery schools, are far from being a complete solution as yet. Greater New York, for instance, has over fifty run by an Association of Day Nurseries and a few others maintained by settlements. Many of them are admirable institutions, real nursery schools, which follow the approved modern procedure in everything from psychology to sun-baths, with several hundred times more benefit to their charges than days spent in a dingy tenement. They are open from seven-thirty in the morning to six at night, and children are taken care of for as little as ten to twenty cents a day.

YET hundreds of mothers who would like to use them are unable to. There is the difficulty I have mentioned before that a child may be frequently kept out with slight colds. Again, some women find that the daily routine of getting the children ready and taking them to the nursery is too much of a strain when it is added to marketing, dishwashing, and a job—especially if the nursery is in one direction and one's place of employment in the other.

But the principal difficulty in New York seems to be that most of the nurseries are closed Saturday afternoons and many all day Saturday. This is all very well for domestic and industrial workers who get Saturdays off, but it often serves to place the nursery and the job itself out of reach for another class of women. These are the office workers, waitresses, telephone operators, and the like. As they are higher in the social and financial scale, they are less likely than the industrial class to be employed after marriage because bitter necessity drives them. Instead, they tend to reflect the recent inclination of wives to work because they like it and the extra income it brings. The nurseries have not yet adjusted themselves to this particular demand, and, although they have talked vaguely of remaining open all day Saturday, they have not done it.

Partly as a result of this, the Children's Aid Society is constantly getting applications from women who want to board their children out because there is nothing else they can do with them. The Society has a department of boarding-homes through which it places children with approved families in the country for six dollars a week. This is a pretty desperate measure, designed for those cases in which the mother is responsible for her children's bare support and can't possibly keep them with her. Consequently, it is disconcerting when a young woman walks into the Society's office, as occasionally happens, and blandly states that, though her husband can support her, she would like to board her baby because she is temperamentally unfitted for infant care and would rather go back to her job.

No doubt these young women should never have had children, but there they are. The Society does not feel called upon to moralize at them, but believes that, as boarding-homes are usually at a premium, the more urgent cases should be considered first.

By this time I think we may safely conclude one thing: that as soon as there are more nurseries, more mothers will use them. Incidentally, when that happy day comes no one will profit by it more than the full-time housewife. Cleaning, cooking, dishwashing, mending, and marketing will go more smoothly when the little darlings are bestowed elsewhere for part of the day.

The somewhat inadequate arrangements I have described so far are limited to large cities. But a very interesting community experiment in Northampton, Massachusetts, is already demonstrating what can be done in a smaller town. Under the direction of Ethel Puffer Howes, the Institute for the Co-ordination of Women's Interests is trying all sorts of co-operative schemes for giving wives and mothers some time off.

Started a little over two years ago, the Institute has had great success with its nursery school, which is co-operative in

(*Please turn to continuation, page 37*)

The World This Week

An Interrupted Voyage

THE flight and plight of the Bremen have aroused public interest more acutely than any aviation event since Lindbergh flew to Paris. When Koehl, von Huenefeld, and Fitzmaurice reach New York, they will receive a vociferous and eager welcome. That may possibly happen before this issue of The Outlook reaches its readers, but up to April 23 the fliers have been held back by circumstances beyond control.

Naturally, the fliers are anxious and determined (if it be possible) to finish in their own now famous plane the journey as originally planned to New York. But storm, illness, mechanical needs, and the remoteness of Greenly Island up to that time left it uncertain just what could be done and how long it would take.

Major Fitzmaurice left the vicinity of Greenly Island on the Canadian Transportation plane, chartered by the New York "World" and the North American Newspaper Alliance, on its return to Murray Bay. His object was to get new parts for repairs to the Bremen, to buy relief supplies, and to consult with Miss Junkers, who represents the builders of the Bremen. It was planned that a Ford tri-motor plane should fly to Greenly Island piloted by the famous aviators, Floyd Bennett and Bernt Balchen; both men have been ill, and Bennett at the last minute had an attack of pneumonia and as we write is in a serious condition at a hospital. Despite this setback, the relief plane started from Lake St. Agnes, near Murray Bay, with Balchen, Fitzmaurice, and an expert mechanic. Its weight, 12,000 pounds, nearly prevented its start (it ran about a mile before it took the air), but it reached Seven Islands safely, and at our last accounts was nearing Greenly Island.

Under discouraging circumstances, all those connected with the problem of relief, repairs, and resumption of the voyage have shown courage and persistency.

Herta Junkers.

SOMETHING new in aviation for ladies has been going on at Murray Bay, Quebec. Usually the young women connected with flying feats smile and pose in the spot-light while their male partners do the work and take the responsibility. But the tremendous, intricate task of getting the crippled Bremen off the rocks of Greenly Island was directed by a tall, lean, blonde young woman of twenty-nine.

The young woman, Miss Herta Junkers, is the daughter of Professor Hugo Junkers, who designed the all-metal plane which made the first east-to-west Atlantic crossing on April 12–13. Officially she is assistant treasurer and a director of the Junkers Corporation of America; practically she is her father's chief representative here. She is not only an experienced pilot, she has had thirteen years of engineering experience. In Germany in 1915 she persuaded her father to let her leave boarding-school so she could have the practical experience of working in his laboratories during the war. After the Armistice she resumed her schooling, and a few years later was graduated from the Technical University at Munich with high honors in aerodynamics. For six months she tried housekeeping, was bored almost to death, and fled back to the laboratory. She has been in America since 1925.

With Major Fitzmaurice as her leading consultant, hers was the voice of authority on repairing the Bremen and on resolving the difficulties which lay between it and New York. She knows all there is to know about the construction of the plane, and considerably more than the three gallant men who flew it across the Atlantic. Miss Junkers still further disproved the theory of feminine weakness when she denied herself the thrill of flying on the relief ship to Greenly Island to meet her countrymen. She explained that she gave her place to "three more cans of the precious gasoline."

Eastward Across the Polar Sea

GEOGRAPHERS and explorers agree that the flight of Captain George H. Wilkins across the polar regions was a major exploit in aviation. It reversed in a measure the flight of the Norge under command of Amundsen, Ellsworth, and Nobile from Spitzbergen to Point Barrow, in Alaska. But, while the great airship passed almost directly over the North Pole, Wilkins purposely took a more southern route, with his nearest point to the Pole about 300 miles away from it.

The object of this was the paramount idea of the voyage; the course planned and executed took Wilkins and his pilot, Eielson, in their monoplane over that section of unexplored region where Peary and later adventurers saw what seemed to be indications of land. Wilkins had clear views and excellent opportunities, but saw no islands, jutting rocks, or even cloud indications of land.

To most of us it may not seem very important whether or not a few ice-clad crags or arid islands exist in the high Arctic degrees of latitude. To scientists, and especially to geographers, it is an important addition to human knowledge of the globe on which we live to know what the exact facts are.

In its extent the Wilkins flight was notable. For 2,200 miles, over ice and mostly over a region never before traversed by man or plane, the expedition flew without stop or misadventure. Only at the end, as was the case with the Bremen in its transatlantic east-to-west voyage, did they meet with trouble. Also like the Bremen, the Wilkins plane was forced down by weather on a little island, called by Wilkins Dead Man's Island. There the fliers were marooned

by storm five days. The second flight—that to Green Harbor, Spitzbergen—was easily accomplished.

Wilkins is an Australian; Eielson is an American. Thus two continents may share the honor of this exploit in the Arctic. Wilkins has planned and partly executed other Arctic exploration trips, patiently and determinedly meeting setbacks and renewing his efforts. Now he has done precisely what he has had in mind to accomplish, and he will receive due recognition.

Governor Smith in North Carolina

THOUGH it was a brief vacation, not a political adventure, Governor Smith's visit to North Carolina is apparently going to have political consequences. His engaging personality has made an impression upon North Carolinians who were not naturally inclined to a political leader whom they thought of chiefly as a wet, a Catholic, and a prominent product of Tammany Hall. There are reports that the Democratic organization of which Senator Simmons is leader, who is strongly opposed to Governor Smith's nomination, has been weakening. On the other hand, personal popularity is not always a sign of political strength and cheering crowds do not always give promise of political support. Whatever the effect of this trip to the South may be on his political fortunes, it has increased Governor Smith's personal prestige.

Hoover's Fine Record in China

IN a whispering campaign strange charges have been made linking Herbert Hoover's name with business transactions in China that were not honorable. To finance and reorganize a Chinese mining company during the Boxer uprising over a quarter of a century ago an English company was formed. To induce the Chinese company to make the contract with the English company a memorandum was signed. Mr. Hoover participated as a mining engineer employed by the English company. The memorandum was not carried out by the English company, and a suit was brought which was tried in England. The whispering campaign is one of insinuation against Mr. Hoover's part in this business. As a matter of fact, it was Mr. Hoover whose part in reorganizing the company, in the first place, and whose testimony in the suit, in the second place, saved the Chinese interests from being imposed upon.

A tribute to Mr. Hoover's part in this affair has recently been paid by one of the most distinguished of living Chinese, the former Premier of China, Tong Shao-yi. In an interview with B. W. Fleisher, publisher of the "Japan Advertiser," an American newspaper of Tokyo, Mr. Tong declared that "Mr. Hoover's record in China is clean and honorable, highly creditable, and in many ways remarkable." His action during the period of the Boxer uprising, Mr. Tong declares, protected the property and prevented looting, and later, after his connection with the company had terminated, his testimony as a witness helped the Chinese to secure their rights. Mr. Tong has great admiration, not only for this action of Mr. Hoover's, but also for his bravery in risking his life for the rescue of others, including members of Mr. Tong's family. Mr. Hoover at that time was only twenty-four years old.

Mr. Tong speaks from special knowledge, because it was his uncle who founded the company, and he himself is probably the only Chinese living who was closely identified with the company during Mr. Hoover's connection with it.

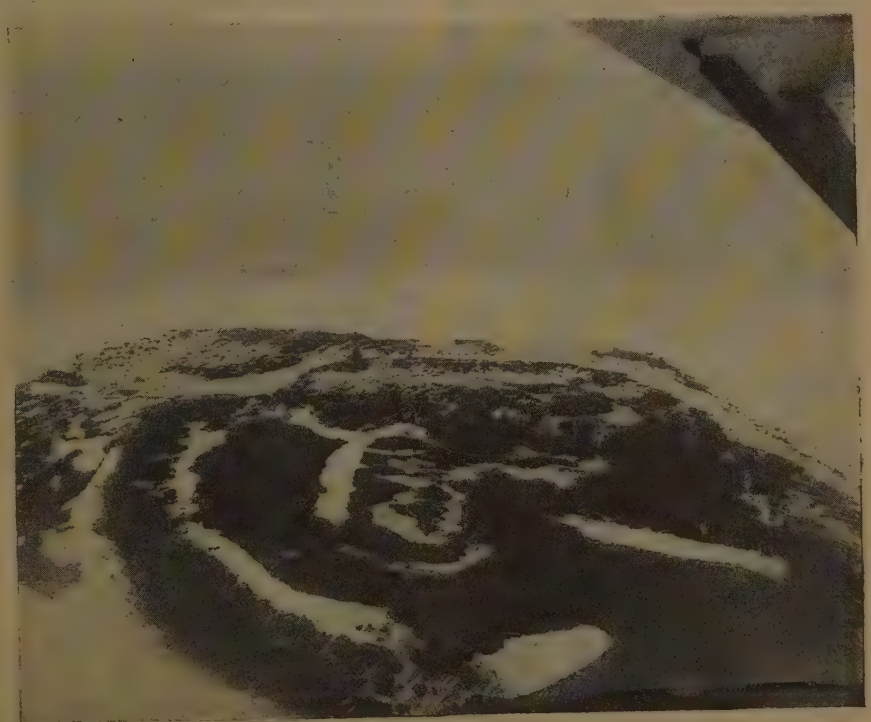
Mr. Tong's statements confirm statements that have been made in Congress on the subject.

The Outlook has photographic copies of the reports of the case as they were printed in the London "Times" in 1902 and 1903, and those reports fully substantiate what Mr. Tong has said in his tribute to Mr. Hoover.

How Radio Affects the Weather

TALES of hair turning gray overnight and other tales that are traditionally ascribed to old wives are no more persistent, even if more time-honored, than the tale that "radio waves make weather bad," a recent headline from a prominent metropolitan journal. Captain W. H. Parker, master of the Homeric, is said to have attributed recent increases in stormy weather to the equally recent development of the radio. The Captain is undoubtedly right in the matter of storms, being on his own ground—or water, as it were—in such matters. But the storms would have come just the same had the radio never been discovered.

There is always a temptation to trace a direct connection between two concurrent events, and indeed such a connection often exists. For example, it has been discovered by some supreme genius that large communities and good harbors often happen to coincide geographically. On the other hand, it is easy to show that the radio can have no appreciable effect upon the weather, for all the troubled undulations of the circumambient jelly of the ether brought about by



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THE PROMISED LAND

This barren waste—Greenly Island seen from the air—was the first real view of America to greet the eyes of the Bremen fliers

broadcasting do not represent enough energy to establish a storm in a back yard, nor even a tempest in a teapot. It takes ridiculously little power to set a world of radio receivers in action, while the smallest storm involves natural forces measurable in billions of horsepower. Again, on statistical grounds it is equally easy to refute the claims of those who still suspect the radio of weather villainy. The earth's weather is anything but uniform from decade to decade, and it is easy to demonstrate that there has always been a passage of weather cycles, not merely attested by man-made records (comparatively recent), but far back into the past by means of the rings of trees both living and fossil. How these changes could have taken place with no radio to cause them is a question we dare not attempt to answer. They show, at any rate, that the radio has no pull with the weather man. What is most needed is not something that will rescue the weather from the abuses of the radio, but something which will rescue the radio from the abuses of the weather.

Spring in China

HOUSE-CLEANING on a national scale is getting under way with the arrival of spring in China. The Nationalists, from their capital of Nanking, are driving northward once more against the militarist rulers of Peking. They have been drawing close to Tsinanfu, the capital of Shantung Province; and foreigners have begun to flee from that strategically important city. At the same time, Japan has despatched troops to Shantung, just as last year, provoking protests from both Nanking and Peking.

In the northern capital much discontent and disorder is rumored to prevail. The police have not been paid for months; and the northern forces are said to have lost much of the organization they had last year. But China is China, a land of uncertainties; and April is too early to tell what the political weather map will show in June, or even in May.

France for Peace and Order

POINCARÉ has apparently maintained his hold upon the Government of France. That was indicated by early returns from the elections held on Sunday, April 22. But such early indications can scarcely be called definite—for two reasons. In the first place, France is politically divided into many groups, each of them representing some idea or policy. Of the many candidates, some have no party connection at all. Therefore the effect of the elections on a national leader is inferred rather than directly indicated. In the second place, these elections are in a sense preliminary. If a candidate fails to get a clear majority, there has to be a second ballot, which this year occurs on April 29. So far the returns do not record the election of any Communists on the first ballot, but in some districts they show gains for Communists in pluralities over other opponents of Poincaré. Unquestionably, one source of strength for the Government has been the popularity of the peace policy of Briand.

Germany's Comeback

How far Germany has recovered from the business and industrial depression that paralyzed her economic life five years ago, the report of her revenues for the fiscal year just ended proves. The total was 8,490,000,000 marks, more than 200,000,000 marks above the estimate issued in December by S. Parker Gilbert, the American Agent-General for Reparation Payments.

That surplus is nearly half the amount charged to the German Budget for reparations under the Dawes Plan for the year ending in August—500,000,000 marks. It is true that the surplus fails to balance the Budget. But that is because Germany has made "supplementary expenditures" during the year that bring the whole amount of the governmental outlay above 9,000,000,000 marks, leaving a deficit as large as the item for reparations to be met by short-term loans. But, on the face of these figures, no one will doubt that Germany has measurably recovered and has a very respectable "capacity to pay."

The President Again Refuses the Crown

FOR the fourth time President Coolidge has made clear his decision not to be a candidate this year for re-election. In spite of his former declarations, political leaders have been engaged in several States in a movement to "draft Coolidge." Hearing that this movement had taken definite form in his own State of Massachusetts, the President wrote to the Republican State Chairman of Massachusetts, Francis Prescott, that the proposed action of some persons to write his name as a candidate on the ballots in the Massachusetts primaries would be "most embarrassing." In the course of his letter he refers to the use of his name in New York in a way that is contrary to his wishes.

He notes the claim that has been made that such use is with his consent, and says that to give countenance to such a movement in his own State would tend to compromise him and "lend color to the misrepresentations that are being made in other States." He requests that such action be discontinued.

The Volstead Act Upheld

THE members of the National Republican Club of New York have decided that the prohibition question is one regarding which practical politicians must be silent. At a spirited meeting last week they did the expected thing and voted down, by a large majority, a report of the Club's National Affairs Committee which called for repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment.

The original report of the National Affairs Committee professed to ignore the wet-and-dry issue. Its recommendation for a repeal plank at the Kansas City Convention was based upon the theory that the Eighteenth Amendment violates the established theory of American government. By its nature, the Committee set forth, the Prohibition Amendment nullified the earlier ones guaranteeing freedom to the individual.

This rather academic distinction faded, as every one knew that it would fade, as soon as the members of the National Republican Club assembled to debate the matter. The first speaker for the drys announced that he would resign from the Club if the report were adopted. "Go ahead," yelled several irreverent wets. In the end, the report was voted down; not because the members had any very definite belief in prohibition, but because rejection was expedient. One speaker caused shudders of apprehension to pass through the assemblage when he said that to encourage the wets would be to aid and abet the candidacy of Alfred E. Smith.

The meeting at which all this took place was secret, but most of the details leaked out and were duly recorded in the press. It is interesting to note that President Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia University, an ardent wet, was present but did not speak. Most of the important local leaders felt it prudent to remain away from the meeting.

The Spark Makers

No one knows what may come as a result of the present strides being made by physicists in the generation of electricity at extremely high voltages. Newspaper accounts tell us of the progress, but they do not tell us of the purpose. Either it is thought that we can-

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THE THRILL THAT COMES ONCE IN A LIFETIME

Greenly Island children expressing their approval of Captain Koehl (right) and Baron von Huenefeld

not comprehend, or the reporter has no inkling of the real purpose of these spectacular experiments in which great resounding sparks crash about the heads of those who direct their creation.

Not long ago it was thought that the million-volt sparks released in the high-tension laboratories of the General Electric Company represented about the highest electric pressure man could reasonably aspire to make. But now two physicists, Dr. Breit and Dr. Tuve, experimenting at the Carnegie Institution of Washington, have succeeded in generating currents at 5,000,000 volts. These are not of the nature of the electric currents of ordinary experience, but are concentrated surges only about one-millionth of a second in measurable duration. What the scientists are seeking comprises two things, in particular. One is the generation of very high speed particles—electrons—for bombarding atoms, performing hoped-for transmutations of elements, and duplicating on a mass scale the potent particles emitted by radium. The other is the concomitant generation by means of tubes of ether waves like light and X rays, but far higher in frequency; the higher the frequency, the higher the form of natural radiation man can duplicate. The upper limit of voltage, far beyond reach as yet, is about 50,000,000 volts, corresponding to the creative cosmic rays made popularly known by Millikan, the noted physicist.

If man ever extends his control as far as that, he will doubtless have come into powers little dreamed of today. But why? For what purpose? Specifically, it is still hard to say. These things are only beginnings. Yet it has become a commonplace that in science such seemingly valueless beginnings usually turn out to have endings of undreamed-of practical worth to man. The spark makers are feeling around in the dark to see what they can stumble on. Most of the past progress of science has thus been made by similarly adventuresome opportunists.

Fighting Stock in the Inland Area

MAJOR-GENERAL HARRY A. SMITH, Commander of the Seventh Corps Area, has spoken his mind about the view often expressed that the inland region of the United States is lukewarm on National preparedness, if not worse.

"I travel over the country, and hear it said again and again that the Middle West is pacifistic," General Smith says. "They say to me, 'I don't see how you get along so well out there, because those people are a lot of pacifists.' But there isn't a word of truth in it. I tell them so."

If the view of the section is as prevalent as General Smith's observations indicate, it is not at all clear how it originated. It was not unfamiliar in connection with response of the region to the plea in behalf of President Wilson in 1916 that "he kept us out of war." And there has been the assumption that the area, because of a sense of inland security, has not appreciated so keenly as other regions a need of preparedness. But records of its representatives in Congress and of enlistments in the World War do not bear out that idea; nor was response to the slogan of 1916 confined to the section.

General Smith says that the Seventh Corps Area—Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas, Iowa, Nebraska, Minnesota, North Dakota, and South Dakota—has more R. O. T. C. units and members than any other area; that its rifle team last year "earned the highest rating in the history of the Army, except some of the regular teams;" that it leads in reserve officers in training; and that "this region was not settled by pacifists."

To the last, older residents on the border between Missouri and "bleeding Kansas" could abundantly testify.

Nonsense or Good Engineering?

ONCE more the much-projected landing-stations at sea—great floating rafts anchored in the middle of the Atlantic for transoceanic aviators—have come in for public discussion; it is announced that the first of these artificial islands is soon to be built. This is one of the most provocative subjects in the argumentative repertoire of the man on the street, and the opinions heard are seldom lukewarm or half-hearted; he is either for the idea or he thinks it is sheer nonsense.

While the project seems to be governed largely by its economic aspects, there is no really unsurmountable engineering obstacle to it. The rafts can be constructed, they will float, and, built as planned, with slender legs placed on deeply submerged hollow bulbs of steel, they will be affected by wave motion to a far less extent than ordinary surface vessels. They must be anchored in some manner, but there is no insuperable diffi-

culty in this, though the anchor gear required must necessarily be heavy; cables several miles long would be required in mid-ocean in order to provide that long, slanting curve whose variable sag acts in all anchor gear as an absorber of sudden shocks. Statements that the islands would be placed on steel supports —stilts—reaching all the way to bottom may safely be dismissed as sheer nonsense, originating, doubtless, with some good feature writer. In three miles of height—even when partly buoyed up by the water—the stilts would collapse of their own weight.

From an engineering point of view there are many things which look harebrained but are feasible, just as many plausible appearing projects are harebrained. Given money, an engineer can accomplish almost anything. In this case, how much money? Will it pay? We attempt no answer, but we think it can be done.

The D. A. R. Upholds the Black List

THE Daughters of the American Revolution, gathered in convention at Washington, promptly squelched an insurgent movement protesting against the organization's semi-ludicrous black list. Only fourteen of the nearly two thousand delegates felt that the individual chapters of the D. A. R. should have the right to select speakers without interference. Mrs. Eleanor Roy, of Kansas, who opposed the black list, was greeted with hisses when she announced that she belonged to the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. Pacifism—meaning any agitation against war —landed scores of publicists and writers on the D. A. R.'s proscribed list.

Mrs. Alfred J. Brosseau, President-General of the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, had previously expressed her approval of the black list, and the action of the Convention was a vindication of her position. But it was a triumph, also, for Fred R. Marvin, Director of the Key Men of America. Mr. Marvin, whose name has previously appeared in these columns, assists such organizations as the D. A. R. in learning about radicals and pacifists. The Key Men of America has worked with the D. A. R. in behalf of further immigration restriction, and Mr. Marvin sells, for $6 a year, "Daily Data Sheets" giving detailed information about "subversive activities."

The press accounts of the Washington Convention are reminiscent of National political gatherings. The ladies showed their familiarity with steam-roller methods and the foes of the black list were quickly flattened. One of the last acts of the delegates was to take from Mrs. Ellenore Dutcher Key, of Maryland, a contract under which she furnishes official pins. Mrs. Key had supported the resolution condemning the black list.

Meanwhile, the Washington Council on International Relations issued a statement in which it was said that, "however disagreable the task, it becomes an obligation to insist upon holding the D. A. R. and its officers sternly to accountability for having brought odium and ridicule upon an organization for which many who are not in its membership have had a sentimental regard."

A Conductor Scores Americans

AFTER a sojourn in this country as Guest Conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra, Pierre Monteux has left behind him a scathing criticism of American, and specifically Philadelphian, concert audiences. "People who are musically uneducated," he has said in an interview with the Philadelphia "Jewish Times," "are given the powers and liberty to choose the conductors for this world-known symphony troupe. This is unheard of abroad. There the members of the orchestra are permitted to choose their leader. They know who is best suited. That is something those who appoint the guest conductors here cannot boast of. Philadelphians want a slim conductor who pays a great deal of attention to his tailor. Perhaps that is the reason why my popularity here was sort of half-hearted. . . . Philadelphia audiences think they know something about music, but they know nothing. They talk of teas and dresses and parties while the concert is going on. . . . Philadelphians and, in fact, all Americans want to be bluffed."

At his final concert in New York with the Philadelphia Orchestra, M. Monteux, who for several years was conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and was a familiar visitor to the metropolis, received an ovation.

Appreciative musical audiences, in spite of what M. Monteux has said, are in the making. An orchestra of three hundred high school pupils from thirty-eight States, under the direction of Frederick Stock, gave a creditable performance of Dvorak's "New World Symphony" recently in Chicago; under the direction of Joseph E. Maddy performed two numbers of Tschaikowsky's "Nutcracker Suite," Grieg's Piano Concerto, and Wagner's "Rienzi" overture; and, under the direction of the composer, Howard Hanson's "Nordic Symphony."

Five Million Slaves

How many countries tolerate slavery and how many slaves are living today? To both questions the answers given by a report of a League of Nations' commission and by the President of the British Anti-Slavery Society, Mr. Charles Roberts, are surprising.

There are, it seems, eighteen countries or political areas in which slave-owning, slave-trading, or slave-raiding exists. The list reads like the answers to a geographical questionnaire. Morocco, Liberia, Sahara, and Abyssinia are the largest offenders. Little known are Kufra, Eritrea, Sierra Leone, Rio de Oro, Nepal. In Abyssinia the slave trade is "open, cruel, and fiendish." As to numbers, the total is estimated by the commission as from four to five million slaves.

The British boast that no slave can breathe under the British flag is not true as regards British spheres of influence and mandated territory; but Great Britain has caused the liberation of nearly half a million slaves since the end of the World War, and has also urged that the transfer of slaves by water should be considered an act of piracy, but has failed to get other Powers to agree.

Modern slavery takes some modern disguises, such as contract labor, peonage, and the enslaving of children under pretext of adoption—an extensive practice in China.

Greed and cruelty follow in the wake of human slavery, however disguised. The League of Nations has a mission to eradicate such world evils as commerce in opiates and commerce in men.

Teeing Up

IT is an imposing enough team that this country has named for the Walker Cup golf matches of the season. Headed by Robert Tyre Jones, of Atlanta, the list of players selected for the defense of the trophy against the invasion of Great Britain contains seven other names almost as imposing in the ranks of amateur golfers as the captain's. They are Jess Sweetser, George von Elm, Charles Evans, Jr., Francis Ouimet, Harrison R. Johnston, Watts Gunn, and Roland Mackenzie.

The return of the veteran Chick Evans to the front rank of the amateurs is hailed with joy by the many friends of this Middle Western star. It is considered that the honor of playing on this

team has been due to Evans for the magnificent fights he had made against Jones in the last two amateur tournaments. In both of these it was the veteran Evans, rather than any of the newer stars of the game, who gave Jones his hardest tasks.

Jess Sweetser's selection marks the return to health of this young Yale graduate who, two years ago, won a sensational victory in the British amateur and returned home to start a long and hard fight against ill health, a fight which he has apparently won. That British victory of Sweetser's remains one of the most dramatic in the history of golf, for he was a very sick man when he started play and his stubborn fight through to the title was accomplished against terrific odds.

The winter season of golf in the South has ended and play started throughout the North. Among the most interesting of the players to perform during the more prominent of the tournaments of the winter circuit was Mrs. O. S. Hill, of Kansas City, the winner of the North and South at Pinehurst. This event, always at the end of the season, has the best fields entered. Mrs. Hill played remarkable golf to go through a field of opponents that included Miss Glenna Collett, two times a National Champion; Miss Maureen Orcutt, runner-up to Mrs. Miriam Horn in the championship of 1927; Miss Helen Payson, the Canadian ladies' champion; and Miss Virginia Van Wie, of Chicago, who was a sensational player through the earlier tournaments of the winter.

Mrs. Hill defeated Miss Payson 5 and 3 in the second round, defeated Miss Collett in the semi-final, and defeated Miss Van Wie in the final by the very handsome score of 6 and 5.

Trees for Parks

EVEN small parks without trees would hardly be parks at all. Our National Parks likewise should be well supplied with tree-covered expanses, though forestry is not the objective of the National Park Service. On the other hand, Congress seems reluctant to buy bits of forest for inclusion in the Parks. In fact, most of the park area not already in the public domain came through gifts from States, associations, and individuals.

Thus it happens that the Yosemite National Park is in danger of a diminishing area of tree-covered land. There exist such areas, some of them containing extremely fine stands of splendid trees, apart from the Big Trees in Sequoia Park, which were rescued by private purchase and presented to the people. Some of these areas, owned by lumber interests which will sooner or later deforest them, are within the outer boundaries of the Park. Mr. Mather, Director of the National Park Service, has lately pointed out that Congress should take this pressing need up for action and purchase these private tree-islands inside a public park while the opportunity still exists. Some gains have been made in area by exchange of forest lands owned by the National Park Service but not needed for park purposes for privately owned sections where the reverse is true, but this has not always worked well.

The policy of Congress as to acquiring park land seems to be based on the hope that societies and persons enthusiastic in extending our beautiful National Parks will provide the money. This is not a noble nor a National state of mind.

A Dance of Death

SEVERAL days after forty persons out of about sixty in attendance at a dance at West Plains, Missouri, had been killed by a sudden explosion and wreckage of the dance hall, the exact cause of the disaster remained a mystery. Indications were that it might never be determined. It does not seem that knowledge is essential to prevention of such casualties.

The dance hall was above a public garage, in which automobiles and a considerable amount of gasoline were stored. Whether the explosion was set off deliberately or was purely accidental, the hazard was there. It was a source of danger recognized generally in regulations designed to prohibit occupancy of quarters in or near buildings where large quantities of gasoline are kept. There seems to have been no restriction as to use of the hall in this case. And, according to safety officials who have expressed opinions on the West Plains disaster, where protective measures of this nature exist with reference to hotels, apartments, and other structures they often are disregarded.

A district manager of the Missouri Inspection Bureau who investigated the catastrophe advanced the theory that the explosion was due to gasoline fumes in or beneath the garage, which had been ignited. "One gallon of gasoline, properly vaporized," he declared, "has the power of eighty pounds of dynamite." Evidently, gasoline, in large or small amounts, is not a safe neighbor—unless it is securely confined. But human nature is imperfect, and it learns caution only at severe cost.

From Washington

The Jury Acquits; the Public Condemns

No court has the right to review a trial jury's verdict of acquittal. Harry F. Sinclair, therefore, is free of the charge of conspiring to defraud the Government in the Teapot Dome lease. In the civil case, the United States Supreme Court found the Teapot Dome transaction tainted with fraud; but in the criminal case the charge was the specific one of conspiracy, and it was that on which the jury rendered the verdict of "Not guilty."

The jury which tried Sinclair appeared to the layman to be made up of men of somewhat higher type than those who usually sit on criminal court juries. These men were selected by the presiding judge himself, counsel, of course, retaining the right of challenge.

The verdict was, in Washington at least, decidedly unpopular. The men who sat on the jury will probably suffer, in prestige if not in purse. At least one of them has intimated that he will probably lose his job. It is to be hoped that he misjudges his employer.

There has been no intimation that the jury was in any way improperly influenced. It was kept locked up. That, of course, might not have prevented an attempt, even a successful attempt, at tampering. Sinclair is already under conviction for contempt of court for causing the jury to be shadowed at a previous trial; but the American people still retain a large measure of faith in the jury system. The verdict, though it be unpopular, will, of course, be accepted as honest.

An Incomplete Record

THE Sinclair case was ably conducted on both sides. Messrs. Roberts and Pomerene, special Government counsel appointed by the President, deserve well of the Government and of the public which they served. Conspiracy is recognized everywhere in this country as the most difficult of all crimes to prove. These exceptionally able lawyers had one of the most difficult cases in the history of American courts, and handled it as well as any case was ever handled. The verdict of acquittal in no way diminished the value of their work to the public. Legal penalty is by no means the whole of the deterrent effect of criminal trials.

The evidence presented by the Government was held by the jury not to establish legal guilt; but in the light of

the Supreme Court's opinion the transaction will be held by the jury of public opinion to have involved moral obliquity.

The defense was not permitted to introduce former Secretary of the Navy Denby as a witness. It chose not to introduce as evidence the deposition of former Secretary of the Interior Fall, named jointly with Sinclair in the indictment. From the standpoint of the public, the record of the trial will be something less than a satisfactory record of the Teapot Dome transaction. The record of the Senate investigation will in some respects remain a closer approach to a complete record.

The acquittal of Sinclair doubtless ends, but for two contempt cases which hang over him, the criminal phase of the oil-leasing cases. Albert B. Fall, Sinclair's co-defendant, was, because of his poor health, granted a separate trial and postponement. The indictment against him, based on the same set of facts, will probably be dismissed.

Controlling the Flood—in Congress

THE President has won his fight with Congress over Mississippi River flood control. He may get a bill not to his liking, but he will get recognition of his contention that the localities in which the work is to be done share the cost with the Federal Government, and he will get some diminution of what he regards as excessive "pork" in the bill.

It is not that Congress has been converted to the President's way of thinking. The House would be glad to pass the bill substantially as it was unanimously passed by the Senate. But Congressmen do not dare go home to face an election without a flood control plan definitely made into law, and they have become convinced that they must at least compromise with the President in order to get his signature. Therefore House action has been delayed pending adjustments. Since most Congressmen choose to run this year and the President does not, they, and not he, would suffer from a veto.

For once, the President has been vigorously outspoken in denunciation of a bill. It may be that not all of the facts he cites against the Flood Control Bill were carefully considered; he may not have had time to check them. Members of the House who are as much opposed as the President to the Senate and the House Committee plan are not prepared to say, for instance, that lumber companies would be in position to be peculiarly benefited. They are inclined to believe that, because of the somewhat unusual wording of the bill, this place of distinction would be occupied by railroad companies alone. But among the lobbyists for the bill there have been sinister figures reputedly employed by lumber interests, and the presence of these unlovely individuals is, perhaps, sufficient to warrant the President's apprehensions of a grabbing hand in the glove of humanity.

The compromise as planned will place no onerous burden upon the flood States. Local contributions will be confined to purchase of the rights of way for the main levees, an item which, it is estimated, will not exceed $500,000. The Federal Government will still bear the cost of lands purchased for floodways, probably $200,000,000. But the provision making the Federal Government liable for a sort of double damage to the railroads will be eliminated.

The compromise calls, too, for a planning board of three instead of five members, with the chief of Army engineers largely in control. Here, if anywhere, the fight will be made on the compromise. The people of the flood country are by no means in love with the Army engineers.

Coolidge, Harmonizer of Doctrines

Is it possible that America, after being at war with itself for a hundred and fifty years over two supposedly antagonistic conceptions of Government, has produced a man and made him President in whom is combined and harmonized the essentials of both conceptions? Specifically, does Calvin Coolidge combine in his political thinking both Jeffersonism as modified by Jackson and Hamiltonism as modified by Lincoln?

It has been, naturally, accepted without question that Coolidge, Republican President, is in doctrine the successor of Hamilton and Lincoln. Yet on various occasions he has revealed himself as a Jeffersonian. And but just now, when Tennessee placed a bronze likeness of Andrew Jackson in Statuary Hall under the dome of the Capitol, President Coolidge accepted it in a speech which seemed to reveal him as a Jacksonian. His speech was, in the main, a biographical sketch, not essentially different from that which was printed on the program of the proceedings, but he here and there interpolated expressions of views which disclosed large admiration for the democratic Nationalism of the man who was at once closest to the people and the most dictatorial of all our Presidents.

On the day of that delivery the Daughters of the American Revolution were gathering in Washington for their annual Convention, and a day or two later President Coolidge addressed them. Without mentioning the name of Jefferson, he devoted his attention almost wholly to a laudation of State's rights and local self-government in thoroughly Jeffersonian fashion. He deplored the apparent willingness of the States and of smaller governmental units to surrender their freedom in return for Federal aid of almost any sort, and seemed to reveal the fear that America is by way of losing its heritage because laziness has supplanted love of liberty.

Those who see in the sayings of public men only the expression of the exigencies of the hour may believe that the President meant to appeal to the new disciples of State's rights brought into being by prohibition. But the President has said similar things too many times, under too many sets of circumstances, over too long a period, for that to be true.

Frank R. Kent, in his "History of the Democratic Party," recently off the press, says that even Jefferson could not consistently practice Jeffersonian doctrine when he was President. Oscar Underwood, in "Drifting Sands of Party Politics," which is equally fresh from the press, says that in Governmental affairs "we cannot look alone to the spoken word or the written declaration" of the men who control them. The quality of Calvin Coolidge's political belief will be finally determined from the record of his years in public office.

Good Lobbyists?

ONCE a great deal of comment was brought forth by the statement that there were good trusts. Now Senator Bruce, of Maryland, has startled the Nation by declaring that there are good lobbyists, or words tantamount.

This statement came after Senator Caraway, of Arkansas, had hurled the short and ugly word at organizations and individuals who try to influence legislation or claim that they are able to do so. Caraway said that there are between 350 and 400 lobbying organizations in Washington, but he named directly only the representative of the National Reclamation Association, who, the Senator said, had circulated lies about flood control.

Senator Bruce interrupted to say that some of the 350 or 400 organizations furnish accurate information in good faith.

Senator Caraway was speaking on his own resolution authorizing a Senate in-

Rollin Kirby in the New York World

The show that flopped

vestigation of lobbying. The resolution recites, among other things, that "the lobby located in and around Washington filches from the American public more money under a false claim that they can influence legislation than the legislative branch of this Government costs the taxpayers. The lobby seeks by all means to capitalize for themselves every interest and every sentiment of the American public which can be made to yield an unclean dollar for their greedy pockets."

Cole Blease Blazes

Local self-government came in for another warming up during the week. Cole Blease broke out in the Senate. Speaking on a migratory bird bill, he denounced everything from intermediate credit banking to Herbert Hoover's method of getting Negro delegates from the Southern States. He displayed the zeal, if not the eloquence, of William L. Yancey and Robert Y. Hayne. He did not threaten secession or even nullification, but he did serve notice that South Carolina was mighty tired of Federal tyranny and had got to be let alone.

At last Senator Cole Blease, of South Carolina, has been true to his past by his course in the Senate. For a long time it looked as though he were a changed man. He said little, and that not of the fire-eating, ante-bellum Southern type that was expected of him. On more than one occasion he intimated from the floor that he was seriously considering joining the Republicans, actually if not nominally.

And then suddenly, in one flaming speech, he made good for all of his old traditions. That speech was all that could have been expected from the Cole Blease whom the country used to know so well. The South has a job of apologizing that will keep it busy for some time.

To Block Block Booking

The tendency to monopoly in motion pictures is to be broken up by law, if Senator Brookhart, of Iowa, succeeds, as he believes he will, in securing passage of a bill now before the Committee on inter-State Commerce. The anti-trust laws are to be made more thoroughly applicable to the motion-picture industry to the end that blind booking and block booking may be prohibited in inter-State commerce.

Supporters of the bill see in "blind booking" a system whereby the exhibitor is denied the right to see the product he is to lease and to select such part of it as he thinks would suit the taste of his patrons. The associated term, "block booking," is a practice which forces an exhibitor to lease all of the product of a certain distributer in order to get any of it. It is said that the exhibitor is forced thus to show poor films, since the combination of producers is such that an exhibitor cannot continue in business unless he submits to blind and block booking.

It is claimed that the quality of motion pictures would be generally improved if these practices were broken up.

Windows on the World

By Malcolm W. Davis

TWO IDEAS of the way to prevent war—the American and the French—stand contrasted in the proposals made by Secretary Kellogg and Foreign Minister Briand to the other Powers.

The question is whether Mr. Kellogg's suggestion for a treaty against war, or M. Briand's, represents the majority view also of Great Britain, Germany, Italy, and Japan.

Briefly, the American draft is a simply stated agreement to condemn any recourse to war for the solution of international controversies and to renounce war as an instrument of national policy as between the parties. It leaves the settlement of all disputes of whatever nature or origin to be sought by pacific means. It also leaves the right of action in self-defense or against any violator of the treaty unstated, as if implied in the sovereignty of each nation and in the nature of the agreement itself.

The French draft, characteristically, goes further in making precise specifications. In renouncing war, it says what it means by defining the kind of war—"an instrument of individual, spontaneous, and independent political action." It reserves the right of legitimate self-defense and the right of liberty to act against an aggressor violating the treaty. It further provides that the compact shall not take effect until generally accepted, unless the parties agree. This obviously aims to maintain the pledges of France to her Continental allies—Poland, for instance—in case another party to the treaty should go to war with one of them.

The bargaining is really in its first stages. A great deal of discussion is already under way as to whether the French reservations are acceptable to the United States, in view of Mr. Kellogg's desire for an uncomplicated statement denouncing war and leaving details to diplomacy. France is suggesting a conference of jurists to draft a com-

mon text embodying the main American idea but not contravening any existing treaty.

Any text eventually adopted will, of course, be a compromise. The Secretary of State would hardly have expected Europe to disregard its League Covenant and existing treaties in order to secure a new agreement with the United States. At the same time, his draft is undoubtedly in a form which he had reason to think would stand a chance of ratification by the Senate. And that is an end which neither France nor the other Powers would wish to defeat by insistence on a form of words. If Europe and America get to matching reservations, every one knows what the outcome will be.

From the Evening Standard (London)

After the world bank holiday

How much interested the United States is in security and order in other parts of the world a report by the Department of Commerce shows. It records American subscriptions to foreign loans in the first quarter of this year exceeding the total for any previous corresponding period. The amount ran to $409,000,000, or $62,000,000 more than in the same three months last year. Here is an immense and growing practical incentive added to the idealistic motives animating the American movement to outlaw war.

The same sort of ties that are gradually binding the United States to other nations economically are growing strong between France and Germany—and in this probably rests one of the best assurances of peace in Europe.

Basil Miles, American Commissioner at the Paris headquarters of the International Chamber of Commerce, argues that industrial and trade accords between the traditional rivals are developing rapidly because of their new consciousness of mutual self-interest in real stability in Europe. In a report to the American section of the International Chamber he says:

"Too often political considerations have dominated European business policies. . . . But Germany and France have natural economic associations—they are associated by the fact that each produces in large degree what the other desires to consume in corresponding proportion, the wines, silks, and other luxury articles of France against the varied industrial production of Germany. Critics are beginning to regard this growing development as marking another milestone in the economic isolation of Great Britain from the Continent of Europe, Great Britain turning more and more to the consolidation of the far-flung British Empire as an economic unit as the other countries turn more and more to their immediate neighbors."

With a working agreement between the two Great Powers of northwestern Europe, the peace of the Continent would seem to be reasonably assured unless the rumored plans of Mussolini for an extension of Italian influence in southeastern Europe through treaties with Albania, Greece, Hungary, Rumania, and Turkey should create fresh trouble in the Balkans.

"British intrigue," the friends of the Soviet Government of Russia are saying of Secretary Kellogg's reassertion of the refusal of the United States to deal with the Communists officially. The American attitude, it appears, is part of a British scheme to "encircle Russia" with foes. This despite the fact that President Wilson established a policy of non-recognition and Secretary Hughes maintained it consistently when Great Britain extended recognition and set up diplomatic relations—both of which she later repudiated.

To say that non-recognition blocks trade between the two countries is meaningless. Soviet commercial agencies operate extensively in the United States; and American exports to Russia for the past three years have been greater in value than those of either Great Britain or Germany, that have experimented with recognition and treaties. The Soviet Government buys what it needs most for its industries where it can get best satisfaction, regardless of any political aim except a stronger position for itself in Russia. And everything else aside, there are good grounds of plain expediency for the American refusal of diplomatic relations. Why invite into your house, under special privileges, people who you know are unfriendly and bent on making trouble?

Over three and a half million dollars have gone to keep the United States marines in Nicaragua for the past year—a million and a half more than it would have cost to keep them at home. So Secretary Wilbur, of the Navy Department, has responded to a Senate inquiry. Opponents of the Administration are asking to what good end the extra amount has been spent.

Fighting with the Sandino rebel bands in the northern part of the country is still going on. And the most deplorable part of the business is not the money spent, but the lives lost on both sides. Yet, as Senator Borah has recently put it, in a debate on the Nicaraguan policy since the end of the civil war:

"We had men who put their faith in us to lay down their arms because they were assured that an honest election would be held under the Stimson agreement. We cannot go away and leave these people, who trusted us, to the mercies of their enemies. . . . Sandino agreed with the other Liberal leaders to lay down his arms and cease fighting, on this country's promise of a fair election. He broke that promise."

There seems to be nothing to do but charge the money to campaign expenditures in Nicaragua, where the cost of free elections is high.

Planned Aviation

BRAVERY, audacity, even recklessness, can always command admiration and applause. Qualities which have made men pioneers will always be needed and are rightly prized. It is these traits of character for which Baron von Huenefeld, Captain Koehl, and Commandant Fitzmaurice have been praised and will be honored. For these same qualities those who attempted the westward passage of the North Atlantic without stop and failed where the Germans and the Irishman succeeded will be remembered as sacrifices in the early history of man's conquest of the air.

Is it not time, however, for men devoted to the art of aviation to mix with their daring a larger proportion of intelligence and reason? It is not as it was when men first sailed southward into the unknown, defying what for all they knew was, as tradition had it, a fiery belt encircling the earth. Man has at his disposal knowledge and resources which it were foolhardy for him to ignore. To wing one's way into unforeseen tempests, fog, sleet, and other perils without procurable defenses against them or procurable measures for survival, to stake one's life in a gamble against unnecessary odds, is sport but not science. It is true that those who made the westward flight from Ireland to Greenly Island have acquired knowledge that science undoubtedly can use. They have learned, as Commandant Fitzmaurice acknowledges, that an efficient wireless set would have been more useful to them than the equal weight of fuel which they took in its stead. They have learned that a small gyro compass, if once perfected, would eliminate one of their chief difficulties. They have observed the effects of certain meteorological conditions, and particularly the compass variations that are due to magnetic causes. They have provided evidence in favor of covering a plane with paraffin oil to prevent the formation of ice on the wings. They have data bearing on the value of the use of smoke bombs for determining drift. Undoubtedly, those who lost their lives on the westward passage had similar facts which went with their lives.

Is there not a better way? Did not the first transatlantic air passage—that successfully accomplished by the NC–4—show the way? In that case naval vessels were used for guidance and for rescue. Not only was life saved, but also experience. Should not the westward passage over the Atlantic be undertaken in the same way? Should not individual daring give place to organization? Is it idle to suggest that some such vessel as the Saratoga, the great aircraft carrier, should be sent over the North Atlantic to discharge its aircraft for continuous study of air conditions?

It is this sort of study which makes of lasting value the daring enterprise of Captain Wilkins in his flight across North Polar regions. It is this sort of study that gives promise to the plans of Commander Byrd for his aeronautical exploration of the Antarctic.

About the middle of the last century Matthew Fontaine Maury, disabled for active naval service by an accident, devoted years to the collection of data concerning winds and currents. He distributed to sea captains log-books which they filled out and returned to him. His study of this information was of incalculable value to navigation. Is it not time that the energy and the courage, so largely wasted in futile flights, should be likewise intelligently devoted to the new science of avigation?

Where Acres Can Vote

THE Hearst papers carry each day on their editorial pages a list of six policies to be pushed in season and out.

One plank in this platform calls for "an agreement of English-speaking peoples to preserve peace among themselves and to promote the peace of the world." The Hearst papers, for many years holders of the diamond-studded belt emblematic of their undisputed championship in the art of twisting the lion's tail, supply a curious background for the advocacy of this particular policy.

Another ingredient in this *olla podrida* of ill-assorted issues is a demand for "proportional representation in the United States Senate—no State to have less than two Senators." A little simple arithmetic discloses the mathematical absurdity of this proposal. Arizona at the present time has two Senators and one Representative. New York has two Senators and 43 Representatives. If, on the Hearst basis, New York were to have representation proportional to Arizona's, it would have to elect at least 86 Senators. The Hearst Senate would therefore have approximately twice as many members as the present House of Representatives—about as many members as a National Republican Convention. The new Senate would contain four Walshes to bedevil the Republican Party, twenty Heflins hefling through the burdened atmosphere, and eighty-six Copelands available for conducting health columns in the journals of the country. The thought is more than the imagination can bear.

And yet the mathematical absurdity of the Hearst proposal is the least of its shortcomings. To adopt the Hearst plan would be to destroy the United States as a federated Republic. It would turn the control of the country over to the industrialized East and would banish from places of influence many of those old American ideas which have grown strong in a land where there is room to breathe. It was well for the Republic that circumstances conspired with the founders of the Constitution to provide that acres should have the right to vote in the Senate. The United States would cease to be the United States with the advent of the Hearst proportional Senate.

In order to put the Hearst plan into effect its advocates would have to get rid of that Constitutional provision that insists that "no State, without its consent, shall be deprived of its equal suffrage in the Senate." That is one provision in the Constitution that cannot be amended except by the unanimous vote of the States. Do we see Arizona giving New York eighty-six votes to its own two in the Senate? We do not. Nor, we surmise, does Mr. Hearst or any of his editors.

Harmony for Houston

A Personal Letter from Washington

By DIXON MERRITT

HARMONY for Houston has been arranged—and how?

Why, so adroitly that every faction within the Democratic Party believes that it alone is responsible for the good work and thrills with a sensation, new and yet strangely old, of accommodation and unity.

When, where, and by whom the program will be announced is, as yet, on the lap of the godlings. But the program has been made. Knowledge of it has blown about Washington for days. There has been no official announcement. Perhaps there never will be such. But there is to be harmony, full and complete—up to the point where the balloting begins. It may persist beyond that point, but if it perishes there something still will have been accomplished.

The deadlock in Madison Square Garden, with its deadly 103 ballots, was too bad. But it might have stopped short of engendering mortal enmities had the horrors of the platform fight not preceded it. There is to be nothing of that kind again. A cat might commit suicide the eighth time—but not the ninth. If there must be a finish fight between Smith and the battalion of death that opposes him—why, there must be. But there will be no preliminary bouts—not unless something slips.

Claude Bowers is to be made Temporary Chairman, enthusiastically, by everybody. He is a New York editor. But his dry sympathies are known, and he is charged—or credited—with just enough of an anti-Tammany leaning. He is enamored of the old glories of the party, its perennial principles. He can keynote safely.

Some one of half a dozen Southern men almost equally unantagonistic—probably Senator Robinson, of Arkansas—will succeed as Permanent Chairman and rule on every point in accordance with old and sound traditions.

An agreed platform will be reported and adopted. That sounds a large contract. It would have been impossible of carrying out at any preceding Democratic Convention in thirty-two years. But Bryan is dead. And there was never any other who could talk the Democratic Party out of a fixed purpose.

The platform will say nothing of the principle of prohibition. It will declare in ringing terms for vigorous enforcement of the prohibition laws. In the roar and hum of the great hall delegates may think for a moment that they hear, coming mysteriously from somewhere, the impassioned protest of him who was the Boy Orator of the Platte. But the plank will hold.

The rules of the previous Convention will be adopted, without important exception. That most distinctive and most important of all Democratic rules—the one requiring that two-thirds of the delegates concur in a nomination—will probably not be mentioned at all. Within two years both great factions of the party wanted to be rid of it and denounced it vigorously. Now there is no responsible leader in either faction who would raise a voice against it. The Smith forces know, at least, that a majority nomination would not be worth the effort. And the anti-Smith coalition knows that to defeat him by anything less than a two-thirds vote would be to defeat themselves. The imperious voice of Andrew Jackson, too, still threads through the hum of Democratic convention halls.

So the Democratic National Convention of 1928 will arrive triumphantly at the point of nominating a candidate for President. And then—

A group of politicians and those who make politicians were discussing that point the other day. They agreed that the plan is a beautiful combination of compromises. But there is always one dissenter. He spoke from the far end of the table. "That," he said, "is not compromise; it is conquest."

And so, in a sense, it is. Governor Smith has swept practically everything before him. Even in the antagonistic South delegations favorable to him have been selected. The West has seemed to be almost his own.

Until within the past few days the Smith campaign has had able Republican aid. Rather suddenly, the Republican Smith boomers became frightened. The frantic storm of Southern protest against Smith had failed to blow. The West had given no signs of rising in revolt against the wet, Tammany Governor. Here is a strange lethargy which the Republican Smithites have not been able to fathom, which has puzzled the Democratic anti-Smithites, and even the Democratic Smithites.

Henceforth the Smith candidacy will go under its own power. At least, Republicans will no longer act as a kicker for it.

Is Smith, then, already as good as nominated? No. The opposition to him has not weakened in the least. And not even his own most zealous supporters believe that all of his apparent strength is real. Everybody knows that in certain States the active Smith twenty per cent has prevailed over the lethargic anti-Smith eighty per cent.

The prejudice against Smith, if that is the name for it, has not been eradicated. At least, no informed person here believes that it has. It is, for the time being, dormant. But nobody doubts that it will be awakened. The Republicans, if nobody else, will see to that after the Conventions—if Smith is nominated.

Seasoned politicians, many of them kindly disposed to Smith, are saying that if Smith is elected President it will be not merely with a Republican Congress but with a greatly reduced Democratic minority; that if he is nominated and defeated the Democratic minority will be reduced to a remnant. That may not be at all true. But the thought of it makes a certain number of Democratic office-holders uneasy as to their own safety and adds an unannounced element to anti-Smith coalition. A considerable number of Democratic Congressmen, particularly from the South and Middle West, would campaign for Smith as the nominee with the conviction that they were making certain their own defeat even though they helped him to election. What will they contribute to the harmony program at Houston after the point of balloting has been reached?

That group previously referred to as discussing the situation agreed that the harmony program is fine. The man at the far end of the table—incidentally, he was a New York Democrat—spoke again. "Who was it," he asked, "that said something about making a desert and calling it peace?"

Penitential Music

By EUGENE BONNER

WHILE Mr. Ossip Gabrilowitsch's instructions to those intending to be present at Carnegie Hall on the occasion of the performance last Maunday Thursday of "The Saint Matthew Passion," by Johann Sebastian Bach, were undoubtedly prompted by an entirely proper feeling of respect and reverence, one couldn't help feeling (somewhat on the principle of good wine needing no bush) that if that colossal masterpiece were performed in the proper spirit, a suitable atmosphere would be created no matter how vivid the colors worn by the audience might be. On the other hand, if the proper reverence were wanting in the ranks of the performers themselves, the feeling of devotion and reverence would be lacking though we might sit in robes of sable hue, cocooned in yards of crape, for the entire evening.

We refer to the request, published in all the advance notices of this performance, that members of the audience would please come dressed in dark clothes and, once arrived, would kindly refrain from applauding.

The first request was more or less acceded to, though one great lady arrived in her box wearing a bright-red dress, an amber-colored evening cloak, and something twinkly round her head, for which we personally tendered her a vote of thanks which was none the less sincere for being unexpressed.

As for applause, there was none, with the result that many of us emerged feeling much as a well-charged siphon must feel if it has any definite sensation. After all, notwithstanding the sacred subject, it was a performance in a concert-hall, not in a church, and, while it was eminently suitable not to break into the mood of the work with applause during the performance, it did seem something of a let-down to have to mope out in silence after that glorious music. Besides, all that bottled-up emotion must be hard on our insides.

For the last three years Mr. Gabrilowitsch has been giving "The Saint Matthew Passion" in Detroit, until it has now become a regular Holy Week offering, much as the Metropolitan's Good Friday performances of "Parsifal" in this city. His own orchestra, the Detroit Symphony Society, with three choral organizations from that city, were transported to New York for two performances only (Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon), an undertaking which we are glad to note has been fully appreciated not only by the musical press but by the public. The boy choristers of St. Thomas's Church here also assisted nobly in the proceedings.

To bring this great work within the time limit necessary for an evening performance many beautiful passages had perforce to be omitted. In making such omissions it's, of course, quite impossible to please everybody, but, in our opinion, the cuts made by Mr. Gabrilowitsch showed both good taste and sound judgment. Of course the ideal performance of such a masterpiece would be to have it given in such a place as the Cathedral of St. John the Divine and given in its entirety, with just such an organization as this, but, unfortunately, such a presentation would be well-nigh impossible to arrange.

The performance itself, as might have been expected from such a fine musician as Mr. Gabrilowitsch, was of a very high order. Conducting entirely without score, and playing himself the special piano, constructed in imitation of the clavicembalo of Bach's time, he kept than fine balance between soloists, choruses, and orchestra so essential to a harmonious presentation.

One of the choral groups was placed at the rear of the hall in the balcony to sing the unaccompanied chorales sung (or supposed to have been sung) in Bach's time by the congregation. This experiment was highly successful, a very beautiful effect being achieved by the innovation.

Margaret Matzenauer, in spite of several lapses from the pitch, a rather unusual thing for her, sang the contralto part with the breadth and dignity one has grown to expect from this artist in all her work. A glorious voice, and how very well she sings in the English language! Richard Crooks was perhaps somewhat too dramatic at times, but the lovely quality of his voice and his expert handling of this extremely difficult music made him an unusually fine "narrator."

Jeannette Vreeland (soprano), Reinald Werrenrath (baritone), and Fred Patton (bass) were more than equal to the demands made upon them, while Chandler Goldthwaite played the organ part, harmonized by Mr. Gabrilowitsch himself from the original figured bass.

The chorus sang superbly, with fine attack, precision, and excellent tone quality, and a large portion of praise is due the auxiliary choir in the balcony for its very beautiful singing and faithful adherence to pitch in those unaccompanied chorales.

The New York musical public owes Mr. Gabrilowitsch a profound debt of gratitude for having had the courage and energy to transport this huge organization, bag and baggage, from Detroit for two performances only, and we sincerely hope that the financial response was such that he will feel justified in repeating his experiment next year.

With a yearly representation of "The Saint Matthew Passion" and the annual performance of "The Saint John Passion" by the Friends of Music, to say nothing of the other works of the master given by that organization, Bach will soon lose his terrors for the great public and come to be recognized for what he is—as dramatic as Wagner, as simple as Mozart, and fully as "modern" as the best of the *avant-garde* of the musical composers of the present day.

While Bach, according to some sources, is credited with five "Passions," only two have survived in their entirety and portions of the music of a third. The first of these, "The Saint John Passion," was originally produced on Good Friday, 1723. Six years later came the great "Saint Matthew Passion," to be followed two years later (1731) by "The Saint Mark Passion."

This last was inferior to the other two; so much so that it no longer exists as a complete work, such parts of it as are now extant having been incorporated by the composer himself in the "Trauer Ode," given a few weeks ago by the Friends of Music under the leadership of Artur Bodanzky.

These "Passions" were performed on Good Fridays at vespers, sometimes in St. Thomas's, sometimes at St. Nicholas's Church, both in Leipzig.

The Father—Sublimation—The Country

Miniatures from the Life

By IBBY HALL

The Father

THERE is a father in this country who has always believed in fair play. He has given his two sons an even chance in life, and both men have grown up to justify his hope and devotion. One would think that this was enough.

But this man, sitting back to watch and enjoy the progress of his two sons, observed a strange thing. Life was not following out his own ideas. Life was not playing fair with them. To one son success came easily—friends, honors, advancements were his without asking; these things seemed to belong to him by rightful heritage, a heritage the father knew nothing about.

To the other son life was an obstacle race—what he gained he gained at hard cost. Success with him was measured by painful inches—at times by the mere fact of not losing ground.

These two brothers lived in the same city. The first brother rose to prominence as an attorney. He became President of the Bar Association in his city, and by the time the father had reached the age of eighty years the successful son was about to achieve one more honor in his distinguished career. He was to be appointed by the President to the bench of one of the higher courts. It was also by this time that the other son, through hard work, patience, and perseverance, had become a clerk of the same court.

Now there is a ruling that demands the resignation of those clerks whose relatives are called to the bench. This new honor for one son meant disaster for the other. The old man had let life do as it pleased. He had handed over his sons years before, and, for himself, was about done with living. But he could not allow this. He became suddenly the father again, the arbitrator. His eighty years fell away from him. It was his to decide what was right and what was fair.

The newspaper account that tells this story boasts that it is news—that this is the first time in the annals of the Government when a father has interceded to prevent the promotion of his son. For in his audience with the President the father made his explanation and defense. "The honor will mean little to one of them," he insisted, "while the loss of his position is the loss of everything to the other." Then the old man had his final twinge. He looked helplessly into the eyes of the President. "It is a hard thing," he said, "for a father to do."

Sublimation

A LITTLE cat in New England has solved the tragedy of existence with no help from Freud, physicians, or spiritual advisers.

This creature was born with a consuming passion—the passion to tend, and nourish, and discipline, which is motherhood. With no one to inform her what was ahead of her, and no one to assist her when her time of distress arrived, she relied serenely upon her wealth of instinct. The sharpness of a new and bewildering experience was scarcely over when the little pussy was purring as loudly as an alarm clock.

With all her instinct, the little cat had little or no general knowledge. Statistics meant nothing to her. The fact that her kittens were just so many more unwanted kittens never even occurred to her. But suddenly there were no kittens. This could not be reasoned out, or explained. This was tragedy—the end of the world. The little cat had only one need: life had left her, and she must somehow find it. Down strange roads and in unknown pastures, through unexplored woods and rocky country, she went calling for her kittens. She was not interested in food or drink—she was consumed by this other need. There was no warm or hidden spot, or natural nesting-place of any kind that missed her eye. And at last she found them.

It was a strange tree stump, with its little hollowed-out room—how had they ever wandered so far? Only two of them were left after what must have been a long and dangerous journey, and these two had changed incredibly. Their ears, through fright, no doubt, had grown to an enormous length. And each little tail, that had been like a delicate spear, had been worn off by the bushes and branches to a little ball of white fur. But there was no mistaking her children. They turned to her ravenously, and she did not disappoint them.

In the hollow of the tree stump the little family flourishes and has already reached the stage of school and discipline. For when one of these small bunnies wanders too far from home the little cat-mother brings it back firmly by the nape of the neck, in spite of those long and troublesome ears.

The Country

ON a country road the other day visitors from New York were taking snap-shots. The objects to be snapped were patient and indifferent—an apple tree that had moved with the march of a hundred seasons, but never from that spot of earth; walls running silently always in the same grooves; a fence that still followed its serpentine course as it fell, fast returning to the earth again.

Down the road sounded the slow hoofs of a horse, the squeak and turn of a wagon wheel. The solitary occupant of the two-seater was an old man with a beard curling around to the back of his neck. He held the reins loosely in his gnarled brown hands. He could see that something unusual was going on along the familiar stretch of road. "Whoa!" he said, softly, and then, in guarded undertones to the strangers, "I won't disturb ye none." He sat as still as one of the old stones in the pasture, and the horse, as old and shaggy as his master, might have been carved on the instant out of granite.

The city visitors gazed at the old man. "You can drive by, if you like," said one. The old man immediately lifted the reins, but opposite the camera he stopped. "I lived down the road a piece in that house yonder for nineteen years once," he offered, "but I couldn't stand it. Had to move where there wasn't so much to do. Blood-pressure. I've been living up the country a ways quite a spell." He looked at them reminiscently. "I used to live in New York. I can't abide New York. Noise and dirt—enough to drive you crazy. So I give up a good job there. Yessir, I had a good job, but I give it up and moved to the country."

One of the city visitors moved closer to the two-seater. The old man looked like Santa Claus. Even his eyes wore a fabled expression. "What was your job?" she asked, curiously.

"It was a good job," he said. "Waitin' for me yet. They said I could alwus have it back again. Sixth Avenue car line. Yessir, I worked years with the Sixth Avenue car line. Shoein' horses." He lifted the reins in his hands. "I ain't seen that town," he said, "since '88, but I can't abide New York."

Bruno Frank's "Twelve Thousand"

IF Basil Sydney and Mary Ellis ever get around to taking their new production, the much-talked-of "Twelve Thousand," by Bruno Frank, to Chicago, they will present Mayor Thompson, and all those engaged in rewriting history and glorifying racial strains, with a very pretty problem.

For Mr. Frank places his play during the American Revolution, but chooses for its setting a summer pavilion in the gardens of a German ducal palace. In this pavilion takes place the infamous bargain whereby twelve thousand Hessians—at least we suppose they were Hessians—are sold like cattle to the British crown for use by King George III and Lord North for the prosecution of their war against the rebels of America. Most intimately concerned with this transaction, according to Mr. Frank's tale, at least, are a certain Prince, his mistress, and their secretary, Piderit, peasant by birth and aristocrat by profession. The plot is simple, for the lady is not only expensive in her tastes, and wishes such costly things as necklaces and pretty clothes, but even has set her heart on acquiring a hairdresser from Berlin, recently arrived from Paris, and possessing to an extraordinary degree the art of making up fine ladies' hair. This item alone will come to thirty thousand thalers—an expenditure which, in view of an approaching ball, seems to the lady extremely necessary, but which gives the onlooker a very fair idea of how expensive the lady is to her Prince.

Now the most salable things which the Prince possesses are his subjects, twelve thousand of whom he can sell, sufficiently equipped, to the agent of the British Parliament. The peasant soldiers will be drawn by lot, the money will be paid by the British upon delivery, and all the whims and fancies of the lady can be easily gratified.

All these things are already afoot when the play opens. And all would be very well except for the fact that the secretary happens to have two brothers, still peasants, who are included in the draft to be sold for the American war. To sell his brothers to military slavery and death is a little too thick even for the pseudo-aristocrat secretary. And so, since he possesses the courtesan's ring, in order to send her secret message to Berlin for the hairdresser, he uses its seal to send a message to Frederick of Prussia, disclosing the infamous bargain which is taking place, and thus, invoking that powerful sovereign's interference, tries to save his own brothers from disaster.

The play that results is polite and romantic, contains much good dialogue, and many interesting, even dramatic, moments. For upon the arrival of the Prussian envoy, the secretary's treachery to his Prince is discovered, and he seems likely to meet the fate meted out to traitors in that beatiful principality—broken on the wheel and then beheaded. The fact that he escapes this fate is due, of course—but it is better to see the play to find that out!

Suffice to say that it is a good romantic yarn, and if made into a movie, with Emil Jannings in the leading part, might be exceedingly effective. The fact that as played by Basil Sydney and Mary Ellis it is only fair is perhaps no criticism of the playwright. Miss Ellis comes closer to realizing her rôle than does Mr. Sydney, but neither of them is ideally cast. In their hands the play is one of those eighteenth-century paintings come to life—fair to look at, mildly entertaining, but never stirring to the blood.

The point, however, that will raise a difficulty for Mayor Thompson, and all people who hold his point of view, is the fact that throughout the play the envoy of the British Parliament appears to be a most honest gentleman, who despises the German Prince for selling his subjects, who is more concerned over the comfort and fate of the Hessians than their sovereign is, and who, in the end, is willing to throw up the entire bargain rather than accede to the infamous additions to the contract which the Prince wishes to insert, in order to prevent any serious trouble resulting from wounded or crippled men who may return from America to his pleasant principality. In fact, morally, the heroes of the play appear to be the British envoy and the British Parliament; while the villainy is equally distributed over the Germans of various station, with the exception of the unfortunate peasants, who are dragooned into fighting in a foreign country for a cause of which they know nothing.

Mr. Frank, we presume, is making no attempt in his play merely to present correct definite facts of history; yet the underlying drama is based on truth, and not only interests the spectator, but brings vividly to life again days long past. Constructed a little better, and played with greater emotional strength, we can see that it might be made into a magnificent play. But as it is, the Garrick players can't quite do justice to it, and the play itself contains several serious faults—notably, a complete lack of any emotional tie between any of the characters, with the exception of the secretary and his two brothers. Even in this instance the thing is not sufficiently established to appeal to the audience—although, of course, this may be due to the translation, which makes the peasant brothers speak precisely the sort of wooden dialogue which Ibsen's minor characters get off in our English versions. So that somehow even they do not completely enlist the audience's sympathies.

The result is a fairly interesting play, with moments of romance, humor, and some dramatic power. But we would just as soon read it as see it.

FRANCIS R. BELLAMY.

The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

"Love"

THE current week having been one of numerous "hold-overs," this space may legitimately be given over to discussion of a picture which has not before been noticed here, although it has been on view for several months. The picture is "Love," and in it John Gilbert and Greta Garbo are co-starred with the most satisfying results.

The story of "Love" is an adaptation of "Anna Karenina," and not only did it impress us as a wise and faithful transcription of that towering work, it even succeeded in lending point and dignity to its own title. If you remember the grim idyll of Anna and Vronsky, you will perhaps be of a mind to admit that "Love" is far from being a bad title for it. After all, Vronsky's threatened ejection from his regiment and Anna's affair with an onrushing locomotive were directly traceable to the biological urge, and nothing else.

Edmund Goulding directed "Love," and did it with taste and discernment. Admitting that we, personally, know nothing of the visual aspects of Russian life except what we've learned from the screen, we still contend that the picture has an atmosphere which fits its Slavic story to perfection, and that is, to say the least, something.

An admirably unsympathetic performance by Brandon Hurst as Karenin and the uncanny acting of little Philippe de Lacy are other matters which must be given consideration as preliminaries to the main event; as distant bugles faintly sounding the coming of the queen; as dancing maidens strewing blooms before the fairest of all creation—and that'll be *quite* enough of that, and we ask your pardon. We get that way about Greta Garbo—we can't help it.

In "Love" the Sorceress of the Silver Screen is given the best breaks she has had since coming to Hollywood. Until you've seen Greta Garbo do Anna Karenina you've seen nothing. Bring on your Duses, say we, your Lina Cavalieris, Maxine Elliotts, Marilyn Millers, Janet Gaynors, and Mary Astors—none of them has equaled her for sheer physical allure and few of them have been half as accomplished artists. The *élan*, the quiet dignity of her performance in "Love" are matchless. Either Mr. Goulding ought to direct Miss Garbo

henceforward or else his successor should be chosen from among those who've had the opportunity of seeing how it was done.

We had almost forgotten about John Gilbert, but, as we remember it, he was fine. What with the fact that he wears snappy uniforms and flashes his eyes and teeth as arrestingly as usual, the charming ranks of his admirers will no doubt be substantially added to as a result of his showing in "Love." But for us the final dictum must be: If you are interested in seeing the most beautiful woman in the world doing a fine piece of acting in a really interesting film, Greta Garbo in "Love" is your recommended destination.

Emil Jannings in "Tartuffe the Hypocrite"

THIS German picture, directed by F. W. Murnau (maker of "Sunrise" and "The Last Laugh"), is having a revival just now, and we review it for the reasons given elsewhere on this page.

Just when it was made we do not know; but a lot of present-day productions could be safely patterned after it in more respects than one. Dr. Murnau has so many virtues as a director, and Jannings as an actor, that it would be no easy task to point to any one outstanding capability in either. Our own view is that Murnau is the greatest living expert on scene-lighting and that Jannings does frightfully unpleasant characters better than he does anything else. "Tartuffe the Hypocrite" is so beautifully lighted that old Lux himself seems actually to be a member of the cast; and if there be any spectator who feels that some other actor than Jannings could have made Tartuffe more chillingly horrible, he should become a casting director.

A very handsome and capable young lady named Lil Dagover appears in this absorbing little film study and plays the part of Mme. Elmire, who accomplishes by her intuition (and highly pleasing physique) the ultimate downfall of Tartuffe. She is convinced that her husband's blind adherence to the monkish impostor can be upset only by a demonstration of Tartuffe's real character. She achieves this by kidding Tartuffe into the notion that she is in love with his saintly nature, and finally overcomes his cunning reluctance sufficiently to get him into her personal bedchamber. Here he gives himself completely away, and the husband is summoned by an old retainer to view the proceedings through the keyhole.

He sees his attractive wife in (more or less) deshabille, and he sees Tartuffe putting on a most horrifying exhibition of nuzzling and guzzling; and, if you get the opportunity to take in this fragmentary masterpiece, we advise you to see it, too.

Adolphe Menjou in "A Night of Mystery"

THERE are some things one would much rather leave unsaid but which, for purposes of the record, *must* be said: for instance—Adolphe Menjou is beginning to look very old. He should do something to overcome the fallen-away look which has appeared in his once masklike face, or he won't be able to create the same illusion of inscrutable sophistication which has marked his every past performance.

This would be a pity; in fact, it *is* a pity, for Mr. Menjou's latest picture is far less acceptable than it would have been a year ago. It is a better-than-average film, although its ending is pretty unconvincing and its components nearly all stereotyped: the gallant officer, the lovely girl whose weak brother is unjustly accused of murder; the judge's wife who exacts silence to conceal her own indiscretions with the officer—*you* know how they go.

A striking girl named Nora Lane (to us previously unknown) has the rather small part of the heroine; our guess is that she will be heard from.

The Legend of Catechee

A Tale for Children

By HARRIET EAGER DAVIS[1]

Illustrated by Frank W. Peers

THERE were no neighbors near the old Lewis farm, and the children grew up in a little rld of their own—a lovely world in Blue Ridge hills of South Carolina erlooking the Seneca River, rich with dian lore and Indian relics. Little ary and her brothers and sisters nted arrowheads, dug for Indian ves, built forts, made tepees of corn-lks, and dyed their faces with poke-rry juice, playing over and over the amas of bygone warriors and their aws.

A quarrel always arose over the rôle Catechee, their favorite heroine, who d saved the settlers from her own peo-; naming all the neighborhood streams her historic ride. Whenever Mary s the lucky child to accompany other on her infrequent trips to the xt village, she always paused over the iddy stream known as Eighteen-Mile eek, asking with a delighted shiver: 'hat's where Catechee rode right rough the water, isn't it?" And once re Mother would have to tell the old end as she had heard it in her child-od.

The Legend of Catechee

As remembered by Mary Lewis, an Outlook reader

r was long, long ago, in the early sev-enteen hundreds, when South Caro-a was still a battleground between dians and white settlers, that the peo-of Fort Star found a little redskin l in the woods, lying still and appar-ly dead. But she was only weak and y ill, so, although this was a daughter the enemy, the kind-hearted women rsed her back to health, and named Catechee.

At first the settlers' children were aid of the dark-eyed child with her

straight black hair and reddish-brown skin that reminded them of the cruel savages who had killed so many of their fathers and brothers, but little Catechee was so shy and so sweet-natured, and so skillful at running and riding and arrow-shooting, outdistancing even the boys, that they soon grew to love her as one of themselves.

Every one thought the little girl had forgotten her own people, yet as she grew older her playmates often caught a strange sadness in her big dark eyes, and one day, during an Indian raid, she disappeared.

The children were broken-hearted. "Ungrateful Catechee," said their elders, "after all we have done for her! It is the call of the wild—she has gone back to her own people."

But the children could not believe evil of their playmate; for a long time they missed her sadly, with her quick ways and her sweet nature, but all too soon playtime passed into the life of grown-up burdens, and little Catechee became only a memory.

As time went on, the Indians seemed to grow less hostile; for three years there had been no attack, and the settlers began to build log cabins and cultivate land farther and farther away from the fort, growing more careless about guarding their settlement.

Meantime, many miles away, deep in an Indian mountain village, where her people had taken her, Catechee had grown into a beautiful maiden, so lovely that one of the boldest and fiercest of the young warriors began to woo her to become his bride. But, though he was strong and handsome, Catechee could not return his love, for he hated the white settlers and often boasted how some day, when the Chief's plans were complete, Fort Star would be surprised and everybody killed—men, women, and children.

Catechee remembered her kind foster-parents and her little playmates, and, though she knew that her penalty from her own people would be death, she determined to save her old friends. Cleverly she questioned her lover about the route to the Fort, which, of course, she had long since forgotten, and every evening she crept to the tent of the warriors and listened to their powwow. One night, when spring floods had run their course and the boiling streams returned to their banks, the Chief announced that the time was ripe for the attack, and bade all to be in readiness at daybreak. With a whoop that curdled Catechee's blood, the warriors answered and began building a great fire for their war-dance.

So, while her people leaped and screamed by the red glow of the fire, Catechee mounted the swiftest and strongest of the ponies and slipped away, bareback, into the dark forest. Somewhere to the south, all unaware of their danger, slept her paleface friends. She must find them, though all she knew of the way were the bits of knowledge picked up from her warrior lover.

Silently and lightly Catechee and her pony winged their way through the black and pathless woods until they were halted by a broad, rushing stream, but

(*Please turn to continuation, page 40*)

[1] The stories in this department are the favorite tales of various families which have been handed down to each succeeding younger generation. The Outlook will be glad to receive and to pay for any such stories which our readers remember from their own childhood and which are found available. They should be told as simply as possible in the language one would use in talking to a child. We should also be glad of suggestions from older and younger readers as to well-known people whom they would be especially interested to have Mrs. Davis interview for stories remembered from childhood.

Ivory Apes and Peacocks

By W. R. BROOKS

WE have in our time made a lot of fun of people who said, "I don't know much about art, but I know what I like." But after observing a number of people who know a lot about art and don't like anything, we think we prefer the former group. When a member of it begins to learn about art, you may be pretty sure that his last state is going to be worse than his first. For the average person who isn't willing to trust—with, of course, certain reservations—to his own preferenees, too much knowledge about art is likely to bring an uncertainty which will spoil most of his pleasure in beauty. The more he knows, the less he will be sure what is good. He will be afraid of expressing an opinion, even to himself. He will become critical instead of appreciative—for him there will be no giants any more—and that state of mind, in viewing any field, marks the death of real pleasure.

There is, of course, a satisfaction in demolishing, in picking flaws. It gives a grand kick to your ego to find out where Rembrandt missed a finesse that would have given him two more tricks. But you'd get more pleasure out of the work if you never realized that he'd made a mistake.

This department, you see, is only justifying its lack of knowledge in matters artistic. The view expressed above is therefore neither entirely disinterested nor—as you will have gathered—entirely sincere. Yet there is a certain amount of truth in it. We believe you would rather have us tell you about the things we like than to give you an expert criticism of something that perhaps isn't very good. We shall therefore be appreciative rather than critical. If we like a thing, we shall tell you about it, whether we are sure we understand it or not.

And another thing. We shall try to describe the kind of pictures that you will want to buy to hang on your own walls, not necessarily the kind you would buy if you were making a collection for your local museum. A slight thing, an unimportant thing, might be very important for you, might appeal to you personally, whereas having no particular artistic value in the larger sense, and no wide appeal, it would be totally unsuitable in a public gallery.

Of course, we don't hold much ourself with public galleries and museums, and educating the public to appreciate art, and so on. For two reasons. One is that almost no work of art looks well in close juxtaposition to another work of art. Your eye can't jump immediately from one fine thing to another fine thing and appreciate either. Even if it could, it doesn't get a chance. The wall of a gallery is a jumble of colors. You can't get the full force of the Hottentot maiden under the banyan tree with a snow-tipped Alp intruding on the outer corner of your left eye and a heap of overripe or jaundiced vegetables intruding on the outer corner of your right eye. Ideas as well as colors and lines and masses clash and confuse you.

The second reason is that in a gallery there's always self-consciousness on the human side. A picture should be looked at in solitude. Get three people in a gallery, and they really forget all about the pictures. They either make wisecracks or else try to impress one another with their knowledge. We're willing to bet that when you go to an art exhibit less than ten per cent of your mind is really occupied with the pictures. It's so with us. We think: "I like that picture. At least, I guess I ought to. I wonder what I can say about it that will sound intelligent enough so that Cousin Mary won't think I'm a fool. I think that woman in the brown hat is listening to us. The man with the ribbon on his glasses is probably an art critic. I wish my feet didn't hurt." And so on.

Well, we went to a gallery yesterday. We were much embarrassed, because there was a tea party under way, and people were standing around with teacups in their hands eating sandwiches and talking art. It fascinated us for a few minutes. They'd take in a little sandwich, and then give out a little art. It was very uplifting. But nobody offered us anything, so we broke through the tea barrage and got off in a room by ourself, far from the clatter of teeth and the clash of cutlery, and there we found some water-oils by Charles S. Chapman which we liked.

This is the way he does 'em. On the surface of a tank of water he floats oil colors. These he stirs up gently until he gets an interesting design. He has developed a technique by which he can keep the line between two colors from blurring, and by which also he can do a good deal of drawing. Then he drops a sheet of paper on the water. This picks up the colors, and he can then go on and develop them with water-colors to any extent he wishes. You remember the marbled covers and end-papers of old-fashioned ledgers? They were made in the same way.

The results that Mr. Chapman has achieved seemed to us extraordinarily suggestive. They don't look at all like paintings, but rather like slabs of highly colored veined and polished marble. There was a genie coming out of a jar, and around him several Arabian Nights figures, against a chaotic and gorgeous background. There was a pale horse with a veiled rider galloping through a wildly romantic landscape lit by a low wan moon. We liked best the undersea pictures—a mermaid and several grotesque fish, and, above, the foaming shoulder of a huge green wave. We preferred the pictures that had had the least retouching. Too much definite detail made these seem rather cluttered, whereas the suggestiveness of the other was unhampered by clearness.

We would like to have one or two of these pictures. Definiteness is a tiring thing to live with, whether it is in opinions or in line, and these, besides being interesting in design and color, are delightfully vague.

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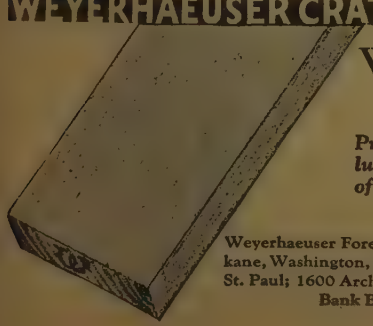

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INVESTMENT RESEARCH BUREAU

The Federal Reserve Myth

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

THE speculative fraternity has a mythology all its own. It believes that a few prominent bankers can do about anything they choose with the stock market, that all big operators meet daily to discuss just which stocks shall be boosted and how far, and that the country is in danger of a panic whenever William C. Durant sails for Europe.

While these myths have little foundation in fact, probably not much more than most of those interwoven into the Iliad and the Odyssey, they are comparatively harmless. The perennially gullible men and women who swallow them were born to believe things that are not so.

ONE type of ignorance, however, is more serious. This concerns the relations between the authorities of the Federal Reserve System and the Administration, particularly the officers of the Treasury. It is decidedly unfortunate that even speculators should think, as some of them do, that its authorities run the System with an eye to the political welfare of the party in power and to the interest of the Treasury as a borrower of funds. Speculators are a talkative lot, and their misapprehensions are apt to creep into the consciousness of the other members of the community, giving them false ideas of our National banking organization.

The accusation that the Federal Reserve System plays politics is, of course, much the more serious, but it is, happily, also the less common. Although it is heard now and then in the customers' rooms of brokerage offices, it is almost never voiced by any one of importance. They say, "The Reserve System won't let the market break now because it would make it harder for the Republicans to win the election," but they are usually too ignorant of the theory of government to realize the gravity of their charge.

It is unthinkable that men of such high standing as the members of the Federal Reserve Board and the other officials of the System should stoop to the corruption of using the immense power and prestige of the Reserve banks as pawns in the political game.

Even the most cynical would admit, if they could or would give the question any serious thought, that such intrigues could not go on long. After all, the officials of the System are not all members of the same party. If today, for instance, the System were slighting its duty to the country's financial and business welfare to help the Republican Party, the time could not be far away before Democrats within the councils would begin to protest publicly. Radicals then could charge with justice that the Federal Reserve organization was a menace to free government and that it should be abolished. This would be a disaster.

Recent history tells of one conspicuous case when the Reserve authorities injured seriously the re-election chances of the party in office. In 1920, when the Board was composed entirely of a Democratic President's appointees, the system, in the words of André Siegfried, author of "America Comes of Age," by "the restriction of commercial credits, . . . the increase in the rediscount rates, the throwing back on the banks of the instruments of credit used to prop up issues during the war and the boom period," brought on a collapse of business activity and security prices that amounted almost to a panic. This policy was very sound economically, but it was anything but helpful to the chances of candidate James M. Cox and other Democratic seekers of office.

Less serious, but much more widely held, is the false theory that the Reserve authorities manipulate the money market so as to enable the Treasury to borrow as cheaply as possible, that they use their influence to have interest rates low whenever a big Government loan is to be floated. As a war measure, they did just that between 1917 and 1919, but the emergencies of that period called for extraordinary policies. In times of peace, the Reserve authorities are not entitled to give the United States Government any more consideration than other large borrowers—and recent events have shown that they do not.

Financial editors, minor bank officials, and a good many business men who should have known better were certain that Federal Reserve rediscount rates

would not be raised this spring because the Treasury had to borrow large sums of money before the autumn.

"More than $1,500,000,000 worth of Liberty Bonds mature on September 15," they reasoned. "The Treasury must raise funds with which to redeem them. If Federal Reserve rediscount rates go higher, money will be scarcer and it may stay scarce all summer. That would mean that the Treasury would have to pay more for its borrowings than it would have, say, a month or two ago. The Reserve System would not like to inconvenience the Treasury. Rediscount rates will stay where they are. Q. E. D."

These arguments were still being advanced vigorously when the Reserve Board announced that the rediscount rates at the Chicago and Boston banks had been raised.

THE Federal Reserve System, moreover, proved more than its integrity when it began to raise rediscount rates. It showed its power. Thumbing the nose at the Nation's banking authorities will not be as popular a sport during the next three months as it has been in the last three.

Since early this year it has been an open secret that the Reserve authorities thought that the stock market was using a disproportionately large share of the country's funds. Evidence of this was to be found in the constantly mounting total of brokerage loans. Since the curbing of speculation is one of its duties, the System embarked on a policy which would force the market to disgorge.

The first move was to sell more than $200,000,000 worth of Government securities, which had the effect of withdrawing more than ten times that amount of funds from the market. This withdrawal was offset to a great extent by member-bank borrowing and by retirement of currency, which was made possible by reduced commercial and industrial activity. And the market held its ground.

The next step was a general increase in rediscount rates from 3½ to 4 per cent. This shock drove the market lower for a week or so, but it recovered and was soon racing wildly beyond all previous limits. It was then that speculators made derisive gestures at the Federal Reserve authorities.

"They're gunning for the market, and can't get it," speculators told one another as their favorite stocks broke all records.

Then the rediscount rates began to rise and the stock market ever since has been in a chastened mood.

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Speaking of Books

A New Literary Department

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

THE books in greatest demand are usually those most discussed. The following list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by eight book-shops each week. These particular book-shops were chosen because we think that they reflect the tastes of the more representative readers. These shops are as follows:

New York—Brentano's.
Rochester—Scrantoms Inc.
Cleveland—Korner & Wood.
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort, & Barney.
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Co.
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company.
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.
Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company.

Fiction

"The Bridge of San Luis Rey," by Thornton Wilder. Albert & Charles Boni. Those who have not yet read this beautiful and moving study of the working of God's providence, of love, the bridge which joins the living and the dead, have a delight in store. We find it even better on second reading. Reviewed January 4.

"The Greene Murder Case," by S. S. Van Dine. Charles Scribner's Sons. That odious society detective, Vance, is at work again, this time on a case too complicated and incredible for our taste. But Van Dine enthusiasts are devouring it and smacking their lips.

"Wintersmoon," by Hugh Walpole. Doubleday, Doran & Co. You will enjoy this social comedy in Walpole's best vein. Some old names appear, and there is at least one very engaging character. Reviewed March 7.

"Debonair," by G. B. Stern. A. A. Knopf. The modern Persephone and the eternal Demeter appear in this too glittering but basically sound story of the younger generation and the older. It is amusing and touching, and the characters wonderfully real. Confirmed readers of current fiction will enjoy it particularly. Reviewed last week.

"Ashenden, or the British Secret Agent," by W. Somerset Maugham. Doubleday, Doran & Co. Reviewed in this issue.

Non-Fiction

"Disraeli," by André Maurois, translated by Hamish Miles. D. Appleton & Co. This strangely romantic figure is touched vividly into life by Maurois's hand. You will find this excellent reading. Reviewed February 22.

"Trader Horn," by Alfred Aloysius Horn and Ethelreda Lewis. Simon & Schuster. The romantic story of an ancient adventurer, full of poetry, guileless wisdom, action, and more or less reliable information. Reviewed November 16.

"Skyward," by Commander Richard E. Byrd. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Reviewed in this issue.

"Strange Interlude," by Eugene O'Neill. Boni & Liveright. This play, in which the dramatist steals some of the novelist's best psychological thunder, is as good to read as to see; perhaps better. Reviewed in "Lights Down," February 22.

"Safari," by Martin Johnson. G. P. Putnam's Sons. This is made from the diary of four years spent in Africa, on the edge of the greatest remaining paradise of wild animals. The story is always interesting, often exciting. And the pictures, taken by Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, are wonderful—lions, elephants, 'nevrything.

"SKYWARD" (see list). It was unlucky for Commander Byrd that his transatlantic flight, no less courageous, no less successful (except for weather), and more difficult than Lindbergh's, should have followed so hard upon those celestial heels. In the excitement over the fair young god, Byrd's achievement never had the popular acclaim that it merited. But he must have been accustomed to such disappointments. Before the war he was retired from the Navy with a bad leg, and when trained men came into demand was given an armchair job in Washington. He suffered there in anything but silence, and at last his importunities got him transferred to a flying-field. There, by the grace of happiness, his leg got well and he became a flier. He spent the period of waiting for active work by perfecting himself for the career that was to be his. He became expert in navigation, and worked to diminish flying risks. His chance for flying came, after many delays, when, under the auspices of the National Geographic Society, he and Donald B. MacMillan undertook exploring flights in Greenland. After a season spent at Etah and beyond, Byrd went to Spitzbergen to fly over the North Pole. The most exciting pages in "Skyward" are those which describe that Arctic flight. But most moving and romantic is the chapter which tells of the proposed attempt to fly over and chart the Antarctic continent. "Skyward" deserves to be widely read. It is a heartening book. Like Lindbergh's, it is the story of achievement made possible only by courage, fortitude, the intelligent use of scientific knowledge, and vast common sense. With such equipment, these young men do not fly in the face of Providence.

"ASHENDEN" (see list). When an author who has produced one very fine book and one or two pretty good ones slips a piece of negligible fiction onto the market, the natural thing is to growl "pot-boiler." Perhaps that isn't fair. Like the returned spirits of the great dead who will be prankish at some séances, perhaps the genius which animated "Of Human Bondage" came to W. Somerset Maugham this time in a playful mood. Being a great admirer of that book, we prefer, in reading and enjoying "Ashenden," to forget who wrote it. That enables us to say these stories of the adventures of a British secret agent are entertaining and plausible. They are written by an expert short-story writer with greater powers, especially for characterization, than he chooses here to employ, and one of them is sufficiently moving to be remembered, although it is a good two months since we read the book. Our advice to admirers of Maugham, the sporadic genius, is, No. To others or the indifferent, Yes.

Revolution—Russian and Hindu

By L. J. P.

Lenin and Gandhi," by René Fülöp-Muller. Translated from the German by F. S. Flint and D. F. Tait. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Here are depicted lucidly and with insight and fairness the lives and characters of two men who are as remote from our own understanding and sympathies as Genghis Khan or Mohammed, and who would have been as legendary and unreal to us had they lived at a time when their pictures and words and the record of their daily acts could not have been broadcast to the world through the daily press. Remote from us they still are, and always will be, no matter how great the source material for the biographer; but in this book they are at least real.

"In the faces of Lenin and Gandhi," says Mr. Fülöp-Muller, "the physiognomy of the impersonal millionfold mass, which no one had ever looked at before, took on the form and austere features of two great personalities. . . . Both of them . . . in different ways undertook the heroic and at the same time adventurous experiment of putting into practice the long-cherished dreams of humanity, . . . were upheld by the emotion of an ecstatic faith," and their words "have the fascination, and at the same time the disturbing and repellent arrogance, of a gospel. . . . They desire to lead humanity to salvation in different

ways and they point in opposite directions, each with the same gesture of profound conviction."

An astounding anachronism to the European or American mind, that in this twentieth century there could have arisen two great men of the messiah type with power to sway hundreds of millions—the one already deified by the faithful, and the other certain to be upon his death!

"Of course, in Lenin," says the author, "we are dealing with an entirely new type of greatness." This may be conceded in the sense that the source of the messiah-inspiration was new; for instead of being drawn down from a god as a spiritual force it was drawn up from the masses as a materialistic and anti-religious force. But in other respects we find too many analogies to other men both great and small. His complete selfless identification of his personality with the Cause is the fundamental trait of the messiah type. His violent methods of forcing his reforms are singularly reminiscent of those of Peter the Great. His flair for practical details and his habit, even in moments of crucial strain, of issuing countless orders for the carrying out of minor reforms and public improvements remind us of the detailed orders which Napoleon found time to send streaming back to Paris during his campaigns. His knack of understanding and inspiring confidence in the common man was Rooseveltian.

But it is not so much the man that makes us gasp as the Herculean task of materialistic romanticism he set himself: the revolutionary "jerk" or "leap" by which in a single spasm of violent effort a hoard of a hundred and fifty million illiterate peasants were to be catapulted from the feudal serfdom of the Middle Ages to a state of scientific and mechanized Marxian Socialism conceded to be far in advance of anything even attempted among the more advanced peoples who have been toiling for centuries through the industrial and capitalistic stages! And all by means of the slender lever of the almost negligible fraction of the people who made up the factory workers and the proletariat of the towns.

Inflamed in boyhood by the reading of revolutionary literature, and embittered in early manhood by the execution of his elder brother for revolutionary plotting, Lenin deliberately took up and tirelessly followed from 1893 to 1917, and through prison, Siberian exile, and forced sojourn abroad, the hunted and squalid but emotionally exalted life of the professional Russian revolutionary. Early in this period came to be recognized his genius for organization, for inspiring his co-plotters and co-workers, and for understanding his people; and these traits, combined with his shrewdness, his insistence upon action rather than words, his inflexible courage, and his unshakable faith in ultimate success, ended by making him the man of the hour when in the spring of 1917 the famous "sealed coach" deposited him at the Petersburg Station after the furtive ride through Germany and Finland.

And the result of it all? In the words of Mr. Fülöp-Muller (page 120): "A cross between Asiatic indolence and lethargy and extreme Americanism, between the muzhik and the mass man, now represents the new Russia; the country is now dominated by an apposition of bastard forms, chaotically jumbled together." Without discussing this pithy summary, it seems at least fair to say that if the peasants have not been affected otherwise than in their land tenure, then the whole Bolshevist phantasmagoria may ultimately prove no more than a city-bred squall. Even through the optimistic enthusiasm of the writers whose little studies of Soviet Russia are being issued by the Vanguard Press, it is impossible to escape the impression that the Russian peasant is fundamentally the same Russian peasant as before, except that he now has his land for himself.

When we turn to Gandhi, we are at once in a different world. And we have even more of a struggle with Gandhi

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The Movies

(*See page 24*)

"The Battles of Coronel and Falkland Islands."—A British film; well worth your while.
"Beau Sabreur."—Pepless desert drama.
"The Chasers."—Harry Langdon won't get far with this one.
"The Big City."—Lon Chaney in a flat picture. Maybe some one stepped on it.
"Chicago."—See what the movies can do when they try.
"The Circus."—Charlie Chaplin's newest, and one of his best.
"The Count of Ten."—James Gleason and Charles Ray in a good ring drama.
"The Crowd."—King Vidor is a great director. The story is slim and depressing.
"Czar Ivan the Terrible."—Hectic, but interesting Russian-made film.
"The Divine Woman."—Greta Garbo has a tough time with this one.
"Doomsday."—As dismal as it sounds.
"Dressed to Kill."—Excellent crook melodrama.
"Drums of Love."—A big eyeful from D. W. Griffith.
"Finders Keepers."—Laura La Plante, and some hard-pressed humor.
"Four Sons."—Beauty, skill, tears, and hokum.
"The Gaucho."—Douglas Fairbanks.
"Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."—Plenty of chuckles for the business man.
"A Girl in Every Port."—A pretty feeble vehicle for the large Victor McLaglen.
"The Jazz Singer."—Al Jolson + Vitaphone = Price of Admission.
"The Last Command."—Emil Jannings in a picture worthy of him.
"The Last Moment."—Interesting photographic tricks, if you like them.
"The Latest from Paris."—Something pleasantly innocuous, with Norma Shearer.
"The Legion of the Condemned."—After "Wings." A long way after.
"Love Me and the World is Mine."—For insomniacs and very young cash-girls.
"Mother Machree."—For the Irish vote. Very nice.
"The Noose."—A pretty fair Richard Barthelmess picture.
"Red Hair."—Clara Bow and Elinor Glyn. Decide as you see fit.
"Rose Marie."—Run! Here's the Mounted Police again.
"Sadie Thompson."—Gloria Swanson and Lionel Barrymore trying not to play "Rain."
"The Secret Hour."—"They Knew What They Wanted" dolled up for the screen with Pola Negri and Jean Hersholt. Good.
"The Showdown."—Tropical mix-up, and how.
"Simba."—See it—you'll thank us.
"Skyscraper."—An interesting and entertaining picture.
"The Smart Set."—You'll die outside, seeking air.
"Soft Living."—A nice enough little drama, with Madge Bellamy.
"Speedy."—Harold Lloyd in your money's worth.
"Stand and Deliver."—Rod La Rocque stands, but doesn't deliver.
"Street Angel."—Janet Gaynor, Charles Farrell, and some fine scenes. We were hopelessly bored.
"The Student Prince."—A Lubitsch production. Don't miss it.
"Sunrise."—The best picture on any screen today.
"Tenderloin."—The talking picture. They'll have to do better.
"That's My Daddy."—Reginald Denny in a pleasant farce.
"The Trail of '98."—Big Alaskan melodrama, with some grand scenes.
"Two Lovers."—Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky in a romantic picture of the sixteenth century.
"We Americans."—Melting-pot drama with good spots.
"Wings."—Still soaring toward a record.

personally than with Lenin. There is much in Lenin that we can understand, much that we can admire, but in Gandhi there is little that Occidentals can understand or admire except in theory.

But Gandhi's appeal is not to us, it is to the millions of wretched and half-starved peasants of India. According to Gandhi, eighty per cent of the overcrowded population of India are compulsorily unemployed for half the year because of Great Britain's exploitation of the country as an exporter of raw cotton and a market for imported cotton goods; the result having been the destruction of the ancient home spinning industry by which the small peasants used to eke out existence. Thus the pressing woe is that there are too many mouths to feed; and the obvious remedy must be either a reduction in the number to be fed or an increase in the amount of work available for the production of wages with which to buy food, or possibly both.

To this problem, then, Gandhi dedicated himself, and generally to the uplifting and freeing of the peoples of India. Unlike Lenin, he did not dream of hurling his country forward through breathless centuries to the condition of a super-modern state. On the contrary, his dream was backward-looking—backward to the ancient home industries and away from the devilish man-enslaving industrialism of the West; backward to the old forms of government and away from the parliamentarianism of the West; backward to the old religions and cultures of India. But for any such message to India he must first be known to the people of India and honored by them. This resulted from the twenty years which he spent in championing the cause of the hundreds of thousands of his countrymen who had been reduced to a condition of practical slavery in the Transvaal and the Orange Free State; so that when he returned after those years of struggle, privation, and imprisonment his fame had gone before him; he was as much the man of the hour in India as was Lenin in Russia in the spring of 1917.

So honored and believed in throughout all India was this quiet, cheerful little man—so great his fame as a saint, ascetic, and deliverer of his oppressed people—that differences of race, religion, and caste were thrown aside in devoutly enthusiastic response to his message; a miracle unheard of in all the caste-ridden history of India.

The message of the Mahatma (Great Soul) was economic, social, and political as well as spiritual, and in the end he became in fact the high priest and political dictator of his country. The spinning-wheel: all foreign textiles to be destroyed and boycotted, and thereafter every one in India, rich and poor, to work at least a little each day at the wheel and the loom, so that all may find work and all be clothed in the native cloth. Brahmacharya: chastity even among the married, so that children may not continue to be born into a life of starvation and misery; for which manner of life Gandhi's own colony at Ashram sets the example. Ahimsa: love for all created things; the active practice of love and understanding which becomes a concentrated spiritual force stronger than violence in its mysterious power. Satyagraha: non-violence, which is not the passive resistance of the weak, but is rather the active force of love and truth set in opposition to oppression; the "civil disobedience" which refuses to obey an unjust or oppresive law, but at the same time gladly admits the disobedience and suffers the penalties; the non-co-operation with the English Government which was designed "to invite the English to co-operate with us on honorable terms or to retire from our land."

No one can think of Gandhi without thinking of Christ; and the striking parallel has often been commented upon. And no one can read of Gandhi's trial in the English court without thinking of Christ before Pilate and the trial of Socrates. A strange and arresting combination, this little Finance Minister's son—a mixture of Christ, St. Francis of Assisi, Tolstoy, and Thoreau. And yet with his repellent side: the emotional ignorance which allows him to believe that time can be turned back and India again be as it was; that for the well-to-do to distribute their goods and forego one meal a day for the benefit of the poor will have any effect economically except to increase the poor and their poverty; that to boycott the products of factories manned by Indian labor will benefit the laborers; that the birth rate among the ignorant and poverty-stricken can be reduced by voluntary response to a spiritual appeal; that all medicine and hospitals are bad because palliating the wages of sin; and that any education at all is a bad thing for the lower classes.

Of these two men, Lenin and Gandhi the more striking to the American or European is, of course, Gandhi. The methods of Lenin—the methods of organization and violence—are an old story in all parts of the world, but the methods of Gandhi are new. Extraordinary men both, men whose names will be writ large in history. Yet both are distinctly unpleasant personalities to us despite the spell which they cast upon their peoples. It is submitted that this

is because of the material, the human material they worked upon. The greatness of each is quantitative rather than qualitative. Each has qualities of personal greatness, it is true; but so have many others who will die unsung. The real point is that each found open to the elating and inflaming effect of his ecstatically fanatical and unintelligent gospel vast hordes of ignorant, disorganized, and oppressed people; so that each is adjudged great because of the magnitude of the resulting upheaval or commotion rather than because of any genuine or lasting achievement. So long as Russia and China and India remain what they are, the determined fanatic may arise to rock the world.

Three Worthy Books of Poetry

By GEORGE O'NEIL

"Outcrop," by Abbie Huston Evans. Harper & Brothers.
"The Bare Hills," by Yvor Winters. The Four Seas Company.
"Poems," by Clinch Calkins. Alfred A. Knopf.

There is a book of true feeling and fine, simple speech among the poetry presentations for the spring. This is a volume called "Outcrop," issued by Harper & Brothers, written by a woman, Abbie Huston Evans. The lyricism of these poems is valid and is born in a naturalness revealing the essential poet mind. No ostentation or unfortunate self-delight has stiffened the singing in these lines. They have the sound of a mind used and ready enough to sing for its own solace. And there are signs that this writer has found the special rewards for herself in making her poems, those quick luminous tracings along the body of a poem intensified with the gratitude of the pen catching them:

> But silver fish that make a splash,
> And ripples sliding under,
> Have power to startle like a crash
> Of February thunder.

The observation throughout this book creates frequently that startling emanation from an unexpected perception which is, one might say, the indefinable body of an image:

> The azure chicory rises in the grass
> Like a thin puff of smoke no one can pass
> Without a trembling.

Quotation of the delicate imagery in his work would give a misleading idea of its vitality and ease. There are poems with an engagingly informal directness, dramatic in their chief impression. The best example of this is "The Old Yellow Shop," which will remind some readers of Robert Frost yet is in no way an imitation. "The Black Road" is another beautifully plain poem. "The Light Upon the Rock," "Hill-Born," "Under Cover," are moving creations, made in the fibrous material which is the distinctive quality of this poet. There is a reiteration of the exclamatory conclusion somewhat deflective to the aim of the poems here and there, but a remarkable number of lines in "Outcrop" embody things which are seldom apprehended. It is a book with poetry in it.

"The Bare Hills," by Yvor Winters, published by the Four Seas Company, presents an interesting poet. Interesting is a regretful description, since in reading the poems the feeling is born that constriction forces many of them into that classification. A rather arrogant attention to manner seems to repress relentlessly the fine instinct of the poet. The effect of his particular form is much less forceful than the substance which he arbitrarily dismembers. This is an instance in which a conviction rises that the style is not the man. The man is much better than the style. When he is willing to evoke with a measure of his natural means he is very successful. There is exquisite precision in "The Fragile Season:"

> The scent of summer thins,
> The air grows cold.
> One walks alone
> And chafes his hands.
>
> The fainter aspens
> Thin to air—
> The dawn
> Is frost on roads.
>
> This ending of the year
> Is like the lacy ending
> of a last year's leaf
> Turned up in silence.
> Air gives way to cold.

When he says originally and powerfully—

> sunrise is set as if reflected from a
> violin hung in the
> trees—the birds are
> lost in admiration in a
> stiff wild hall of light,

the strength of his perception would obviate its originality. He could afford much more simplicity than he grants himself. "The Bare Hills" proves often that a gift and power above originality are at the command of the writer.

In "Poems," printed by Alfred A. Knopf, Clinch Calkins is overtly versatile. The effect of the best poems in the collection is finally lessened by the candid chameleon variety of the book. It is not fortunate that a book of poems should at last impress one with the writer's virtuosity. The intensity of writing like "Suffocation" which is compelling at the first reading becomes suspect after encountering the over-ironic

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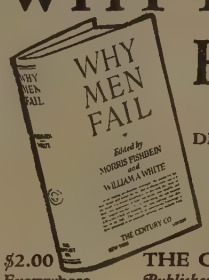

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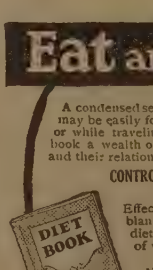

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"Tu Ne Quasieris." Titles such as "Oh Lad So Passionate" and "Into Pagan from the Gothic" are harmful to each other. In some manner a disapproving awareness of its own impermanent sincerity is manifest in this collection of Clinch Calkins's verse. It is this mist of self-awareness which one gathers as the promise for a fulfillment of the best omens in "Poems." There are things that give much pleasure in the book. "Military Drill" and "The Skater" are very good. "The Tree of Heaven" is a lovely quatrain:

Noon bares the bole of the diurnal tree.
Young leaves of twilight clothe its boughs around.
Stars spread ephemeral bloom eternally.
Dawn, like a ripe fruit, drops without a sound.

There are these three books, at least, this spring, to be considered by people who wait for poetry and care about its future in American literature.

Underworld

By RUSSEL CROUSE

"The Gangs of New York," by Herbert Asbury. Alfred A. Knopf.

Where there is a world, it would seem there must be an underworld, and so when more or less honest pioneers had firmly established this new universe of ours, and had frightened the Indians out of its forests so that they might clear its surface, those who chose to make their way by sleight began burrowing in search of darkness to cover their deeds.

It was only natural that such outlawry should center in New York, for New York cast the most shadows in which to hide. And it was only natural, too, that the wolves should run in packs. Hence the gangs of New York, to which Herbert Asbury has devoted a fascinating volume, called, simply enough, "The Gangs of New York."

Mr. Asbury's work is historically important, primarily, for it traces with faithful accuracy the course of the various vicious groups from the early nineteenth century, when they first took form in the bars and back rooms of the squalid Five Points, to that sultry August day not five years gone when a gangster's bullet took from the last of these extensive organizations its leader, Kid Dropper.

Over this century Mr. Asbury traces the rise and fall of the "bad men" of man-made gulches and canyons. Beginning with the "Forty Thieves," the "Plug Uglies," and the "Dead Rabbits" of the Five Points, he follows the gangster through his various incarnations—on the Bowery, on the water-front, here

ıd there on the sidewalks of both the ast Side and the West Side.

Nor is his story mere chronology. ointing no morals and choosing no xts, he recounts with a fine sense of ama things that were ignored by the ıthors of the "ten, twent', thirt'," be-ıuse they were real and true. It is a ory of thieves heavy-handed and light-ıgered, of crude murderers and subtle ackmailers, of whole-hearted prosti-ıtes and hard-hearted politicians. It ıs the fascination of so many things far moved from beauty.

The way is lighted by colorful person-ities: Hell-Cat Maggie, who filed her eth to points the better to bite you ith; Mose, the Bowery B'hoy, who ɔrooted lamp-posts and used them as eapons; Marm Mandelbaum, whose ence" was a clearing-house for $10,-00,000 in stolen property; Kid Glove osie; Louie the Lump; Kid Twist; and Monk" Eastman, who took his killing stinct off to the late war with him and ecame a hero.

Mr. Asbury has written a book for a ermanent place on any shelf, and one at should be read with keen interest efore taking its place there for refer-ıce.

Picked at Random

By WALTER R. BROOKS

he Dark God," by John Chancellor. The Century Company.

Somebody tries to make Jane Dace elieve she's sold her soul to the devil.) she's not very much surprised when r aunt is found murdered with her ıncé's knife. A most satisfactory mur-r: "blood was everywhere." Then in mes Inspector Clawson from the Yard, ımming a Strauss waltz, and he hums rough the rest of the story, and hums e hero out of jail, and the villain into ırgatory, and himself, incidentally, into edlock. We rather liked this inspector d his methods, but we hope the next iminal he pursues will dispense with allowe'en tricks. They scared Jane, ıt nobody else was affected, and as for , not a single hair on our head rose.

reen Fire," by John Taine. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Boris Jevic was certainly a terrible an. A sort of super-Edison who by rtue of his scientific discoveries practi-lly ruled the world. This was way ck in 1990. Only a small group of voted scientists stood out against him, en who could neither be bought nor llied—you know the kind. Both par-s, of course, were on the verge of dis-vering how to release atomic energy. Jevic won, mankind was in for a sla-ry worse than death. Well, there are ots and sheets of equations and much

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pseudo-scientific hooey, and then Jevic gets the answer. But alas! only the half of it, dearie. He starts a sort of progressive annihilation of the universe, but can't stop it. Stars and nebulæ begin to turn green and disappear. And the hero steps in and works the correct equations just as the double O is about to be put on the solar system. We didn't understand why, if the waves of disintegration traveled so much faster than light, the green light reached the earth before the waves did. But that wouldn't bother if the story was exciting. Oh, yes, and there's a love interest.

"The Desert Moon Mystery," by Kay Cleaver Strahan. Doubleday, Doran & Co.

We don't remember ever being quite so suspicious of everybody in the story as we were in reading this one. There were clues enough to convict half a dozen people on the Desert Moon Ranch of strangling that lovely girl on the attic stairs, and all perfectly logical too. Mrs. Magin, Sam Stanley's housekeeper, tells the story, and, although Lynn MacDonald, the lady dick, is presently called in on the case, Mrs. Magin is no mean detective herself. In fact, all the honors go to the ladies—and deservedly. A good story, neatly told—and the author plays fair. The end will surprise you, yet you'll wonder why you didn't see it earlier.

"Behind the Devil Screen," by Maud Keck and Olive Orbison. Ives Washburn.

Eliot Sherman, just back home in Peking from a little exploring tour in the Gobi, rescues charming American girl and brother from Chinese mob, buys enormous pearl from mysterious coolie—and then trouble begins. Here are all the ingredients capably mixed—chits and compounds and amahs and a wicked Manchu prince and a Swedish general and the fascinating Eurasian girl, Chu-Chi, and a temple which it is death for a European to enter. Of course all the Europeans in the story get into it finally. But it's a good adventure story with an authentic Chinese aroma.

"The Death of a Diplomat," by Peter Oldfield. Ives Washburn.

What would happen to all these tales of international intrigue if all the fiction diplomats weren't so careless? The way they go around shedding secret treaties and formulæ for deadly gases is a scandal. Fortunately there's always a young American or Englishman handy to retrieve their errors. It does seem wasteful though. All these young heroes ought to be doing useful and constructive work instead of trailing around Europe mopping up diplomatic spilled milk. And we'd like it better, too, if they'd wait to fall in love until after the treaty is recovered. Of course, the books would be shorter. But is that any loss?

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The Job versus the Child

(Continued from page 9)

he most thorough sense. The mothers, many of whom are wives of Smith College Faculty members, take turns acting as teacher's assistant. They like this because it not only helps the school along, but gives them pointers on handling their own children. Those with cars bring the neighborhood flock to school.

This year the Institute has started a co-operative laundry, and it contemplates a co-operative kitchen, believing that such things will save untold time and money for individual housewives.

But the question of careers for wives is not entirely one of securing care for the children. It is also a matter of persuading employers that it can be done. Business men are getting over some of their prejudices in this respect, and it is no longer necessary for an employee to conceal her marriage on pain of instant dismissal. That sort of thing has gone to join the ban on bobbed hair.

However, I have recently talked on this subject with three personnel managers, representing, respectively, a utility company, an insurance company, and a bank, and all admitted a preference for single women. Two of them said that if a girl wanted to continue working for them after she married they had no objection. But when she dropped out to have a child, they would not ordinarily let her come back.

One personnel manager summed up the objections in a sentence. "To put it bluntly, we prefer not to take on married women, because you never know when they are going to be pregnant," she said. But she and the other officials alike emphasized the fact that they had no hard and fast rules governing employment of matrons. It depended on their individual value to the company.

The attitude of the bank official was a shade more favorable than that of the other two. "If a woman with two small children applies, that usually means she is going to lose a day whenever one of them has a slight illness," he said. "But if she has relatives or some one she can leave in charge, we don't mind taking her."

I asked him whether he would give preference to a former employee who wanted to come back after having had a child. "Yes, if her record was good," he said.

Obviously, a woman of the executive type is differently situated from a clerk or stenographer who can fit in anywhere. With the former, it comes down

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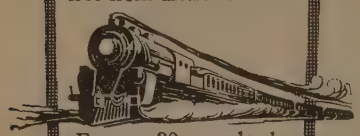

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to a question of keeping her job open over the interval required for motherhood. One of the few men who have had the courage and the imagination to admit this is Mr. Samuel Reyburn, President of the Associated Dry Goods Corporation, which owns Lord & Taylor's, McCreery's, and a number of other famous department-stores. In a remarkable address before the New York League of Business and Professional Women some years ago he said:

> An industrial leader who can use women to advantage should have the morals, the understanding, and the courage to have the policy that permits a woman executive to marry and have children without losing her position, provided she will do her part to prevent unnecessary loss to the business arising in such eventuality. In any large organization, if the leader will help, a woman executive can get a bright assistant and so thoroughly train her that the functioning of the department or the division can go on in an orderly and profitable way for six months or more without the actual presence of the head of that division. Naturally, she should keep in mental touch with the business activities even if not physically present.
>
> To the objection urged that children will not get proper attention, I answer that a mother with a well-organized business mind may give them even better attention. If the home is not too far away from the business, before and after the business day . . . she can find time to give attention to the child. . . . If she has learned . . . to lead her assistant in business, a mother could use that ability to train the nurse, and the final result of developing the mind and spirit . . . of the child is apt to be even better than if she had spent her whole time in looking after it.

I do not know how far Mr. Reyburn has studied child psychology, but his views dovetail in a striking manner with those of people who have studied it. While they do not underestimate the importance of correct home influences, they are convinced that one can scarcely begin too early to supplement these with broader contacts.

These opinions are being confirmed by experience. For instance, there is a psychiatric clinic in a certain city which exists merely to investigate those hundreds of otherwise normal children, often from excellent homes, who can't get on at school. It has found far more cases of trouble due to over-indulgence than of trouble due to neglect; or, if the child is deprived, it is usually because he has been left out in the cold while a favorite brother or sister gets all the love.

One child of eleven was whiny and difficult, doing his lessons badly and unable to get on with other children because he couldn't stand any one he couldn't boss. The investigator found that he was still being washed and dressed by his mother, got special food every time he demanded it, and couldn't go anywhere alone. She was unhappy in her marriage, and was making the boy her emotional prop. Already a social misfit before adolescence, such a child, unless something intervenes, may become a real tragedy in adult life, knowing nothing of his abilities, unfitted to cope with reality, perhaps even unable to find happiness in love.

Another child observed by this clinic was failing in reading for no apparent reason. It developed that he had an older brother with whom his mother had "a complete understanding," or thought she had. Little No. 2 was superfluous and was made to feel it. But he found that when he flunked his reading test quite an uproar was made, so he did it consistently in a desperate desire to attract any sort of attention. Outrageous and unexplained naughtiness often springs from the same cause.

All of which may explain why psychologists look with favor upon those twin measures, pre-school education for the child and outside occupation for the mamma. They earnestly hope, however, that the job will not be so absorbing it will take her interest too much away from home or deprive the children of the love and security they urgently need. A good mother, they feel, will always be the greatest thing in the life of a child.

It appears, however, that our definition of a good mother calls for revision. The good mother, old style, "lived entirely for her children," and gloried in sacrificing herself to them. Her heart was so overflowing with love that it obliterated her perception of faults in her offspring.

The good mother, new style, considers such a program less than efficient. She watches her children with a gaze compounded of maternal tenderness and psychological knowledge, and hands over portions of their training to experts who she knows can do it better than she can. In comparison with her predecessor, she is characterized by less emotion and more intelligence. Meanwhile she keeps her own mind alert and growing; and what a difference that makes in later years! For she will never be a party to that frequent and distressing situation between mother and grown-up child with a strong bond of affection between them, and nothing on earth to say to each other.

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The Legend of Catechee

(*Continued from page 25*)

she spurred on her steed and he swam it nobly. "Twelve-Mile Creek," Catechee named it, for she knew she had covered that much of her journey. Farther on they forded a second stream, and this she called "Eighteen-Mile Creek." Then came, not a stream, but a river, with a rocky bottom full of dangers for the pony's stumbling feet. "Rock River," she called it, and rode on, passing "Four-and-Twenty River," and soon after "Six-and-Twenty." So she sped, naming the waters as she passed; all night she rode and all next day, until when, late on the evening of the second day, she reached Fort Star, brave Catechee had gone ninety-six miles with neither food nor sleep.

Clinging to her pony, she rode up to the settlement and gave the warning, then fell half-fainting with fatigue. But her warning had come in time. Ammunition and provisions were stocked in the fort, women and children took refu there, and the men seized firearms a waited.

When, just before sunrise, the India stormed Fort Star, they were met with volley of firing that took them co pletely by surprise. For hours the ba tle raged, fiercest and bloodiest in t history of the fort. Once the India ran up a flag of truce, offering to go the whites would deliver up Catech whose betrayal they now knew. But t settlers refused, and the fight went o until at last, broken and routed, t Indians fled back to their mountain.

So terrible had been the slaughter their ranks that never again did th dare to disturb the peace of Fort St The settlers prospered and built a tow which they named Ninety-Six in hon of Catechee. To the end of her da the Indian maid lived among her wh friends, beloved by all, but most by t children and grandchildren of her o playmates, who never tired of heari the tale of Catechee's brave ride.

Our Own Theatre List

(*See page 23*)

"Coquette," Maxine Elliott.—Comedy, tragedy; youth in a small Southern town; Helen Hayes and excellent cast; first choice for tears and humor.

"The Ivory Door," Charles Hopkins.—Fantasy; mediæval fairy tale, telling the truth about human nature; Henry Hull and good company; one of the best things in town.

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"Rain or Shine," George M. Cohan.—Joe Cook in the show you mustn't miss.

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ASSOCIATE EDITORS
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William L. Ettinger, Jr., Advertising Manager

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From Publisher—To You

TO the average American who has been reflecting recently on the outcome of the Sinclair trial, and who has also been considering Sinclair Lewis's opinion of us, and H. L. Mencken's remarks about us—with perhaps a sidelong look at George Jean Nathan's gibes at us—to this average American there has seemed of late to be but little hope for the future. There might be money in writing about us or belaboring us. But there was precious little credit in being one of us. And taken altogether we were Democracy.

NOW comes a ray of optimism. Count Sforza, who writes in this issue on "The Future of Democracy," believes that, no matter what passing inconvenience may attach to popular government, in the long run the people possess a sort of self-protective instinct which will work out for the best for everybody concerned. According to him, to attack democracy is merely fashionable. In the end Jefferson will be proved to have been right.

IF this is true, it may be the beginning of better things. For Mr. Hamish Miles, translator of "Disraeli" and an English man of letters, has recently called Mr. Nathan's attention to the pleasing fact that the virulent enemies of American literature in England whom our Rear-End critic has been valiantly assailing are merely creatures of Mr. Nathan's imagination and don't really exist at all—except as bogy-men for Mr. Nathan.

Again, to those who know the facts, Mr. Mencken's editorials on our foreign policy seem to be increasingly devoted to knocking down straw men who are filled with iron plates of Mr. Mencken's own contriving, so that they fall with a fine crash, but who otherwise are simply creatures of his imagination.

IN brief, the happy suspicion is finally possible that the whole assault on the Babbitry has been really just an invention especially contrived for the edification of our Super-Booberie who have swallowed it all at $5.00 a year. It hasn't been so at all!

Maybe there is some hope for the common man, after all, as well as a sufficient number of the Super-Booberie to keep Mr. Mencken and Mr. Nathan in sharp-toed boots. Mr. Sforza gives us a pleasant moment.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

Count Carlo Sforza

The Outlook

May 9, 1928

The Future of Democracy

As Seen by an Italian Statesman

By COUNT CARLO SFORZA

Count Sforza, formerly Italian Minister for Foreign Affairs, member of the Italian Senate, has been in this country for a short lecturing tour. Although he is one of the most decided opponents of the Fascist régime (he was Ambassador to France when Signor Mussolini came into power, and resigned at once in spite of Mussolini's public request to him to retain his post), Count Sforza has refused to speak or write about the situation in Italy. He has, however, acceded to our request to write of his impressions of the prospects of democracy as he sees them in Europe.—THE EDITORS.

EVEN those who most deeply believe in democracy and its future universal development would be wrong in trying to ignore or deny what is now the fashion to call "the crisis of democracy."

For my part, I do not.

Those who are concerned about this crisis give their reasons usually by pointing to those European countries that have reverted to forms of autocracy or dictatorship. My reasons are different.

The country where dictatorship is most strongly intrenched is Russia. One ought not to forget, however, that Russia had always remained outside the democratic world. I go farther. My deep conviction is that Russia is already at the parting of the road, and that out of the slow yet fatal movement of the peasants there may blossom some day a new democracy, a peaceful and agrarian one, which will give to old Czaristic Russia and to recent Bolshevik Russia the human dignity they always missed.

In other countries—I think of Hungary, for instance, but I might say almost the same thing of Spain—democracy in the form of parliamentary life was an appearance for external advertisement. In reality, the power in Hungary was retained by a group of great titled landowners boasting of some vague Turkish origin. Liberalism there was but a mask which they have now been obliged to throw away. The unmasking simply means—at least to those who know the growing feelings among the noble populations of the Alfold Plains—that the small landowners and the peasants had begun to get weary at being ruled against their very interests.

To the list of countries which have fallen into dictatorships other new strong national creations might be opposed. Among these could be mentioned Czechoslovakia. Another country which shows a tendency contrary to dictatorship is Japan, where recently 9,000,000 electors, it is estimated, cast their first vote under the new manhood suffrage law. I have recently traveled in the Far East, and I have brought with me the deep impression that nationalistic, militaristic Japan, as it is still thought of in America and Europe, is a thing of the past.

WHAT matters, after all, is not a bare list of countries fallen into dictatorships, but results; and results are all for democracy. European recovery has been most rapid where popular freedom and democratic rule have remained untouched. Germany and France constitute a marvelous example of what may be accomplished in the way of financial and economic reconstruction through parliamentary methods. Little Belgium, the European country where life is now the cheapest and most pleasant, has been saved by a Cabinet where Liberals, Democrats, and Socialists have loyally worked together.

They may go on building their new "aristocratic" theory, the gentlemen who have invented in France the so-called doctrine of Nationalism—now copied in neighboring countries—as opposed to the Liberal conception of human relations; but these hard facts remain: that the war was won by the peoples ruled by democracy and imbued with democratic traditions—America, England, France, Italy; and that the only autocratic state belonging to the democratic coalition, Russia, was the only one to fall to pieces. The only one of the great European states which had reached unity by military force and by *raison d'état*, Germany, powerful as it was, showed itself in the days of trial much less strong than it appeared to be. This indeed is not a party opinion or an opinion of former enemies; it is openly admitted by many of the keenest thinkers of the present German generations.

Germany created for herself a new conscience after Jena, not because any anointed Emperor rallied the Germans around him, but because the professors, the students, the citizens of every rank, felt the shame of being the dust of a people, not a people. It was this process of German moral unification that came to its culminating point forty years later, in 1848, when the German Diet at Frankfurt proclaimed the resurrection of the German Empire, to be built on a popular basis. The then reigning Hohenzollern refused the crown because he did not want to have anything to do with democracy. A few years later he was discovered to be mad.

GERMANY seemed to have been created by violence and autocracy, on bloody battlefields, in 1870, twenty years after the pacific opportunity of 1848. In reality, Germany had been born before; and when we think of the great German writers of this period, of the expansion of instruction, of the revival already shown by industry, we must conclude that no power in the world could have delayed the reconstruction of the German Reich. In the same way, nobody could have prevented the almost contemporary unification of Italy. Both unifications were historical necessities.

Germany would probably not have been Prussified; it is even probable that the process of unification would have been less hasty. But sure it was, all the same. And what, after all, are a few decades in the history of a great nation? Germany might have become a nation of free citizens, not a crowd of admiring, uncritical courtiers. Indeed, I am not far from believing that the greatest factors of German misfortunes have two names, Bismarck and William II—the first having much more responsibility than the second, as a great personality must have in proportion with a simple amateur comedian. Bismarck had certainly something approaching genius; but what I am persuaded of is that, though he had great diplomatic gifts, he lacked the real statesmanlike gift of seeing into the future with the eyes of a historian. The diplomat doesn't need this sort of genius; the diplomat works for immediate success. So did Bismarck, who, in spite of appearances, was more of a diplomat than a statesman.

Bismarck himself saw the tragic results of his work—a great Germany and small Germans; but too late for his fame. That was when, in 1892, in a speech delivered with elaborate *éclat*, he told the students of the Jena University that absolutism was a poison for the moral life of a nation, that to save Germany it was necessary to strengthen the force of Parliament and of public opinion. Too late, I repeat. Statesmen may fall through telling necessary truths to their countrymen; but their conscience is at peace only when they know that they told them in the moment of their power, not when in disgrace.

DEMOCRACY, democracy only, has already saved Germany, and not only German interests, but German honor.

While the nationalist and monarchist leaders were trying to prepare putsches and disorders in Germany, the working classes proved, in a very critical moment for themselves and for their country, that they were approaching political maturity. This moment was the occupation of the Ruhr.

One of the fashionable opinions at the time in Paris in French Nationalistic circles (I was at the time in France as an Ambassador, which means perhaps a certain amount of first-hand knowledge) was the following one: The workmen, out of hatred for their employers, are to look favorably at our occupation; this will oblige the patrons, in spite of their German pride, to ask for terms and fall under French influence.

It was just the reverse that happened. The workmen opposed a passive but strong and constant opposition to the French authorities, while some of the German industrials showed themselves not so opposed to an understanding with French interests. It was the German workmen who saved the honor of Germany in the Ruhr. Is it not permissible to think that that happened because there was no more the old Germany of two nations, as it was before the war?

It was the Germany of the workmen whom William II called, in his vociferations, "a traitorous rabble." Once he called them "fellows without fatherland." For once he was right. What sort of fatherland might the working classes have found in the military and aristocratic Germany of the Hohenzollern? Now they had one. The first President of the Reich, Ebert, had come out of their ranks, and they strongly defended German honor.

IT is not out of a state of political mysticism, but out of the experience of what has been done and achieved—phrases and speeches and extemporized systems being no achievements—that we have to be drawn to acknowledge that the people possess, in the long run, a sort of self-protective instinct.

How is it, then, that thinkers who labeled themselves as "advanced" have ended by doubting the force and the future of democracy?

This, and this alone, is the strange phenomenon of the present time. We should not overestimate anti-democratic movements in certain countries or the longing for dictators in certain social classes everywhere. These are phenomena easy to understand, as they have only one initial cause, the fear of "Bolshevism"—a fear which leads those who suffer from the disease to pave the way for the very dangers they are afraid of, since they create the atmosphere out of which a new war might come. Indeed, they are not so wrong in Russia, the Kremlin leaders, when they forbid the circulation of all democratic and liberal newspapers and leave liberty to circulate to organs like the London "Daily Mail."

What is really strange is that certain men who have been free and forceful thinkers now admit or support the conceptions constituting the ideals or anti-ideals opposed to liberty, and ascribe to those anti-ideals a miraculous efficacy which they pretend no longer exists in the ideal of liberty and democracy.

If we follow their thought, as serenely as we should do for a chemical research, we find as this intellectual ideal of theirs only the principle of the struggle for life and of the survival of the fittest. It ought to make even the most enthusiastic doubt this principle when it is seen that it inspires and justifies alike the Communistic dictatorships and the opposite, or apparently opposite, kind of dictatorships. In Moscow they say that the working class is the producing class, and that therefore they have the right to rule and decide. In the capitals where the nationalistic and autocratic gospel is preached, they apply this thesis to states and races instead of to social classes—which shows, in parenthesis, how easily the hardest lessons of history are forgotten. Germany fell because she had invented the slogans of the "pure race," or the "chosen people," of the "predestined country." The same lamentable foolish bragging is now heard from what used to be the other side of the trenches.

THIS ideal or anti-ideal was beautifully rendered by Nietzsche. Strange to say, this morbid poet was more admired in France and in other countries (in Italy he was copied by d'Annunzio) than in Hohenzollernian Germany, not because of moral aversion to Nietzsche in Germany, but because of a sort of intellectual and poetical impoverishment which took place in Germany during the

ears of the pseudo-Lohengrinian comdy of William II.

It will be a wonder some day that uch a vulgar and bloody doctrine—having as its unique ideal the enslaving of he victor himself—should have come nto some sort of fashion after a glorious eriod of mental freedom.

The explanation which, in my opinon, may be given of such a mental depression even in men who have been no vulgar thinkers, is this: The principle of lemocracy became so evident that a reat many consequences were drawn rom it, of which some were fallacies, or illusions, or too hasty deductions.

So it happened that we were bound to realize that in some fields (such as the economic and colonial) there were traditions and facts and dangers which it was impossible to dispose of simply by the laws of democracy. Partial episodic failures they were; but the ideal had seemed so grand, so infallible, that a certain amount of discredit fell, unjustly, on the central principle.

Apparently strange, it is in reality only too natural that the new critics of democracy keep silence on the very essential fault which may be ascribed to the growth in Europe of the democratic mentality. I mean the nationalistic passions. In old Europe national hatreds were much less violent than in democratic Europe. It is from the world created by democracy that the nationalisms have been engendered.

This, this only, is the evil and the danger of democracy. All the rest is but passing inconvenience.

A remedy for that danger is, however, coming from other trends which may disquiet the democratic doctrinarian, but leave the fullest serenity to those among us who put democracy above forms and methods. I allude to the crisis of parliamentarism.

THAT there is a great deal of exaggeration in the fashionable attacks made against parliamentarism no one may doubt. A political system, moreover, is never a perfect thing; it is simply a lesser evil. Cavour, the creator of unified and liberal Italy, used to say: "I prefer the worst of the Chambers to the best of antechambers." Forty years after Cavour the administrative autocracy in the Germany of William II gave to that country a better government, materially speaking, than was to be found in England, France, or Italy, then three free countries. But how dearly Germany paid the penalty for having, for instance, a better civil service, better railway service, etc., than the Frenchmen! In Germany they had to endure a sovereign who, consciously or—which would be even worse—unconsciously, destroyed all sense of independence, of free discussion, in his subjects, with the dreadful moral and political consequences that the world knows.

There are small but noisy groups of young men in Continental Europe, and recently even in England, especially among the *bourgeoisie,* who wage a violent campaign against the parliamentary system. It is these young people who dream of a strong authority exercised by a monarch or, even better, by a dictator. When one shows them, history in hand, that the game of intrigue or the influence of private interests has always flourished in autocratic states at least as much as under parliamentary institutions, they have no argument to oppose, except their shouting.

In fact, no human institution has ever worked without certain defects, some wastage. How could imperfect man create perfect and faultless institutions?

To refer to my experience, I entered Parliament, coming from the diplomatic service; I came there with no taste at all for my metamorphosis; I accepted it as a moral duty imposed upon me. I was a Cabinet Minister almost before I was a member of Parliament; therefore I judged and still judge with cold impartiality. But, in spite of all I heard and hear against Parliament, I was bound to come to the conclusion that the advantages one was able to take for the interests of the country from Parliament, from the strength it gave, greatly surpassed all the empty talk, the indiscretions, the losses of time one had to endure during the parliamentary sessions.

But, having said this, in antithesis to the fashionable shouting against parliamentary rule, I have no doubt that certain corrections must evidently be made in the parliamentary régimes, as they exist in many countries, and especially in France and Italy.

Syndical representations, or other analogous forms, are but formal tricks, which would always end by reverting to the old system. Moreover, they are mere intellectual formations, with no echo in the masses.

THE real reform of the errors of parliamentary government will be realized, in my opinion, only by a return of our over-centralized Europe to the old regional autonomies. In giving back a certain amount of power to provincial diets we shall succeed in curing parliamentary rule of its excesses and exaggerations. But at the same time, and this is the point I wanted to come to, this return to less hypertrophic political interests will render less crystallized the mutual hostility of all our violent and national antitheses. It will be easier for a Saxon than for a German, for a Norman than for a Frenchman, to feel without hesitation the common European bond. Through this movement—which was inscribed on the banner of one of the most powerful Italian political parties before the present Government suppressed them (I mean the Catholic Popular Party[1])—through this movement it will be easier to extend the Fatherland as an emotion and as a reality.

In the Middle Ages the Fatherland was Burgundy or Picardy, not France; Venice or Genoa, not Italy. Then coalitions of states created national consciousness. But in spite of hatred, man is always widening his own frontiers. I was in China, as Italian Minister, at the beginning of the war. When we received from our Governments the instruction to put Germans and Austrians in concentration camps, we felt, all of us, a sense of dismay, although our feelings were so deep for our countries at war. But we were in China, and that made us able to see—if only for a moment—the absurdity of a struggle which, from the Chinese wall, appeared a sort of civil war.

In spite of checks and obstacles, we are marching towards a future of European democratic union. A supplementary proof of this might be furnished by the hysteria, half real, half assumed, of short-sighted materialistic interests which are afraid of losing in the exchange. These interests have no more insight into the future than the innkeepers and postilions of the Forties who organized popular demonstrations against the construction of the railways, thinking they would bring ruin to their trade.

When discussing once in the Italian Parliament the necessity, in which I deeply believe, for a friendly settlement of all the questions between Italians and Yugoslavs, I once ended a speech of mine, from the Government bench, with this phrase: "No matter if the two peoples will not agree out of love; they are bound to agree, in the end, out of sheer necessity." So it was. So it will be for Europe, and much sooner than one might believe when reading of present incidents and incomprehensions.

And peace in the international field simply means this: democracy once more ruling the world.

[1] Count Sforza did not belong to this party. He was, with Signore Amendola, who died a victim of a Fascist ambush, at the head of the Democratic Party, now suppressed.—The Editors.

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If You're Sending Your Boy to Camp

By GEORGE NEWELL

To the sincere parent a camp is the answer to the question what to do with that boy this summer. According to the author, merely sending him to camp is not the solution and the benefits to be derived are in no way proportionate to the tuition fees. He believes that genuine responsibility is the keystone of a successful boys' camp. Mr. Newell has had several years' active experience in boys', girls', and adults' camps and is considered one of the American authorities on camp music.

"AW, gee, mom, that's a lotta hooey! I don't see why I can't go with you. I bet there's plenty of fellows there."

"No, dear. You wouldn't like Star Harbor. It's pretty dressed up, you know. Camp is a much better place for you."

"Aw, rats! that's a lotta hooey! We don't have fun there having to do all those things—'s worse 'an school."

"Now you run along, John. Mother knows best. There isn't a camp in the country with finer equipment or a more instructive outdoor program."

John's mother has, no doubt, given careful thought to the problem of her boy's summer. And it is a problem richly strewn with knotty pros and cons. For there is much in John's terse "That's a lotta hooey," the epitome in his adolescent vocabulary of a misspent summer.

"Anyway, she never lived in that ol' camp. What does she know about it?" he had reasoned. "They always have chicken on visiting days. She falls for that ol' camp director's line every time."

But mother discounts John's inarticulate arguments with her "Mother knows best." She is going away to a summer resort where pleasures are too sophisticated for a boy; where her John would find anything but a wholesome vacation. Father is at business all day, so obviously the solution is camp. For if John is left at home with the servants it will mean nothing but movies and time to fall into indolent habits.

This, briefly, is the prime reason for the existence of camps. Were they not living in the large city that so patently cannot offer her boy the proper summer recreation, it would not be at all necessary for her to send John to camp.

This is where the country boy has the advantage over his city cousin. He can have "a lot of fun" just around town in summer. Especially if he has a bicycle to take him fishing and swimming or to equip him for a summer job. And many a boy is better off earning a little money of his own than he is spending his parents' money in a summer resort or camp.

To the city boy's parents, summer often means but one thing: John must get away to the country—a farm or a camp or the seashore. And to the sincere parent a well-directed summer camp makes the greatest appeal. In fact, it is the plight of these city boys that is the prime reason for the existence of the summer camp.

However, merely sending him to camp is not the solution. There are camps and camps; and the amount of tuition paid for the two months' outing is in no way proportionate to the amount of good John will derive from his sojourn there. He is an average twelve-year-old. Full to the brim with pent-up energy; energy that must find a channel of expression, be that channel mischievous or constructive. And it may just as well be constructive, for he is a creative child. He will tinker with a toy airplane for hours on end. In school his masters have learned that to give him a responsible job—if it is only erasing the blackboard—will insure John's attentive interest in the lesson.

LET us look at the camp which he dislikes.

It is a large one of 350 boys. Four boys in a tent, with a councilor for each tent. The tents, three feet apart, are indicative of the restricted life that John will be forced to live in the camp.

"Good for him," his mother might think; "it will make him more adaptable and more sociable."

But will it? After all, he has been living in pretty close quarters in the large city apartment-house. And his school life is never greatly his own true one. Will not this crowded camp life negative much that a summer in the woods has to offer?

But let us withhold judgment and follow John through a typical day.

He awakens in the morning to the strident brass of a volunteer bugle.

"Come on—all out for exercise," is shouted in his ear; "last boy out gets a wallop" (with the broom).

Then follows the noise of 350 boys herded together on the grass in pajamas to do "setting-up exercises." "All together now: One! two! three!" shouts the athletic councilor.

Small wonder that the birds do not bring their morning songs to this camp and that John knows nothing of the knowledge to be learned from the wind in the pine trees overhead!

After calisthenics: "All right, down for dip! No excuses! Last boy in gets a ducking."

So, with more hubbub and pandemonium, the boys stampede to the lake and take the freezing dip.

Presently: "All out—get dressed for colors!"

A further stampede to the flagpole, where a councilor who has a bad case of misplaced patriotism, whacks the last boy in line for the morning flag-raising. Then the boys sullenly incant, "I believe in one country," etc., etc., while the flag is hoisted in place.

This rite over: "Fall out for breakfast." Three hundred and fifty voices and 350 plates join in the campaign to destroy what the woods are trying to tell John.

"Why don't you eat your eggs?" demands the councilor at John's table.

"Aw, I dunno," replies John, who has lost weight in camp. "They taste funny."

But when he writes this to his mother he is disbelieved.

"There's nothing wrong with the food, I'm sure. Now, I know how you are at home, dear. You only eat what you want. And everything in that camp must be fresh. Why, you're right in the middle of the country! Fresh eggs and vegetables and milk."

Unfortunately, John is right. The eggs are "funny." They did not come from the surrounding countryside; cold-storage eggs from the Middle West are cheaper. And to prepare fresh vegetables for 350 boys requires a too expensive staff in the kitchen. The director has learned that it is in the

Photograph by Fay Welch

Airing day is fun at this camp

kitchen where the most money can be saved—a dangerous discovery to John's well-being. In this kitchen even the rendered fat is saved and shipped in vats to a distant soap factory.

After breakfast a weary half-hour of announcements, listened to by 350 squirming boys seated before the now empty breakfast tables. Doubly weary announcements to John, whose eye wanders off to the glint of the beckoning lake.

Then back to tents for "policing up." A bunk to make, floors to sweep, trunk to "true," etc.

"Awfully good for John," his mother would approve; "he never has to do those things at home. That's why he hates it at camp."

But is it? If it were his tent and his shack that he and tent-mates had built themselves, if he himself had gathered the balsam for his mattress stuffing, would he not take pride in the policing of his tent? But where you have 350 boys the directors can hardly leave even the erection of his tent to the chance initiative of John.

After tent duty: "All out for educational activity." Every boy is required to take some educational activity—music, art, nature, manual training. Everything is planned and cooked up for him before he arrives. His own opinions or desires receive scant encouragement.

John takes "nature," and finds it dull, even though his instructor is a good one. The specimens and animals in the "museum" mean little to him. He has never discovered their life and habits for himself. They were all comfortably discovered for him.

And how ironic! For at home he has an adored book on nature. But he bought the book himself!

At the close of educational activity comes the swim. This is the first more or less optional activity of the day.

So the day goes. A beautifully planned program all throughout, and devised for John by the best minds. His parents on a visit are impressed with how much he is learning and with the beautiful camp with its tennis courts, its model outdoor theatre, manual-training shop, three pianos, ping-pong tables, baseball diamond, movies, expensive swimming docks, boat and canoe houses, etc., etc.

"Sure," says John. "Why shouldn't they give us all those things when dad pays $400 for having me here?"

John was particularly resentful this day. He had been penalized the day before for reading in his tent when he should have been attending a camp-fire circle. Reading must be done according to iron-clad schedule.

"Aw, rats! it's a lotta hooey! This is a camp for councilors; they're the only ones who get any fun out of it."

But do they? With 350 boys who must be here, must be there, must do this, must do that, at every hour of the day, the poor councilors (mostly inexperienced college boys) are at their wits' end. For if the boys are left free now, they will react to the long restraint and start raids on other tents, resort to obstreperous ways of getting rid of pent-up energy and resentment.

So at the end of the summer John returns with a coat of tan, a few pounds underweight, which his mother kindly puts down to the active life he has led. He has a cynical spirit about camps and councilors and nature and toward the social amenities of life in general.

But what of this ideal camp to which we believe John should have been sent?

One glance, and you will notice the difference. You are struck with the quiet. There are only thirty boys (at most fifty), and the tents and shacks are far enough apart to give the boy the thrill that comes from quiet communion with the mystery of the woods. There is no city uniformity in the tents and cabins, such as one found in the military precision of rows upon rows of tents fronting the dusty camp street of the big camp.

Here some of the boys have built their own shacks and tents. There is one very original teepee built by two boys.

There is no tennis court to clutter up the woods with city activities; no baseball diamond; but a field for lacrosse and Indian games—games that belong in the woods, and that will bring a new note to John's love for games and teamwork.

The boys make their own lacrosse sticks before they may play, and their own bows and arrows for archery.

Nature is a diligently pursued subject, each boy bringing his own contribution and reporting on his original discoveries. The boy who sights the first blue heron or explores a new frog nook is envied. By properly allowing the boy his own creative outlet the "have to do its" are few. If he wants to build a boat, cook over the camp-fire, or read a book, he may, so long as it does not interfere with the general welfare of the camp. He will love the hikes and canoe trips, because they are not planned, but take place when the day is bright and the "feel is in the air."

Where you have 350 boys to plan for, hikes may not be run off in so romantic a fashion. In just the matter of supplies alone, the kitchen must receive orders for the hike food a week in advance and the canoes must be reserved.

But with few boys and ample councilorship, John should grow and "take to his responsibilities like a man." For here he has true responsibility. That is, he has intellectual responsibility; sharing in the program and pleasant duties as well as the unpleasant. And he has no resentful reaction to the necessary restrictions, because he can see the need of them. He has had a voice in making the laws of the camp.

Of course, it is easy to see which camp

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S. S. Van Dine: The Man Behind the Mask

By HARRY SALPETER

ON October 8, 1926, Charles Scribner's Sons published "The Benson Murder Case," by one S. S. Van Dine, apparently a newcomer to authorship. Neither the public nor reviewers asked any questions, embarrassing or otherwise, concerning his identity. Since there are scores of men and women writing detective fiction, a newcomer easily can be lost in the crowd. On July 22, 1927, the same house published S. S. Van Dine's second detective novel, "The 'Canary' Murder Case," wherein reappeared Philo Vance, art connoisseur, who again uses the principles of æsthetics to unravel a murder mystery. Of all the queer characters devised by detective-story tellers to solve baffling crimes, Philo Vance probably was the queerest. He knew languages; he knew literatures, classic and modern; he knew sciences, exact and indeterminate. He was loaded to the guards with information and critical theory concerning the seven arts, and from this bag of scholarship, cumbrous enough for any one man's shoulders, he fetched keys with which to unlock the problem of who killed whom.

Were it not for Philo Vance, no curiosity would have been expressed concerning S. S. Van Dine, but then neither would Van Dine's books be selling by the car-load. No newcomer could have invented Vance. It is not enough to write a thriller under a pen-name to excite curiosity. Foster Johns, for example, is not really Foster Johns, but some one else, but exactly how many people care? However, Van Dine's identity is a subject of wide curiosity, since he has given a new twist to the detective story *genre* and since no less than 100,000 persons—and probably 200,000—have been reading his books. His third, "The Greene Murder Case," published March 24, 1928, is a National best-seller. In this also Vance plays his familiar rôle. Van Dine is writing his fourth book, the movies are to adapt his first three.

Who is S. S. Van Dine? He has been identified with the most unlikely authors —Edmund Lester Pearson, John Galsworthy, Joseph Collins, H. L. Mencken, George Jean Nathan, Carl Van Doren. I am able to inform you that he is none of these. Before you have finished this article you will know who S. S. Van Dine is, for, although I am not permitted to state, with official sanction, that Van Dine is such and such a man, and none other, I am not prevented from marshaling such powerful evidence to prove that Van Dine is that man and none other that there will be no room for a second choice. After spending several hours with Mr. Van Dine, I believe I am justified in the conclusion that he is

becoming restive under the necessity of maintaining his disguise. When he shall have published his fourth, or fifth, detective novel, either the revelation of his identity will be made officially or there will no longer be a necessity for it.

FOLLOWING the publication of "The 'Canary' Murder Case" the author was asked to write an article for a Chicago paper. This he did. The editor then, with a very cunning appearance of innocence, asked Van Dine to send a photograph. He could not send a photograph, because that would have told all, and he was not yet ready to tell all. Having been a painter, among other things, he drew a caricature of himself, which would be faithful in every detail, yet be unfaithful in general impression. And in every detail—the prehensile ears, the parting of the hair to the right, the beard and mustache, somewhat too black and too pointed, the monocle he was wearing at the time—that caricature resembles Willard Huntington Wright, one of the most scholarly writing men in the United States outside of a university, author of "Modern Painting," "The Future of Painting," "What Nietzsche Taught," and "The Creative Will," among others; one more than acquainted with languages, literatures, and sciences —in fact, the very model for Philo Vance himself. It was the publication of this caricature which set the hounds in full cry. And since that caricature was published new clues have cropped up which strengthen the reasoning that S. S. Van Dine is Willard Huntington Wright, and nobody else, the presence of which clues can be explained only on the ground of carelessness or indifference on the suspect's part.

Pressed for information about S. S. Van Dine, his publishers identified him as a student of criminology, a Harvard man, a student of medicine, and a former newspaper man. Which also is a partial identification of Willard Huntington Wright. He was literary editor of the "Evening Mail" fifteen years ago. At Harvard he was a prize student in anthropology and ethnology. He also studied abroad. His interest in medicine is proved, in part, by the fact that under his own name he published a preface to "Some Famous Medical Trials," which Scribner's also published. Under his own name he prepared an anthology called "The Great Detective Stories," which he introduced with a 35-page essay on the types of detective fiction produced in America, England, France, Germany, Austria, and Russia since Poe and Gaboriau. Willard Huntington Wright must have studied variations of the detective story deeply and long. Another point of evidence is that for years no book—aside from edited collections —bearing the name of Willard Huntington Wright has appeared.

But here is the crowning bit of evidence. Shortly after the publication of "The Great Detective Stories," bearing Mr. Wright's name as editor and prefaceur, there appeared in the spring number of Brentano's "Book Chat" an article on "Literary Sleuthing," by S. S.

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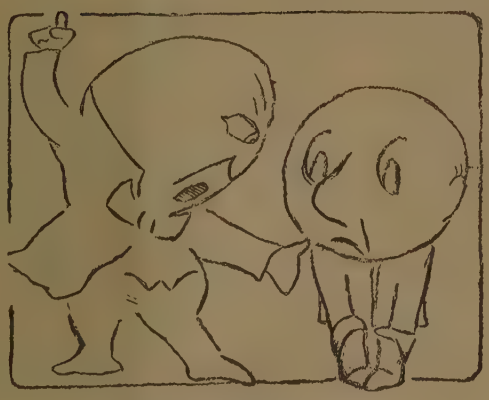
Pictures of Thoughts

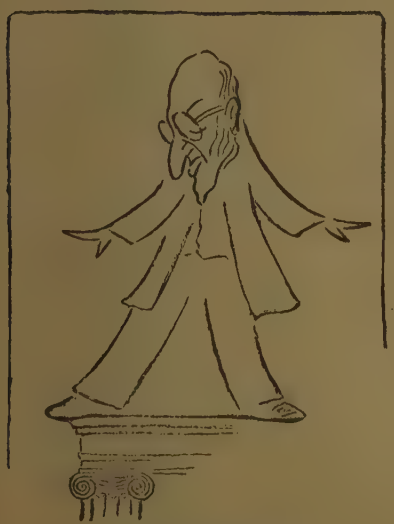
Drawings and Clues by Clarence Day

The spirit of old Mr. Waite,
It had to learn to levitate
And take the most unpleasant chances
Because of Mrs. Waite's séances.

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever."



A man convinced against his will
Is of the same opinion still.



When eras die their legacies
Are left to strange police.
Professors in New England guard
The glory that was Greece.

The dance is a form of thought

Politics and the Sinclair Trial

A Personal Letter from Washington

By DIXON MERRITT

I HAVE made, at last and at least, a mild impression here. No other correspondent at this capital has been so looked at with interest and amazement during the past few days by the various grades of politicians and public men who have bed and board in Washington.

I say this without the least egotistical puffing up. Truth to tell, most of them have looked at me as though they thought I ought to be in the crazy house. And all because I have gone about asking this:

"What political effect is the Sinclair trial going to have?"

Nobody here, so far as I have been able to ascertain, had thought about it seriously. Indeed, I had never thought of it until the suggestion came to me from New York that the imponderables of President-making had probably been profoundly perturbed by that procedure and that the pulse of public men, particularly of conservative but honest Republicans, should be felt.

Is Washington, indeed, dead from the neck up? Persons in other cities have a habit of saying that the National capital is the poorest place in which to find out anything about National thought. Washington is so segregated and self-centered, they say, as to be unable to see or to think as the country does. Possibly they are right. Possibly the country sees clearly that, and how, the trial and acquittal of Harry F. Sinclair on the charge of conspiring with Albert B. Fall to defraud the Government in the lease of the Teapot Dome Naval Oil Reserve is going to affect this candidate or this party advantageously, and that candidate or that party adversely. But the thought mystifies Washington.

It seemed to me desirable, before approaching conservative Republicans, to find out from unconservative Republicans and persons of other political faiths what it was all about.

Into the Senate Office Building, to the suite of one of the most prominent of the group of progressive, individualistic Westerners. "What political effect," etc. He sat silent a minute in thought. "No," decisively, "I don't see how that can have any political effect whatever."

Through the subway beneath the Capitol to the House Office Building, to the room—the difference between suite and single is the difference between Senator and Representative—of an Eastern Republican of the Roosevelt school of thought. The same question.

"Well," he exclaimed, "by George!" Sat with fingers to brow. Jerked a thumb toward the window. "Go ask that man with the shovel there in the street. He may know. I had not thought it would have any effect."

Up the elevator three floors, along one corridor a block to the right, along another corridor half a block to the left. Office of a Southern Democrat, long in Congress and high in the councils of his party. A man of fine, logical mind who always helps a reporter make his story. Question. Deep thought. "If you took time to work your materials up just right, you could show that the Republican Administration for the past seven years has been saturated in corruption, oblivious or disdainful of the moralities, until the public conscience had become so atrophied that judge and jury could not see the guilt of a guilty man. By that kind of tactics, I suppose, it might be made to have some political effect."

To a set of offices where Democrats plot against the Government—or plan to save the country, as one sees things. The second most distinguished Democratic writer in America talking with one not so distinguished. Question. More Distinguished: "No political effect, not the slightest." Less Distinguished: "I think it might have a little. If certain kinds of orators showed the plain people the impossibility of sending a million dollars to jail, the Republican Party being the money party and all that—you know."

And so I went to the honest but conservative (so far as I know) Republicans with small hope of finding them shaking in their shoes with fear of the results of the Sinclair trial. Queerly, though, they furnished more support for the idea than had Democrats, insurgents, and Roosevelt ians together.

All of them said, "No effect." And all of them meant it. Some of them added, "Particularly if we nominate ——." The name depended upon the wishes of that particular person. Did these men mean that the stigma of the Sinclair trial might attach to Dawes and not to Hoover, or to Hoover and not to Lowden? I do not know. But I think they were not averse to making personal capital out of the idea.

One of them, however, expressed pretty thoroughly the general Washington belief: "You and I know what ought to have been done with Sinclair. But a jury turned him loose. Now what in the blue blazes has a jury got to do with politics?"

I pass the question on.

I remember a hot day and the end of a hot trial in Lebanon. Bill Thompson, too fat to fuss around, sat in his buggy under a maple tree in front of the courthouse and dispensed philosophy. "Solomon never did try to forecast how a woman would decide—or a jury." I think that is about the spirit in which the people of Washington, and probably the people of the country, accepted the Sinclair verdict. We cherish the right of trial by jury, but we damn the jury and let it go at that. Some time, perhaps, we may do more—to the jury. We should not elect Sinclair President if the Republicans should nominate him. Or Fall. As to most men else, the trial would not count.

But the mere acquittal of Sinclair is one thing. The whole affair of the oil-leasing scandal is quite another thing. Nobody is saying with any degree of certainty that the larger thing will not affect President-making in 1928. Democrats and certain Republicans hope that it will. The rest of the Republicans fear that it may, though they camouflage their misgivings.

In that larger picture, in the political mind, Sinclair is relatively a small figure. Mention of him in the campaign is likely to be somewhat incidental. He is only the man who did, for profit, what many unscrupulous men would have done. But officials of the Government—they are different. They are to be charged not so much with having part in wrongdoing as with having no part in correcting it. Here, for sample, is a by-product of my inquiries concerning the effect of the Sinclair trial:

Neither bombardeers nor snipers are going to spend much ammunition on Sinclair—unless somebody shows them the trial in a different light from that in which they see it now.

"Tawm's Holt"

By DUNCAN AIKMAN

TRAVELING up from the black delta mud of New Orleans or down from the gray crags of the Tennessee mountains, one comes to a broad region of mocking-birds and Alabama sunshine where the soil turns red and the Christian name Tom in the mouth of the permanent residents becomes "Tawm." There the "Tawm" most often mentioned, as has also been the case recently in some more populous and black-loamed sections of the Republic, is the Hon. Thomas J. Heflin, senior representative of Alabama and successor of Yancey, Morgan, Pettus, and Underwood in the United States Senate.

Also in proportion as the soil reddens and to some extent as it tends to incrustate over the instep, the pronunciation of the word "hold" slides perceptibly if not stridently toward "holt." And even those who most naturally and successfully avoid such provincialisms admit that in Alabama "Tawm" has a powerful "holt."

That is, you can meet in every Pullman car, hotel lobby, club, or daily newspaper office in Alabama native-born voters, not particularly traveled or afflicted with Broadway cynicism toward local statesmen, who will inform you that the only difference between Alabama and the rest of the Nation is that responsible public opinion is just a little more disgusted with Heflin "down heah, seh," than it is any place else. But in the very next breath, with a tinge of melancholy humor, these same urbanely apologetic informants will tell you that Alabama, though conscious of his measure, has been returning "Tawm" to one house of Congress or the other for pretty nearly twenty-five years now, and is not desperately or even encouragingly unlikely to do it again in 1930.

"But," you demand with the cheery inflection of the outsider anxious to see the bright side of things, "how does a State like Alabama, with all its traditions of dignity and with so many pleasant, sensible, and properly proud people obviously living in it today, get that way? Or, having embraced error as Texas does now and then with the Fergusons, and as all of us do occasionally in our separate madnesses, what reason is there for believing that Alabama, when the time gets ripe, will not, like everybody else, snap out of it?"

Then the interviewer, if his mind runs to conventional deductions, sits down to wait for the answer that the folk-lore of a Papal removal to Washington is a little more potent than corn liquor in the Alabama backwoods and that nothing can be done to eradicate it. Only that answer doesn't come.

Instead, it is explained that "Tawm's holt" is all-powerful in Alabama, not because he is the greatest anti-Papist since Luther, but merely because he is the State's greatest cotton economist and platform joker, and that his constant barrage on the Vatican and its American political agents is merely a side-show which provides a steady flow of amusement and keeps the lonelier cotton farmers talking about him with an admiring, if desultory, accent.

In other words, even Alabama's fieriest Klansmen, even those whose horror of Jesuit agents is based on the fact that they have never seen one in the flesh, do not regard Tom's determination to damn the torpedoes and sink the Papal navy in Mobile Bay as his most heroic service or the most important item in his program of statesmanship. All this and its oratorical accompaniments show the kind of man "Tawm" is, it is true. It proves that he is not afraid of the princes and powers of the air, let alone the sachems of Tammany Hall and the massed priestcraft of the forty-eight States and the District of Columbia. But this, from the rural Alabama standpoint, is merely the sort of thing "Tawm" would do; just as beating up a dining-car waiter who answered him truculently some twenty years ago was a significant but non-essential performance natural to a man of superiorly audacious temperament. But neither is half so important as what "Tawm" on a great occasion in Alabama economic history did do. And this was nothing less than to make the price of cotton go up in 1917 and 1918.

How "Tawm" accomplished this is, in the literal record, a trifle cloudy. Historically, it appears that Congressman Heflin, as he was then, did little more than advise the farmers, impoverished by the weakness of the cotton market during the war's purely European phase, to hold their cotton and give him a chance to see if something could not be done about it. Something was, in a combination of the munitions and the uniform manufacture business, and cotton went to 40 cents a pound. Congressman Heflin thereupon began circulating around Alabama, in intervals between his patriotic labors at Washington, with broad smiles and the air of a philanthropist just holding himself back from saying, "Look what I did for you all."

Indeed, legend has it that in a paraphrase—or should one say a parable?—"Tawm" did say it. His critics charge that during his campaign for the Democratic Senatorship nomination in 1920, when he was far enough in the country to be safe from newspaper espionage, he made speeches relating a somewhat curious interview between himself and President Wilson.

According to this version, Congressman Heflin went to that most hail and familiar of Presidents and said, by way of cajolery: "Look here, Woodrow, you've got to do something about the price of cotton for the folks down my way."

The President beamed on his guest admiringly, and answered, "Well, Tom, what do you want?"

"I want," said Congressman Heflin in his most forcible English, "40-cent cotton."

"Won't 30 cents do, Tom?" the President asked, feebly, thinking of the friends connected with the grasping mill and speculative interests.

"No, Woodrow," future Senator Heflin came back, respectfully but fiercely, "30 cents won't do at all, and you know it."

"All right, Tom," the President yielded to the stronger spirit; "you go down to Wall Street and tell those fellows from me that it's got to be 40 cents, and the quicker, the better."

Now in Alabama I could find no documentary evidence that "Tawm" made such a speech even during the heat and fury of the five-cornered Senatorship contest of 1920. But whether he made it or not is, for the purposes of a serious inquiry into "Tawm's holt," largely irrelevant. Launched from the platform or from the Heflin word-of-mouth propa-

(*Please turn to continuation, page 76*)

The World This Week

New York Welcomes the Bremen's Crew

THERE was hearty good will in New York's welcome to the Bremen's fliers. Behind the municipal formula of river and harbor display, military parade and escort, reception at the City Hall by Mayor Walker (for whom the visitors had already shown a lively liking) and by the diplomatic corps, speeches and more speeches, and, one hopes, a little time for recreation and seeing the actual as well as the official New York—back of all this, Captain Koehl, Major Fitzmaurice, and Freiherr von Huenefeld have stirred the popular interest and applause. Their dangers passed, their calmness and good nature under the stress of adverse circumstances and the substantial victory they won over the tempest and fog have shown them to be true gentlemen adventurers.

One of the memorable remarks brought out by the Bremen flight is one by Miss Herta Junkers, daughter of the designer and builder of the Bremen. She said: "Aviation is not a weapon to fight wars with, but the finest means in the hands of humanity to avoid wars, to bring people together. It annihilates the barrier of space. It is the means of transportation which will bring nations closer to each other. It is also a wonderful common interest in which all nations can share."

What of the Bremen itself? According to the latest report, the impression that the motor was seriously injured is incorrect; the plane is now in perfect shape, and she may be flown to New York as soon as proper conditions prevail. Quite probably the three air comrades may fly to Greenly Island on a sister-plane of the Bremen and fly the Bremen to New York; there are even rumors that they may undertake the west-to-east Atlantic voyage to Ireland and Germany. Fitzmaurice declares, "Whatever we do we will do together."

All this optimism seems a little inconsistent with the earlier reports of the state of the Bremen. It is evident now that the absence of plane-skis, which should have been taken to the Bremen by the plane that brought the fliers off, but by some strange oversight were left behind, was a major cause of her abandonment, and that the reported engine troubles were less serious than supposed.

A Hero of the Air

FLOYD BENNETT'S body, which lies at Arlington near Admiral Peary's grave, was buried with National honors and with a universal tribute to his intrepidity, his faithfulness to duty, his comradely devotion. He was as true a hero as any of those around him.

Commander Byrd, whose plane Bennett piloted in that marvelous dash to and from the North Pole, called him "a real man—faithful and true." Governor Smith tersely commented, "His thought was not for himself, but for the other fellows in trouble."

Had it not been for the test-flight accident of the America a year ago, in which Bennett was terribly injured and Byrd and others less seriously, Bennett, who was with Byrd in the MacMillan expedition of 1925, might have been Byrd's second in command in the America's eastward flight across the Atlantic. He was well on his way to a recovery that would have made it possible for him to be second in command in Byrd's projected exploration and flying expedition in the Antarctic region. Bennett's disappointment as to the first of these plans and his buoyant enthusiasm for the second can hardly be exaggerated. Yet he ignored all risk to that hope when he flew from New York to Detroit, and again from Detroit to Lake St. Agnes, weak from illness as he was. He gave up his purpose to pilot a relief plane for the stranded airmen at Greenly Island only when his condition became alarming.

The whole Nation echoes President Coolidge's words: "His noble and brave spirit will live in the memory of the things he accomplished."

The American Judge on the World Court

JOHN BASSETT MOORE, one of the world's greatest authorities on international law, has resigned his seat on the bench of the Permanent Court of International Justice, popularly known as the World Court. This American jurist has been a judge of the Court since 1921. Though the United States did not ratify the Treaty of Versailles and is not a member of the World Court, the American members of the Hague Court of Arbitration are called upon to nominate an American for a World Court judgeship. The question now arises whom will this American group nominate as Judge Moore's successor?

Dr. Moore, it is said, will devote his time now to the completion of his great work on international law.

Russia's Last "White" Hope

GENERAL PETER WRANGEL, who died on April 25 in Brussels, was the last leader of a "White" Russian military movement against the Bolsheviks. Since the Red Army routed his forces in South Russia in 1920 and forced them to a disorderly flight to Constantinople, not the most visionary Russian exiles have argued that anything could be accomplished against Moscow by armed attack from without. It appears that lately Lord Birkenhead, one of the "die-hard" Tory leaders of the British Cabinet, suggested something of this sort in Berlin. But Russian officers who have tried it would apparently be the slowest to be convinced that any results can be reached along that line.

Like Admiral Kolchak, who lost his

le in a similar movement in Siberia, eneral Wrangel seems to have been an onest man. Born of an aristocratic ussian family and with a distinguished rmy career, he could not realize that ower in Russia had conclusively passed ito Communist hands. His defeat was he final proof that the rest of the world ad to face and deal with the Soviet overnment as a lasting and formidable orce.

ustria and American Aid

y a measure subordinating Austria's ebt to the United States to a new loan or reconstruction, the Administration is roposing to aid Austria's economic re-overy from the war. With the recom-endation of the President and the ecretary of State, the Ways and Means ommittee of the House of Representa-ives has reported the new measure fa-orably for action.

Austria owes to nine nations a debt of hich the amount of $24,000,000 owed o the United States is about one-fifth. he subordination of this debt to a new oan is expected to enable her to borrow 100,000,000, and with this amount to ebuild her economic life to a point hich would make it possible for her to ay off all her debts. The Reparation ommission and all the creditors except he United States have agreed to the rrangement. The debt originated in redits for relief work after the war; and merican assent to the present plan will nake it feasible to complete the pur-oses for which the earlier loan was ad-anced.

Poincaré's New Lease of Power

FRENCH voters have indorsed the Gov-rnment of Raymond Poincaré. In se-uring to the present Premier a majority n the Chamber of Deputies the elections f Sunday, April 29, confirm the indi-ations in the elections of the week be-fore. Under French law, in any district nly a majority vote elects a candidate in the first balloting; but in the second balloting a plurality vote elects. In the intervening week deals may be made to change the pluralities of the first elec-tion; but in this case the result forecast on one Sunday came to pass on the Sun-day following.

Political groups in France are so mo-bile that an exact analysis of the results of an election are difficult. No one party controls. The only way a government can get a majority is by agreement among parties, groups, and factions. Just what support Briand's foreign pol-icy has received we cannot say; but apparently the groups that M. Briand is associated with made some gains. So obviously, however, have the conserva-tive principles of M. Poincaré been in-dorsed that French policy is not likely to move in the direction of compromise.

The Communists of the Russian type have suffered losses. Yet the elections do not show so much a move toward the Right as a solidification of the support which the French Parliament has given to Poincaré's economic reforms at home coupled with economic co-operation with Germany.

The effect of the elections in France will undoubtedly be for moderation and stability.

France Tries Harnessing the Tides

FRENCH engineers are making prepara-tions to put to work the tides of the sea. At Le Crotoy, a few hundred feet from that romantic spot at the mouth of the river Somme whence William set sail with his armada to conquer at Hastings, there is to be a peculiar group of in-closed basins in some of which water from the sea will be stored during high tide and held by means of gates; in others space, literally, or capacity, will be "stored" during low tide—space for the water in the one basin to enter dur-ing intermediate periods after delivering its energy to turbines through which it must pass before filling the space. The tides at this historic point are thirty feet in height.

This installation will not be a large-scale engineering feat, for it is believed that too many of its features are experi-mental to warrant heavy expenditure. Among engineers there is a strong cur-rent of belief that tidal schemes of this kind will not pay even as well in fact as they do in theory. The tides are inter-mittent and their arrival advances about an hour each day, but the demand for current is always highest at certain defi-nite hours. This provides a problem which can only partly be surmounted by the use of the basins described.

Generally, it is felt, power stations burning fuel will be required as auxil-iaries to these installations, if the instal-lations do not actually become auxiliary to the power stations. The French, who are notably rational in matters involving financial expenditure, are going about this and other tidal power plans in the correct manner—cautiously. To har-ness the tides is feasible nevertheless, even though Sunday supplements have given it a bad name. The question is mainly economic.

A Protest Against Roman Catholic Intolerance

WHEN the Parents' Exposition was planned for the week of April 21–28 at the Grand Central Palace in New York City, the exhibit of the Birth Control League was deemed acceptable; but the Board of Education of New York City, speaking through Dr. O'Shea, Superin-

Wide World

HONORING THE MEMORY OF A BROTHER FLIER

Miss Herta Junkers and the Bremen fliers at the grave of Floyd Bennett in Washington, where they placed a wreath and the flags the Bremen carried

tendent of Schools, said that it would have to withdraw its own exhibit if that of the Birth Control League was permitted. As a consequence, the exhibit of the League was removed to a place across the street. In comment on this action, Mrs. Margaret Sanger, President of the Birth Control League, said:

"A Roman Catholic aspirant to the Presidency and the party he leads are stressing the importance among non-Catholics of religious tolerance and broad-mindedness. The action of Dr. O'Shea is a flagrant example of the tyrannical intolerance and usurpation of power exercised by office-holders born and bred in the Roman Catholic faith when confronted with a social agency which has aroused the Roman Church to open and undisguised warfare."

Spoiled by a Mere Fact

WILKINS's transarctic flight knocks a second leg from under a widespread theory that the great unexplored expanse lying between the Pole and Alaska-Siberia conceals a large land area. The first leg of this theory was amputated in 1926 by the Amundsen-Ellsworth-Nobile transpolar flight in the dirigible Norge; no land was seen.

As far back as 1904 the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey tidal expert R. A. Harris claimed that in order to account for the behavior of the Arctic tides it was necessary to postulate in this unknown region the existence of either "a tract of land, an archipelago, or an area of shallow water." For years this was mentioned in scientific literature as a hypothesis; but, unfortunately, many popular writers have stated it as a fact. How Harris went wrong—as it now appears almost certain he did—provides a good example of the risk involved in basing hypothesis on hypothesis, a method often characterized as bad science.

The tides at the Poles tending to occur daily instead of semi-daily, as in low latitudes, but those at Point Barrow, Alaska, being nevertheless semi-daily, Harris reasoned that the tides of the Arctic were mainly Atlantic tides that entered the Arctic between Greenland and Norway (Bering Strait being too narrow and shallow to admit the Pacific tides). He reasoned further that these Atlantic tides reached Point Barrow as if they came, not directly across from their point of entry, but around by way of the Siberian coast. Obviously, Harris argued, they were swinging around some great obstruction.

Nansen, also Sverdrup, took the opposite stand. More recent evidence showed that the observed peculiarity of the Point Barrow tides could be accounted for by the influence of the shallow, submerged continental shelf of Alaska. By this time, however, the belief in the existence of a great Arctic land mass had taken on the force of a tradition, a tradition which Wilkins has now all but whittled away. Many a fine-spun theory is spoiled by a mere fact.

Speed Mania

"HE tackled it with a crippled left hand because it was in his blood to get that record. I did all I could to dissuade him," said the president of the company that made the automobile which Frank Lockhart drove in an attempt at Daytona Beach to beat the record rate of 207.6 miles an hour made three days before by Ray Keech. Momentum attained at that speed endangers spectators as well as driver; a slight swerve (caused in this instance by a blown-out tire) threatens death.

It is an open question whether or not, at this stage of motor-car science, material benefit is gained from such death-daring "tests." There may possibly be some practical knowledge added to that we already have as to engine, transmission, and tires. Shop tests may perhaps not prove conclusively every point of "roadability;" but the balance between such gain and the reckless defiance of death is surely uneven. Behind such frantic attempts to beat records is speed mania, whether it exists in drivers or manufacturers, or both.

Chemistry, from Breakfast to Bedtime

"CHEMISTS once were regarded, with some trepidation, as direct agents of the devil, engaged in a nefarious business that would do no one good," said Samuel W. Parr, Professor of Chemistry at the University of Illinois and President of the American Chemical Society, which he was addressing at St. Louis. "But this is a chemical age. We live, move, and have our physical and physiological being as a result of chemical processes."

Starting with the morning paper, a chemical product, Professor Parr explained, we turn to the breakfast cereal, to ripened fruit, to bread and sanitary drinking water, and the chemist everywhere has been ahead of us. The bright color of the flivver which may take us to our day's business is the work of the chemist. The tires of the vehicle—not yet synthetic rubber—have been dea with chemically. And, it was added:

"When you go to your office, every thing you see or work with has passe under the scrutiny of or been produce by the chemist. The simple matter of suitable adhesive has entered the fabr cation of your office desk, while th chemist has been busy with the chai you sit in, the built-up office door, an everything you use for the day, fro postage-stamps to paper cartons."

On through the various processes o industry, from the making of wearin apparel to the manufacture of perfume the service of the chemist may be traced And for weariness at the end of the da relief possibly may be had through som one of the many "remedial agents" which the chemist synthetically has de veloped.

The story goes that Gladstone was no greatly impressed with some of the work of Michael Faraday in the then rathe pure science of electricity. "After all," the English statesman asked, "what good is it?" Faraday repeated the question. "What good is it? Why, presently, sir," he added, "you will be able to tax it."

Chemistry, like electricity, has been made good not only for taxation, but also, as was shown at this St. Louis meeting, for hourly service of mankind.

Tunney at Yale

LIVE human interest seems nowadays to be a necessary ingredient in the successful work of a college professor. No one knows this better than William Lyon Phelps. When the rumor went around that the champion of the world's square ring was to talk about Shakespeare to Professor Phelps's Shakespeare class at Yale, it met with humorous or skeptical press comment. But on Shakespeare's birthday Gene Tunney was on the job.

If any one thought the affair was to be farcical or ludicrous, he missed his guess. What happened was not a stunt, but a bit of sincere criticism. A man who read "The Winter's Tale" ten times to "get it" to his own satisfaction is not the kind of athlete to need a "ghost writer" or an apologist for talking to Yale students on any subject.

Naturally, Tunney showed admiration for the Bard of Avon as a good sport. In "Troilus and Cressida" the boxer found live interest in Achilles, "champion, superman;" in Ajax, "a great big ambitious fellow like Jack Sharkey;" and in Ulysses, the wily strategist whose description of Ajax he read in Shakespeare's resonant verses "because they apply to me."

Wide World

TUNNEY GOES TO YALE

The champion autographing a book for Professor William Lyon Phelps on his recent visit to a Yale English class

So Tunney the marine, in his camp in France, read and re-read the greatest of English dramatists and has carried on in his study and appreciation ever since—all because he knew another marine who would walk ten miles to get a Shakespeare play to read.

The audience—and later the outside audience of readers—agreed with Professor Phelps that "Shakespeare is known to all the world. He did not write for professors or for the critics; he wrote for all. I know that Mr. Tunney loves literature and the fine arts for their own sake. His coming here today is a gracious and a charming courtesy to Yale."

Altogether Yale undergraduates had what Mr. Roosevelt was wont to call "a bully good time." Gene Tunney left an impression of modesty, good fellowship, and friendliness toward the world at large and literature in particular. Universities have given degrees for less academic service.

Better than Hagen

On the other side of the Atlantic, Walter Hagen, perhaps the greatest match golfer we have—at least among the professionals—was stopping off at Hertfordshire on his way to the British Open and sustaining the worst beating he had ever had on a golf course. The confident Hagen was defeated by Archie Compston, British pro, by the amazing score of 18 up and 17 to play.

Hagen, to be sure, had started play just after he had completed the long journey from California to England, but there was no denying the fact that he was up against the most amazing sort of golf, one of the best exhibitions that a British player has given since the close of the war.

Hagen, not always fortunate in his actions in connection with the diplomatic side of the game, made more friends in defeat than he ever had in victory. He had no alibis of any sort, and said that his own game, except for its putting, was as good as he could expect. He added, gracefully, that it was an "honor to be beaten by such golf." He heads now toward the Open with a good many new-found friends at his back.

Primary Victories for Hoover and Smith

The probabilities that the East and West will meet in the next Presidential campaign have been greatly strengthened by primaries in Ohio, Massachusetts, and Pennsylvania. Herbert Hoover, of California, and Governor Smith, of New York, have emerged from these recent battles for delegates with colors flying.

Hoover was advised to keep out of the Ohio contest, on the principle that it was bad business to arouse the antagonism of a favorite son. The death of Senator Willis, the Ohio candidate, left Mr. Hoover in the position of having, not one opponent to face, but the entire field. It appears that in the face of this opposition Hoover won all the seven Ohio delegates at large and more than a majority of the district delegates.

In Massachusetts the delegates selected are unpledged, but the voters of the Bay State expressed an overwhelming desire for Herbert Hoover as the standard-bearer of the Republican Party. The delegate at large who got the most votes on the uninstructed slate was Senator Frederick H. Gillett, who is an open advocate of the nomination of Herbert Hoover.

Governor Smith did not enter the contest in Ohio, and the thirty-eight delegates of that State are pledged to support Atlee Pomerene for the nomination. It is probable that the delegates will go to Smith early in the Convention balloting.

In Pennsylvania Governor Smith has obtained all except ten of the seventy-six State delegates.

In Massachusetts not only did the voters of his own party indorse Governor Smith's candidacy, but a significant number of Republicans wrote in his name on their own party ballots.

Borah's Warning to the Republicans

Again Senator Borah has summoned his party to repudiate corruption and to lead the fight for clean government.

"The world will judge the Republican Party," he said in a speech at the Hamilton Club, Chicago, "not by what took place prior to the recent exposures, but by the course and conduct of the party after the exposures. . . . It is my contention that the future of the Republican Party and its possibility of service to the public depend not upon what a few men did in secret and without the slightest knowledge of the voters of the party, but upon what you and I and all Republicans, knowing the facts, advised of the treachery, and warned of the evils, propose to do next and in the open. . . . There are those, of course, who will charge that the party as a party has forfeited its right to the confidence of the American people. In such an event, there will be those who will retort by hunting out the evidence to show that there are corrupt Democrats. The Queens Borough scandal in New York and the oil scandal will take their places in campaign literature. Teapot Dome and Tammany Hall will be weighed against each other on the hustings, and the voters will be urged to decide between acute and chronic corruption. But I beg the Republican Party to believe that the issue in which the people are interested is broader and deeper. The American people divide into parties,

but whether Democrats or Republicans, they are first and above all devoted to our Government. . . . Partisan fencing will not satisfy them."

Fords on the Installment Plan

It has been semi-officially reported in Detroit that the Ford Motor Company plans to emulate General Motors and establish a subsidiary company to handle the financing of cars sold on the installment plan. Press despatches state that the new concern will be known as the Universal Credit Company and that formal announcement regarding it will be made in a few days. Incorporation papers have already been filed.

Public interest will center, of course, on whether this means that the new Ford cars are to be sold on more generous terms. They have long been sold on the installment plan, of course, but all of the financing has been done by the local Ford dealer. And the amount held in abeyance has depended upon the dealer's banking connections, his eagerness to sell a car, and the general financial situation in his territory.

In patterning his new enterprise on the General Motors Acceptance Corporation, as he seems to have done, Mr. Ford is on safe ground. This company has been enormously successful and has financed General Motors purchases which must have run into the billions. The Ford subsidiary, it is reported from Detroit, will not sell stock to the public, but will be owned by banking interests long affiliated with Mr. Ford. Branches will be established in various parts of the country.

Corinth—New and Old

Repeated earthquake shocks have practically destroyed the modern Corinth. This city had something like 70,000 people, and reports state that 16,000 are destitute and homeless. It is pleasant to Americans to read that in this emergency the American Red Cross offered tents and supplies for nearly the whole number.

The modern city of Corinth owes its existence to a former earthquake. When old Corinth was devastated (in 1858) and almost totally destroyed by earthquake, the inhabitants moved nearer to the sea and founded the new city.

Old Corinth itself suffered little by the recent calamity for the very good reason that there was not much there to destroy. Yet there were some losses of ancient monuments and statues in that vicinity. Fortunately, the ancient temple of Apollo, or rather the remaining columns of that temple, were uninjured. As became a Doric city, this temple had, and still has, the noblest examples of the Doric column to be found anywhere.

Old Corinth had seen many notable and terrible historic events. Under the Roman rule it was completely destroyed for participation in a revolt; its inhabitants were sold into slavery, and for one hundred years its site lay destitute. It was refounded by Julius Cæsar, and it was this later Corinth that Saint Paul knew and to the people of which he wrote the Epistles to the Corinthians. Its condition at that time has been described as that of "the most splendid commercial city of Greece and the chosen abode of luxurious materialism and frivolous immorality."

Not far from Corinth lies the great Isthmian Canal, talked of by the ancients, started and abandoned by Nero, and finished in our day (1893). It cuts the Isthmus of Corinth and greatly shortens the sea journey from the Adriatic to Athens. Before it was built the Isthmus was like a gigantic "carry" for portage.

The whole region in this part of the Peloponnesus has from time immemorial been subject to violent earthquake commotions. At least eight are recorded. Its history is one long narrative of distress to the inhabitants through natural causes, through the clash of the internal wars of Greece, and through the ravages and cruelty of its conquerors.

The Movies and the Sherman Law

The Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Inc., of which the eminent Will H. Hays is the head, has been named as codefendant in an equity action brought by the Department of Justice. The suit is to determine whether the motion-picture producers and distributers of the country, or the majority of them, have violated the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. Ten distributing corporations are named in the action.

The Department of Justice has been investigating, quite literally for years, the question of whether there is monopolistic control in the motion-picture industry. The defendant corporations in the Government's suit distribute about sixty per cent of all the films in the United States. Through film boards of trade encouraged by the Hays organization the distribution of almost ninety-eight per cent of the films produced is supervised.

These film boards of trade have been the subject of particular attention by the Department of Justice, and in the complaint filed it is made clear that the present suit is to determine what they are really doing. Disputes between distributer and exhibitor are settled, in the various territories, by boards of arbitration consisting of members of the board of trade and representatives of the motion-picture-theatre owners. It has long been the contention of Mr. Hays that thousands of disputes have been settled without court action and with the saving of large sums.

The minority of independent exhibitors have protested from time to time against practices of the boards of arbitration, however. The contention of the Government is that, while they may do much good, they are, by their form and through their power of cutting off the supply of films, a source of potential oppression. The equity action which has been started is, it is set forth, a "friendly" one. This means that prosecutions are unlikely.

Mr. Loree Sells Out

Whatever the ultimate effect on railroad consolidations, the sale by Mr. L. F. Loree, President of the Delaware and Hudson, of his holdings in the Lehigh Valley and the Wabash Railways appears to have been a happy stroke for himself and his railroad. The price paid by the Pennsylvania Railroad, $63,000,000, is known to be well in excess of the sum expended by the D. & H., and already holders of Loree stock are dreaming of a luscious melon.

The deal seems to shed little light on the subject of consolidation, however, except to the extent that it indicates a return to four trunk lines instead of five. Mr. Loree had planned, for trading purposes at the very least, a fifth line from the Atlantic seaboard to the Great Lakes. This would have been in competition with the New York Central, the Pennsylvania, the Baltimore and Ohio, and the Nickel Plate. The D. & H., unimportant in itself, had achieved trunk-line possibilities through its interests in the Wabash and the Lehigh Valley. Wall Street, inevitably fascinated by railroad deals, is inclined to watch for further actions from Mr. Loree.

A motive for Mr. Loree's abandonment of the fifth trunk-line dream was, no doubt, reported disapproval by the Interstate Commerce Commission. The Transportation Act of 1920, which gave this important regulatory body control over mergers and their financing, favored consolidation on the theory that it would bring greater operating effi-

Wide World

RINGSIDE SEATS FOR THE CIRCUS

Members of Ringling Brothers-Barnum and Bailey Circus giving their annual private performance for the shut-ins of Bellevue Hospital

ciency. But the legislation provided for the safeguarding of weaker and shorter lines. Some of these, though financially less strong than the great companies, are vital links. Their disposition haunts the nights of many a railroad executive.

Mr. Hoover and the Farm Issue

As indications that Secretary Hoover's farm record is not without its defenders, there may be noted, among others, these statements from and about the central agricultural area:

Henry J. Allen, former Governor of Kansas: "While Kansas is sincerely for Senator Curtis and hopes for his nomination, Hoover, if nominated, will poll much better than the party vote in a contest with Governor Smith."

Oscar E. Bradfute, of Ohio, former President of the American Farm Bureau Federation: "Herbert Hoover has been one of the best friends the American farmer ever had since the opening days of the World War."

Sherman P. Houston, of Missouri, a leader among the farm and live-stock interests: "Farmers of Missouri and other States have a grievance, but not of Hoover making. Designing politicians have sought to capitalize the distress of the farmer by distorting facts of history and playing upon his prejudice."

Don Livingston, a former Commissioner of Agriculturue in South Dakota: "No man in public life has approved so nearly all the demands of agriculture as has Herbert Hoover."

William M. Jardine, Secretary of Agriculture, former resident of Kansas: "Mr. Hoover's actions always have been in the interest of the Department's work and of the farmer."

Less Noise from the Railroads

As has been asserted previously in The Outlook, setting several cubic miles of air into nerve-racking vibration by means of a locomotive whistle in order to communicate with one man at the rear of a long freight train is a ridiculously clumsy method of transmitting a signal. Now come new tests of special radio apparatus by means of which a conductor seated in his caboose at the rear of a train may quietly signal and converse with the engineman with the facility of an ordinary telephone call.

On the New York Central Railroad such apparatus has been tried out with success, and it has even proved possible for a yard master equipped with a radio transmitter to boss his switch engines running about the switch yards, at a large saving in time and efficiency. The operation is simple: The conductor pushes a button in the caboose; a sharp call signal is immediately heard directly over the engineman's head, where a powerful loudspeaker is permanently attached. The engineman picks up a hand telephone, and conversation ensues. That is all there is to it.

The apparatus on the engine is housed in a steel box like a trunk on top of the tender, and the necessary power is taken from the dynamo that runs the headlight. A simple brass pipe looking like a railing on the tender acts as the antenna, and the apparatus operates on the 109–130 meter wave-band.

By means of this equipment pusher engines may be started simultaneously with the leading engine and without the annoying series of hoots and toots that usually precedes the starting of a stalled freight train. This advance should also do away with the irritating four or five long whistles whose significance the country over is to call in the brakemen. Few will regret the day when all the railroads have equipped their rolling stock with silent train radios and stopped screeching.

Stage Indecency and the Police

CENSORSHIP via the constable-police-public official route has not been without its handicaps for some few centuries.

Every now and then American cities are confronted with the problem of so-called indecency on the stage. A recent example is Kansas City. There, local groups, failing elsewhere, appealed to the City Manager, H. F. McElroy, to enforce the law by having informations filed and warrants served against the stage offenders. The City Manager replied, with candor, that he would "do no such damned thing."

Then appeal went to the Police Department, with other results. It was proposed—and the motion was carried—that the police visit the theatres and report conditions on which action should be taken. The Polce Commissioners had their misgivings, one of them murmuring that his men "were not trained for it"—that is, dramatic criticism. To this it was replied that any inteligent person, including of course a policeman, knew the difference between decency and indecency, and what to do when the difference became too marked.

Thus the police, in the dress of plain citizens, to their new duties before the footlights. To this writing there have been no reports, hence no actions filed.

From Washington

The Senate Shortens a Slash

On the whole, the tax bill reported by the Senate Finance Committee is much more nearly to the Administration's liking than the one passed by the House. It would reduce taxes by only $203,000,000, whereas the House bill carries reductions of $290,000,000. Except that the automobile tax is repealed and the inheritance tax retained, practically all Administration demands are met in the Senate committee bill.

Presidential approval may be expected—if the Senate bill finally triumphs over the House bill.

The President Still Commander-in-Chief

The President's foreign policies fare better at the hands of Congress than his domestic policies. His program of keeping marines in Nicaragua to supervise the approaching election and to protect American lives and property was given by the Senate a vote of confidence such as few things could command from that body.

Senator Blaine, of Wisconsin, and Senator Norris, of Nebraska, had introduced amendments to the Naval Appropriation Bill demanding withdrawal of the marines. The two amendments were consolidated and, in an effort to secure support, changed to make it possible for the marines to be kept in Nicaragua until after election.

Even with this concession, only fifteen Democrats and seven radical Republicans—five besides the authors of the amendment—voted for it. Among the fifteen Democrats were practically all of the supporters, on that side of the chamber, of the waning Ku Klux Klan.

Fifty-two Senators voted to kill the amendment. Except for the unanimous Senate vote for the Flood Control Bill, this was the most impressive showing made on any roll-call at this session.

Flood Fight Half Won

Again veto of the Mississippi River Flood Control Bill looms as a probability. The President's fight for revision of the measure was half lost after it had been won. Some changes—two of importance—were made to meet the President's wishes. Local participation in costs went back into the bill to the extent of levee rights of way on the main river, and the provision for damages, which, the President thought, unduly favored railroad and lumber companies, was changed for the better. The portion of costs to be borne by localities is, however, still very small.

The President's contention that local money ought to pay for rights of way for spillway levees was lost. Representative Madden, Chairman of the Appropriations Committee, kept in close touch with the President and valiantly led the fight at this point. But finally Mr. Madden, in what was to be the last important public act of his life, surrendered the contention and became a supporter of the bill. He was joined by Chairman Snell, of the Rules Committee, and the opposition practically collapsed. The final vote was 254 to 90. One less than half of the Republicans present supported the President.

To the conferees adjusting the differences between Senate and House bills, the President has submitted a list of eleven objections. Some of these may be met by conference changes. Everybody involved, Congress and President alike, is sincerely concerned to avoid a veto. There appears at each end of the avenue a desire to compromise so far as principle will permit—but the principles are as far apart as the ends of the avenue.

Martin B. Madden

The most powerful member of Congress is dead. In his committee capacity Martin B. Madden never had a predecessor. The time is likely to be long before one is found who, in all respects, may be regarded as his successor. There were before him, of course, chairmen of committees on appropriations, but he was the first Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations. The Budget Act concentrated in one committee the power that before had been distributed among a number, and Madden, of Illinois, was from the first its Chairman. His has been the duty of knowing where and how four billion dollars a year of Government money was to be spent.

For the success of the budget system much credit is due General Dawes and General Lord, the two men who have served as Directors of the Budget. But it may well be that the largest share of the credit is due Mr. Madden. But for his able course in Congress, the budget system could hardly have succeeded.

Since Speaker Cannon's authority was curtailed there had been no other man in the House whose position gave him such power as was Madden's. Yet few were ever held in such high regard by the entire membership, and never was there one in whom the quality of fairness was more universally recognized.

An Englishman by birth, a builder by occupation, Martin B. Madden gave to the lawmaking branch of the American Government, through the twenty-four years of his service, an ability rarely equaled by native-born and legally trained Representatives in Congress.

The Franking Privilege

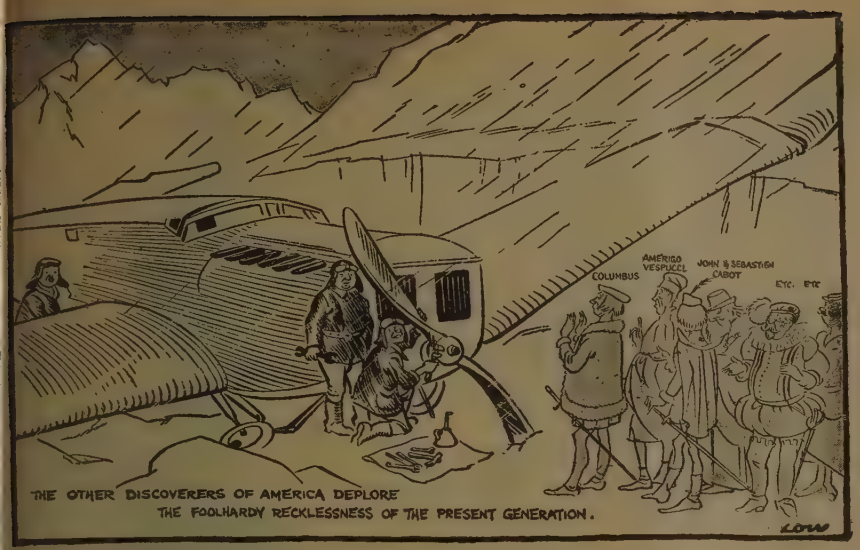
At last something is to be seen about what Congressmen do with their franks—or at least, what one Congressman does. There has been referred to the Post Office Department from the House Naval Affairs Committee a complaint that the frank of Representative McClintic, of Oklahoma, a member of the Committee, was used by the National Council for the Prevention of War to send out subscription blanks and other nonfrankable matter, along with a frankable report on the naval construction program. Mr. McClintic has explained that he turned over to the Council 20,000 unaddressed envelopes, sealed, containing the report. Officials of the Council have denied that unfrankable material was inserted in these envelopes.

The facts of this case are for the Post Office Department to determine, but here is a fact known to numerous citizens of the United States: Franks other than Mr. McClintic's are being used in sending out material for the transportation of which the taxpayers should not have to pay. All of it may be legally sent, but much of it is unwisely and some of it selfishly sent, and good would result if intelligent investigation could extend far beyond the McClintic case.

Stewart Had Continental Bonds

The Walsh Committee has found the last of the Consolidated Trading Company bonds, representing the profits from a queer deal among oil companies. Colonel Robert W. Stewart, Chairman of the Board of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, took the stand and testified that he received $759,500 of the bonds. He said that he used none of them himself, but placed them in trust for the Sinclair Crude Oil Purchasing Company and the Standard Oil Company of Indiana. A pencil memorandum of the trust was placed in the record. The bonds had remained in a vault in Chicago from 1922 until three days before Colonel Stewart admitted possession of them.

Clipping of coupons stopped when the Teapot Dome scandal broke. The Chairman of the Committee asserted, on the authority of deposit slips, that the proceeds of some of the coupons cashed before that time went into Colonel Stewart's personal account. Colonel Stewart



From the Evening Standard (London)

At Greenly Island

replied, "That may well be; I have nothing with which to refresh my memory."

When he was before the Committee in February, Colonel Stewart denied any knowledge of any Continental Trading Company bonds. It was for refusal to answer questions following this denial that he was arrested for contempt of the Senate. He is now under indictment on that charge. He may be tried in court, but the possibility of his being haled before the bar of the Senate is now gone. He escaped that in the first place by habeas corpus proceedings.

A part of Colonel Stewart's recent testimony was that he did not expect any profits from the Continental deal, but that the other parties to it insisted upon his having a share. He said that three days before his appearance on the stand he had called the directors of the Standard of Indiana together and explained the transaction to them. The directors decided, he said, that the Standard should not retain any of the bonds, but that all of them should be turned over to the Sinclair Crude Oil Purchasing Company. This company is jointly owned by the Standard of Indiana and the Sinclair Consolidated Oil Company.

Thus ends the Senate search for the elusive $4,000,000 profits of the Continental Trading Company, a concern that existed for the making of a single purchase and sale of crude oil.

Windows on the World

By Malcolm W. Davis

"FRANCE is the Power which has suffered most from war. America is the Power which can do most for peace." So the French Ambassador, Paul Claudel, has summed up the situation underlying the movement to outlaw war.

M. Claudel spoke before the American Society of International Law in Washington, in response to an address by the Secretary of State. Mr. Kellogg had analyzed the French alternative to the American draft for a joint treaty of the Powers renouncing war and agreeing to settle all disputes by pacific means. He had declared that he saw in the French reservations no obstacle to acceptance of the treaty he proposed.

Taking them up one by one, Mr. Kellogg argued that the right of self-defense and of freedom to act against an aggressor are implied in his treaty. He contended that neither the Covenant of the League of Nations nor the Locarno treaties conflicts with it. He reasserted the desire of the United States to make adherence to the joint agreement as widespread as possible. And in regard to the French alliances on the Continent of Europe, he suggested pointedly that France should be able to induce her allies to sign the treaty against war and so bring them all under its protection.

Ambassador Claudel asserted that "nobody was more pleased than France to see her American sister taking the rôle of the wise Athena."

The discussion of the treaty to end war is proceeding temporarily, as was to be expected, by indirect debate while the Governments consider their policies. Favor is developing, in the meantime, for the simply drawn American document condemning war.

In Great Britain, it has become clear, official opinion leans to the plan that has come from Washington more than to the more complicated one advanced by Paris —which London regards as a scheme to secure recognition for the French system of alliances.

Germany has also decided to accept in principle the American compact against war.

In Italy, Mussolini is said to incline to sneer at all anti-war programs. But he is unlikely to reject a proposal coming from the United States which does not conflict directly with Fascist policy. His desire for American good will is well known.

The Japanese Government is particularly interested in the chance of a general agreement outlawing war, since neither of the Powers with which it is primarily concerned—Russia and the United States—is a member of the League of Nations. The American multilateral treaty to debar all war would thus provide a safeguard now lacking.

The movement to outlaw war seems to be progressing toward at least a diplomatic success.

WOMEN are to blame for war, Rear-Admiral Fiske has meanwhile discovered. "The jewels, silks, great houses, limousines—these are the things that women crave, and these are the things that men compete for to obtain for their women." He thinks it dangerous that at the same time women deplore war and try to promote the organization of peace.

If Admiral Fiske had limited himself to saying that women are as responsible as men for an order of society that tends to war, it might have been possible to agree with him. But men like luxury and wealth as well as women; and how about the urge for power, the desire to impose one's own view of his interests and rights, the itch to tell other people what to do and be obeyed? Are these impulses feminine rather than masculine? And how many wars—political and religious—have they caused?

Admiral Fiske's view is too simple to fit in with history and actual life. The trouble apparently is that he cannot envisage abandoning combat for debate as a means of settling disputes. Neither could duelists before law gradually did away with dueling.

THE BOLSHEVIKS are setting the Soviet stage for a new conflict with the productive peasants. And the com-

ing summer and autumn will see a fresh test of their strength and their policies.

The means they have chosen is a new tax law, by which they expect to raise the state revenue from the peasants to 400,000,000 rubles, as compared with 320,000,000 rubles. Further, the law would free the poorest third of the peasantry from any payments, reduce the taxes on the so-called "middle peasants" who make up more than half of the class, and lay the burden of over three-fifths of the total levy on the richer peasants, less than one-sixth of the whole group.

The Soviet officials have recently had to resort to confiscating grain to meet their needs for the Red Army and other distributions—marking a return to earlier methods of militant Communism. The new tax measure, which is to go into effect in October, will raise discrimination against the well-to-do peasants to the highest point since the abandonment of pure Communism and the introduction of the so-called "new economic policy," which sanctioned some private trading.

The effect of this on Soviet agriculture is hard to predict. Some peasant delegates to the Soviet Union Congress which adopted the law said that they feared it would result in splitting up the larger holdings and even the moderate holdings of land in order to avoid taxes —with a consequent loss in efficiency and production. One of them asserted that "tens of thousands" of private peasant industries have shut down during the past year because the state restricts trade and maintains an artificial high level of prices which bears especially on the peasants.

The aim of the Moscow bureaucrats is to replace both these enterprises and also the wealthier peasants with state-operated industries and farms. But unless they succeed better than Soviet state factories have in the past, the new "return to Leninism" will prove anything but a solution of Russia's economic troubles.

THE ITALIA REACHES GERMANY

General Nobile lands at Stolp on his flight to the North Pole

BELA KUN, who headed the Soviet Government set up in Hungary in 1919, has fallen into the hands of the Austrian police in Vienna. When his Government was overthrown, he fled to Austria and was allowed to go to Russia upon his promise never to return. Recently the director of Communist propaganda in Hungary and elsewhere in southeastern Europe died, and Bela Kun went to replace him. He opened headquarters in what purported to be a wholesale drug store. But the Vienna police quickly suspected what sort of drug he was distributing, identified him —and now the question is what they shall do with him.

The former dictator for five months would be a particularly welcome sight to the present authorities in Hungary. They want him for having conducted agitation from Moscow to overthrow them; and if Austria should permit him to be extradited there is little chance that he would ever get out of Hungary again alive. Soviet Russia will also claim him, for he has occupied a number of important official posts, including that of chief of the Propaganda Department. But Austria herself has charges enough against him to keep him in jail for a considerable time, and will probably prefer that to releasing him either to Hungary or to Russia.

AMIR AMANULLAH of Afghanistan has ended his grand tour of western Europe and started for Moscow—leaving Rome, Paris, Berlin, and London guessing which gained most from his visit. Railway, telegraph, telephone, road-building, and industrial contracts—these were the tangible proofs of hospitality appreciated for which the capitals were bidding. But the results seem to have been less than were anticipated, with a general suspicion that Great Britain came out best. And now he is off for the Soviet stronghold, where everything may be undermined on his way home. But at least his Western hosts cannot fear that the Communists have much to sell him.

As he leaves, there comes a verified report that gold of a superior quality has been discovered in the Kandahar Valley of Afghanistan.

Hoover Wins in Ohio

HERBERT HOOVER'S victory in the Ohio primary is really a victory of the rank and file of the Republican Party against the party satraps.

There in Ohio were arrayed against each other the two forces that appear in every Presidential nomination campaign —the force of the players of the political game and the force of public opinion.

It is not always that these two forces have been in opposition to each other. During the past quarter-century the history of the Republican Party has largely been the story of the swing of these forces as they have been at one time at odds and at another time in unison. When that quarter-century began, the party organization, composed of practical politicians, who make a business as well as a game of party politics, was in the control of a popular idol. In the person of Theodore Roosevelt the two forces were united as they had seldom, if ever, been before. Those who feared or hated Roosevelt had little power in politics and no influence with the public. So complete was the parallel between the force of party leaders and the force of public sentiment that President Roosevelt could, and did, direct the nomination of his successor. In a few months the two forces swung apart. By 1912 they were meeting head on. In that test of strength the rank and file overcame the satraps; but in the struggle the party was ousted from power for eight years. The swing of the two forces toward the parellel was not enough in 1916 to bring victory. It was a year of compromise, and compromise was fatal. Then came the war to America and afterwards war weariness. Public opinion was confused and apathetic. The bosses had their way. But the victory which the party leaders engineered in 1920 was costly. If public opinion won in 1924, it was not because of its strength, but because of the breakdown of the elder gamesters' organization. And if public opinion, such as it was, won because of the weakness of the opposition within the party, the party itself won because of weakness of the opposition outside.

And so we come to 1928. The bosses, the satraps, the gamesters, have been at their intrigues. They have thought that perhaps they could do what was done in 1920. They have sought to confuse public sentiment. Their course in Ohio, playing with quasi-heroics about the name and draped picture of a dead candidate, has been typical. But public opinion has attached itself to Herbert Hoover and has been organized. Its power which has been beneath the surface is coming into view. The battle-ground of Ohio was ideal for the new test. The tactics of each side were characteristic. The issue was as clear as it ever is in politics. And public opinion won.

The result restores faith in popular government.

Hail and Farewell !

THE flags over American cities were half-masted for Floyd Bennett. Somehow these drooping colors seemed an inadequate symbol for the passing of his adventurous soul. Perhaps some day when such gallant spirits set forth into the unknown we shall have learned to play brave music and to fly our banners from the topmost peaks!

Our Courts Under Fire

SINCLAIR'S acquittal on the charge of conspiracy to defraud the Government in the Teapot Dome lease must be accepted as establishing his status under the law. In such a case as this those who are dissatisfied with the verdict and who consult only their own emotions are likely to blame the jury. It is, however, not these critics, but the members of the jury who have heard the evidence, watched the witnesses, followed the arguments of counsel, and listened to the rulings and the charge of the judge, and have the responsibility for the verdict upon which they have agreed. If in such a case there is a miscarriage of justice, we may more profitably look for the cause in the law and in the technicalities, obscurities, restrictions, needless complications, with which trials of criminal cases in America are surrounded.

If the belief that American legal procedure is too technical and involved to serve well the ends of justice were confined to laymen unversed in the law, it might be shown unsound. But this belief is by no means confined to laymen. It has been iterated and reiterated by some of the ablest men of the bar and the bench. Notable among those who have plead for a simplification of legal practice and procedure is the present Chief Justice of the United States. A few weeks ago one of the ablest judges of New York State, Judge Proskauer of the Appellate Division of that State's Supreme Court, warned the members of the legal profession that if they did not reform legal procedure for themselves they might find, as the legal profession of Great Britain found a hundred years ago, the matter taken out of their hands by an indignant public. The trouble is that our legislative bodies are largely composed of lawyers, and that they are apt to look upon the law as their private preserve, to be kept inviolate from the encroachments and poaching of mere laymen. As a consequence, American judges and American juries alike are bound about with red tape. As Judge Proskauer pointed out, juries were not originally supposed to be wholly ignorant of the facts in a case they were to try or unacquainted with the participants. On the contrary, they were supposed to be chosen for their knowledge of conditions under which the case they were to try had arisen. And judges were not mere referees, but were in fact judges, exercising discrimination. In America the tendency has been to choose jurors for their ignorance and to make judges merely oral encyclopædias of the law, and then to weave about both judge and jury a web of technicalities.

Fortunately, our Federal judiciary has been less hampered than that of many of our States. But if the United States Senate has its way, our Federal judges will become hampered like other American judges, instead of being free. The Senate has passed a bill making it a "reversible error" for the judge presiding over a case in which a jury has been impaneled to try the issue by facts "to express his personal opinion as to the credibility of witnesses or the weight of testimony." It is not surprising that business men are resorting to arbitration in preference to the courts and that trial by jury under our present restrictions is undergoing a fire of criticism.

His People—Clothes—Dumb

Miniatures from the Life

By IBBY HALL

His People

TWENTY-FOUR years ago, a young Italian woman was happy with her little boy. He was only yesterday a baby. Today he was almost a man, for he was three years old, reaching his hands out to the soft Sicilian sunlight, staggering over the grass and out into the road like a regular soldier. He had the adventurous spirit, and his mother watched him with love and pride and distraction. One day he would venture too far. Where was he even now? A moment ago under her hand—there setting off already towards the village. She would run after him and bring him back, hugging and scolding. In a few years now she could not keep him any longer, but, thank God! he was still little, and could not do without her.

One day—where was the child? Not sleeping, not playing quietly in any corner, nowhere along the road. . . . At length she ran wildly to the neighbors. Had they had a glimpse, perchance, of that bold young fellow, three years old and afraid of nothing?

Nothing of the young adventurer had been seen. Nothing had been seen that day that was unusual, save a band of gypsies straggling down the road; from Hungary, by the looks of them.

Nor the next day; nor the following week; nor yet when a year had passed. Still she would not believe he was not somewhere around the corner. After one year, two years, ten years—would she not know him again? Like a shot in the heart! God was only trying her. She must never stop looking.

The years became twenty, and more than twenty. He would now be a grown man—tall and powerful—but she would know him. On a day that found her on the streets she looked suddenly into his eyes. No need to tell her this fellow was a Hungarian gypsy. Here was her baby, three years old, again. She caught him as though she would have lifted him up and carried him, scolding and hugging again, back to the little house left twenty-four years ago. But this time it was he who would carry her. "See," he argued, "these gypsies—they are my family. This girl"—he pulled her towards his mother—"she is my wife. Of royal blood! This caravan is my home. Come with us. You are my mother—come with us!"

She looked at him, and in all those twenty-four years she saw he had been closer to her than now. She saw she had made only that one mistake—at three, still little and young enough to carry, he had been sufficiently strong and adventurous to do without her.

Clothes

DOWN in Georgia, a man escaped from prison twelve years ago. He escaped, luckily, with his own clothes; not yet convicted, evidently, of the crime for which he was to stand trial; not yet condemned to a term or stripes. However brief, his taste of prison was enough. To this man confinement didn't bear thinking about. Somehow he escaped—and with all his clothes.

For twelve years, through one town after another, through various sets of circumstance and different surroundings, this man has moved warily and successfully. Only two jailers have been too sharp for him—poverty and hard luck. These two he has never been able to escape, and the other day a third one.

For there is a police detective in Georgia who never gives up. This detective arrived in New York the other day, and demanded the extradition of a citizen who called himself John Brown.

John Brown had not much money, but he managed to find an attorney to represent him. At the hearing the attorney was indignant. "How is it possible," he wanted to know, "that this police detective"—he indicated somewhat contemptuously the gentleman from the South—"can remember for twelve years what a man looks like?" The escaped prisoner had a different name—he might even have had a different face. Twelve years is a long time, and memories, even in the South, are none too good. The judge was impressed.

The gentleman from the South appeared a little ridiculous. He put his hand in his pocket, and stepped forward, and no one in the court-room observed those two invisible jailers that kept step with him, and from whom the defendant had never yet managed to escape. From his pocket the police detective drew a photograph. He submitted it to the judge. "This," he said, "is a photograph taken of the prisoner before his escape." He waited a moment, before adding softly those words which were to serve as handcuffs for John Brown. "Your honor will observe that the defendant is wearing the same sweater."

Dumb

A FREIGHT car rumbled through the streets of lower New York the other day, and its solitary passenger sat up and sniffed the air. He took in his surroundings with an observant eye. There was something—something indefinite that made him feel wistfully at home. He didn't remember ever having been here before, but in his heart was that strange emotion of recognition that comes with natural affinity. Instantly the brown-and-white dog jumped from the freight car and trotted down the street. He found his way at once to the nearest police station. He had arrived at his home. He was now looking for a master.

But there is a Society in New York that carries off unwanted dogs lest they invite cruel treatment. The police at once notified this Society. The wagon arrived. The dog was gone. There was no brown-and-white dog to be found in the neighborhood.

No sooner had the wagon rolled off than the uninvited guest appeared again. He spent the rest of the day adopting a master, following him about on his route, and observing that he was a man of honor and kindliness. The next day the wagon returned, and again the dog had disappeared; but by nightfall he returned to choose another friend. By the time the wagon had come to fetch him four times the dog had adopted three policemen as his masters. Three, he thought, were enough. After all, a dog has but four legs, and it is necessary to run very fast and pant quite continuously if you are bound to see that nothing happens to three policemen.

After its fourth trip the Society refused to send again for an animal that was only hearsay. Now that dog has a home and three masters, a muzzle, and a license. For it seems that the entire police station was finally forced to hold a meeting, and agree among themselves that they had been adopted.

We Have With Us—"The Ladder"

THE other day we heard that Mr. J. Frank Davis, the author and, to our best belief, the producer of "The Ladder," had leased the Cort Theatre for five months more —thus assuring patrons of the New York drama an extended opportunity to view his masterpiece. Since it has already been on view for many months, and has veered from playing to an audience of twenty people who paid for their seats up to a thousand who didn't, it has certainly arrived at the point where, be it a good play or a bad play, it is "news."

Why does Mr. Davis do it? Nobody seems very sure; although many explanations have been printed to the effect that Mr. Davis has already made two fortunes by sticking to a thing after it seemed to be a failure, and that he was positive that if he presented "The Ladder" long enough, it also would blossom into a success. In addition, we have heard murmurs of a belief by the author in the theory of reincarnation, of which—so these wiseacres say—"The Ladder" is an illustration.

Considering all these things, and having a suspicion ourselves that the play was merely another production by the Anti-Critic Trust (presented solely for the purpose of further irritating Mr. Heywood Broun and the other gentlemen of the press, who looked upon "Abie's Irish Rose" and proclaimed it "no good")—considering all these things, we took ourselves to see it the other night, and herewith report that it is impossible to tell what it's all about.

In the first place, our companion liked it better than "The Three Musketeers" —he thought it was funnier. Most of the audience, however, seemed to like it sincerely; and to applaud Carroll McComas and the other players vociferously—though whether in recognition of their courage in following through such a performance, or whether as a genuine recognition of liking for the play, we were unable to discern.

Certainly, whatever of "reincarnation" there might have been in the tale at the start, not much is apparent in the present much-revised version. The first part reminded us of one of the melodramas which Owen Davis's stock company used to put on years ago, when he didn't have enough money to get the manuscript of a new play from the express office, and so had to write one for himself over Saturday and Sunday. The earmarks were all there—a hotel room in Paris, an intolerant, suspicious fiancée, a noble hero helping the mistress and child of his dead comrade, a total lack of explanations between the hero and the fiancée, and, finally, a beautiful, much bepowdered, wonderfully emotional French girl just perfectly crazy about the hero and unable to keep her arms from around his neck. Do we need to add that the act ends with a misunderstanding?

Follows the effort of the fiancée to make herself a great painter, while remaining hard and intolerant about the hero—all of which results, through circumstances we haven't the heart to recount, in the French girl turning on the gas in the heroine's studio, thus precipitating another act which supposedly takes place in the heroine's mind.

Like "Beggar on Horseback," this is a dream. And as a dream it is not so bad. Back to the time of the Crusades in England, to the days of the Restoration, to New York before the Civil War, the dream carries the characters in different ages, in different walks of life, in different dramatic situations, all of which have one characteristic in common, namely, that the lady is always hard and intolerant. This is not so bad, because you begin to realize that the playwright doesn't like his heroine either, and thinks some of these experiences may do her good. In addition, many things which occur in these playlets are precisely the sort of things that do occur in dreams. And this part of the show is passable. It is easy to believe that all these scenes can pass rapidly through the heroine's mind during the five minutes she is supposed to be dying. And they make sense in their delineation of character. Clearly, the heroine is suffering from a bitter inner conflict. If this is the playwright's idea (you reflect), perhaps the rest of the play will be good.

Alas, for your hopes, however! In the last act again appears that feeble imitator of Owen Davis, and lo! comes another act just like the first one—an act only saved by the excellent vaudeville work of three of the minor characters, whose wisecracks are such a relief to the audience that they laugh immoderately.

In fact, it is fair to state that the play, as it stands at the present time, shows all the signs of having had three different minds at work on it; contains some excellent dialogue, some humor, and two or three good scenes, but suffers badly because it is slung together without any artistic sense of proportion whatever.

You can't put stark tragedy beside farcical vaudeville and expect your audience to take the tragedy seriously. The effect is not one of tears and laughter. It is more comparable to the situation that would be produced by a cheap joke uttered in bad taste by the minister at a funeral. At bottom, this is what the matter is with "The Ladder," and no amount of acting by Carroll McComas or any one else can ever alter it. The funnier it is, the worse it gets. And, incidentally, the more you hate the minister.

They say the author is taking the play to London. If he does, we hope he doesn't give away the seats free in that metropolis. An audience which does not pay is a very queer assemblage of people —and no help to any actor.

FRANCIS R. BELLAMY.

The Autocrat of the Opera-House

By EUGENE BONNER

THE season of 1927–8 at the Metropolitan Opera House came to an end Saturday evening, April 14, with a presentation of those perennial operatic twins "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci."

That same performance marked the rounding out of Mr. Giulio Gatti-Casazza's twenty years' tenure of office as General Manager of our Thirty-ninth Street temple of operatic art, a long-distance record equaled by few, if any, directors who have held down similar positions.

Coming into office at a period when all was prosperous and serene, and taking charge of a company which for the sheer brilliance of its personnel has perhaps never been paralleled in operatic history, he has managed to stay at the helm of this ship loaded with temperamental warblers for twenty years—two decades in which were demonstrated as never before the changes and chances of this transitory life. Crowns, royal and artistic, with thrones ditto, have toppled and crashed. The temple of music has been rocked to its foundations even as the social, political, and economic structure.

It is for reasons such as these that it is impossible to pass the same judgment on Mr. Gatti's reign that could have been meted out had the Great War with its demoralizing aftermath never overwhelmed us.

That in many respects Mr. Gatti has been extremely efficient, dignified, and not infrequently long-suffering cannot be denied by his worst enemy. On the other hand, that certain deplorable conditions were generated by his policy is equally not to be denied. Intrigues and jealousies created situations that resulted on several occasions in some of the finest artists leaving the Metropolitan in spite of protests—violent protests, from the public and the press.

Of course Mr. Gatti was not responsible for the passing of the era of great singers, but it also is evident that he made no very great efforts to retain just a little longer some of the last of the great ones who were members of the Metropolitan Opera Company when he took charge, and who by rights should have remained there a few years longer. To read the roster of artists of that 1908–09 season with its Sembrich, Eames, Fremstad, Farrar, and others, and to read the names of this past season makes to think . . . it makes to think.

Of course deluges of alibis hurtle through the air from management and artists alike showing that the latter left the institution "of their own accord." Why, certainly they did, certainly they did. If a stink-bomb is let off in our vicinity, we hoist ourselves away in short order and most decidedly "of our own accord," but then . . .

Not that we mean to say that the erstwhile engineer who now controls the destinies of the Metropolitan Opera House has been up to any such schoolboy pranks, literally or figuratively, but it is quite evident that conditions have been such at times that artists beloved of the American public have felt it incompatible with their dignity to remain, and have therefore left "of their own accord."

Certainly so long as there's no other permanent operatic institution in New York, the powers that be at the Thirty-ninth Street Opera-Emporium can (and will) hand out to a helpless and opera-hungry public what they jolly well please and in the classic words of a certain rich man "the public be damned!"

Again, why in heaven's name all the hullabaloo and condescension as to the engaging of American singers? The American artists *should* predominate. Are the days of Eames, Nordica, Homer, and Farrar already so dim in our memories that we are expected to patty-cake with joy over a Talley, a Moore, or a Lewis?

Then the irritating—in fact, the downright inflammable—question of American operas. The management points with pride to the number of native operas in the past twenty years as if it had been a favor to have presented works of our own composers to us!

And why shouldn't American operas be tried out? Though, considering that they are usually skimmed through by an unsympathetic crew of foreigners when they are submitted for consideration, it's no great wonder that native opera composers are slow in arriving at their goal. What do these "judges" know or care about American composers, anyway? Added to all this, Mr. Gatti, after twenty years of residence in this country, does not, or pretends he does not, speak our language—a peculiar weakness if he cannot by this time, and an affront to us if he can and won't.

The season just ended has been neither better nor worse than many preceding ones. Three novelties were presented, two of which were one-act pieces. The third, "La Rondine," of Puccini, was a most delightful operetta, beautifully presented and brilliantly sung by Bori, Fleischer, Gigli, and Tokatyan.

"Violanta," by Erik Korngold, served no purpose we could discover, while Alfano's "Madonna Imperia" was principally of value in giving Frederick Jagel, of Brooklyn, a splendid opportunity to show his mettle—an opportunity which he made the most of.

"Norma" with Rosa Ponselle in the title rôle was perhaps the most distinguished revival, "Hänsel and Gretel" the most enjoyable one. "Coq d'Or" was thrown on the stage any old way and poorly conducted to boot, while the same might be said of "Boris Godounoff." In regard to the much-discussed revival of "Carmen" charity bids us draw a veil.

Gertrude Kappel, the new Wagnerian soprano, glorious as Isolde, and the aforesaid Frederick Jagel proved to be the outstanding luminaries among the newcomers, although Leonora Corona in her performance of Tosca gave promise of better things to come.

Tullio Serafin made a veritable sensation by his conducting of "Siegfried," in which Rudolf Laubenthal also distinguished himself. Grace Moore of Music Box fame made her début as Mimi in "La Bohême" and later sang Lauretta in "Gianni Schicchi" very charmingly.

Louise Homer returned to us for two or three performances, and we were promised a performance by our one and only Schumann-Heink, which, however, did not materialize. Too little was heard from that fine artist Elisabeth Rethberg and the beautiful Jeanne Gordon's light seems to have been kept under a bushel most of the season. These things be mysteries.

Perhaps taken as seasons go it was well enough, but anniversaries have a way of starting reminiscences, and so we must be forgiven for wailing with our old friend François Villon: *"Où sont les neiges d'antan!"*

The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

"Abie's Irish Rose"

COMES now the task of writing a helpful, illuminating criticism of the thing which, in its six years behind the footlights, has almost (if not completely) proved the futility of criticism in all its forms; which has filled millions of seats and columns of newspaper space, brought tears and laughter to the multitude, and made a fortune for its author.

"Abie's Irish Rose"!

Over half the adult population of the United States has seen it, and of the other half maybe one per cent was kept away by what the critics had to say of this fabulous drama. And now, all we have to do is write a piece about it, in its celluloid dress, or jump in the East River. That we were one of a little group of willful men who uncompromisingly stayed away from it on the stage helps not—nor does it hinder—our position. Any one who has been able to escape hearing all about "Abie's Irish Rose" must have spent the past six years in an air-tight coma.

At all events, we sat through the film on its opening night, completely surrounded by Otto H. Kahn, and tried religiously to find the quality which has charmed and enticed eighteen million people. And, secure in the confidence that nobody will give a pouf what we say, we'll say that we couldn't find it.

A splendid cast performs in the screen version of "Abie" (as Miss Nichols always calls it) and Victor Fleming contributes a fine job of directing. Two members of the original New York cast (Bernard Gorcy and Ida Kramer) are immortalized in the film, and such gifted artists as Jean Hersholt, Buddy Rogers, J. Farrell MacDonald, and Nancy Carroll represent the Hollywood contingent.

The film is playing at present in a two-dollar theatre, and business is reported as not too good; but just remember what "Abie" suffered on the stage before M. Josef Leblang took hold, and watch the picture's progress when it shows at popular prices. This you can do, at least, without going to see it.

"Three Sinners"

JUST why this Pola Negri vehicle is called "Three Sinners" we're not able to state. We didn't see anybody doing any sinning—most of them seemed

to us to be eminently virtuous persons of almost incredible stupidity. If it's a sin to go for a little drive with a male friend of the family and consequently miss a subsequently wrecked train, then Pola was a sinner. If it's a sin not to recognize your own wife with a wig on, then Count Something-or-Other Wallentin (Pola's husband) sinned something terrible. That would make two sinners—and it just *may* be that our old friends the Paramount-Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, who produced the picture, should be selected as the third sinner for having done so.

Pola Negri ought to be good as a Continental countess leading a double life, but, truth to tell, the part is so utterly and stickily goody-goody that Lillian Gish would have done it much better. The others in the cast do what they can with their assignments, which isn't much.

"Burning Daylight"

ADMIRERS of Milton Sills will find him giving his usual imaginative, sure-footed performance in the rather hackneyed picture to which fate and a First National contract have recently called him.

The contributor to the screen of some of its most memorable performances, Milton Sills, is here cast as the hero of a Jack London tale of gold in Alaska and soft living in San Francisco which appeared in its original form many years ago. Much gold has flowed through the film studios since then, and much of it has been screened; so much, that no Alaskan picture can escape the stigma of staleness unless it contributes something extraneously interesting.

This "Burning Daylight" does not do; its beginning is dance-hall and its ending shows the leading character using the wrong oyster-fork and defeating the dastardly ends of those who try to do him—curse their black hearts and city ways!

Appearing with Mr. Sills are Doris Kenyon as the usual dance-hall girl of puzzling purity; Jane Winton as a San Francisco society vamp; and Edmund Breese as a malefactor of great wealth. Mr. Sills holds your interest consistently by his skill, and it's quite possible he will make you like the picture. Whether or not he's able to do so will depend, we think, on how much of this sort of thing you've seen of late.

"The Patsy"

LET's pretend that King Vidor once saved our life, or something, and that Marion Davies was our sister's dearest chum at Miss Willard's school; and that, for these totally insufficient reasons, we thought it incumbent on us to give "The Patsy" a dandy write-up. What could we say without going to the Bad Place for a dirty liar?

For Mr. Vidor (the man who supposedly saved our alleged life) we could say not one choking, stuttering word, and this would be a nasty predicament; of Mr. Vidor's part in that flaccid festival of fun, "The Patsy," the less said, the better. Memories of "The Big Parade" and the directorial excellence of "The Crowd" surged about us throughout "The Patsy" and bade fair to strangle us.

Of the hypothetical pal of our sister's bright girlhood we can, and will, say that she contributes an imitation apiece of Pola Negri, Lillian Gish (both girls mentioned on this page), and Mae Murray; and that each of these is really high-class mimicry. If you cared to imagine that Miss Davies was just an unknown little girl, struggling for recognition with no one to help her along—wait; that's too complicated. If you'd never seen Miss Davies (let's say), you might conceivably go home raving about her ability to make a thoroughly unfunny situation seem funny. But, on the other hand, you might do no such thing, any more than we would.

Of Marie Dressler it can be said that she gets some honest laughs in her outrageous way, and of the man who wrote the subtitles—enough. We don't know who he is, and we regard that as just so much velvet.

Ivory Apes and Peacocks

By W. R. BROOKS

THERE are a lot of odds and ends we have had in mind for some time, and now that we have got that art talk off our chest we shall tell you about some of them. May we mention first the Lindy candle? This, as you may have divined, is a replica of Colonel Lindbergh in a tan aviator suit. We'd hate to use them ourself. It seems too much, somehow, like burning the good Colonel in effigy. But we thought you'd like to know about it.

We saw a nice refreshment set for summer use. Six glasses and a pitcher on a bright tile tray, the whole on a reed stand which has a sort of hoop over it for carrying.

Then there's a book to paste your photographs in which is a little different from the usual thing. The cover is antiqued parchment in ivory, gold, or with an old French print set in.

A very handsome modernistic coffee set—four pieces, either sterling or plated. There are no curves. We've forgotten our solid geometry. So we can't tell you whether the cream pitcher is a dodecahedron or a parallelopipedon, but it's very good looking.

Also modernistic, a powder box and a perfume bottle which look like rather jagged hunks of rock crystal.

And while we're being angular, there's a cube cushion, ten inches on the side, covered with sateen in various colors piped with contrasting bindings.

FOR children there are all sorts of suits to dress up in—cowboy suits, Indian suits, policemen and firemen, and you can even get a set of nickeled armor. And there is a very good set of instruments and masks on the market, in case they want to give a minstrel show. For children also, we saw some amusing woven straw figures—Mexican soldiers, mounted and dismounted, which have quite a lot of character.

Some of the old games are coming back—battledore and shuttlecock, for instance, and ping-pong, both of which can now be bought nearly anywhere. We've played them both ourself recently.

IF you crave an eight-day alarm clock which will harmonize with your Early American bedroom, the Seth Thomas Clock Company now makes two square mahogany clocks which won't look anachronistic. They are entirely Colonial in appearance, but inside them is a bell which will curtail your slumbers at the proper hour if you wind it once a week.

Here is the first combination lighter and ash-tray we have seen. It is a glass dish with an enameled rim, and in the holder at the side which usually contains matches is a neat little enameled lighter. They come in jade and black, and in Chinese red and black.

AT last—a card table that you don't have to do gymnastics with and kneel down and pray to before it will open. With this new table you unfold one leg, and all the other legs unfold and snap into position at the same time. And the same in closing it. You close one leg, and all of them close. It isn't wobbly, either, when it's set up. And it comes in various colors of lacquer, or in mahogany. Also, you can get folding chairs to match it, if you want to.

There is a one-legged table with a top 30 by 18 inches which is fine for writing, reading, sewing, playing solitaire and so on. One side is padded, the other hard. The leg is in the middle of one long edge and the table rests on the arms of your chair.

One of the paint manufacturers has started a service which, though it is at present confined to one store, seems to us rather valuable, particularly at this time of year. If you have anything that needs painting or repainting or freshening up, you can stop in and talk to the lady who runs the How-to-Paint-It Service, and she will tell you what paint to use and how much and why. We're going down to see her ourself in the hope that she can tell us how to get a paint brush that won't shed. We don't mind painting things if we don't have to keep stopping and getting paint under our finger nails clawing brush hairs off the freshly painted surface.

There is a new silver pencil on the market which is also a ruler. It is square, the edges are marked in both inches and centimeters, and it pulls out like a telescope. It comes in three lengths, extended—six, nine, and twelve inches. Nice for engineers, architects and such. And it has a clip, so it won't fall out of your pocket.

THERE is a cedar underbed chest which should be valuable to the apartment dweller who is cramped for closet space. It is good and large, and not too shallow, and has rollers under it so it can be pulled out and pushed back easily. Also, the hinges of the cover are only about two-thirds of the way back so that the cover can be lifted without pulling the chest all the way out.

Another space-saver is a closet unit which we saw, a chest of eight drawers—more drawers than chest—which you can put in the back of your closet in space which would be of little use otherwise.

IF you always forget to water the flowers in your window-boxes until after some one in the family has called your attention to the fact that they are all withered up, you will be interested in the Savo flower-box, which has a water reservoir in the bottom that only has to be filled once a week. This box is 9½ inches long, 8 inches high, and comes in different lengths from 23 to 41 inches.

A new trash and rubbish incinerator for the garden or back yard is a great improvement on the wire basket. The draught is so arranged that when you have touched a match to the rubbish and clamped on the lid, the fire is drawn downward, so that there are no sparks and ashes flying about.

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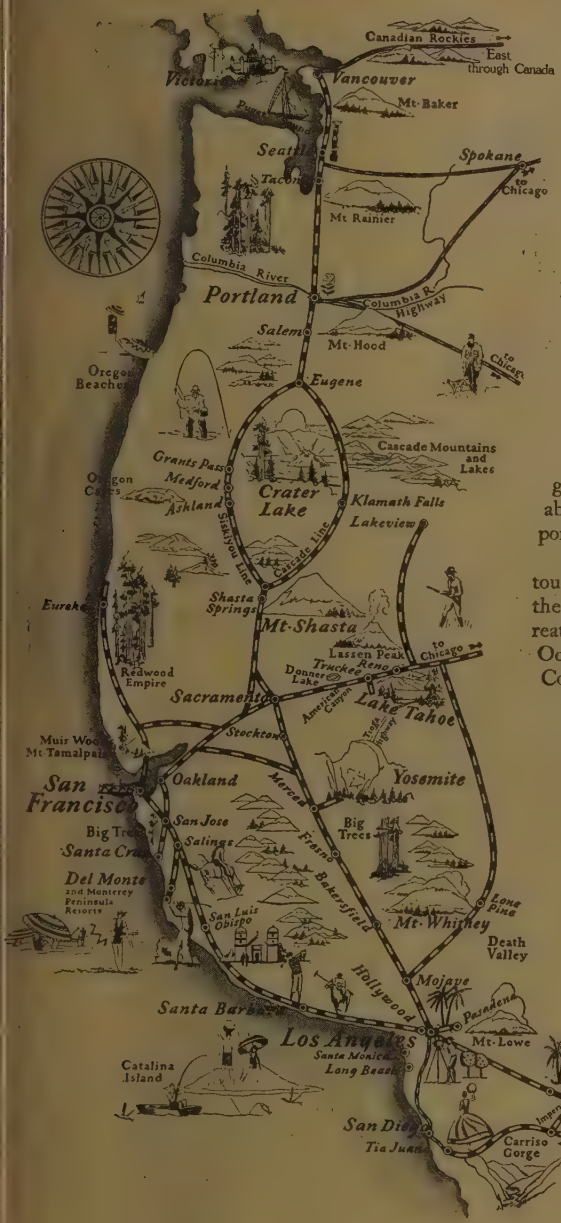

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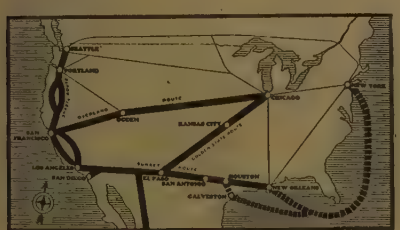

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What About Investment Trusts?

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

INVESTMENT trusts are among the leading fads of the day. Four years ago there were probably not twenty in the whole country. Today there are more than one hundred and fifty, with resources amounting to almost a billion dollars, and the number increases steadily.

The multiplication of these trusts has been a little too rapid to be entirely healthy. Bankers are worried by the ease with which almost any such organization has been able to attract funds and legislators in many States are debating the question of putting them under stronger legal restrictions.

In view of their popularity and the careful study that has been given them, their consideration here might seem a little trite were it not for the fact that most current discussions have become so technical and so involved that the average investor finds the problems that interest him buried beneath a confusion of detail.

An investment trust may be defined simply and accurately as an organization which, as a unit, invests funds intrusted to it by individuals or combinations. Such trusts have been familiar in England for more than fifty years, and, on the whole, have been decidedly successful despite the fact that several failed early in the last decade of the nineteenth century. From 1912 to 1914, inclusive, forty-eight representative trusts in London and Edinburgh paid dividends at an annual rate of more than 7 per cent; in the war period, of 6½ per cent; and since the war, of more than 8 per cent. Between 1923 and 1926 their net income averaged about 12 per cent. This record alone more than justifies their existence.

On the basis of net income since their incorporation, American investment trusts probably have made an even better record than the British. But the American units have enjoyed a four-year boom in security prices, and it would have been almost impossible for them to lose money. Few have been seasoned in a bear market, and the coming years undoubtedly will see some casualties. The investment trust, though, is here to stay. The theory of placing funds in the hands of experts is so sound fundamentally that it will survive abuses.

The average investor should include shares of at least one investment trust among his holdings. In choosing between the many possibilities there are many questions he should ask, but the most vital are these two:

Are the directors and managers thoroughly honest, capable, and willing to give a proper amount of attention to their duties?

Will I get a fair share of the profits?

The first question is paramount in the choice of any investment. Management is the most important factor in the success or failure of any business organization, whether it be a bank, an industrial unit, or a public utility company. Able trustworthy managers can overcome the severest handicaps, while inefficient or dishonest ones can ruin almost any company, however favorably it seems to be situated. That explains why nearly all of the miscellaneous group of companies which are supervised by such extraordinarily able leaders as J. P. Morgan & Co. and the First National Bank of New York have outstripped their competitors.

Quite frequently the management of an investment trust is in the hands of a banking house. In such cases there is always the temptation to use the trust as the repository for otherwise unmarketable securities. This would constitute a moral though not a technical breach of trust, and any management guilty of such a practice should be shunned.

The question of the division of profits is more important here than in the choice of other investments. In considering the purchase of General Motors or General Electric, for instance, the size of the salaries of the leading officers can be ignored. In comparison with the net income of such companies, they are infinitesimal. The structure of some investment trusts, however, give promoters and managers a disproportionately large share of profits.

An allied question is the spread between the market price of the shares and the liquidating value of the securities they represent. Sometimes even the best management is over-valued. The Bancitaly Corporation is a magnificent investment trust, but the securities it holds represent only about half of the price of $200 at which the shares are selling. It is certainly doubtful whether it is worth paying the Giannini interests the managers, $100 for the handling of $100.

The buyer of the ordinary run of ocks, unless he has channels of infor- ation denied to the general public, will vest only in companies which give eir stockholders the fullest possible in- rmation. He cannot always expect ch frankness even from the finest in- stment trusts. The tradition may, d perhaps should, change, but at pres- t, many managers are reluctant to vulge their purchases and sales.

Among the investment trusts which do fer honest, sound management are per- aps twenty or thirty types. Most of e differences between them, though, e minor, and each one is either a Fixed, Limited Management, or a Discretion- y Management Trust, to use the most miliar designations.

The Fixed Trust purchases certain se- rities, and only those securities, in finite proportions, the amount varying ith the supply of funds at its disposal. never sells one security to buy an- her. Obviously, all management prob- ms are ended when the investment list drawn up.

Because of its rigidity, such a trust is fe from foolhardy shifting of its hold- gs. Since it has been decided once and r all, say, that funds will be distrib- ed evenly between the common stock New York Central, General Motors, ommonwealth Power, Standard Oil of ew Jersey, and Kennecott Copper, ere is no risk that managers will buy ghly speculative silver mines. But ere remains the very great danger at an upheaval in the industrial orld which the founders of the trust uld not foresee will depreciate the lue of even the best copper or oil com- nies.

Limited Management Trusts give anagers discretion within limits. They e authorized to buy only public utility ocks, for instance, or only bonds, or ty per cent stocks and fifty per cent nds, or only American issues. This nitation of authority is sometimes ghly desirable, because managers do t always realize that their judgment excellent in some fields and very poor others.

Discretionary Management Trusts ve their managers plenipotentiary wers to put funds wherever in the orld they think best.

For the investor who has the facilities investigate the managements the anagement Trusts are usually prefer- le, since they give full scope to all the ility the organization commands.

Wise owners of any type of property ve the managers, trustees, or stewards much freedom in their work as their ility warrants. This rule applies to financial commitments, and particu- ly to investment trusts.

. . . since Boone killed his bear

UPON a tree in Tennessee, for over a century after Daniel Boone's time, this crude inscription could be read, "D. BoonE CilIED A. BAR On Tree in ThE yEAR 1760". But Tennessee's pioneer days have long since passed. Today, this State is practically the center of 70% of our national population—a great industrial State, growing steadily.

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THE OUTLOOK, 120 East 16th Street, NEW YORK CITY

Noah's Folly

A Tale for Children

By HARRIET EAGER DAVIS[1]

Illustrated by Luxor Price

PEGGY WOOD, star of "Maytime," "The Clinging Vine," and other musical plays, and now playing Portia in "The Merchant of Venice," is a many-sided and interesting young woman. Hers was a many-sided and interesting childhood among artists, writers, and musicians, with a brilliant father of the Mark Twain school and a rare mother, who furnished a quiet but even more pervasive æsthetic background.

Since he could bequeath his only child no fortune, Mr. Wood determined to leave her an ability to take care of herself. She was only a tiny girl when he began training her musical ear; at four, after hearing her first opera, "Lohengrin," she went home to sing the wedding march from memory. Thereafter there were as many operas and concerts as the Woods could afford; later came voice training; and Peggy, draped in cheesecloth, took to composing her own rôles, with all the time-honored gestures and heart-claspings of the true prima donna.

Perhaps happiest among her childhood memories are Father's Bible stories, colorful and humorous but not irreverent modernizations, invented to amuse a golden-haired child long before John Erskine set the fashion for a more sophisticated audience. One tale, still so vivid that Miss Wood could spin it off in her dressing-room just before a matinée, is this delightful satire.

Noah's Folly

As remembered by Peggy Wood

THERE was once a gentleman named Noah who was considered queer by all his neighbors. He was very fond of experiments and of animals, forever prophesying the weather a year from now instead of waiting to see, like a sensible man, and wasting hours observing the habits, not of useful cows and sheep, but of such pesky things as mice and mosquitoes.

The fleas comfortably settled on the lion's back

A dodo and a dinosaur came too late

Everybody felt very sorry for Mrs. Noah, but, strangely enough, the woman adored her husband, and was always shaking her head and boasting: "The world will hear of my Noah some day." And she went on, cheerfully scrubbing and cooking and raising her three sons—Shem, Ham, and Japheth.

By the time the boys had grown up and married and brought their wives home to live Mr. Noah was a middle-aged gentleman, all of six hundred years old, but as queer as ever. One morning he came down to breakfast looking worried.

"There's going to be a big flood," he remarked.

"Is there, dear?" said his wife, buttering a piece of toast. "When?"

"On the seventeenth day of the second month," said Noah. "Better start packing. And tell the girls. The boys and I must get busy on an Ark."

So, leaving her spring cleaning—since the flood was to wash everything away, anyhow—Mrs. Noah began packing her trunks, rather pleased with the prospect of an ocean trip, and Mr. Noah went out in the back yard to begin his ship.

"But, my dear girl!" he exclaimed, when he came in to lunch and saw all the luggage. "We must leave some room for the animals."

"Animals!" exclaimed his wife. "Yo don't mean you're going to take tho *mosquitoes?*"

"I am," said Mr. Noah. "Two mo quitoes and two of every beast of th field and every bird of the air and ever creeping thing. This will be no ordinar wash-out, my dear. It's going to be real flood. And we must save a ma and female specimen of each form animal life—it is only our duty to po terity."

Mrs. Noah sighed. She cared litt for posterity, but she loved Mr. Noa so, squeezing all her clothes into o steamer trunk, she stocked the rest wi provisions from the corner grocery sto while Mr. Noah went back to work.

Of course the neighbors soon got wi of "Noah's Folly," as they nickname the queer boat, and all gathered about t mock and jeer. To Noah's warnin they only laughed louder, poking o another in the ribs and chuckling: "Se enteenth day of the second mont Ha ha!"

But the father and his sons we calmly on, hammering and sawing an nailing until at last the Ark was finishe

"Only seven days more before th flood," announced Mr. Noah to t women-folks one day. "Better go aboa and get settled."

So they all moved into the Ark, an waited for the animals to straggle i Two by two they came; two lions a two mice, two eagles and two sparrow two flies and two fleas, two of every an mal and bird and insect, and when the saw their accommodations—a tank cabi for the hippo, a cage cabin for birds, grass cabin for grasshoppers—they a exclaimed in delight over the excelle service on the Noah's Folly Line.

Of course, the whole neighborhoo swarmed aboard to bid the crazy fami good-by, feeding peanuts to the mo

On Mount Ararat, the highest peak in the world

[1] The stories in this department are the favorite tales of various families which have been handed down to each succeeding younger generation. The Outlook will be glad to receive and to pay for any such stories which our readers remember from their own childhood and which are found available. They should be told as simply as possible in the language one would use in talking to a child. We should also be glad of suggestions from older and younger readers as to well-known people whom they would be especially interested to have Mrs. Davis interview for stories remembered from childhood.

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Our Own Theatre List

(*See page 63*)

"Coquette," Maxine Elliott.—Comedy, tragedy; youth in a small Southern town; Helen Hayes and excellent cast; first choice for tears and humor.

The Ivory Door," Charles Hopkins.—Fantasy; mediæval fairy tale, telling the truth about human nature; Henry Hull and good company; one of the best things in town.

Trial of Mary Dugan," National.—Mystery, murder, melodrama; circumstantial evidence turned inside out before your eye, convincingly acted; you won't move.

The Shannons of Broadway," Martin Beck.—Comedy, melodrama; vaudeville actors running a small-town hotel; James and Lucile Gleason; good hard-boiled sentiment and some music.

The Queen's Husband," Playhouse.—Modern light comedy; royalty in a mythical kingdom; Roland Young; Sherwood's most subtle humor.

Strange Interlude," John Golden.—A psychological novel put upon the stage; a new kind of drama; Tom Powers and Lynne Fontanne in O'Neill's finest.

Our Betters," Henry Miller's Theatre.—Ina Claire in a drawing-room comedy by Somerset Maugham; entertaining, deft, and excellently acted.

The Silent House," Morosco.—Humor and melodrama; impossible, hair-raising, yet extraordinarily amusing.

Best Musical Shows

Funny Face," Alvin.—The Astaires, Gershwin music; best on Broadway.

Show Boat," Ziegfeld.—A gorgeous spectacle; romance, emotion, exquisite settings, and music.

Manhattan Mary," Apollo.—Ed Wynn. What more? Well, not much.

A Connecticut Yankee," Vanderbilt.—Good lyrics and music; not much Mark Twain.

Rain or Shine," George M. Cohan.—Joe Cook in the show you mustn't miss.

keys, teasing the lions to make them roar, and slapping at the two mosquitoes that were buzzing everywhere at once. Seven days Mr. Noah stood the racket; but on the seventh day he stalked about the decks, ringing a big gong and shouting: "All ashore that's goin' ashore! All ashore that's goin' ashore!"

So the visitors flocked off, calling: "Good-by! Send us a post-card when you land!" and then stood about laughing at the foolish boat perched high and dry on land. But Mr. Noah pulled in the gangplank with a bang, slammed the door, and retired to the captain's cabin with a sigh of relief.

The very next day it began to rain. And it rained and it *rained* and it RAINED. The Noahs just closed the port-holes and sat cozily inside their dry house-boat. And still it rained. Soon the neighbors' cellars were flooded; then they had to move to the second floor. And still it rained and rained and rained. Looking down at "Noah's Folly," perched so comfortably in a mud-puddle, nobody poked anybody in the ribs, chuckling, "Seventeenth day of the second month." Instead everybody took a secret, worried look at the calendar.

One morning the Noah family woke up with a curious light feeling. "She's afloat!" cried Mr. Noah, and, sure enough, the Ark had begun to move on the rising waters. From the port-holes they saw all the neighbors trying to crowd into one big house on the hill, then through the wet a string of tardy animals came racing. The Noahs just had time to make out a dodo and a dinosaur when the Ark went floating off —and that was the last they ever saw of their home town.

Well, they found their hands full, for when the novelty wore off the animals that bit bit, and those that chewed chewed, and those that stung stung, until poor Mr. Noah, who had thought his troubles were over, had to rearrange everybody's accommodations. But finally, when he had lodged the fleas comfortably on a lion's back and the oysters in the hippo's tub and the skunks in the isolation ward, things went on fairly peacefully.

But still it rained and it rained and it rained, till Mrs. Noah declared that if she didn't see the sun she would scream, and Mr. Noah wondered if they might not better have stayed at home to be drowned, when suddenly bump went the Ark and stuck fast.

Everybody rushed up on deck. The rain had stopped, and there they were on Mount Ararat, the highest peak in the world.

So Noah sent out a dove, but she had no luck; next she came back with an olive branch; then she didn't come back at all, so the Noahs knew she had found dry land and trees, and it was safe to go ashore.

The minute the gangplank was lowered down rushed all the animals pell-mell and scattered to the four winds. Then Mr. and Mrs. Noah and Mr. and Mrs. Ham, Shem, and Japheth all stepped out and looked around.

"Well," they said, "it's awfully muddy. But it looks like a pretty good place to live. Let's stay here."

So they did, and lived happily ever after.

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Speaking of Books

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

The Magic of the Past

THE genuine historical novel, the one which is a delight to those who are stirred by dreams of men and times that are no more, falls midway between romanticized history and costume romance. The aim of the writer of historical fiction must always be to depend for his factual background upon what can be proved by the evidence of history, and for his imaginary incident upon what cannot be disproved by it. He must himself forget what has happened since the days of which he writes. He must, indeed, be a confirmed day-dreamer, living in the world of his book. His chronology may be uncertain, his characters overdrawn, but the measure of his success will lie in his ability to carry his readers into the place of his own dreams.

Four recent books illustrate the varieties of costume romance, historical romance, and romanticized history. In costume romance, of which Tarkington's "Monsieur Beaucaire" is the example of perfection, only a dim background of history is required.

"En Garde!"[1] by Samuel Morse is typical. A vague knowledge of the period he selects (the Frondist wars in France), one or two great names (Mazarin appears), and an illustrated history of costume and every-day accessory are all that was necessary. The tale is a light love story, with some sword play and rather more humor than usual.

In historical romance, the sturdy Dumas tradition, in which the picaresque adventures of a hero are set against a historical background accurate and detailed enough for the purpose, is ably followed by Feval and Lassez in "The Years Between."[2] Here the period between "The Three Musketeers" and "Twenty Years After" is chosen, and Cyrano is introduced, credibly enough, to join D'Artagnan in swashbuckling adventure. But neither Dumas (except in the Valois novels) nor these, his schooled disciples, can make the past anything other than a picturesque pageant. Robert W. Chambers, whose "Cardigan" and "The King in Yellow" were excellent examples of the highest tradition in historical romance, in which sympathetic understanding of historic background and real study of historic character are the body of the work and fictitious incident its gracious clothing, again follows this tradition in "The Sun Hawk,"[3] a story of Frontenac. But he is not the writer he was, and his story is tedious.

No one who understands the haunting passion for history could read the fore word to "The Plains of Abraham,"[4] b the late James Oliver Curwood, and re main unmoved. This reviewer remem bers a motor trip through a countrysid dotted with stones from which stirrin words flashed on the eager eyes an vanished, and the bitterness of her un satisfied longing to stop and look a every stone and see what happened onc in those woods and fields. Curwood' foreword, with its lingering upon "thes people lived," "I know this place well, and his foot-notes, with their precious verifying dates, are eloquent. As a nove "The Plains of Abraham" is terrible. I is a perfect example of the dullness o romanticized history. The story, bein true, is incredible; the character painted from life, absurd puppets; th style, bastard Cooper, grandiloquent an verbose. But as a monument to Cu wood's devotion to the past of his lan to his love of nature, to his admiratio for the usually ignored virtues of th Indian, his book is dignified and touch ing.

Plenty to enjoy in these books, bu nothing to satisfy the ardent lover o historical fiction. What he asks is no within the gift of many hands. He ask that fallen cities may rise before h eyes, and men long dead may walk th earth once more.

THIS list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by the following book-shops each week:

New York—Brentano's;
Rochester—Scrantoms Inc.;
Cleveland—Korner & Wood;
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort, & Barney;
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Company;
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company;
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.;
Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company.

Fiction

"The Bridge of San Luis Rey," by Thornton Wilder. Albert & Charles Boni. This beautifully written and moving study in the working of God's providence, and of love, the bridge which joins the living and the dead, deserves its popularity. Reviewed January 4.

"Wintersmoon," by Hugh Walpole. Doubleday, Doran & Co. You will enjoy this social comedy in Walpole's best vein. Some old names appear, and there is at least one very engaging character. Reviewed March 7.

"The Greene Murder Case," by S. S. Van Dine. Charles Scribner's Sons. The famous society detective, Vance, is at work again, this time on a complicated and slightly incredible case, which nevertheless is not keeping Van Dine enthusiasts from devouring it.

"Debonair," by G. B. Stern. A. A. Knopf. This is a current version of the eternal mother-and-daughter problem. It is bright, amusing, and often wise. The characterizations are brilliant. Reviewed April 26.

"Ashenden, or the British Secret Agent," by W. Somerset Maugham. Doubleday, Doran & Co. These exciting stories of war, spies, and murder are good light reading. Reviewed last week.

Non-Fiction

"Disraeli," by André Maurois, translated by Hamish Miles. D. Appleton & Co. This strangely romantic figure is touched vividly into life by Maurois's hand. You will find this excellent reading. Reviewed February 22.

"Safari," by Martin Johnson. G. P. Putnam's Sons. The interesting and often exciting diary of four years spent in a wild-animal paradise; with wonderful pictures.

"Trader Horn," by Alfred Aloysius Horn and Ethelreda Lewis. Simon & Schuster. These stories and sayings of a romantic old adventurer are good reading. Reviewed November 16.

"Mother India," by Katherine Mayo. Harcourt, Brace & Co. This account of some aspects of Indian society is furnishing Americans, with lively, if not accurate, information. Reviewed June 22.

"Strange Interlude," by Eugene O'Neill. Boni & Liveright. This play, in which the dramatist steals some of the novelist's best psychological thunder, is as good to read as to see; perhaps better. Reviewed in "Lights Down," February 22.

Liggett's A. E. F.

By P. W. WILSON

"A. E. F.: Ten Years Ago in France," by Major General Hunter Liggett, U. S. A., Ret. Dodd Mead & Co.

The first of the many questions tha arise out of this candid and vivacious book is whether it is the physique, afte all, that makes the commander. Europ used to be raided for giants to be en rolled as Potsdam guards, yet Frederick though called "the Great," was as dimin utive as the military midgets of Japa who captured Port Arthur, and, unlik the Japanese, he was afflicted under fir with cold feet. Undersized, too, wa Napoleon; Haig was color-blind; Ne son, incurably seasick, did his duty wit one eye only and only one arm.

What worried Major-General Hunte

[1] En Garde! By Samuel Morse. Payson & Clarke, Ltd.
[2] The Years Between. By Feval and Lassez, translated by Cleveland B. Chase. 2 vols. Longmans, Green & Co.
[3] The Sun Hawk. By Robert W. Chambers. D. Appleton & Co.
[4] The Plains of Abraham. By James Oliv Curwood. Doubleday, Doran & Co.

iggett was not a de-
ciency of avoirdu-
ois, but an excess.
We are too old to
ake war," said he to
ershing. "If I were
fteen years younger,
should not be sitting
ere before a map. I
ould be out on a
orse all over the
ont."

Though Pershing
miled, Hunter Lig-
ett insists that he
eant it. At the age
f forty-two years, so
e argues, Grant en-
oyed the advantage
f Anno Domini over
ee, who was fifteen
ears his senior.

We cannot agree.
n an automobile a
an does not gallop;
e sits at the wheel,
nd it was not until
e was over seventy
at, in 1870, Moltke
on the Franco-Prus-
ian War. That Hun-
er Liggett was sup-
osed to have too
uch flesh for the
. E. F. in France
as a fact, but only
t the outset. It was
oon apparent that
is muscles were not
ore massive than his
ind.

With the Armistice
igned, Pershing
ound Hunter Liggett
ill studying the map.
ershing "grinned"
nd said, "Don't you
now that the war is
ver?" To which
uestion the reply deserves to be his-
oric. "I am trying to see," said Hunter
iggett, "where we might have done
etter." The mind was still paramount.
In these pages it is the map of mem-
y that is spread before us. By the
actical details, set forth with the au-
ority of an officer who himself com-
anded the First Army Corps, veterans
nd Legionnaires cannot fail to be fasci-
ated. To the layman, what impresses
the magnitude and complexity of the
rama. Operations are here described
hich to Wellington and Washington
ould have been battles. Yet in France
ey were no more than the usual rou-
ne. Asquith's remark that no great

Courtesy of Weyhe Gallery

ROCQUEBRUNE

Drawing by Andrée Ruellan

general emerged might be put in a paraphrase: A general disappeared unless he was great.

In his narrative Hunter Liggett displays an impartiality only to be described as international. Of the causes of the war, says he, "we Americans knew nothing;" nor was it "our war." A nation, surprised and unprepared, was plunged into a chaos where friend and foe were alike desperately snatching at immediate decisions.

Amid the welter, Hunter Liggett sees two men who kept their heads. The first was Newton D. Baker at the War Department, who resolutely excluded politics from the campaign. The second was Pershing, who, with equal resolution, insisted that the United States Army should retain its identity and training, not for static fighting in the trenches, but for the final advance. If either the statesman or the general had wavered, it is easy to see from these pages that the gravest confusions might have resulted.

But no rectitude thus adamant could have been popular. For the soldiers, it meant submission to an iron discipline; nor did disillusion end there. "Sunny France"? There was "an abominable winter climate unrelieved by American comforts, and a population farther removed from the pages of "La Vie Parisienne" than the people of Berks County, Pennsylvania."

Over the grim hardships there was no attempt to shed a glamour. "With our weakness as a people," writes the Major-General, "for honorary titles, grandiose rituals, and brave uniforms of peace, it is a curious circumstance that no army in the world is more soberly attired than ours, and none so sparing of decorations." Indeed, he recalls with yearning, the famous case during the Civil War when certain teams of mules which stampeded the enemy were recommended for the brevet rank of horses!

Though a soldier, Hunter Liggett envisages the United States Army, therefore, as a civilian problem. "Money and machinery," says he, "are the two panaceas of our National medicine chest. Neither can defend liberty, except incidentally, for only men worthy of liberty are equal to its defense." The rich country, so he argues, becomes "the prey of the active and the bold."

We admit that General Liggett has

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—*The Brooklyn Eagle.*

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precedents—India and the Roman Empire, among them—to which he can point his finger. We agree with him, too, that a nation, however prosperous, is decadent unless it retains its virility. The only question is whether there are not fields of activity, other than war, in which heroism not less than the soldier's may be developed in the service of mankind.

It's All an Adventure

By EDMUND B. CHAFFEE

"Adventure," by Burnett H. Streeter. The Macmillan Company.

Anything written by Canon Streeter is worth while. His adequate scholarship, his keen intellect, and his attractive style make his books significant. Last year his "Reality," in which he fearlessly faced the religious problems raised by modern science, helped thousands to reconstruct their religious thinking. Now following close upon it we have a new book, "Adventure." This too is an attempt to interpret religion in the thought and terms of the men of today. While the book is probably due to the initiative of Canon Streeter, a number of others—able scientists, philosophers, and theologians—have had a share in it and several of the chapters bear their names. As Canon Streeter says, "It is the outcome of a continued effort at corporate thinking on the Nature of Science and Religion, and on their relation to one another."

The unifying principle of this series of papers is suggested by the title. No matter from what standpoint man's fundamental problems are approached, whether it be from the side of science or the side of religion, all is an "adventure" of the spirit of man. In science today the old cocksureness has disappeared. The physical world no longer appears set. The intellectual Pharisaism of the science of the last century has gone. Anything may happen. The scientists of our time feel the spirit of adventure strong within them. In religion, too, there is the same need of going boldly ahead, of experimenting. This, in fact, was the real spirit of Jesus. When he talked of faith, he meant something closely akin to courage—the willingness to take risks, to adventure. And in the world of morals the same is true. The old codes are breaking down. Something new and better must be found. There must be experiment. But here common sense requires that we make only such experiments as promise constructive results. In science, in religion, in the moral realm, "adventure" is the key to reality.

But there is much more in this book than the elaboration of this general proposition. There is an excellent summary of the aims, methods, and limitations of science. There is a suggestive treatment of the relation of Christianity to science. There is an able defense of the old sex code—that outside of marriage there should be no sex relations—the best answer to those who would change that code that I have yet seen. There is a most illuminating treatment with all the background of physical science and New Testament criticism, of the doctrine of the incarnation, which is termed vividly "the ascription of adventure to God." All this and much more is to be found in this unusual book.

Perhaps a few gems picked up almost at random will best give the flavor: "Inside the atom is a new world where things take place which would be deemed impossible or miraculous outside the atom." "The want of an experimental religion . . . has meant for the modern world the disintegration of personality." "Power is a conception empty of content apart from the purpose which directs its use." "Christ . . . takes God seriously, but not solemnly." "Secret defiance of a bad law or custom can never be a moral adventure, since it contributes nothing towards its abolition or amendment." Such are a few of the striking sentences.

This intelligent grappling with the age-old problems in the terms of this day and generation, this combination of vigorous thinking and persuasive writing marks this book as easily the best religious book of the past six months. It is an adventure to read it, a profitable one a thrilling one.

The Life of a Crusader

"Ernest Harold Baynes, Naturalist and Crusader." By Raymond Gorges. The Houghton Mifflin Company.

This biography of Ernest Harold Baynes will not be classed among the great works of the year. Yet it presents an adequate record of an outstanding personality who left a real impress upon American life.

Mr. Baynes was a close and scholarly student of the book of nature, but he was more than this. He was a crusader on behalf of many worth-while causes. He gave to thousands a new understanding of nature and of the need for putting honest reality ahead of sentimentality. It was this sincerity of purpose which led him, an outstanding lover of animals, to head the fight against the misleading and inaccurate propaganda of the anti-vivisectionists.

All lovers of animal life should read this book to learn fully what they owe to the courageous spirit of Ernest Harold Baynes.

Picked at Random

By WALTER R. BROOKS

Earnest Elmo Calkins's
Business the Civilizer
Little, Brown

Those who rail against business as against the Golden Calf of modern imes seem frequently to forget how nuch they owe to it, and to its hand-naiden, advertising. If a calf can have a iandmaiden. We should perhaps have aid milkmaid. Anyway, in this civiliza-ion advertising is essential, says Mr. 'alkins, and we believe him—first, be-ause he is a cultured gentleman who is lso an advertising man; and, second, ecause he is an advertising man who is lso a cultured gentleman. "When I egan my work thirty years ago," he aid, "the most conspicuous symbol of dvertising was the picture of old Doc Munyon with upraised finger, declaring, There is hope.'" There is still hope nd, thanks to Mr. Calkins, a lot of it, or he has done as much as any one to lignify advertising to the rank of a pro-ession with a definite code of ethics. As view of that profession, written pleas-ntly and entertainingly, this book will nterest you. But may we say that we do ot look forward with pleasure to the ay when all artists and all writers will ut their best work into advertising copy, hen a first edition of Shaw's great four-nch double-column ad for Listerine will e eagerly sought by the British Mu-eum, and when dealers and collectors ill bid furiously against one another at he Anderson Galleries for some contem-orary da Vinci's Mona Lisa whose mile owes its charm to Pebeco?

Charles William Taussig's
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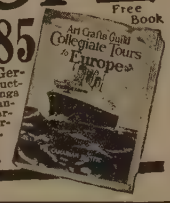

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"ITS WANTS" WILL FILL YOURS

The Movies

(*See page 65*)

"The Battles of Coronel and Falkland Islands."—A British film; well worth your while.
"Beau Sabreur."—Pepless desert drama.
"The Chasers."—Harry Langdon won't get far with this one.
"The Big City."—Lon Chaney in a flat picture. Maybe some one stepped on it.
"Chicago."—See what the movies can do when they try.
"The Circus."—Charlie Chaplin's newest, and one of his best.
"The Count of Ten."—James Gleason and Charles Ray in a good ring drama.
"The Crowd."—King Vidor is a great director. The story is slim and depressing.
"Czar Ivan the Terrible."—Hectic, but interesting Russian-made film.
"The Divine Woman."—Greta Garbo has a tough time with this one.
"Doomsday."—As dismal as it sounds.
"Dressed to Kill."—Excellent crook melodrama.
"Drums of Love."—A big eyeful from D. W. Griffith.
"Finders Keepers."—Laura La Plante, and some hard-pressed humor.
"Four Sons."—Beauty, skill, tears, and hokum.
"The Gaucho."—Douglas Fairbanks.
"Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."—Plenty of chuckles for the business man.
"A Girl in Every Port."—A pretty feeble vehicle for the large Victor McLaglen.
"The Jazz Singer."—Al Jolson + Vitaphone = Price of Admission.
"The Last Command."—Emil Jannings in a picture worthy of him.
"The Last Moment."—Interesting photographic tricks, if you like them.
"The Latest from Paris."—Something pleasantly innocuous, with Norma Shearer.
"The Legion of the Condemned."—After "Wings." A long way after.
"Love Me and the World is Mine."—For insomniacs and very young cash-girls.
"Mother Machree."—For the Irish vote. Very nice.
"The Noose."—A pretty fair Richard Barthelmess picture.
"Red Hair."—Clara Bow and Elinor Glyn. Decide as you see fit.
"Rose Marie."—Run! Here's the Mounted Police again.
"Sadie Thompson."—Gloria Swanson and Lionel Barrymore trying not to play "Rain."
"The Secret Hour."—"They Knew What They Wanted" dolled up for the screen with Pola Negri and Jean Hersholt. Good.
"The Showdown."—Tropical mix-up, and how.
"Simba."—See it—you'll thank us.
"Skyscraper."—An interesting and entertaining picture.
"The Smart Set."—You'll die outside, seeking air.
"Soft Living."—A nice enough little drama, with Madge Bellamy.
"Speedy."—Harold Lloyd in your money's worth.
"Stand and Deliver."—Rod La Rocque stands, but doesn't deliver.
"Street Angel."—Janet Gaynor, Charles Farrell, and some fine scenes. We were hopelessly bored.
"The Student Prince."—A Lubitsch production. Don't miss it.
"Sunrise."—The best picture on any screen today.
"Tenderloin."—The talking picture. They'll have to do better.
"That's My Daddy."—Reginald Denny in a pleasant farce.
"The Trail of '98."—Big Alaskan melodrama, with some grand scenes.
"Two Lovers."—Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky in a romantic picture of the sixteenth century.
"We Americans."—Melting-pot drama with good spots.
"Wings."—Still soaring toward a record.

"Tawm's Holt"

(*Continued from page 51*)

ganda squad, such a tradition made headway. Today a formidable proportion of the Alabama voters believe that essentially this transaction happened. In the spring of 1920, with faith hotter and cotton prosperity madder than it has been since, such an engaging bit of folklore, however spread, explains how Congressman Heflin won twenty-nine per cent of the first and second choice votes in the complicated Democratic Senatorship primary, against strong and well-organized opposition, and became Senator Heflin for an unexpired term of four years.

To a less shrewd statesman the immediately subsequent fall in the price of cotton during the same season might have brought ruin. But as a serious economist "Tawm" was above such petty hazards of fortune. If cotton dropped to 15 cents, and worse, that showed that some villain must be at work. "Tawm" astutely, and to the entire satisfaction of Alabama's more ardent hero worshipers, discovered the villain in W. P. G. Harding, the Birmingham banker, whom President Wilson had made Governor of the Federal Reserve System. Cotton had broken, because Governor Harding, a citified industrial capitalist, and hence the natural enemy of honest farmers, had jockeyed the Federal rediscount rates on purpose to make it break.

SENATOR HEFLIN preached this doctrine in Congress and on his State tours with a wealth of attractive personal denunciation, until he ranked almost as high as the down-and-out cotton farmer's champion as he had before in his capacity of the creator of cotton prosperity. And eventually, in the routine of the incoming Republican Administration's personnel changes, Governor Harding was removed from his high place to make way for a partisan of the nobler political faith. But in Alabama it was represented that "Tawm," as a militant cotton economist, had won another great victory over Baal and Beelzebub. The Senatorial campaign of 1924 came on, and no other aspiring Democrat thought enough of his chances even to offer "Tawm" opposition. Meanwhile, in 1924 and 1925 cotton prices soared again moderately, and the heroism and sagacity of Senator Heflin were again demonstrated.

Who said the revival had not come about because "Tawm" Heflin had got W. P. G. Harding fired? As a matter of fact, plenty of intelligent Alabamans said it, but they did not say it from the stump in opposition to "Tawm's" unanimously indorsed—or rather accepted—candidacy.

But, of course, a statesman of the rare economic talents has other grac adapted to charming devoted audience He is famous, for instance, for the be platform stock of corn-field wit enjoye on the Southern stump since the deat of Private John Allen, of Mississipp His worst enemies grant him this qual fication and admit him highly enjoyabl His friends, for the most part, are devoi of all set amusements in their lives e cept the comic supplements in the State larger Sunday newspapers, and so fin that one of "Tawm's" meetings ever few years fills the gap in their lives le by the almost total absence of metr politan "colyumnists," vaudeville, an sophisticated wisecracking.

They still cherish his more elaborat buffooneries, such as his now sixteen year-old description of Captain Rich mond Pearson Hobson shooting for Senate seat with a popgun. "Pop" wa the right word in that campaign, sinc Hobson was a prohibitionist befor "Tawm" had become one.

Added to this playfulness are gifts fo denunciation which make it possible fo the senior Senator to charge openly any meeting he chooses that any ind vidual or newspaper criticising him any manner for any cause was hired do it by the Pope—or, in his earlier mil tant phases, by W. P. G. Harding's mil ions. Added, too, should be gifts f making his opponents appear ridiculou In his Senatorship fight in 1920, noticin one of his opponents in the audience, told the delectable story of his shootin at "an uppity nigger" in a Washingto street car some half a dozen years pr viously. Then he stentoriously follow it up with an invitation, aimed direct at the rival, to all who would have de likewise to stand up. The rival stood u amid a volley of cheers which were n entirely a tribute to his whole-soul sportsmanship.

FROM these qualities the anti-Cathol campaign follows, if not as a matt of course, at least logically. Alabama willing, even in the anti-Heflin ranks, believe that, with his gift for demon visions, "Tawm" believes a good deal it. This is not necessarily inconsiste with the fact that it fills up time an gets attention in a period when cott is neither very good nor very bad an there is little for a professional cott economist to do in the way of spe binding. It had its merits, too, at a tim when the Ku Klux Klan, on one of more belated appearances, was winnin control of the State Government,

ugh just now, since "Tawm" has erted them in their fight on the power erests, the Klan leaders at the State use at Montgomery speak of Senator flin with almost as much coldness as y speak of Mayor Jimmie Walker.

Yet, as a matter of fact, even the rank l file of Heflin supporters among ansmen do not seem to be particularly red by the flow of philippics against Court of Pius XI. I talked with a up of them in Montgomery recently, g and sympathetically, but all they uld give him was a grudging admis- n that "Tawm was speakin' out in eting as usual and saying a lot of ngs that other fellows know but are aid to say."

"Well, what about his set-to with Sen- r Robinson?" I asked, and waited for ressions of admiration.

"Well," they answered, "Tawm seems have lost his temper a little bit, just everybody else does once in a while. t he's done a lot for this State, so we 't let it worry us as much as it wor- some outsiders."

In other words, what is a little verbal iscretion in a great cotton economist se heart and theology are in the nt place? I suspect that "Tawm's t" will hold until somebody finds a y of boosting cotton prices higher and re ostentatiously.

. S. Van Dine: The Man Behind the Mask

(Continued from page 48)

n Dine. In this article appear the ne ideas and even the same phrases t appeared over Mr. Wright's name. . Van Dine and Mr. Wright not only ieve in the same laws underlying the d detective novel, but express their ief in almost the same words. Either h of these persons are only one, or the non-existent Mr. Van Dine is giarizing from the work of the exist- Mr. Wright. It is also odd that Mr. ight, in his introduction, should make y a passing reference to the works of n Dine and that Van Dine should be iciently familiar with the somewhat teric art criticism of Mr. Wright to te from the latter's works.

PEAKING over the radio, the man be- hind the pseudonym explained that name he had adopted was an old ily name. It appears that Mr. ight's maternal grandmother was a n Dyne. At his home Mr. Van Dine eives mail under both his names; the taposition of those letter-boxes should sufficient to set at rest the doubts of se who assert that Mr. Wright could not have written the books of Van Dine. Their incredulity is justified. On the basis of his past achievements, on the basis of his concern with the fundamental æsthetics underlying the arts, with the philosophy of Nietzsche, with the study of comparative religion, with music (he studied to become a conductor), with painting, with almost all forms of knowledge, Mr. Wright would seem to be about the last person to write the novels of S. S. Van Dine—were it not for Philo Vance. Also the skeptics seem to me to underrate Mr. Wright's suppleness and adaptability. Mr. Wright has proved that he is capable of enacting more than one rôle. The man who majored in ethnology and anthropology at Harvard, studied music at Rochester, and subsequently learned to paint as well as to interpret art, who worked on a newspaper and wrote a book outlining the rationale underlying the arts—such a man might well engage to write detective fiction just to prove that he could do it better than those who have been spending their lives in that occupation.

"Does it not give you a sense of pride," I asked him, "to realize that you, an intellectual, coming in your maturity freshly to the field of detective fiction, should have made so popular a success, and at the same time have modified the type of the detective story?" He confessed that it gave him a sense of satisfaction. He told me that in writing the novels of Van Dine he had not lowered his standard, but that he wrote in obedience to other laws than those governing the composition of such specialized books as he has heretofore done. He has by no means ceased to be the man he was before he became Van Dine. Once he has completed his fifth, or sixth, detective novel, he will return to his old identity and complete three books—"Philology and the Writer," "Modern Literature," and "Modern Music." The latter two will supplement his "Modern Painting" and, like it, will be applications of the critical theory enunciated in his "The Creative Will."

Bearing in mind the character of his books of criticism—he had published only one novel before he became Van Dine, "The Man of Promise"—it is easy to see why the novels bearing the name of Van Dine could not have been published under that of Willard Huntington Wright. Had they been published under the latter name, they would have had a hard struggle to beat back the association of intellectuality which that name has. Appearing under a virginal name, they were judged for themselves. The purpose of that pen-name having been served, the present Mr. Van Dine is less unwilling, it seems to me, to

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acknowledge and resume the full use of his past name. He is aware, he said, that the time will soon come when he will have to acknowledge, officially, his pre-Van Dine identity.

When I asked him whether the adoption of a pen-name for his novels of crime detection was not a tacit admission that he regarded that type of novel as being on a lower plane than other forms of writing, he admitted that it was. He added, however, that the adoption of a pen-name constituted a temporary acceptance of the lower rating which detective-novel writing has in this country, as against England, where eminent men of letters are accustomed to publish detective fiction under their true names. He instanced A. A. Milne, G. K. Chesterton, John Buchan, A. E. W. Mason, Father Knox of Trinity College, Oxford, and, among the dead, Zangwill and Dickens. Mr. Wright may well inaugurate a similar state of pride for detective-novel writing in this country.

If You're Sending Your Boy to Camp

(*Continued from page 47*)

will make the most money. A conservative estimate of $100 profit per boy might be made—$35,000 for the large camp; more, if the economy in the kitchen is severe.

For too often the chief object of most summer private camps is to make money for the owners. John's welfare, I am sorry to say, is frequently secondary. It is in just this particular that the successful Scout camps have an advantage, though these Scout camps are by no means uniform in their success. But their hands are not tied by the necessity of showing a large financial profit. They are under no constraint to keep an unsatisfactory boy because of a possible loss of tuition.

They can therefore give a thoroughly co-operative camp, and, while they have their faults, pampering is not one of them. John would be given definite responsibility in a Scout camp. He would become a member of a patrol of eight boys led by a boy patrol leader, and would sink or swim by his own efforts alone. He would have a real part in the program and the management of the camp. In short, he would soon feel that it was his camp for which to be either proud or ashamed. Any infraction of camp rules would be settled by a council of boy patrol leaders, and if his offense were great their verdict alone would send him home.

And now we have uncovered the keystone of the successful boy's camp: responsibility; not just a lot of tedious duties shelved off on him by a lazy c cilor, but genuine responsibility.

A notable example of camp resp bility is to be found in a camp near York where the older boys have most of the buildings and where the tire discipline and program of the c are done on a self-governing plan, boys being responsible to their elected leaders. The councilors in camp merely advise and direct, and character development achieved is s thing that might make many an ex sive, elaborately equipped camp env It is a noteworthy point here that director of this camp prefers his c cilors to be experienced teachers recreational leaders. He does not his councilors from boys still in co or who have immediately graduated.

Elaborate equipment is the pitfa many camp directors and is the bait which many a gullible parent is fo

It might be pertinent to mention of the unique features of modern s mer camps for children, "the c camp." I have in mind one such c in the Adirondacks where boys and up to the age of eight years are ta living in separated units, but comin gether for common activities.

The success of this camp has sensational, as it affords opportunity self-expression and because it avoids one-sidedness of the segregated cam that desensitization to beauty and c tesy often found in a strictly boys' munity. It is not a "sissy camp" yet a "hard-boiled one."

In conclusion, then, the camp John's mother needs to find should be a small one; preferably a camp w the boys are divided into smaller gr under self-leadership—if possible, s utilization of the eight-boy patrol sy of the Scouts, with self-leadership w directed by suggestion and the stim tion of wholesome competition.

The game idea, now finding so cessful a place in modern educa should be frequently used in this c To observant John more nature ca learned from an ingenious treasure than from any amount of listening lecture with colored slides.

Such a camp under the sympat direction of a camp director who teacher as well as a camper—and just a business man exploiting his c as a summer haven for the childre harassed parents—is John's mot goal. For in it John will learn to a many helpful attitudes and constru hobbies. His sense of social rela and obligations to his fellows wil strengthened and much will have done to give him what neither the his home, nor his school could give

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THE homeward journey of a gentleman from California was interrupted in New York the other day because just as he was about to disembark Customs officials found twenty-three bottles of liquor in his baggage. To people who know American travelers abroad there is nothing surprising in this. Ever since the advent of prohibition the childishness of American travelers in the presence of alcohol has become a byword among the nations.

WHAT is interesting in this particular case is that the gentleman in question is reported to be one of the leaders of a political organization which has selected Hoover as its candidate on a bone-dry platform; and so, presumably, is interested in co-operating with his associates in securing more and better prohibition.

TO our mind, it is this sort of thing which makes our main difficulty with the prohibition question. The majority of the people we know occasionally drink alcohol in some form or another. Yet publicly they are for prohibition. In their opinion, it's a good thing—for others. Particularly, it's a good thing for those unfortunate people—not themselves—who never were able to keep from misusing alcohol.

IT seems to us that there is an essential falsity in a point of view which has only the other fellow in mind. Certainly, honesty lies in legislating for yourself—not for others. People who are in favor of prohibition for others and yet crave occasional indulgence for themselves are dishonest in their thinking.

WE do not see any escape from the problem which prohibition presents. Either we must cease drinking (unless we just come out for the private making of alcoholic beverages) or we must find some way of regulating the consumption of alcohol which pleases us all. Meanwhile, let those who are publicly for bone-dry prohibition cease drinking privately. Conversely, let those who drink privately come out publicly for some other solution for the problem—say, the Swedish pass-book system, which penalizes the unfortunate who misuses alcohol, but does not make it immoral to drink liquor.

THE saloon is gone forever from this country. But genuine temperance will never be achieved through personal hypocrisy and public humbug. So far, what we have gained through prohibition has been at the expense of our characters. Let us all come out in the open, one way or another.

Francis Rufus Bellamy.

Charles Curtis

The Outlook

May 16, 1928

Charles Curtis of Kansas

By CHARLES G. ROSS

Hoover's foes among the Republicans are looking toward Senator Curtis, of Kansas, with growing interest. For, according to his friends, here is a Westerner who is highly satisfactory to the East and a conservative who is not wholly unacceptable to the progressives, and who may be counted upon to emerge a winner from the Republican National Convention. A St. Louis journalist gives us this story of Charles Curtis, the fifth in a series of political portraits.

THE name of Charles Curtis, of Kansas, majority leader of the Senate and the first man away from the barrier in the race for the Republican Presidential nomination, is a synonym for party regularity. Political storms of great violence—populism, free silverism, progressivism—have swept the Kansas prairies in his time, but none of them has shaken him from his moorings. Through his third of a century in the House and the Senate he has planted both feet on the party platform, waved aloft the banner of protection for industry and the farmer, and stood fast for government by regular Republicans in the tried and regular way. He is the most conspicuous Western outpost of Eastern conservative political thought. If elected President—and he cannot, at this writing, be wholly erased from the picture—he will continue to be intensely regular; men do not change their habits of mind at sixty-nine, which will be Curtis's age in March, 1929. Among the Presidents he would be classed with McKinley.

For a safe and sane candidate, Curtis had a singularly romantic early career. On his mother's side he traces his ancestry back through White Plume, chief of the Kaw tribe of Kansas Indians, to the famous Pawhuska, chief of the Osage tribe. White Plume's granddaughter married Louis Pappan, a French trader, and their daughter, Ellen Pappan, married the adventurous descendant of a New England family, who became Captain Curtis in the Civil War. Charles Curtis was born of this union on January 25, 1860, at Topeka, Kansas.

His mother died when he was three years old, and he was taken in charge by his grandmother Pappan, who lived on the Indian reservation sixty miles west of Topeka. The Senator has some vivid memories of those early days among his grandmother's people. Once when the Cheyennes went on the war-path he was the youthful Paul Revere, though not on horseback, who went miles across the plains at night to summon aid. What a theme that will be for the campaign biographers of the Senator if he gains the nomination! Again, there was the year of the great grasshopper plague, when his wise grandmother Pappan, as he recalls with gratitude, persuaded him that he ought to stay in school rather than join an exodus to the Indian Territory. He sold fruit at trains and worked in stores to get money to keep himself in school.

Before he was nine he became a jockey. He must have been a good one, for the owner of Tilden, a famous Kansas horse of those days, gave him a regular job. He toured the Southwest with Tilden, meeting all comers and never losing a race. The racing of that period was a haphazard but none the less serious business. Meets were arranged at any convenient place to bring together the fancied horses of rival owners or communities, and the stakes ran high. Curtis recalls that at a race down in Texas the man for whom he was riding called him over for final instructions. The owner was seated with a rifle across his knees. "Son," he said, "the last dollar I have in the world is on this race. If you don't win, don't stop when you cross the finish line. Keep right on going." Curtis won.

AT sixteen Curtis was about to quit school entirely for his riding, when another grandmother intervened. This time it was Permelia Hubbard Curtis, of New Hampshire, who set him on the road to the Senate and a Presidential candidacy. On her advice, he gave up racing and buckled down to his books. A year or so later he was a reporter on the North Topeka "Times." At nineteen he began to read law in a Topeka office. The financial going was rough, and he was tempted more than once to return to the track. Finally he hit upon a way to make money. A livery-stable keeper of his acquaintance had an unused hack and a spavined horse. Curtis owned a horse equally spavined. He rented the outfit from the stable, added his own animal, and set up as a hack proprietor. Success became assured when the politicians who frequented the old Copeland House in Topeka took a

fancy to Curtis's disreputable-looking rig and began to patronize it to the exclusion of others. He read law books while waiting for fares. The venture enabled him to keep on with his studies and gave him his first contacts with politicians. He drove the hack for two years, at the end of which time he was admitted to the bar and began practice.

In 1884, when he was twenty-four years old, Curtis began a career of office-holding that has suffered only one brief interruption. His first post was that of prosecuting attorney of Shawnee County —and thereby hangs a tale. Prohibition had come to Kansas, but it was not being enforced. A hundred saloons flourished in Topeka without interference. To make sure that this happy condition would not be disturbed, the wet faction decided to run young Charlie Curtis, ex-hacker, for prosecutor. Curtis told them that if elected he would enforce the law, and he added that he knew how to enforce it. They laughed. Nothing could be funnier than the idea of Charlie Curtis, their good friend, putting the saloons out of business. He was merely indulging in a little Kansas humor. So it seemed to both sides, for the drys voted against Curtis and the wets voted for him and put him over.

Curtis had no sooner been installed in office than he began bringing charges against the Topeka joint-keepers. When the first case came on for trial, the case that would test the sincerity of his pre-election statement, the court-room was packed. Even then it didn't seem possible to the wets that Curtis would carry out his threat. The drys were equally skeptical. On seeing the young prosecutor allow several known wets to remain in the jury box, the drys groaned and several of their leaders marched out of the room in disgust, convinced that the case was lost before it started. Curtis's speech surprised everybody; it was something wholly new in the annals of prohibition enforcement in Topeka. He indulged in no moral homilies, but based his demand for conviction solely on the fact that prohibition was the law of the State. The jury returned a verdict of guilty, whereupon the other defendants came forward, pleaded guilty, and threw themselves on the mercy of the Court. Within thirty days Curtis had closed every saloon in the city, and they stayed closed throughout his four years as prosecutor.

CURTIS was elected to the Congress of 1893–4, and with the exception of two years he has served continuously ever since. Promotion to the Senate came in 1907. His one defeat was in 1912, the year of the Bull Moose uprising, when, although he received the popular vote of his party, he carried an insufficient number of districts to win the nomination. The law was changed the next year to provide for nomination by the direct vote of the people, and in 1914 Curtis staged his comeback at the expense of Senator Bristow. He was the whip of the Republican majority under Senator Lodge, and after the death of the latter in 1924 was chosen leader.

Search the "Congressional Record," and you will find but few speeches by Curtis. When he does speak on the floor, it is rarely for more than a minute or two. Both in Kansas politics and in the Senate he gets his results by the private and confidential putting together of a few heads. He has been called—and is—the greatest whisperer in the Senate. When most Senators whisper, they are merely telling what Pat said to Mike; when Curtis whispers, he may be arranging a deal with the opposition, or telling how the next vote in the Senate will result, or conveying some message he has received from the White House —conveying just as much of it as he thinks his listener ought to hear.

In spite of the fewness of his words, or perhaps because of it, Curtis has left his impress on Congress and the country. One of his first chances to make a mark was given him in the House by "Czar" Reed, whose favor he had gained by his native shrewdness and his unflagging party regularity. Going into the Speaker's office one day, he found himself in the midst of a caucus of Republican leaders. He started to retreat, but Reed, addressing him as "Indian," called him back. Gold-standard legislation was being discussed. It soon became evident that the group would never reach an agreement. "Indian," said Reed, "what would you do about this?" Curtis replied that he would take the whole matter out of the hands of the standing committee which had been unsuccessfully trying to write a bill, and turn it over to a special committee. A day or two later Reed summoned the young man from Kansas to his office and told him his suggestion had been adopted. Curtis was one of the committee of eleven appointed by the Speaker to write a bill. The result of their efforts was the Gold Standard Act of 1900, which remains on the statute-books today without amendment.

Curtis was one of the first National legislators to come out for women's suffrage, and as whip of the Senate in 191 he did much to put through the suffra Amendment. He has been a consiste supporter of legislation in the interest women. Being a Kansan, he has nat rally been active on the side of far relief measures. In the last Congre the McNary-Haugen Bill put him in difficult position. His desire to do som thing for the farmer clashed with t fact that the "equalization fee" feature the bill ran counter to his political a economic philosophy. Like a good ma others in the same predicament, he vot for the bill.

Curtis was an early advocate of t two-thirds cloture rule adopted by t Senate in 1917. He had an importa hand in bringing about the adoption the National budget system, and it wa on his motion that the Senate rule fo bidding legislation by conferees wa adopted. A stanch prohibitionist fro his early Kansas days, he has cast h votes on the dry side without shadow turning. He followed his party leade Lodge, in the fight over the League Nations, and led the Administratio forces in the effort to take the Unite States into the World Court. He wen the whole route for the Payne-Aldric Tariff Bill when to do so was to cou political disaster in his home State, an he cast an orthodox Republican vote fo the Fordney-McCumber schedules.

Curtis as leader of the Senate majo ity relies on his time-tried methods compromise and conciliation. His pecu liar qualities are well suited to the tas of trying to bring a semblance of har mony out of the deep-seated discord o the Republican side, and he has done a much in that direction as anybody coul have done.

To nearly all his colleagues Senato Curtis is Charlie. Everybody like him. Everybody calls him a "squar shooter." In the press galleries he ha the reputation of fairness and blunt hon esty in analyzing a political situation The reporters like, too, his quiet dignity He is affable, but never clownish. I the best sense of the phrase, he is "plai as an old shoe."

William Allen White said in a recen interview that "for thirty-five years Charlie Curtis has been depositing fa vors in the political bank, and today h is drawing checks on them." That de scribes Curtis neatly. Ever since he en tered public life Curtis has been doing favors for his constituents, and the aggregate of good will that he has rolled

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Birth Control

As Seen by a Mother

By

MARION HURD McNEELY

In the pages of The Outlook a doctor has opposed birth control on physiological and humanistic grounds, a sociologist for economic reasons; a poet, a business woman, and a judge have discussed it in its relation to marriage. Mrs. McNeely feels that the class to whom birth control is the most vital thing in life has not been represented, and it is for that class—the mothers—that she undertakes to speak.

THERE are three classes of people who always step boldly to the front of the platform when the ect of birth control is mentioned—priest, the lawmaker, and the doctor. I were not able to smile at the ght of the discussion of that subject priest, I should cry from very rage. ll listen to a head hunter from Bor- on Paris styles, or to an Eskimo on progress of invention, but I will e even the confessional if the priest rs the words "birth control." The r two classes are not such great nders. I have no objection to their ression of their opinions. My com- nt of them is of the form that their rvations take. For instead of the that they could (and should) give world in a medical and legal way, invariably launch into a discussion the subject from an ethical stand- nt, on which they have no more wledge than any other citizen.

The curious fact is that in all the arti- upon birth control which have ap- red in The Outlook and other maga- es recently the two classes of human ngs who are most vitally interested—thers and children—are never repre- ted. The children are neglected be- se they are inarticulate; the women ause they hesitate to speak openly of ir own experiences. It has been only hin the last three or four years that th control, probably the most impor- t subject in the world, has not been sidered a shameful topic for discus- n. It is these two classes of citizens, whom birth control is the most vital ng in life, that I am trying to repre- t in this article.

I BELIEVE that most women want chil- dren. I have no statistics to prove s statement; only the words of the ny women who have voiced their nions to me. In my two years of mesteading life, where the coming of ery baby means greater hardship, in- ased economy, and unrelieved suffer- , I never heard of a woman who ln't want a family. "Pore little kid!" eard a homesteading mother say when fifth child was coming; "he ain't get- g no square deal when I ain't even t a bed fer him." (The other four ildren were sleeping lengthwise in one of the two beds the sod house possessed.) I knew another homesteader who, sensing the approach of her baby, walked four miles to the home of her nearest neighbor to get assistance. The kindly neighbor promised to come to her as soon as she had "kneaded down her bread." The homesteader walked back the four miles, and had hardly reached her empty house when her boy baby was born. She lay alone and without attention until her neighbor arrived. And her comment on the situation was: "I was skeered that baby'd take cold before they got him dressed. I'm glad he's all right. Ain't so lonesome on the prairie with a baby to look out fer."

I have seen the eyes of a middle-aged woman whose only child died at birth thirty years before fill with tears as she spoke of its death. I have seen women, many women, without families, look hungrily upon children. I have heard more than one hard-boiled flapper remark, with modern frankness, that they *wanted* a family; that they hoped they'd have a lot.

FUNDAMENTALLY, the modern woman is no different from all the women that have gone before her. Her manner of expression is different, that is all. She is unhampered by the past, undaunted by the present, unafraid of the future. And, fortified by new conventions, she dares to say what she thinks about childbearing, about limiting her family. But those thoughts are no different from her grandmother's thoughts on the same subject. It takes ages, instead of a single generation, to divert instinct, and the maternal urge cannot be overcome in a lifetime. The flapper wants a family, but she wants what she wants, and no more. And in her frankness that seems to the older generation almost brutal, she shows a tenderness and a consideration for her unborn that the past generation either lacked or dared not express.

Every married woman who possesses a conscience and a sense of responsibility finds herself faced with the same problem early in her married life. Without preparation, without either education or previous thought on the subject, she is confronted suddenly by the question of her duty to her husband as compared with her duty to her unborn children. This is not the problem of the unhappy woman; the more she loves her husband, the more tender and considerate he is toward her, the harder becomes her decision. Shall she consider him first? Or shall the children have first claim? Will they *want* to come? How many ought she to bear? Can she have as large a family as she and her husband desire, and still be untiring, loving, *responsible* enough to care for them? Can she supply enough health for their bodies? Enough lime for their bones? Enough patience for their upbringing? Ought she to run the risk of having children to whom she cannot give her best?

The more conscientious the mother, the more she thinks upon these things. To whom may she go for help? Neither her religion nor her education offer her any solution. Her family physician not only cannot help her with the moral question, but is forbidden to give her any information about the physical. Her priest, if she is a Roman Catholic, comes to the front with a solution that is as absurd as it is absolute: If she desires but three children, she must deviate from continence three times in the twenty-five years of her married life. I have heard more than a few "good Catholics" express their opinion of that advice. So she fights it out alone. In this greatest of problems, in which men and women need all the help that science, that religion, that psychology, that experience can give them, there is no source of help. A stock raiser may write for a United States bulletin on every subject pertaining to the production of

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If You Should Fly

By MILBURN KUSTERER

MEN and women who a few years ago gave no thought to flying as it affected them personally are now giving serious consideration to commercial aviation as a means of saving time, extending their business and social activities, and increasing the pleasure of travel. These people are told by various agencies and in numerous ways that flying is as safe as ground transportation. However, they are not infrequently subjected to the more or less disquieting accounts of airplane accidents and casualties.

Those connected with aviation attribute these accidents mainly to unairworthy planes and incompetent pilots. Such things, they say, do not happen to good machines and good pilots. These men speak with perfect honesty and a full knowledge of what they are talking about. "But," asks the prospective air passenger, "how can I tell whether the plane is safe and whether the pilot is competent? Do I have to take that chance too?"

The Air Commerce Act and Regulations give the Department of Commerce control of all inter-State air commerce and supervision of all air traffic. That is, all airplanes must observe the Federal flight regulations—the rules of the road of the air—whether engaged in inter-State or only intra-State commerce.

Among the functions of the Aeronautics Branch are the inspection and licensing of aircraft and the examination and licensing of pilots. It is this activity which affords the layman the means by which he can determine for himself the airworthiness of an airplane and the competence of its pilot. The license given each is a credential of fitness for service. The pilot must carry his license and present it upon demand. Licensed airplanes must display their certificates conspicuously. These are the safeguards provided the public by the Department of Commerce.

Pilots may be divided into two classes: those who are licensed by the Department and those who are not. Commercial airplanes may be differentiated in the same way. Pilots are licensed according to their skill, experience, knowledge, and in relation to the particular work in which they may engage. The pilot who carries passengers or property in inter-State commerce must have a transport pilot license. This is the highest credential given by the Department.

The transport pilot must have at least two hundred hours of solo flying and pass examinations on the theory of flight, rigging of airplanes, air traffic rules, meteorology, and engines. He must be able to fly in emergency maneuvers, doing spirals, sideslips, and recovering from stalls. His fitness for cross-country flying under all conditions must be demonstrated. He is subjected to a rigorous medical examination. His mental and moral fitness to be intrusted with the lives of others is ascertained. In every sense, the transport pilot is an all-round pilot and is entitled to pilot any type of licensed plane anywhere. Among the transport pilots of this country are the finest and most able fliers in the world. Colonel Lindbergh was a transport pilot long before he was an international hero. Air-mail pilots, since they are engaged in inter-State commerce, have to be transport pilots. This fact accounts in part for the fine performance and safety records of the air-mail lines.

There are other classes of pilots—limited commercial, industrial, private, and student. The limited commercial pilot must have fifty hours of solo flying in contrast to the transport pilot's two hundred hours. They are allowed to carry passengers for hire only within a limited, designated small area. They cannot carry passengers or property for hire or reward outside the areas denoted in their licenses.

An industrial pilot is not allowed to carry passengers for hire or reward, but may engage in such operations as crop dusting, aerial photography, and aerial surveying. He must have fifty hours of solo flying. The physical and other examinations given the applicants for limited commercial and industrial licenses are not as rigorous as those which must be passed by transport pilots.

Private pilots are non-commercial pilots. They are not permitted to carry passengers or property for hire. Private pilots designated as student pilots are licensed only to pilot a licensed airpl while receiving instruction. The stud pilot is restricted to a definite, s area.

The only licensed pilots who privileged to carry passengers for are the transport and limited comm cial. Neither can carry pay passen in an unlicensed aircraft. The per who is going to fly can easily ass himself of the status of the pilot asking to see his license. This m prove a wise precaution, even though passenger is going to take only a sh hop. It is the getting up and com down that count; not the dista flown, but the distance to the ground case of a mishap. It may be safer fly from coast to coast with one p than to take a three-minute hop w another. It is not enough to know t the pilot is licensed. The cautious p son also should know his class.

LAST year in New York State th were seventeen airplane crash Fourteen of these planes were not re tered and thirteen of the pilots held licenses. Records show that accide are more frequent with unlicensed pla and pilots. Department of Comme statistics for 1927 show that 80 per c of airplane fatalities occurred in licensed machines and that of the to of 681 licensed planes, 665, or 97¾ cent, operated throughout the ye flying millions of miles without a sin fatality. In air-mail operations th was but one fatality to 1,413,381 pi passenger miles. In air transport erations the ratio was 1 to 1,413, miles.

In case pilots who are licensed frisky and break rules, the local Depa ment inspector investigates and repo to Washington. If action is necessa the pilot may be "grounded" for a ti his license suspended or revoked, o fine may be imposed.

Any airplane engaged in inter-St commerce must be licensed by the D partment, as must any plane flown a licensed pilot who is carrying pass gers for hire. No plane can be licens until its type of structural design a details of manufacture have been proved by the Department enginee Federal inspectors from time to ti

sit the factories operating under this an to see that work is up to standard d that the approved specifications are ing followed.

Airplanes not engaged in inter-State mmerce must register with the De- rtment and receive a number, even ough they do not apply for a license. his number is for identification only d is carried on the top and bottom ng surfaces in the same places as the mbers on licensed planes. The regis- red but unlicensed plane may be easily stinguished from the licensed plane. hen there is no letter preceding the mber, the plane is merely marked for entification. There is no assurance by e Department as to the structural fety of the plane or its general condi- on. It has not been approved and the epartment inspector has not examined It may be safe and it may not.

Licensed aircraft show the Depart- ent's credential in the form a letter preceding the regis- ation number. Capital "S" eans "State," and is used on anes engaged solely for Gov- nmental purposes and be- nging to some political di- sion, such as city, county, or ate. Capital "C" means commercial" and precedes e number on all other li- nsed airplanes except that ecial symbols are assigned to anes engaged in racing or perimental work. The let- r "N" denotes that the plane used in foreign air com- erce.

The Spirit of St. Louis car- es the identification NX211. he "X" denotes experimental nd the 211 is the license mber. As Colonel Lindbergh ished to use his plane in reign countries the "N" ap- eared, but was not necessary, he was not engaged in for- gn commerce.

THE system of numbering gives the Department a check on all airplanes whether licensed or not, and infractions of rules can be accurately reported. Here are some of the ways in which the layman can tell if a plane is breaking the air traffic rules: if it swoops down to within one thousand feet of a public gathering, such as a ball-game crowd; if it performs stunts over a crowd at any altitude; if it stunts over a city or over an airport or within one thousand feet horizontally thereof. It is against regulations to drop objects from an airplane without permission from the Secretary of Commerce, or to fly acrobatically with any passenger for hire even if the passenger so requests.

Aircraft licenses may be suspended or revoked for violation of the Air Commerce Act or Regulations. Revocation may also be imposed for operating planes in excess of the authorized load and for changing equipment or remodeling airplanes after they have been licensed. In case of a serious crash, the airplane cannot be flown after reconditioning until it has been inspected by a Department representative.

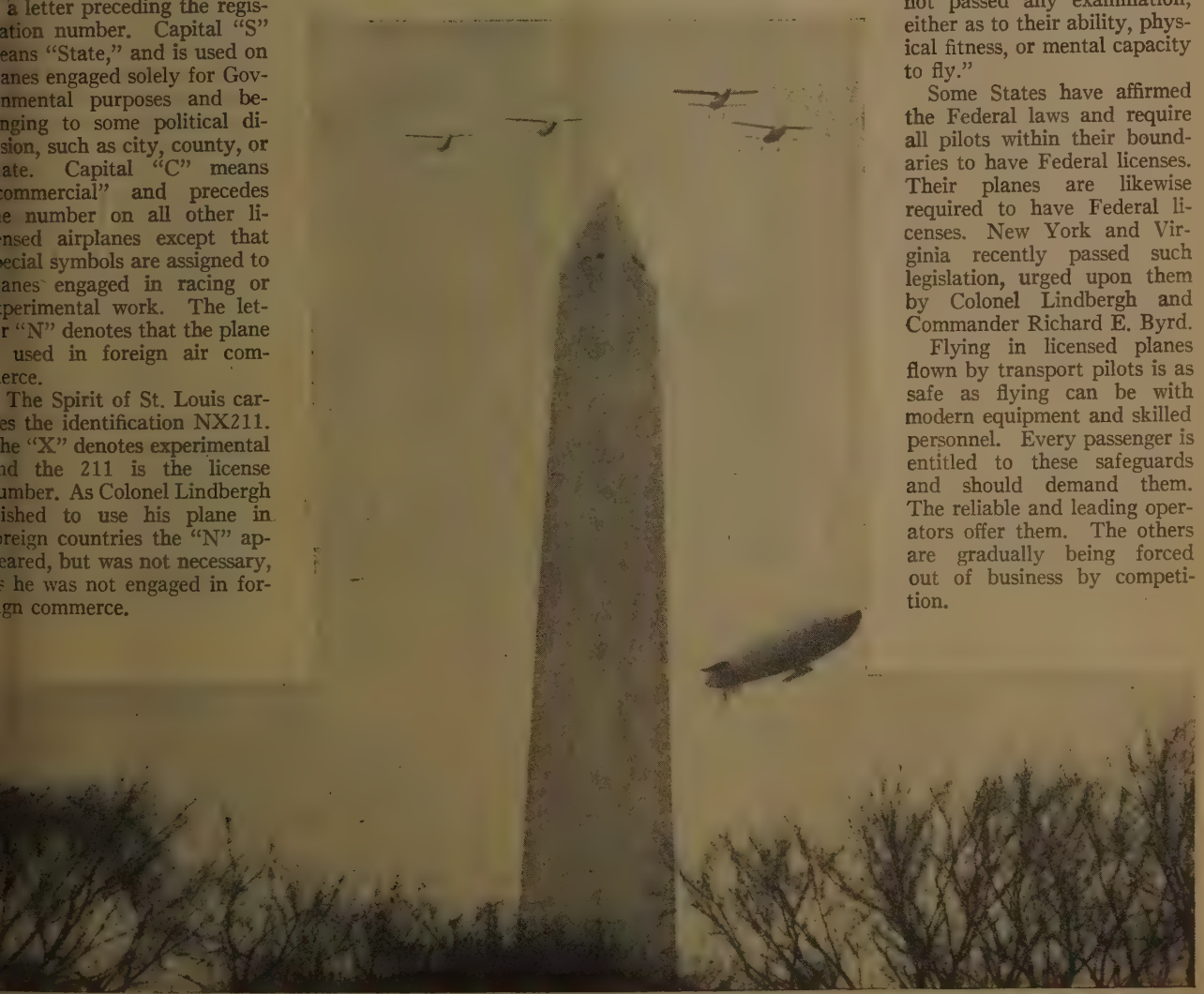
The prospective air passenger, however, asks, "With all this regulation, how is it that unlicensed planes and pilots do fly and carry passengers?"

The answer is that they are engaged in intra-State commerce, over which the Department has no control. William P. MacCracken, head of the Aeronautics Branch of the Department of Commerce, says:

"The result is that unless some action is taken by State authorities, or the Air Commerce Act is amended to require the licensing of all aircraft and airmen, there will be a certain percentage of planes operating in this country that have not been inspected, and they will be flown by pilots who have not passed any examination, either as to their ability, physical fitness, or mental capacity to fly."

Some States have affirmed the Federal laws and require all pilots within their boundaries to have Federal licenses. Their planes are likewise required to have Federal licenses. New York and Virginia recently passed such legislation, urged upon them by Colonel Lindbergh and Commander Richard E. Byrd.

Flying in licensed planes flown by transport pilots is as safe as flying can be with modern equipment and skilled personnel. Every passenger is entitled to these safeguards and should demand them. The reliable and leading operators offer them. The others are gradually being forced out of business by competition.



Grandfather's Neck

By MARY SHIRLEY

TO any one who watches the drift of current fiction with interest, the metamorphosis of the Southern novel during recent years has been a phenomenon of striking significance. There was, before 1914, a *genre* known as "Southern," a trade-mark as definite in its implications as "Western" when applied to a movie today. It called for certain lay figures, properties, and even foods, and was a composite of a Dixie belle, a Colonel (Confederate, of course), a mammy to whom the Emancipation Act was the original "scrap of paper," a colonial house, preferably dilapidated, wherein the inhabitants subsisted chiefly on a diet of beaten biscuit and mint juleps (frosted by the heroine). The villain was a Northerner, pronounced "damyankee," unless the author was unusually reconstructed, when, as likely as not, the hero himself hailed from north of the line and—plague on both their houses!—claimed the Southern beauty as his bride in a last chapter foggy with "tears and love for the blue, love and tears for the gray." This type was especially popular at the time of the Spanish War, when the sentiment of the country voiced itself in the song,

One lies down near Appomattox,
Many miles away,
Another sleeps at Chickamauga,
And they both wore suits of gray,

In a trench at Santiago. . . .

But not even in war time could a writer bring himself to have a Southern hero fall in love with a girl from the North. It was taken for granted that all Southern girls were supremely charming. The characters were not born of the author's spiritual travail; they were delivered complete by the theatrical costumer—the heroine's curls and crinolines, the Colonel's old gray hat and white Van Dyke—as ordered for this fancy-dress party which was the novel of the South. And, more's the pity, this *bal masque* was often contrived by an author of genuine gifts—graceful style, romantic feeling, and even humor, which, alas! he had to sacrifice too frequently to the blue laws limiting his *metier*. By any other name, these books smell ever so faintly of "Elsie Dinsmore."

Towering above his contemporaries was George W. Cable, who was to Louisiana and her Creoles what Hawthorne was to New England, lacking perhaps some of Hawthorne's tragic intensity, his compactness of method, but with every quality of a great interpreter of a people. Upon re-reading his work with the expectation of finding color, romance, and exotic charm—finding all of these—one is amazed at his detachment and the breadth of his humanity. It must be recalled that "The Grandissimes," his most important novel and his own favorite, was written nearly fifty years ago. It is interesting to have the authority of his daughter, Mrs. Chard, for Mr. Cable's attitude toward his own work, which explains to a degree his remarkable faculty for "perspective." He at one time said to a friend that he liked to have at least fifteen years' contact with his subject, and then fifteen years' absence from it, before he began to write about it. With such preparation, it is not surprising that more recent writers have failed to supplant him as pre-eminently the novelist of the South. His fame is as secure as Hawthorne's or Henry James's.

Thomas Nelson Page, of Virginia, with an undeniable gift for telling a tale and a polished style withal, never broke through the conventions governing the Southern novel and had apparently no temptation to do so. In a preface he frankly says that he writes of people who are the products of a system it is now the fashion to speak of only with condemnation. Of the merits of that system he seems to have been convinced, though sentiment, and not conviction, motivates his work. It is inevitably the Lost Cause which receives the heart's allegiance. Was there ever any one in the world—except perhaps the late William Jennings Bryan—who did not love a Stuart better than a Roundhead, especially *after* cutting off Charles's head?

James Lane Allen, of Kentucky, after writing "The Choir Invisible" and several other fine novels in the tradition, suddenly confounded his admirers by going modern! Only in those days they called it "advanced," and it meant, my dear, being just horrid! He wrote a simple and harmless enough tale, wherein the head of a family had a frightfully wild time, as he sat before the Christmas tree, ruminating on the quite scandalous origin of Christmas trees in the days of the Druids. His speculations lured him to some unorthodox views of his marriage vows. (People get that way when they begin to think about Druids.) The upshot of all this was that Mr. Allen was told in effect that Druid oaks and firs were no trees for his Kentucky Cardinals. These birds must never perch on the Golden Bough!

John Fox, Jr., another Kentuckian, contributed his "Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come" to the annals of the mountaineer, and a little later Henry Sydnor Harrison's "Queed" was knocked down by the "pleasure dog," spilling his apples all over the street! "The pleasure he has given me is negligible if not non-existent." How that phrase has kept up our morale on occasions not highly felicitous! All these novels, as expected, contained confections for the literary sweet tooth, but it would be ungracious as well as pedantic to belittle the delight such books have given us in the past. In many instances the pleasure was by no means negligible or non-existent.

Delightful as many of the Southern tales were, and even true to some limited phases of life in the South, there was little attempt to probe deeply into the secret motives of the human soul or to present any of the universal problems of common humanity. Of stories dealing with the Negro, from "Uncle Remus" down to "Porgy" and "Black April," there is no opportunity to speak in this article, for they belong in a class apart, in the nature of things, just as the peculiar and unhappy heritage of the Negro himself makes him a figure of tragic isolation in the midst of our civilization.

It was not until 1915 that the bonds of tradition were finally cut by a slim flashing blade, when James Branch Cabell published "The Rivet in Grandfather's Neck." Taking his text from that ineffably lovely story by Hans Christian Andersen, "The Shepherdess and the Sweep," Cabell made the porcelain figure of the Mandarin the symbol of the Old South. Once Grandfather could nod his head, but when broken into bits, though more fortunate than Humpty-Dumpty, he was put together so clumsily that his neck remained quite rigid. It has been said that Cabell did to Virginia what Cervantes did to Spain

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Beyond Cult and Sect

By ADACHI KINNOSUKE

FOOD, a little of it fancy but mostly not, somehow has marked my spiritual progress like mile-ones.

It was early autumn, and it was in the ty of Nashville. The great campus of anderbilt University was arrayed in old and scarlet, looking like a stage for mediæval romance. The very sunshine ad a touch of refinement about it.

But I did not enjoy a game of tennis hat day, somehow. I could not say nything viler than that of any day in he calendar. The professor of Hebrew n the Theological Department licked he, and licked me good. The thing ruck me as a greater miracle than the aising of the dead. I saw another mira-le, though, even greater than that, at he dinner table. That dinner tasted to he like a lot of old bits of newspaper easoned with sawdust. I went to bed, nd on the following morning I could not hink of any attraction strong enough to rag me out of it.

"Hustle out of there, now, you good-or-nothing old"— My kindly room-nate did not finish the complimentary reeting. For just then his eyes hap-ened to fall upon my face. His eyes ot round and rounder, but he did not vaste another adjective, and rushed out f the room.

The doctor came and stuck a fever hermometer under my tongue. The ollege physician was a jolly old body, opular with the boys. After he had ooked me over I wondered just what it vas that had ever made me think him olly. The only story that his old ther-nometer told me was 103°. And I couldn't see anything in that that would make a man half as glum as the doctor eemed to be.

THERE is something funny about a healthy little animal—all of which I vas in those days—the least little trouble vith his body makes him jump straight o the conclusion that he is going to die he very next moment. I knew all about his fundamental fact in human psychol-ogy. And at that time—all the while he doctor was looking so glum—I did not feel like stepping right off, or any-hing like it. I told the doctor all this just to cheer him up a bit. He didn't even crack a smile. When he did speak, he did not tell me a new joke. Instead he asked me if my parents were still living. When I assured him that they were, he wished to know where they were. I told him they were some nine thousand

miles from where I lay. He asked if any of my blood relations were living in the United States and a number of other questions quite as curious.

He had a hard time in leaving me, although, upon the brightest of my honor, I did not do a thing to keep him. But he left in the end. Left alone, I devoted myself to the easiest thing I could do: I looked up at the ceiling and kept right on looking at it as minutes and hours marched on in their pilgrimage to eternity. As I looked that old whitewashed ceiling took on all the life and drama of the silver screen, although that was years before the movie was even the dream child of its inventor.

SOMEWHERE I had heard that a man's soul reviews his entire life at the gate of the Shadow World even as the Emperor reviews his army at the Aoyama Review Ground. Could it be—as the doctor seemed to think—that I was really seriously ill? I looked at the ceiling. The parade continued, as if in answer to my query.

And suddenly I felt—not sick, but lonely. I never felt so lonely in all my life. The universe was utterly empty—positively painful in its exaggerated void. I was alone, I knew that. If a countryman or countrywoman of mine happened to be within a thousand miles of me, I knew nothing of him or her. And the crowded parade on the ceiling kept unrolling steadily. And the more it unrolled, the lonelier I got. Perhaps the doctor was right. There are times when even doctors are right, I told myself. And without fuss, without violence or melodrama of any sort, everything took on the tinge of dull blue—including the parade on the ceiling. I actually thought of turning my face to the wall with the common human refrain, "This is the end." Perhaps I did do just that. For after continuous, unanimous, although not enthusiastic sinking of a considerable length of time, I was suddenly startled out of the mire of desolation as from a nightmare.

IT was a knock at the door that did it. It came again. I did not take the trouble of answering it. Everything seemed to me like yesterday's newspaper—curiosity was dead and cold within me. The knock came for the third time and spoke to me in a tone that proved the folly of fighting it with indifference. So I said, "Come in." "One of the boys dropping in," I thought, and did not take the trouble of turning my head to find out who the visitor might be. But why doesn't the fellow say something? Just then I heard a noise no student is guaranteed to make. It sounded like setting down a heavily laden tray of some sort. It meant food.

"Dar, now," I heard a full-chested contralto say, "Mis' Marshall, she say her compliments. She say"— The sentence was never finished. For just then the eyes of the plump colored maid fell upon my face for the first time. And

they rested upon my features as upon a beast out of the Book of Revelation. She stared at me for a full minute. She was speechless, breathless, from her looks. And then—but no words came from her, not even an exclamation. It was an explosion. There was nothing wordy about it, though. For it was one big, explosive laugh. Just how and why a lonely heathen nine thousand miles from the hills and mountain streams of Kameoka and pretty deep in the ooze of blues could inspire so much mirth I didn't know. But there was not a shadow of doubt that I was just about the funniest thing she ever saw. Her laugh exploded suddenly; it came to a stop quite as suddenly. I saw her eyes turn on the tray. The precious luncheon was cooling. Evidently, a spoiled meal was her idea of the one and only unforgivable sin. She took off white napkins with the dignity and mystic rite of an Egyptian priestess unveiling a goddess.

"Ain't it des scrumpchus?" said she, and a lot more utterly beyond my modest knowledge of English, as she arranged everything beside my bed so I could help myself easily.

Left alone, I looked at the tempting dishes on the tray. A small bowl of chicken okra soup in the center sent up a feather of steam. Beside it, on another plate, slices of white chicken meat were draped against a heap of cranberry sauce. Next to it a cut-glass dish full of celery and olives. Then, nestling close to it, I saw something which made me forget all the rest—a small chrysanthemum flower, barely the size of a silver dollar.

I looked at it—and then I looked at it again, and kept on looking at it. It was just the kind of chrysanthemum flower in shape and color that used to fill the back garden of our old Kameoka home. Mother's favorite, the flower was. She used to tend it herself.

Perhaps a pair of angel wings is the regular conveyance for a human soul to make its way home. But not always. Somehow that wee chrysanthemum flower seemed to me just the ark especially constructed for the home journey of my lonely soul.

Did I drop off to sleep? I must have. For a gentle knock brought me rather sharply back to the world of things-as-they-are. "Come in," I cried, and turned my head on the pillow. The door slowly opened. And I saw framed in the doorway Mrs. Marshall (which, of course, is not her real name), followed closely by her colored maid. She was rather small for an American girl—almost small and delicate enough for a Japanese lady of the Court of Kyoto.

"Why, the poor child hasn't eaten a thing!" I heard her say, as her eyes fell upon the untouched tray. "He must be very ill," she added. She said that to herself—I could see that.

Perhaps it was the tone of her voice—I don't know. Anyway, a spell fell upon me. A boiler factory suddenly turning into a rose-scented twilight with stars singing over it could not have been more gracious or magical than her presence.

"Couldn't you take anything at all?" I heard her low, soft voice say. "I prepared that soup myself. I thought you would like it—would be so good for you."

How I wished, to all the eight million gods of my ancestors, to tell her all—explain to her everything! But how on earth was I, with my cursedly limited command of English, to picture to her how I had freighted that dainty ark of a tiny chrysanthemum flower with my homesick soul and sped it on its homeward voyage? How could I make clear to her how I came to forget all about food in the excitement and enchantment of my soul's journey home? And all this in such a way as to keep her from rushing with me to the psychopathic ward? I just couldn't do it—and I knew I couldn't. So I did the only thing I could do: I looked at her in dumb, helpless dismay.

My predicament did not seem to distress her in the least; she didn't even seem to notice it. Had I seen the doctor? I told her I had; that he was coming back to see me that afternoon again. Then she whispered something to her colored maid and went out of the room. When she returned, I saw she had changed her dress completely. A white starched apron accentuated her appearance, I remember.

Without a single word, she seated herself beside my bed and told me quietly, "You need some one to look after you for a while."

I am afraid I stared at her in dumb amazement.

The real—in fact, the only possible—meaning of her presence in my room dawned upon me. Incredible, utterly impossible—it was even preposterous! I couldn't believe it at all, of course. But it was right in front of my eyes:

Young Mrs. Marshall was there to act as a volunteer nurse. There wasn't—simply couldn't be—any other explanation of all her actions.

Now I had never before that day exchanged more than brief greetings with Mrs. Marshall, but I had heard a lot about her from many of my school friends. She had been what the Southerners (and writers of romances) were delighted to call the "reigning toast" wherever she had happened to be. She had had all the handicaps of a girl of not only exceptional, but of superb beauty, reared in the lap of wealth by doting parents. All her young life she had been petted and flattered by a sort of involuntary band of conspirators who did the deadly work with the clearest conscience in the world and with an abiding conviction of doing a good and noble deed. And the band included practically every one with whom she had come in contact. In all her sheltered, gentle life she had never before seen a mere suspicion of a downright, hard, honest day's work within a mile of her.

It was this well-established fact and of common knowledge among the student body of Vanderbilt University that stunned me into a sudden state of coma at the sight of Mrs. Marshall quietly addressing herself to the task of nursing a heathen stray pup through what she evidently thought was a spell of serious illness.

But before I had a chance of recovering from my stupor of astonishment I saw the good doctor step through the open doorway. At his heel was a trained nurse in uniform.

The presence of Mrs. Marshall at my bedside, and more especially the way she was dressed, must have floored the good doctor as completely as they had me. And precisely for the same reason.

"Well!" he exclaimed. "You, of all people!"

Mrs. Marshall gave the astounded doctor a sweet little smile, rose to her feet, took him by the arm, and led him out of the room. Just what she told him outside of the door I do not know; I only heard the faint murmur of voices.

When they stepped back into the room, the doctor seemed to be in the best of humor—all the frozen knots were gone from his features. "Feel a little better, eh? Nobody can blame you for that very well, under the cir-

(*Please turn to continuation, page 115*)

Money for Politics

A Personal Letter from Washington

By DIXON MERRITT

THE Kenyon Campaign Funds Committee of 1920 made history. Now (may the saints ave us!—the memory of the political aints of both parties) we have the Steiwer Campaign Funds Committee of 928. If it should, by any chance, make istory of the same kind and on the ame scale as that made by the Kenyon Committee, our water-logged old ship of tate may have difficulty.

Is there anywhere a political commandment which says, "Do good that evil may come"? Whether there is or not, some such practice is fairly common. The intentions in and back of the Kenyon Committee were undoubtedly of the best. Yet its work made impossible the nomination of Frank O. Lowden or Leonard Wood and made possible the nomination of Warren G. Harding.

The Steiwer Committee starts, just as the Kenyon Committee did, with good intentions in and behind it. The members of the Committee themselves were taken almost completely by surprise and may hardly be said to have, as yet, very well formed intentions of any kind. But the purpose back of the movement was good. The initiative was taken by Senator Robinson, of Arkansas. All Senators, at least to the extent of not opposing, assisted it to fruition. The Vice-President was authorized to appoint a committee of five Senators to make scrutiny of expenditures in this year's Presidential and Congressional campaigns.

Rarely has a Vice-President been placed in a situation so embarrassing. Dawes is himself a candidate, by general acceptance if not by declaration, and may be investigated by this very Committee. Almost one-third of the Senators were out of consideration because they are candidates for re-election. Of the others, a number who might have been considered most eligible have been aspirants for a Presidential nomination, or nearly enough so to disqualify them. Of the two crack investigators of the Senate, Reed of Missouri is still and Walsh of Montana was until recently contending with Smith for the Democratic nomination. Such Republicans of varying schools of thought as Curtis, Watson, Borah, Norris, have each a chance of some votes in the Convention. Among the young and vigorous men, Goff on the Republican and George on the Democratic side are holding sectors of the allied lines.

The Vice-President was practically forced to make up a Committee almost wholly of newcomers to the Senate. He named Steiwer of Oregon, Dale of Vermont, and McMaster of South Dakota, Republicans, and Barkley of Kentucky and Bratton of New Mexico, Democrats.

There is on the Committee considerable judicial and prosecuting experience. Dale, Barkley, and Bratton have been judges. Steiwer, Barkley, and Bratton have been prosecuting attorneys. McMaster as a banker and Dale as a director of industrial corporations know finance. But, as has been the case with most Senate investigating committees recently, the sort of ability likely to become outstanding in a thing of this kind is mainly on the Democratic side.

What the Committee is to do, specifically, is not yet clear. When it began its duties, it found but one complaint. That was from Senator J. Thomas Heflin, of Alabama, and had to do with his charge that a good deal of money has been spent improperly in the interest of Governor Smith's candidacy for the Democratic nomination. This Committee is probably not sufficiently unique to take Senator Heflin seriously, and nothing is likely to be done with regard to Governor Smith that is not done with regard to all other candidates.

Every candidate who has made any showing at all on either side has been asked to appear, at his convenience, before the Committee. This is distinctly a new procedure. It may cause resentments. It may make trouble. But it may have in it, on the other hand, the possibility of permanent good.

There appears at this time no likelihood that the Committee will uncover, now or later, any very large expenditures. This is a cautious, if not a conscientious, year in political financing. So the Steiwer Committee hardly stands to find exactly such things as the Kenyon Committee found, hardly stands to destroy any candidacies by its revelations.

One of the problems—perhaps the biggest—in American politics is that of finding in ways that will be always above suspicion the money which is absolutely necessary in running campaigns. Everybody knows that sums of money, even very large sums of money sometimes, are necessary to candidacies and campaigns. Almost everybody knows that the ways now commonly employed for getting such money are devious and frequently dark. But nobody knows exactly where lies the direct and open way. If the Steiwer Committee turns its attention to finding that way and succeeds, it will make history of the right kind.

There are reasons for believing that the Steiwer Committee will attempt something of this kind. There are reasons for believing, too, that it may learn a good deal which is worth while, or which may be made worth while, from the financing methods of the men who are now running for President.

The Hoover campaign, for instance, is said to be thoroughly decentralized. Certainly there is nobody in Washington, which is the nearest approach to Hoover headquarters, who may be regarded as the head and front of the Hoover management. There are all sorts of stories as to how much money the Hoover campaign is costing, but all stories agree that there is no general war chest, that the money used in any particular territory originates mainly in that territory. In a sense, the system may be called local self-government in politics, even in personality politics. Perhaps there is in it, no matter what else, a suggestion for a better general system of candidacy financing.

Apparently, there is in the financing of the Smith candidacy, too, something different from the old fat-frying and broaching-the-barrel method. Perhaps the recent revelations of evils in political financing have forced most of the candidates to new methods. And undoubtedly many men not candidates have evolved some ideas out of recent events.

The Steiwer Committee, made up of men comparatively new to political affairs on the National scale, has the opportunity, not merely of seeing that the financing of this campaign does not run amuck, but of suggesting, at least, sound methods for the financing of all future campaigns.

The World This Week

Hoover and Smith Again

GOVERNOR SMITH carried the California primaries by an overwhelming vote. The opposition to Governor Smith was divided between Senator Reed and Senator Walsh. Governor Smith's margin over the combined votes of both his opponents was about 30,000 in a total Democratic primary vote of over 230,000.

Even in dry, anti-Tammany Kansas there were indications of the apparently irresistible sweep of the Smith campaign. Though the delegates are instructed for Representative Ayres, who did not desire the nomination, and though more than half the delegates are Reed men, the unit rule was not adopted; and when the delegates are released from Ayres, the Smith delegates will be free to vote for their favorite.

While Governor Smith was walking away with the Democratic primaries in California, Secretary Hoover's ticket, running unopposed, received the indorsement of nearly 550,000 voters.

Couzens Wins

SENATOR COUZENS and the other minority stockholders in the Ford Motor Company who disposed of their stock holdings to Henry Ford in 1919 have beaten the Government in its suit to recover additional taxes on the stock transfer.

At the time of the sale Mr. Couzens and his associates secured an appraisal of their profits on the stock from Daniel C. Roper, at that time Commissioner of Internal Revenue. Upon the basis of his findings, they paid the Government the tax on their profits called for by the Revenue Law. In 1925 the Treasury Department, under the direction of Secretary Mellon, sought to recover additional taxes on the claim that Commissioner Roper's appraisal as of 1913 was excessive. The United States Board of Tax Appeals has now found that Commissioner Roper's appraisal was, if anything, too low. It would be an act of poetic justice if Senator Couzens and his associates could now secure a tax refund from the Government based on the new appraisals.

The inability of private persons and corporate organizations to secure a prompt and final estimate of the taxes which they must pay on transactions of this kind represents a gross defect in the administration of our tax laws. The fact that Senator Couzens and his associates apparently made every effort to guard against a reopening of this tax case served in no way to protect them against the costly and unfair procedure through which they have just been dragged. The fact that Senator Couzens and Secretary Mellon have been at swords' points on numerous occasions does not make the recent action of the Government any more palatable to American business men.

"Bad Girl" in Boston

BOSTON, once known as the literary capital of America, if not the entire planet, has again come to the assistance of an author by proscribing a book. The fortunate author this time is Mrs. Viña Delmar, of New York, whose "Bad Girl" is a study of life among the lower-middle-class white people living on the northern tip of Manhattan. It was received with a measure of approval by the critics and had been a monthly selection by the Literary Guild.

"Bad Girl Achieves Boston Blacklist" was the singularly apt headline in one of the New York newspapers, for the action means increased royalties for Mrs. Delmar. In forbidding the sale of this book an example set when "An American Tragedy," "The Plastic Age," and "Elmer Gantry" were barred has been followed.

Boston's system for insuring what H. L. Mencken calls "sanitary literature" is efficient to an extraordinary degree. The Watch and Ward Society, which enjoys all the power held by the Comstock S ciety of New York when its master w alive, works in close co-operation wi the Boston Booksellers' Association. mere cough of disapproval from t Watch and Ward officials is, it wou seem, enough to cause panic among t booksellers. Forthwith they ban t book in question.

But the booksellers ought not, pe haps, to be censored too severely. "Ba Girl" happens to be about as licentiou as an edition of "What Every Moth Should Know." Its theme is the exper ence of a young mother during pre nancy and the birth of her child, and t groping of two ignorant and inarticulat young people toward mutual unde standing. There are, however, one two passages which an arbitrary admi istration of the Massachusetts obscenit statutes might seize upon. The book sellers do not propose to test the law b risking prosecution.

What Will Lindbergh Do?

THERE seems to be a probability, bu not a certainty, that Lindbergh ma again fly to Europe this summer. Wha he is considering is quite a different pla from that of his swift flight to Paris. H has stated that he would like to test th feasibility of regular flying betwee North America and Europe by way o Greenland and Iceland. This would re verse the course of the American arm officers under Lieutenant Smith on thei return from their round-the-world fligh of 1924. They made a stop at th Orkney Islands, two stops in Iceland two in Greenland, one in Labrador, an thence flew to Nova Scotia.

Lindbergh's purpose is to gain infor mation on the mooted question whether for transatlantic aviation as a commer cial possibility of the future, the mor northern route with its greater numbe of possible stops is or is not preferabl to the non-stop route from Newfound

nd to Ireland. Press despatches state at our Navy Hydrographic Office does ot recommend any flights farther north an the Newfoundland-Ireland Great ircle route.

Yet Lindbergh proposes a study of nditions—that is, not a stunt or exbition flight, but something that will dvance the knowledge and practice of viation, a cause he has much at heart.

Unsuccessful as the Bremen's flight as in the exact performance of its plan, he very misadventures it met led to a horough discussion of difficulties and ow to overcome them. The way to adance air service is to keep on trying all ong the line and to collate and deduce om all results (good or bad) a store of seful knowledge.

Rumors have appeared to the effect hat Lindbergh's flight, if it comes off, ill be in a Ford tri-motored plane and nder Ford auspices. The army planes f 1924 had water-landing gear and were ided by navy cruisers which patrolled heir "long jump." There is every reaon why exploratory voyages should be afeguarded. Such flights do not seek he sensation of risking life unnecesarily.

Revolt in the D. A. R.

TWELVE members of two New Haven, Connecticut, chapters of the Daughters f the American Revolution have reigned as a result of the ludicrous black ist upheld by the National organization t its recent Washington Convention. Mrs. Irving Fisher, among the twelve, is he wife of the Yale economist who was named on the black list.

The revolt of the twelve means little r nothing as far as the D. A. R. itself s concerned. The Washington Convenion demonstrated that the vast majority f the members are unanimous in their error of Bolshevism and that they beieve it advisable to agitate against all speakers suspected of having ideas in any form. It is, however, an opening wedge.

Most of the ladies resigned without making their explanations public. But Mrs. William Lyon Phelps, wife of the Yale professor, and Mrs. Joseph Whitney, daughter of the late Simon Newcomb, issued a joint statement. The National policy of the D. A. R., they said, amounted to "tyrannical suppression" of those who differ with the National organization on public questions. The success of such a policy would "crush the initiative and creative energy of the American people."

It is a little sad that these twelve ladies have been forced to withdraw from an organization in which membership has meant so much. It is far more sad, though, that only twelve have felt it necessary to do so. Once, or so the public believed, the ladies of the D. A. R. were all gallant ladies. Apparently there are but a dozen.

Where Workers and Owners Agree

ONE reason for the success of the Mitten Management plan, under which Philadelphia's street railways were saved from a deplorable financial and industrial state, is that the workers are part owners. A year ago The Outlook reported that they owned 220,000 out of 600,000 shares of voting stock. Another is that the compact under which joint committees of workers and employers adjust questions is not a sham, as some of the company unions are said to be by organized labor.

Now a new step has been taken. Collective bargaining and the right of being represented by men who need not be employees of a company have long been the two prime demands of labor. Lately the Mitten Management, in order to assure the workers of the latter power, have made an amicable arrangement with the Amalgamated Association of Electric Employees of America. This, by the way, is the same Federation of Labor body which the Interborough Rapid Transit Company of New York City forbade its members to join. Local arrangements as to work and pay will go on as before. The corporation, however, agrees that in new properties to be acquired or operated by the Mitten Management in the future it will co-operate with the Amalgamated in the arbitration of matters as to which the request for such co-operation is asked for by two-thirds of the employees involved.

The agreement does not represent dissatisfaction with the plan the Mitten Management has carried out so notably

Wide World

A WELCOME TO THE BREMEN FLIERS, NEW YORK STYLE

Looking down on Broadway during the official welcome to the crew of the Bremen

well, but provides a pact of peace as regards new traffic routes acquired by the company when the workers are already members of the Amalgamated.

One Philadelphia despatch even intimates that the move suggests that the Mitten Management wants to get control of the Interborough Rapid Transit Company in New York. Probably no such luck for New York!

England Disciplines Egypt

An ultimatum from London with a forty-eight-hour time limit has stopped the Egyptian Government from passing a measure Great Britain regarded as inimical to foreign interests. This was the so-called Public Assemblies Bill, which would have sanctioned political agitation in forms which the British authorities in Egypt refuse to countenance. Thus they have defined the limits of Egyptian independence under the British declaration of 1922, which reserved to Great Britain the security of communications of the British Empire in Egypt, the protection of foreign interests and minorities, the defense of Egypt against foreign aggression or interference, and the retention of the Sudan under British control.

Great Britain had despatched warships to enforce her ultimatum, but the Egyptian Premier averted trouble by withdrawing the bill.

When Egyptian Nationalists object that this is not independence, the British reply is that all the freedom they have Great Britain won for them from Turkey.

Colleges and Olympic Crews

In defeating Columbia in convincing fashion over the mile and a half of the Schuylkill River course in Philadelphia Yale proved itself well up to the high standard which has been Yale's for the past five or six years in rowing. It was particularly interesting to see the Yale crew aggressive at the start of the short race, for the Olympic trials, to be held over the same course in July, are at even a shorter distance, 2,000 meters. And the crew first to gain the lead at that distance is going to be mighty hard to catch.

If Yale manages to win out in the trials this year and then repeats abroad, it will be the first time in history that a single college will have twice won Olympic rowing honors and Ed Leader, Yale's coach, will be the first coach ever to have such double honors to his credit.

There is, apparently, to be a good deal of opposition. The general standard of the Eastern college eights, despite poor early weather for training, is high this year. Yale still has Princeton, Cornell, and Harvard between her and a clean sheet for the season.

Germany and the Davis Cup

Davis Cup tennis is bubbling at various points in the world the while that America is preparing for its second round in the American zone against China.

An interesting despatch from the other side of the Atlantic the other day chronicled the success of the German team in its first-round match of the European zone. Germany defeated Greece without too much trouble.

This is the first time since the war that the Germans have been back in

Reid in the Kansas City Star Copyright, 1928

John Bull doesn't know where he's going, but he is on his way

Davis Cup play. In the years just preceding the outbreak of hostilities in 1914 German players were among the best in action and a German team played here in this country that season, doing very well in the preliminary rounds.

What if Science Can Control Heredity?

Heredity is the peg on which a number of biologists have hung some interesting and possibly significant experiments within the last few weeks. In fact, there is an undercurrent of feeling among scientists that much greater things are imminent in the world of living matter. Some have even ventured the statement that the year 1927, crammed with biological advances, will have proved to be fully as pivotal as 1859, when "The Origin of Species" was published. And the strides of 1927 have thus far continued into 1928.

Man's next great advance is likely
center around the understanding a
control of that as yet mysterious thi
called life. In the newspapers we ha
read how Dr. H. J. Muller, of the Un
versity of Texas, has speeded up evol
tion one hundred times by means
X-rays; how he recently suggested b
fore the National Academy of Scienc
that the cosmic ray, a kind of natura
super-X-ray which penetrates our bodi
at all times, may have had somethi
vital to do with evolution; and how Pr
fessor Harvey of Princeton, Profess
Wood of Johns Hopkins, and Mr. Alfr
Loomis of the Loomis Biophysical La
oratories have observed the peculiar a
tion of the "super-sonic" waves (sou
waves vibrating 400,000 times a secon
—far too fast to hear) upon living cell
In all these odd experiments the scie
tists are trying various outside, intang
ble, non-destructive agencies as a metho
of getting at the thing which contro
heredity, the chromosomes in the here
ity cells. If this can be done, wha
geneticists call mutations—sudden jump
in heredity—may be produced artif
cially and in large degree, and subs
quent research may then teach us ho
to control these changes at will.

The experiments are being conducte
on various animals—the convenient fru
fly is the biologist's favorite; but onc
the principle is worked out, it can b
applied to the heredity cells of liv
stock. If our knowledge and sentimen
permit, perhaps some day it may be ap
plied even to human beings; for he
some of us feel there is at least a litt
room for improvement. The scientif
efforts to control heredity are boundle
in their possibilities.

Horse Sense from the Shipping Board

In hitting squarely the recent propos
to establish a line of six 33-knot (38
mile) passenger steamers designed
cross the Atlantic in four days the Shi
ping Board has displayed publicly th
knowledge of certain fundamental eng
neering principles which practicall
every technically trained person alread
possesses. The vessels would not hav
been able to maintain a sea speed of 3
knots on the power contemplated, th
Board reports. There are other objec
tions, largely economic, but they nee
not be named when this one is insupera
ble.

The energy required to drive a vess
increases at something like the thir
power of the speed desired, sometime
even more extravagantly, and we ar

ady as close up against the optimum iting speed of passenger ships as the ways have been for decades. Again, stresses thrown upon a vessel's steel ucture increase altogether disproporiately with speed when the vessel is led against large waves. While it has ome customary to laugh at those who a period to progress in speed or anyng, the preponderance of practical nion is overwhelmingly against the ief that 30 miles per hour can be far eeded economically.

The airship, which is not so hampered similar limitations as vessels plowing ough a comparatively dense medium, eatens soon to take over the traffic of "hurry-up" voyagers to and from rope. All in all, it was not a psychoical time to propose four-day liners. is altogether probable that the Shipg Board's common sense will have t a quietus on such proposals for ough years to give the air navigators hance to show what they can do.

nch-Law Suspended

IE United States has broken a record. has now achieved a non-stop flight of ur months in the general direction of ilization by refraining from lynching ybody over this period of time. James eldon Johnson, Secretary of the Naonal Association for the Improvement Colored People, reports this interestg fact. Delay in lynching can probly be further increased by an effort to crease delay in the law.

ystery Men

OMIRABLE though they are, Henry ord, John D. Rockefeller, and even ndrew Mellon seem pretty dull figures side Europe's most famous multiillionaires—Sir Basil Zaharoff and aptain Albert Loewenstein, "men of ystery" both.

Sir Basil, of obscure Greek origin, not ly sold munitions but, by means of Phillips Oppenheim intrigues in the alkans and elsewhere, helped to create lively demand for his wares. The ary which he destroyed a few months go would, conservative European jourals assured us, have shaken many rones.

Captain Loewenstein, who had been ving in comparative obscurity and venty or so villas scattered over Engnd, became famous overnight two ears ago when he offered to lend his tive country, Belgium, $50,000,000 r two years without interest. This fer was by no means unconditional, but ie public did not know that, and it was

Darling in the Kansas City Star Copyright, 1928

Safety first

inevitable that they should reward what was apparently an unparalleled piece of generosity with the title, "man of mystery." Nor did he rest on his laurels. Before long France received his offer of a $50,000,000 loan at the nominal interest of two per cent. Again the conditions attached were undisclosed, and still the mystery grew.

The good Captain arrived at New York, after a voyage on which he spent $3,000 on radiograms, with an entourage of secretaries, private aviators, chauffeurs, and servants so impressive that the New York "Times," ever niggardly with its similes, headlined "Loewenstein Here Like a Potentate."

The "Times" and the other newspapers promptly received an official denial that Captain Loewenstein was either a "mystery man" or a "potentate" and a reminder that he was, first of all, a public-utility and an artificial-silk magnate. It was explained that the entourage was a business necessity.

Darling in the New York Herald Tribune Copyright, 1928

Skeered of a shadow

Certainly Captain Loewenstein is doing his best to lead a simple life here. In Europe he has a complete fleet of airplanes. Here he is touring to the Pacific coast in a single ten-passenger Fokker, leaving most of his aides in New York. In Biarritz alone he has eight villas. In New York he and his party are content with a single floor at the Ambassador, costing not more than $2,000 a day.

He will be a "mystery man" in the public eye until he dies, but behind the scenes he is probably just another exceptionally shrewd business man with a taste for luxury and display. One remark of his, though, indicates that his shrewdness extends beyond balance-sheets and earnings statements.

"The silk business," he said, "is the greatest in the world. Man is slave to woman, and woman is slave to silk."

Once in Ten Billion Years

ASTRONOMERS are beginning to wonder whether they should not feel awed by a current spectacle which, if correctly interpreted, is believed to happen on the average only once in ten billion years—the actual birth of a family of planets around a sun.

When word came from the antipodes some weeks ago that the southern star Nova Pictoris had apparently split in two, every other possible interpretation was put upon the advice, for it was not believed such an event would be likely to coincide with man's short comprehension—only twenty-four years, in fact—of such events. Subsequent observation now begins to confirm this remote explanation, though it takes on a somewhat different complexion. A star might flare up in the heavens as a new star, or "nova," because of an explosion, and such new stars do frequently appear. It is more remotely possible, however, that two stars might graze or nearly graze one another in passing too closely. In such a case it is known that a retinue of planets would be torn from one star or both by the tidal action of gravitation of the respective masses—torn away, of course, in incandescent liquid and gaseous form, to condense later—into separate knots, which would form the nuclei of future planets. This may actually be what the astronomers are now watching with such intense curiosity.

But the stars, thickly grouped as they

appear to the eye and vastly thicker through a telescope, are really far, extremely far, apart. Thus the chances of the close approach of two of them are so low that it is demonstrable that it can occur no oftener, on the average, than once in ten billion years. This two-star cosmogony, by the way, is the starting-point of the modern "planetesimal hypothesis," which since its proposal in 1904 has absolutely killed off the old nebular hypothesis. Now the odd thing is that if planetary systems are so seldom given birth to, and if, as is now believed, our planetary system is four billion years old, one system of planets can become quite mature before another even comes into existence. How much time, then, has there been for such rarely occurring incidents between stars? Jeans, the famous Cambridge University astronomer, provides the answer: he estimates past duration at from five to ten thousand billion years. Oh, how insignificant a mere planet becomes; and man; finally, one man!

A Great Bank Assists Small Borrowers

THE plan of the National City Bank, the largest financial institution in the country, to make personal loans without collateral to salaried men and women is in line with modern banking philosophy. It has not been many years since all banks were objects of awe to the average citizen. They discouraged small accounts. The remark of the elder Morgan, that character is the best collateral, long applied only to millionaires or potential millionaires.

The Personal Loan Department, now being operated by the National City Bank, will make loans ranging from $50 to $1,000. Interest is fixed at 6 per cent and there are no service fees. All that is necessary is, first, that the borrower be employed, and, second, that he obtain two of his friends, also holding jobs, to indorse his note. One year is allowed for repayment, but weekly, semi-monthly, or monthly installments must be paid. These are to be deposited with the bank and interest at 3 per cent, compounded monthly, will be allowed on the deposits. Charles E. Mitchell, President of the National City, explains that this will encourage thrift. The whole plan is based on the desire of the institution to extend its facilities to persons of moderate means.

From a social point of view, it is clear, the plan is both fascinating and important. If, as is probable, other banks announce similar departments, a severe blow will have been struck at the loan sharks. That these still operate has been shown by recent investigations in New York. It will take some time, no doubt, to educate the public regarding this latest banking development. Ignorance will still send victims to the loan sharks. The idea is, however, simple, liberal, and fair. The public has accustomed itself to installment buying. In effect, the National City offers installment credit to men and women of character and reliability.

The Diesel Engine and the Motor Car

EVERY now and then one reads about the desirability of supplanting the gasoline engine of the motor car with the Diesel engine. This type of internal-combustion engine is already driving great passenger vessels of 25,000 tons and is costing even less for fuel than coal. A gasoline engine consumes twice as much liquid fuel as a Diesel engine—why not, then, double the road mileage of the motor car by changing to the equally dependable Diesel? In Germany, where gasoline is expensive, this already, to a small extent, is being done.

Every one knows how the ordinary gasoline engine draws into its carbureter a quantity of air which takes up the gasoline as it passes through toward the cylinders; also how this mixture is fired in the cylinders by means of an electric spark. The Diesel engine, on the other hand, receives an injected portion of cheap low-grade oil (costing only about five cents a gallon) together with the necessary air, and this mixture is ignited without any spark, merely by the heat engendered when it is highly compressed (just as a bicycle pump becomes hot). Heretofore, however, Diesels have been excessively heavy.

Within a short time these engines have been redesigned in far lighter form for driving motor cars. German, Italian, and American automotive engineers have made these applications, Dr. Elmer Sperry, of gyroscope fame, having done much of the American research, and even reduced the weight sufficiently to permit Diesel engines to be tried on airplanes. Not everything is in favor, however, of this cheap-powered engine; its speed is still low, it throttles down and accelerates but poorly, and it is not notably "flexible."

In short, the Diesel for motor cars is something to keep an interested eye on, for it doubtless has a future, but the change-over from gasoline is not pected here for at least a number years.

Less Noise

ALTHOUGH we read a good deal abou in the newspapers, the promised day arc-welded steel buildings has not arrived, and the machine-gun-like tat-tat of the steel riveter still punctua the life of the tormented city dwel However, the first arc-welded throu truss railroad bridge has just been co pleted at Chicopee, Massachusetts, locomotives are already passing over This may serve to encourage those v have longed to see the early and co plete adoption of the similarly sil method of putting together steel bui ings. Welded bridges—and welc buildings would be the same—are tirely without rivets; in fact, they theoretically and actually a single pi of metal, no matter what their size height, and there is no longer any qu tion as to their strength and safety.

The recent report on noise by National Safety Council of Chicago dicates that noise does have its effect the well-being even of the most phl matic people.

Through a Dog's Perceptions

WHEN Fellow, the German shephe dog which, it is said, understands 400 words, was recently discovered a "done" by the press, the accounts b trimmings which could hardly be garded as safely scientific. The pur scientific record of psychological te applied to him by Drs. C. J. and L. Warner, of the Animal Laboratory Columbia, is now available, and, thou somewhat delayed and admittedly l pleasing to dog lovers, or at least to s timentalists, than the press accounts, is authentic.

The two psychologists found the d capable of obeying a wide variety rather complicated commands, such "Put your foot on the chair," "Go a take a walk around the room," and " and jump up on the table." In all, fif three of these commands were acted by the dog whose understanding of sp ken language seemed uncanny.

The psychologists then applied a n kind of test, concealing themselves hind screens when giving the comman Everything now changed. It was d covered that the animal could execu correctly only ten per cent of the co mands involving some movement of body, though his ability to single o objects which he has evidently learn

associate with spoken words was more couraging.

The psychologists came to the tentative conclusion that Fellow is a typical iscle-reader; he depends very largely keen observation of minute uncon- ous movements made by those who mmand him. This will account for his dden failure when dealt with from be- nd a screen. It seems probable, they port after considerable research, that gs are about like man in their hear- g; their vision for still objects is de- edly inferior; but their acuity with spect to moving objects is much eater; and that, as is well known, they pend largely on smell. It is not be- ved that dogs can distinguish colors. he full report is contained in the Quarterly Review of Biology."

he Turbulent Mr. Heywood Broun

n Friday night of week before last, it is lated, Mr. Heywood Broun, whose "It ems to Me" column has long been a ature of the New York "World," was his way home reading an early edi- on of his paper. He glanced at the head- es, read a theatrical review, looked an editorial, and turned to the sport- g pages. Being a newspaper man hose interest in reading his own writ- gs had vanished years before, he did ot look at the top of the page opposite e editorials.

Had he done so, he would have no- ced a brief announcement in heavy- ced type: "The World has decided to spense with the services of Heywood roun. His disloyalty to this paper akes any further association impossi- le." And under this, appropriately ough, appeared a caption, "Out of a lear Sky," and a humorous piece by rank Sullivan, one of the "World's" nny men.

As it was, Mr. Broun did not hear of is dismissal until he reached his home nd was informed by Miss Ruth Hale, is wife and a leader in the Lucy Stone ovement, that reporters had been tele- honing to know why he had been fired. ince then, probably because legal action s contemplated, both Broun and the World" have been more or less silent. he cause of the row is not, however, a ystery. In a recent issue of the "Na- ion" had appeared a long article in hich Broun said the "World" was not ruly a liberal paper "because it switches ront so much."

He said a good deal more, much of it langerously frank and dangerously close o the truth. And the "World," appar- ently, could not endure criticism which smacked of insubordination. Its attitude toward Broun was already suspicious, perhaps, because this is not the first dispute between the columnist and his journal. Last August, when feeling on the Sacco-Vanzetti case was running high, the "World" declined to print several of Broun's columns. In these he had bitterly assailed those who called for the execution of the two men. Following this rupture, Broun began what he called "a strike" and what Ralph Pulitzer of the "World" termed "a witch's Sabbatical." It was then that he began writing for the "Nation" and for other magazines. But in the end he returned to the "World."

This time the break seems beyond hope, although it is not yet clear that "disloyalty" offers grounds for breach of the contract between Broun and the newspaper. In one brief statement, Broun has asked whether disloyalty might not mean "anything from robbing the till to sitting on Ralph Pulitzer's hat." Whether or not his article was "disloyal," it was certainly in bad taste. Broun was, when writing it, receiving his living from the "World."

Meanwhile there is a rumor, entirely without substantiation, that the Republican, conservative New York "Herald Tribune" may offer Broun a job. It will carefully explain, if it does so, that Broun's ideas do not reflect the attitude of the paper.

When Public Office Comes Too High

FORTUNATELY, there still are men who are not ready to sacrifice or to modify their convictions for political expediency or to obtain high public office. One of them is Arthur M. Hyde, former Governor of Missouri, for whom the Republican nomination for United States Senator from that State virtually was held open for months.

Mr. Hyde, a consistent but not a rabid prohibitionist, repeatedly was urged to make the campaign. But there were conditions which, as his statement of refusal indicated, could not be accepted. Speaking of the political aspects of the situation, former Governor Hyde said:

"It is only frankness to say that my views on the liquor question do not agree with those of many of my party associates. Many 'wet' leaders have offered to support me, but have suggested a change in my views would better suit the sentiment of their constituents.

"I cannot change my views. In my observation, the most miserable of men is the candidate who professes a faith he does not believe. The Senatorship is not worth such a price. Straddling is equally abhorrent. It differs from the expression of insincere views only in that it attempts to deceive more people."

Run on a frank statement of his position? That course, the former Governor said, had been considered. But it probably would mean a serious rift in his party in the State, and "I owe the party too heavy a debt of gratitude to accept such a responsibility."

The Republicans of Missouri are casting about for an outstanding candidate for the Senatorial nomination.

A Mammoth Dictionary

AFTER seventy laborious years, the tenth and last volume of the "New English Dictionary," commonly called the Oxford Dictionary, is on the press. It is not complete—no dictionary can be complete, for new words and new uses of words come up every year. Thus among the 411,047 words included the word "appendicitis" does not appear, as it had not come into use in 1888, when the other A's appeared. "Suffragette" got in, but "cubist" and "futurist" did not. A supplement is already under discussion.

For a long time people generally spoke of this work as Murray's Dictionary. Sir John Murray began with A in 1882, and lived to see U go to press in 1915. If ever a scholar toiled at a vast task, Dr. Murray was the man. He was a great philologist, and it is in philology that this dictionary excels. For instance, one word which takes only a few inches in an ordinary lexicon takes twenty-one columns in the Oxford Dictionary.

Not a little of the work was done by volunteers. Thousands of readers without pay collected 5,000,000 illustrative quotations from all English and American literature.

The work ends with the fine old word "zyxt." Those of our readers who know the meaning will also doubtless be able to define "wiffle," "yoop," and "whutter."

It is futile to measure in money terms the value of this monumental reference book and depository of the spoken and written language. That it cost over a million dollars means as little as that its columns of print if put in line would stretch nine miles. What is great about it is the scholarly devotion, patience, and thoroughness of the men who made it what it is.

From Washington

Vetoes in the Making

WASHINGTON had what, in the commonly inaccurate parlance, is called a hectic week. The circus and the German-Irish fliers came to town. Those who could not see the circus saw the fliers, and those who could not see the fliers saw the circus. A good time was had by all—except, possibly, the President of the United States.

Mr. Coolidge is not now, if he ever was, happy. The House has passed the McNary-Haugen Farm Relief Bill with the equalization fee, once blue-penciled out, restored. While the House majority was not, as the Senate majority was, sufficient to pass the bill over a veto, it was quite large.

The President's view-point on farm relief legislation is not changed. He is as much opposed to the present McNary-Haugen Bill as he was to its predecessor, which he vetoed. The effort to conciliate him by minor concessions has not succeeded. A Congress which thought that it could hoodwink Coolidge by changing tweedledee to tweedledum, or that the President would be willing thus to hoodwink the public, has had a revelation. The President has made it fairly clear that he will do no more and no less to this McNary-Haugen Bill than he did to the last one.

But, to add to his and their unhappiness, the President does not esteem at all highly the concession made by Senate and House to his wishes with regard to flood control legislation. Indeed, he regards it as no concession at all. He thinks that all the changes made in the Mississippi River Flood Control Bill from the beginning until now have made the bill as a whole worse instead of better.

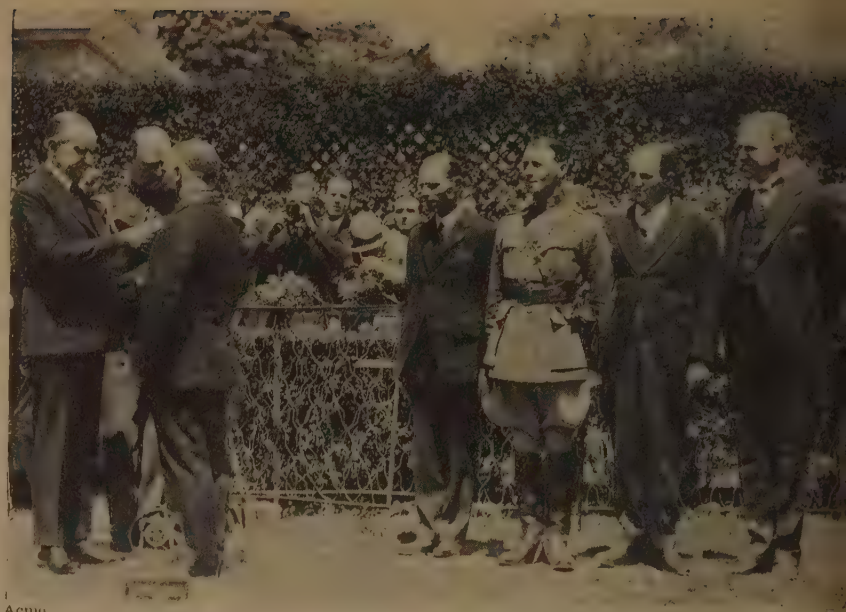
There, as matters now stand and are likely to stand, is veto number two. And neither veto is just the kind that a President, for his party's sake if not for his own, likes to write.

"We" in Snug Harbor

ALONG with the German-Irish fliers and the circus, there came to town "We." They were to go elsewhere in a little while; "We," who had negotiated the air above oceans, came to remain forever in a musty museum.

In plain words, Charles A. Lindbergh brought the Spirit of St. Louis to the Smithsonian Institution and left it there.

Lindbergh will make other conquests. The Spirit of St. Louis has made its last.



Acme

THE NATION PAYS TRIBUTE TO THE HEROES OF THE AIR

President Coolidge decorates the German-Irish fliers with the Congressional Flying Cross. They are, in the usual order, President Coolidge, Captain Koehl, Baron von Huenefeld, Major Fitzmaurice, F. Trubee Davison, Assistant Secretary of War for Aviation, and William P. MacCracken, Jr., Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Aviation

But the law of compensation holds. Lindbergh may some time rest in a forgotten grave. That fate has come to many Americans for whom great throngs once shouted themselves hoarse. But, no matter what may happen to its pilot, the Spirit of St. Louis is safe. Until America is dead and the stones of its Capitol crumble Lindbergh's plane will transmit its thrill of patriotic fervor to young Americans.

Death is more secure than life.

Sinclair the Business Man

HARRY F. SINCLAIR, at last, has told his story of the Continental Trading Company profits, of which he received three-quarters of a million. His testimony before the Walsh Committee appeared to show that he regarded the bonds—in which the Continental profits were paid—as his own. He kept them in his private vault, clipped and cashed the coupons, and did not take the directors of his company into his confidence concerning them.

After the transaction was aired by the Senate Committee and by the courts, Sinclair turned over the bonds with interest to the Sinclair Crude Oil Purchasing Company, which, with the Standard of Indiana, paid the profits on the Continental Company deal. He appears not to have thought of doing so until public opinion had become aroused.

A great deal has been said, in connection with this case, about callousness to political obligations. Perhaps the disregard of business obligations involved is, after all, the more dangerous phase of the situation revealed.

A Tolerance Test

CAME to town, too, the word from Chicago that the Republicans of the First Illinois District had selected as their candidate for Congressman, to succeed Martin B. Madden, a Negro—Oscar De Priest. As the district is overwhelmingly Negro, his election is regarded as certain.

There are both Democrats and Republicans in Congress who are embarrassed, but of these the Republicans are the more embarrassed. The only place where Democratic Representatives are likely to have their sensibilities much shocked is the House restaurant, and there is nothing to prevent those who object to eating in the same room with a Negro from going elsewhere. But the Republicans will have the Negro in their cloak-room, in their caucus, and indiscriminately elsewhere.

But the Negro De Priest, when he comes to Congress, will, of course, attend strictly to his own business as a Congressman. He will prefer the food of that excellent Negro restaurant over on South Carolina Avenue. He will be too busy with his office and the floor to haunt the cloak-room.

That, at least, will be the opportunity the first Negro Congressman in enty-seven years to serve his country, race, and himself—and to shame ne other people, not to mention party iliations.

alsh Underwrites Smith's omination

nearly as anything political can be edetermined, the nomination of Alfred Smith by the Democrats at Houston certain—and that, if not on the first llot, as soon thereafter as certain fa-rite-son formalities shall have been mplied with.

This was clearly forecast early in the eek when the Committee on Arrange-ents for the Houston Convention, embers of the Democratic National ommittee, met in Washington. It was nfirmed in full late in the week by the ithdrawal of Senator Thomas J. Walsh, Montana, from the contest. While enator Walsh had no instructed dele-ates, he was the recognized candidate , among other things, the McAdoo ction of the party. His withdrawal arks the complete collapse of that fac-on as a regular and recognized force. it continues in the fight, it must wage uerrilla warfare.

eed in the Rôle of Lone Wolf

ITH Walsh eliminated, there remains organized form opposed to Governor mith's nomination little but the candi-acy of Senator James A. Reed, of Mis-ouri. Reed has said that he is in the ace to stay, and he believes that the sue as between himself and Smith is ear-cut. He thinks that if Smith is ominated the wet issue will be para-ount, with all others obscured. He elieves that if he himself is nominated he wet issue will be ignored, while Jef-ersonian Democracy and purity in overnment will be the paramount sues. It will be for the party to choose t Houston, he thinks, one or the other f these positions for the battle of 1928.

It is difficult to see how the scattered orces opposed to Smith can rally on eed. It is not possible to vision any emocrat who was identified with resident Wilson's work as doing any-hing for love of James A. Reed.

The only theory on which Reed can e regarded as a serious contender is hat the Convention will be made up argely of men so prejudiced against mith's religion or so antagonistic to all hings Tammany that they would em-race their dearest enemy in order to defeat a man for whom they have no personal dislike.

Harmony—or Disruption

FOLLOWING Smith's smashing victory in California, one of the Reed leaders there declared that he had been retained by a number of prominent politicians to take the lead in setting up the machinery for a third party. Senator Reed disowned any connection with the movement, but did not say, so far as known, that he would support Smith if nominated. The California man, Wilbur Legette, made overtures to Josephus Daniels, who flatly refused them, to accept from a third party the nomination for Vice-President.

Observers back in Washington from the West report considerable inclination toward a third party in case Smith and Hoover are nominated. It might include dry Democrats, McNary-Haugen Republicans, and possibly some other elements of both parties. Because of his foreign policies, Senator Borah falls short in power of appeal to Democrats of the Wilson school. If there is to be a bolt at Houston, it is likely to find its candidate east and south of Idaho.

The small Democratic gathering in Washington was harmonious enough.

Claude G. Bowers was, without opposition, selected as Temporary Chairman and keynoter, and other minor details were arranged without friction.

Twice—at the Jackson Day dinner and at the meeting of the Committee on Arrangements—the Democrats have come harmoniously through an ordeal where disaster was predicted. Houston is the only hurdle left. Possibly, the Democratic Party has done with disunion.

Windows on the World

By Malcolm W. Davis

WHO is to replace the American member of the bench of the World Court? John Bassett Moore's resignation in order to devote himself to the codification of international law has raised an international question of which we shall hear a great deal more before the annual meeting in September of the Assembly of the League of Nations. At that gathering the question must be settled. Shall there be an American successor, or shall some other nation have Judge Moore's seat?

From Geneva comes the news that Germany may take steps to have a German jurist chosen. Not only has Germany joined the League and taken her place on its Council, but she is the only one of the Great Powers to have signified unconditional acceptance of compulsory arbitration by the Court. That gives her a strong and valid claim to consideration when she shows a desire to have a German judge elevated to its bench.

The United States does not even adhere to the Court. Yet the only alternative so far to the possible selection of a German candidate is the suggestion of the name of Charles Evans Hughes. If he would consent to nomination, the opinion at League headquarters is that he would be Judge Moore's successor. And undoubtedly the appointment of Mr. Hughes would do a great deal to further the movement for American membership in the Court.

EUROPE cannot do without Hollywood. American motion pictures have just won a test of strength in France which is likely to have an effect on the market for films from the United States all over the Continent.

The French Government has been seeking—at the instance of the French film industry—both to restrict the number of American pictures to be imported into France and also to secure an agreement which would have forced American companies to buy one French film for every four American films admitted into France. Rather than submit to this ruling, the American companies resolved to quit France. They were supplying two-thirds of all motion pictures shown in the country. They stopped the release of films to French theatres and actually prepared to withdraw Charlie Chaplin from his thousands of French admirers. Wails began to arise from theatre goers and owners.

Meanwhile Will Hays—admittedly an expert fixer of difficult situations—was conferring in Paris with the French officials.

The time came for termination of business. The American firms told nearly 10,000 French employees that their services would no longer be needed. The demonstration was complete. A howl went up that the French Government heard. It decided to abandon its "four-to-one" quota for the exchange of films. Instead, its Cinema Control Com-

mission made a ruling that up to two-fifths—perhaps one-half—of the number of films imported from America last year might come in free of restriction. Beyond that, for each film produced in France by an American company seven films made in the United States might be imported. The American representatives came to an agreement on this basis—which, after all, guaranteed certain concessions to France—and Will Hays sailed with the courteous wishes of spokesmen of the French industry for friendly co-operation between the interests of the two countries.

The effort of France to limit motion-picture imports from America was a trial of the ability of European groups to withstand the immense preponderance of strength of the American industry. Its failure forecasts the abandonment of similar attempts planned in other European countries which have been eagerly watching the outcome.

How strong the militarist organizations were in Germany until recent months, when the Government began determined action against these secret orders, a murder trial in Berlin lately has shown. It concerned the killing of a man accused of "treason" to the nationalist cause of these clandestine monarchists, and it revealed another operation of their vengeance tribunals known as the "Feme." Testimony of former leaders showed that they executed self-determined private death sentences against fully two hundred victims.

The commanders of these sinister forces have been trying to maintain that they were connected closely with the regular army, while the high officers of the army have been equally energetically attempting to repudiate any relation to them.

Naturally, a menace that has been brought out into the light is no longer dangerous. But the whole affair is significant of the state of Germany after the war.

Amir Amanullah of Afghanistan, after a short stop in Warsaw, has arrived in Moscow. And the Communist diplomatists—following a precedent set by their best of all authorities, Lenine, in a letter he wrote to the Amir in 1921—have welcomed him as "Your Majesty." So have begun the ceremonies in the last visit of his European tour, which constitutes a critical contrast to his stay in London.

Between British India and Soviet Turkestan, Afghanistan in mountainous central Asia forms a buffer state. Across it Great Britain and Russia have long faced each other in rivalry. And the welcomes to the ruler of Afghanistan in London and Moscow are new moves in an old rivalry. It is said that Afghan officials wish to have a railway spur run south from the Russian terminus in Turkestan to the Afghan border town of Herat, and that is a project which Great Britain has opposed because it would bring Russia one step closer to the northern frontier of India. Afghan wars have given her trouble enough on that frontier without having Soviet Russia directly linked up with Afghanistan.

Amanullah will find Moscow able to make an impressive show of Soviet strength. The revolutionary May Day parade in the Red Square before the Kremlin demonstrated that. What was most significant in the reports of that parade was, not the account of the regiments of the Red Army—all familiar enough—but the description of the march of thousands of armed and trained civilians, partisans of the proletarian revolution. The official Communist organ, the "Pravda," boasts that the Soviet Government can now count upon over 1,000,000 members of the Communist Party, 2,000,000 Communist youth, and 10,000,000 members of the Labor Federations. A proposal has been made to repeat something of the May Day spectacle for the Amir Amanullah.

Acme

ANOTHER DISTINGUISHED VISITOR WELCOMED TO NEW YORK

Prince Ludovico Spada Potenziani, Governor of Rome, and Mayor Walker riding through New York, where the Prince is making a visit

Mustapha Kemal has taken another dramatic step in modernizing Turkey by abandoning the complicated scrollwork of the Arabic alphabet and adopting instead an alphabet beginning with A and ending with Z. In fifteen years, the Turkish National Assembly has ordered, use of the Western alphabet is to be obligatory. In the meanwhile a new dictionary will make it possible to teach the easier system of reading in the schools.

The difficulty of the Arabic alphabet is held largely responsible for illiteracy in Turkey. It takes a child from four to ten times as long to learn the Arabic system of writing as to learn Latin letters.

Back in 1908, at the time of the Young Turk Revolution, there began the movement to reform the writing and printing of the language to which the Nationalist Government has now given official authority. Artistic and religious objections have been urged against it, but reasons of intelligence and efficiency are in its favor. The sounds of the Turkish language can be indicated by Latin letters, so that the obstacles which have stood in the way of desires to simplify the writing of other Oriental languages—particularly Chinese and Japanese—are not encountered here. Apparently, the way is being made in Turkey for the mixed blessings of the typewriter and typesetting machine.

Christ and the Codes

PREACHING to the Jewish congregation of the Free Synagogue at Carnegie Hall, New York, the Rev. John Haynes Holmes recently reiterated comparisons he had already made before his own congregation of the Community Church between Judaism and Christianity. On the same day Rabbi Samuel Schulmann, of the Congregation Emanu-El, replied, making comparisons of his own. Arguments concerning the relative merits of various religions are possible only when a religion is considered as a group of beliefs, or of moral standards, or of modes of worship, or all three. In early Hebrew history the argument was about modes of worship and consisted in tearing down altars and even putting worshipers to the sword. In modern times argument has been chiefly over beliefs, and has sometimes taken the form of persecution for infidelity or heresy. But in the discussion of Dr. Holmes and Dr. Schulmann argument was directed to questions of moral standards and—in accord with the best contemporary manners—was, of course, confined to words.

Dr. Holmes maintained that Christianity had in Jesus incomparably the greatest of moral teachers, that Christianity accepted the Jewish law of righteousness but added to it the new virtue of love, and that Christianity took the limited and racial outlook of Judaism and made it universal. Rabbi Schulmann, on the other hand, held up Moses as greater than Jesus, set forth the commandment "Love thy neighbor as thyself" as a part of the Jewish law, and asserted, on the authority of Professor Moore, that the Jews were the only people who had conceived of a universal religion.

An *impasse* is the inevitable end of such a discussion. Each disputant finds himself in a blind alley. Along the line of this kind of argument there is no thoroughfare.

Codes, like creeds and rituals, may serve to unite individuals into groups; but they also serve equally to divide groups from one another. It is because men have identified their moral codes, as well as their creeds and their modes of worship, with religion that they have made religion a cause of dissension. They have raised their codes like banners to be fought under. They have made the observance of one code or another a test by which to divide themselves into hostile groups. Like every other convention, a code may be very useful as a necessary social convenience, and even as a common measure of progress; but, when it is elevated to the position of an essential in religion, it produces stagnation, intolerance, uncharitableness, and contention.

And the effect of a code as an essential of religion is equally deadening whether it be a Jewish code or a Christian code. From the deadening effect of the old Jewish code men attempted to escape by accommodating the code to human weaknesses. The result was the tithing of mint, anise, and cummin. And from the deadening effect of the Christian code men have attempted to escape by devising a method of paying off old scores or even making advance payments. And the result has been indulgences, penances, and mourners' benches or their equivalent.

If there is anything plain in the New Testament, it is that Jesus repudiated this idea that religion should be identified with any code—new or old. To him life was not a scrupulous observance of regulations; it was rather a high adventure. Did that mean a lowering of moral aim? On the contrary, it was an immeasurable raising of it. Have you kept all the rules? What does that matter? Sell all and become his follower with all that may mean of risk and reward. Do you stick by the old commandments? Well, here is a new one—hate your father and mother. The very extravagance of statement ought to make clear how little store he laid by rules of any kind. If you catch his spirit, you will have no trouble with the codes.

Dangerous? Surely. Those who fear danger had better stick to the codes and be safe. ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT.

The Right of Protest

SECRETARY OF STATE KELLOGG has sent to a Federal Court in New York City an affidavit declaring that there is no such thing as United States marine rule in the Republic of Nicaragua. Everybody will be disposed to give full faith and credit to Mr. Kellogg's sworn statement.

But what has that to do with the right of persons who believe that there is such a thing as marine rule to protest against it by attaching a yellow sticker to the few letters that they chance to send through the United States mail? Stickers on letters have little effect, anyhow—hardly enough to justify the Secretary of State in making affidavits.

Secretary Kellogg's affidavit was made in support of the action of his fellow Cabinet member, Postmaster-General New, whose action in barring from the mails letters bearing stickers inscribed "Protest against Marine Rule in Nicaragua" is on trial. The All-American Anti-Imperialist League sought an injunction to get rid of the Postmaster-General's ruling.

The question is, of course, for the Court to decide. But, as a question of common sense and not of law or evidence, why should a man, if he wants to waste his time, be denied the right of protesting against something which does not exist?

"Dry Agents Stumped"

A New York paper tells of the discovery of a new method of making an alcoholic beverage from cocoanuts. The discovery is said to worry dry agents.

Herbert Hoover says that the Eighteenth Amendment was "far-reaching in purpose." Certainly it was. But we do not believe, and never have believed, that its purpose reached so far as to call for the stationing of a dry agent under every fruit-bearing tree or beside every berry bush.

If enforcement of the dry law were confined to the suppression of the commercialized liquor traffic, the agents of that law would have considerably less reason to confess themselves stumped.

To transfer our metaphor from agriculture to angling, let them get after the whales and leave the minnows alone.

Sunday Morning at "Roxy's"

By EUGENE BONNER

IF Mr. Rothafel keeps on at his present rate, he's going to have a great deal to answer for, because if he doesn't watch out he will find that he has become a full-fledged musical impresario, ready to meet all comers and, what's more, able to hold his own with the best of them.

We refer to the series of Sunday morning concerts this really extraordinary man has instituted at his Gargantuan temple of motion pictures this past season.

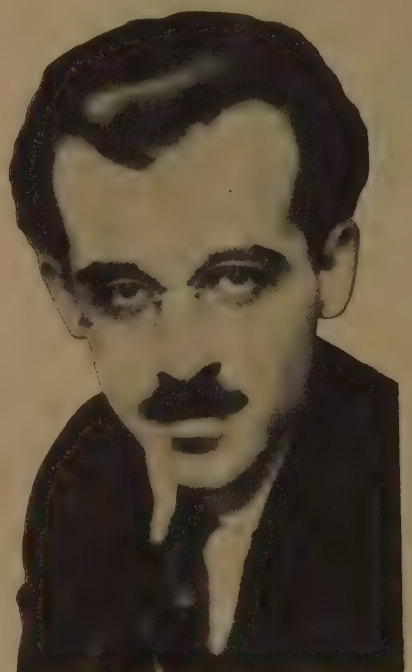
Owing to circumstances over which we had imperfect control, the concert last Sunday morning, the twenty-sixth and last of the series, was the first we had managed to attend. Eleven-thirty of a Sabbath morning is not altogether an auspicious hour to set forth to listen to music, and the added difficulty of extricating one's self from the tanglefoot seductions of the Sunday editions militates seriously against the desire to attend these concerts.

Now the astute Mr. Rothafel, not only offers an absolutely first-class concert at ridiculously low prices, but—and here's the clever move—he allows any and all who may have attended the concert to remain for the entire "presentation" which follows, consisting of the feature motion picture and the ballets, jazz numbers, etc., that constitute the regular program of the week. Human beings dearly love to think they're getting something for nothing, and if you pay your thirty-five cents for a balcony seat or your dollar ten for one on the orchestra floor for the concert, all the rest is added unto you.

The concert last Sunday, under the musical direction of Erno Rapee, consisted of an all-Wagner program comprising the "Meistersinger" overture, the Prelude and "Liebestod" from "Tristan and Isolde," the "Ride of the Valkyries" from "Die Walküre," the Preludes to Acts Three and One of "Lohengrin," and the overture to "Tannhäuser."

The entire program was beautifully done, particularly the Prelude and "Liebestod," and the selection from "Die Walküre." The orchestra gave testimony of the good training it has had this last year, playing with precision and fine tone-quality, and, most important of all, demonstrated the fact that another orchestral organization of the first class has arrived to take the place of the New York Symphony Orchestra, recently deceased.

When it is taken into consideration the amount of work this orchestra has to do each day, and the paucity of time available for the rehearsing of such a program as the one above mentioned, the results achieved are little short of miraculous. We have heard many concerts by famous organizations both here and in Europe that lacked a great deal of measuring up to this particular one given by Roxy's orchestra.



Photograph by Edward T. Monroe

Erno Rapee, Conductor of the Roxy Symphony Orchestra

That Mr. Rothafel is most fortunate in having such a conductor and trainer as Erno Rapee is obvious, and it is most agreeable to be able to hear this fine musical director conduct music other than compositions of the popular or semi-classic variety which of necessity composes the programs for the regular "presentations" at this theatre.

Perhaps it will be through Mr. Rothafel and his symphony concerts that the hard and bitter road of the American composer will be made easier. With twenty-six concerts a year, it ought to be quite possible to try out some of the shorter orchestral works of native composers. If this can be done, "Roxy" will have earned the lasting gratitude of that unfortunate stepchild of the musical world, the American Composer, and will have constituted himself a National benefactor.

Among the many compositions of importance given this first season may be listed the Beethoven Fifth Symphony and the "Leonore" overture, the Tschaikowsky Sixth Symphony (the "Pathétique") and the same composer's "Nutcracker Suite," the Grieg Piano Concerto in A Minor with Percy Grainger as soloist, Mozart's "Figaro" overture, and works of Johann and Richard Strauss, MacDowell, Smetana, Meyerbeer, Massenet, Puccini, Gounod, Schubert, Rachmaninoff, Borodin, Brahms and others.

The list of soloists comprised, among others, such well-known names as Margaret Matzenauer, Dusolina Giannini, Sophie Breslau, Johanna Gadski, Louis Graveure, Rudolph Ganz, and Percy Grainger. Altogether a brave array of composers and interpreters.

Mr. Rothafel in a short speech after the concert touched on the difficulties of preparing and giving these concerts, as well as the reluctance of some of the big artists who were approached in regard to appearing in a "movie theatre," qualms he hoped had now been allayed considering the distinguished soloists who have been appearing with his organization. He further stated that he in no way wished to challenge comparison with the big orchestral organizations of the country.

As a matter of fact, whether or not this "impresario" wishes to invite comparison with other orchestral organizations, comparisons will be and are being made, and the Roxy Symphony Orchestra emerges with its flag flying.

Let the good work continue, and who knows but that with the help of "Roxy" the American composer, in spite of the never-ending flood of foreign conductors that rule our symphony orchestras at present, may yet get his place in the sun!

Melodrama—Old and New

IT is seventy years since "Ten Nights in a Barroom" first saw the gaslights. We suppose this must be one reason why the play has been revived — the other, no doubt, being prohibition. Certainly, no one can see this lively old melodrama without doing some hard thinking. Evidences of the tar brush of the propagandist are all over it. It is a tract. But it is also a genuine melodrama of the heartstrings with a curious punch, and somewhere in it a dramatic sincerity which makes it impossible for you to laugh it all off.

We had almost forgotten the terrible drunkard, the drunkard's wife and the drunkard's daughter, and Simon Slade the innkeeper, the innkeeper's son and the innkeeper's wife, and Harvey Green, with his black mustache and his black felt hat. Do you remember the dreadful ruin of the drunkard's life? The descent into Avernus which took place in Simon Slade's barroom, through all the twenty years that elapsed between the night when the drunkard's little daughter sang, "Father, dear father, come home with me now," to the last remarkable scene in Mr. Morgan's happy home, from which the Demon Rum has been forever banished?

Well, as produced by Kathleen Kirkwood at Wallack's Theatre the old story is sincerely done. There's a minimum of burlesque and, to our mind, the genuine values of the piece are excellently preserved. It provides a most strange evening. New York's most sophisticated audiences come to laugh, and find, it is true, plenty to grin over. But many and many a scene in the show is sincerely written, and possesses the same power that it always did. So that while Park Avenue laughs over the dreadful results of rum, it also finds great satisfaction in hissing the villain, just as Harvey Green, the gambler, always was hissed. It is intensely amused by the curious combination of musical comedy and melodrama which results from the introduction of the old-fashioned songs. Yet its laughter is stilled when Morgan, the slave of drink, sings the pathetic ballad which constitutes his lament over his failure in life. Again, little Mary Morgan's tearful plea to her father, in their poverty-stricken attic, "Father, don't leave little Mary tonight"—while this moment is about as absurd as anything you can imagine, there still remains, nevertheless, enough genuine, human emotion in the scene to make the audience a little doubtful as to whether to laugh or to weep; and the drunkard's fearful delirium tremens—the model, we suppose, for every scene in the last seventy years in which green monsters crawl across the floor—this scene still contains almost as much horror as "The Silent House."

The result is a play worth seeing, if merely for reasons of curiosity. Indeed, when the final curtain falls, it doesn't take much reflection to realize that you have been seeing what is probably one of the most effective instruments for influencing the human mind written in the last century. One can visualize it as so much greater than any of the Billy Sundays of our day that wherever it went and was accepted as literally true by a populace unaccustomed to having its emotions worked upon by dramatic concoctions—wherever it went, prohibition resulted and rum became the enemy of society. To see it now is to see something as truly representative of certain phases of the American scene as anything still extant.

IF we are to judge by Mae West's "Diamond Lil," the art of delivering the melodramatic punch has fallen off woefully since the days of "Ten Nights in a Barroom." Weak curtains, uncertain climaxes, and cloudy writing characterize Miss West's new play. It is supposed to be a representation of life in Jordan's saloon on Chatham Square in New York City thirty years ago. And here are the usual prostitutes, Salvation Army men, cabmen, waiters, politicians, and crooks, all being just as hard-boiled as they possibly can be, but convincing nobody—if we can judge from ourselves.

We spent most of the evening listening to Mae West saying, in effect: "We are all very bad, bad boys and girls here, and people who are good are just cowards who don't dare do the terrible, awful things that we, the bad people, dare to do. And so they try to stop us, and talk mealy-mouthed at the same time. Come on now, everybody, we are all bad, very bad, here. Wickedness is the only excitement, and the adventure of life is nothing without excitement, so let's be just badder and badder."

You will be amazed to know that nothing evil occurs after all this conversation. There's just one kiss in the play, and nobody seduces anybody, at least so far as we could observe, and the best that is produced in the way of gilded sin is a large gilt swan bed, imported, we are told, from Paris by the very bad saloon owner for the delectation of his very bad mistress. Meanwhile, every one was very satirical about slumming parties which wore monocles and stared superciliously at the honest bad people of the Bowery.

Oh, well, it's just absurd, that's all. The kind of mentality that can believe it and get a kick out of it must be about fourteen years old. As an unfurler of the banner of immorality and a cheer leader for the delights of wickedness, Mae West is not our choice. And yet she has a distinct personality, real ability as an actress, and if some one should write her a genuine, honest hard-boiled play she might be a knock-out. Doing alluring wickedness, she's simply miscast.

FRANCIS R. BELLAMY.

Miniatures from the Life

Bill

By IBBY HALL

THIRTY years ago, before the century had quite made the turn, Bill was born.

His mother was certain he had the elements of greatness in his make-up. Almost from the hour he was born he kept his footing with an uncanny sense of balance. His knees wabbled surprisingly little for so young a colt, and he learned early the trick of sniffing the wind for excitement. The truth was, he gave every indication of being a born fire-engine horse.

It was not long before his mother's hopes were justified. At an age when most young horses have not yet learned to keep away from matches young Bill, snorting smoke and brimstone, was leading the village procession to the newest blaze. He was a hero; the town would have burned down without him. If he ever thought about the future, he saw only himself, a bigger and braver animal, leading even longer processions to much greater fires. But the century then was still young.

Fifteen years ago a newcomer moved into Bill's home town. Soon after there came a night of terror and bewilderment for Bill. The fire alarm sounded, and nothing happened. Excitement rose slowly on the air, and Bill began to breathe hard and heavily. No one noticed him. His great hoofs pawed the floor—he lifted his head high with impatience and whinnied. The excitement now had risen to the bursting point. Why didn't they come for him?

Then he heard the snort of his successor. The newcomer—a monster without head, without thundering hoofs or racing blood, a creature of steel and red paint, with the sickening scream of a great insane bird—this Thing was leading that greatest of all processions!

The next day Bill was taken out by his new master. Until then he had thought of men, not as masters, but as followers. But in one night he had become a bewildered animal, and was now to be taught a new profession. He was no longer to sniff the wind for that sharp, exhilarating breath of burning. He was no longer to dash madly around well-known corners or swerve expertly at sudden obstacles. He must learn now to walk patiently down the streets of his once admiring town, dragging behind him a cart full of refuse. However, gallantry was part not only of his pride; it was in his blood and spirit. He soon learned that he was a valued member of the street-cleaning department. As time went on, he doubtless consoled himself with the reflection that it was only natural for the young radical to develop into the middle-aged conservative. He accepted life.

But only yesterday another newcomer invaded Bill's domain. A motor street-cleaner came tooting into town, and Bill, aged thirty, after twenty-odd years of service to his community, became once more only a bewildered and suspicious animal, up for sale.

By the time summer comes, Bill may yet recover from this most recent shock; he may console himself with the thought that a gentle and inevitable return to earth is the happy development of age. For Bill was sold to a farmer, the newspapers report, for one dollar.

Seeing

NEARLY a quarter of a century ago a young woman got a job as cleaning woman in one of the large office buildings in New York. In the twenty years since only one thing besides dirt has excited her eye—her weekly pay envelope with its promise of security and independence.

The other day, however, she found herself unable to go on with her job. Perhaps from daily stooping, perhaps from too much scrubbing, there was a pain in her side. With every effort the breath was beaten from her body. How was she to clean offices? She was getting to be an old woman; she had better send for the doctor.

The doctor looked at the old woman, and told her she had sciatica. He looked about at the two rooms, at the bareness and cleanliness and poverty, and told her she would be better off in a hospital. She made no complaint. Painfully, she got ready to go to the hospital, where she arrived dazed and clinging to a newspaper bundle. In spite of her suffering, she held to the newspaper bundle as though it were a baby, safe only in her arms—as though she held a treasure so fragile that it would be destroyed by any touch but hers. They managed finally by coaxing, by promises, to take it from her, though after she had relinquished it she seemed strangely to collapse and to lose what few words she had.

It was a peculiar looking bundle. Those in charge of it were filled with curiosity, and decided finally to find out what the contents were. They carefully removed the newspaper, and found under that a second covering of an old and worn towel. Under the towel was a third covering, this time a cheap, oilcloth shopping bag, made for plain service. Inside the bag they found the treasure. They counted it. It came to eleven thousand dollars, in ten and twenty dollar notes. This was news! Next day the papers all carried the story. It was a good story, good enough to follow up. Reporters went to the hospital and arranged themselves about an iron bed in one of the wards, and asked the patient intimate and admiring questions. Gradually it was made clear to her bewildered mind what had happened. One question did more than that. It shed a ray of light so penetrating that the old woman, in spite of pain, sat up suddenly in bed, and faced her tormentors. The question was natural enough: "Why didn't you keep all that money in the bank? You'd have gotten much more out of it that way."

Her voice shaking with fury, the old woman turned on them. "Now you see what you've done," she accused them, "meddling in other folks' private business! Now I'll have to put it in the bank, or every bum in the neighborhood'll be after it. Nobody ever knew till now I had that money, and it was all mine. I worked for it, and I cleaned for it, and it's all I've got. You want to know why I didn't put it in the bank? Well, I'll tell you. I wanted it where I could look at it—where I could see it. It'll be no good to me now."

The abashed reporters slunk off one by one. There was really very little for them to do, for the patient was leaving the hospital. She asked for her clothes, her discharge, and then hobbled to the office for her bundle. It was too late, they said. The office had closed for the evening. She would have to call again in the morning. But, strangely enough, she made no outcry or complaint. The bundle was no longer in her hands. One place was as good as another. It would be no longer where her eyes, that had so little else to look at, could see it.

The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

"The Man Who Laughs"

THE capacious pockets of Mr. Carl Laemmle must be quite a bit lighter in consequence of his newest Universal production; but, no matter what he spent to film "The Man Who Laughs," the venture should be well rewarded.

Here is an ideal story for the screen—moving, thrilling, and alive; a story which, for all its stark horror, is presented with such intelligence that it becomes at once a great human drama and a real historical document. So impressively convincing is "The Man Who Laughs" that one is tempted to conjure up a vision of Paul Leni, its director, holding midnight conferences with the shade of Victor Hugo, and emerging therefrom with the most enlightened conception of an author's ideals ever gained by a director.

For the most part, Mr. Leni's technical accomplishment ranks alongside his perceptive grasp of the subject; some of the scenes are overlong and on two or three occasions the complicated story gets out of hand. Exactly the same criticism, however, could be made of Victor Hugo's own treatment of the subject; so let's not hold these things against Paul Leni; the movies have tried improving on the world's greatest literature many times, and with notably direful results.

Mr. Leni has assembled a great company of skillful players to act out his play, chiefest among whom is Conrad Veidt, who does Gwynnplaine. The feat which this actor performs is awe-inspiring: his mouth set in its terrible, perpetual grin, he registers every known emotion with his eyes and the muscles of his brow. If at times the grin sets your nerves on edge, remember that without it there'd be no story.

"The Man Who Laughs" does something which only a very, very few movies have ever done before: it transfers the work of a great genius untarnished to the screen. It's a big forward step for the films, and we respectfully salute the men who made it.

"Glorious Betsy"

ONE thing may be said of the second of Warner Brothers' talking films: it's a much better picture than "Tenderloin," the first one. In "Glorious Betsy"

Dolores Costello impersonates Elizabeth Patterson, of Baltimore, Maryland, and Conrad Nagel does Jerome Bonaparte, of Paris, France. They meet, marry, and are separated by that hard-hearted brother of Jerome's, who had other matrimonial plans for him. The first part of the picture, which deals with the courtship and marriage of the famous lovers, is very well done. Miss Costello looks beautiful, and her capable leading man is at his best as the spirited young Frenchman.

The Vitaphone makes itself heard about half-way through the picture, when Captain Bonaparte is introduced by his aides to all those persons who had thought him a French teacher. To this scene it adds undoubted interest. It is also used at this point to record the singing of the "Marseillaise" by a former opera singer (André de Segurola), who has a part in the picture; and this, too, gets across in a very satisfactory manner.

From then on the picture itself deteriorates frightfully; Mr. Nagel's pleasing insouciance turns to mock heroics and Miss Costello begins spilling glycerine. Pasquale Amato appears on the scene as Napoleon, and gives a performance which is positively heartrending to admirers of his once magnificent acting on the opera stage. The whole thing, in a word, goes blooey.

This may have had something to do with the impression created by the Vitaphone when it decided to tune in again; but we don't think so. It was like this: young Mrs. Bonaparte, deserted by her husband and having discovered that she has a Great Secret, is back in Baltimore again, sitting with her old black mammy in the garden. The Vitaphone is thrown into low, and Miss Costello, in a hoarse, rasping snarl, announces that she is getting pretty sick of the way the neighbors are panning her, right to her face. The old mammy replies, in reassuring vein, and it's all perfectly dreadful.

After seeing "Tenderloin," we ventured the opinion that abstract criticism of the talking movie must be postponed until the talking part should be subjoined to a better picture. That has now occurred; and we feel moved to say that the device contributes absolutely nothing whatever to a screen story, except a lot of unnecessary canned noise—of which the world has quite enough already.

If they can ever make anything of it except an occasionally useful adjunct to short features, or to create off-stage effects, it will be because they have made a lot of hitherto unheard-of improvements in it.

Until then silence in the films is requested, for the benefit of those who have retired.

"Partners in Crime"

THE Wallace Beery-Raymond Hatton series of movie comedies was beginning to show such alarming signs of spavin, spring-halt, and malnutrition that it's a pleasure to find the two funmakers in such a good picture as "Partners in Crime." Of all the screen teams, they are the best, and in this burlesque crook melodrama they are actually helped, not handicapped, by their material. One outstanding excellence in the film is the leisurely pace at which it is played; there are no "fast and furious" sequences and no straining after comedy effects. The story unfolds, and the effects just happen.

A big contract at a greatly improved figure, a box of cigars, and, maybe, one of the Publix Theatres should be presented to the man who titled "Partners in Crime." His captions are almost uniformly good for a chuckle and some of them are uproarious. We hope he's appreciated in Hollywood and that his efforts will raise the tone of his despised profession to the point where they'll either be funny or give up trying.

We recommend "Partners in Crime" as a notable achievement in the comedy field. Put it on your list.

By W. R. BROOKS

WE had never thought that politeness could go too far. Even the politeness that is from the teeth outward has value as a gesture. But the politeness of the slot machine which says, "Thank you!" in a sepulchral voice when you drop two or three nickels into its iron maw seems to us a little excessive. We saw one the other day in a cigar store. It sells cigarettes. You put in the correct amount, turn a handle, and the cigarettes and the courtesy are automatically handed out to you. What we don't like about it is that nothing you can do will alter the courteous response. Kick the machine, swear at it, call it all the low terms that your vocabulary can assemble—still the machine will give in return for your gold that cringing, unvarying politeness. We don't like the machine. Somehow, to us it seems to lack self-respect.

And what possibilities it opens up! Motor-car fenders that automatically respond to a sudden bump with "Pardon me!" Egg cookers that shout "I'm done!" at the end of four minutes. Antique chairs which at a pressure of two hundred pounds will say, "Please take another seat." The possibilities are endless. And when advertising matter begins to take it up—when all the car cards and billboards and the goods on the counter and in the show windows become articulate! Far out at sea passengers on incoming liners will pause and listen to the distant crash and roar of the New York advertising, and on Far Western prairies when the wind changes little children will run and hide their faces in terror in their mothers' skirts when there is suddenly borne to them the menacing thundrous grumble of Omaha or Kansas City. About that time we plan to retire to the South Seas. In the meanwhile we are trying to think up a good insulting phrase to introduce into the horn of our Ford. Suggestions would be appreciated.

A SHOP which sells blankets, and nothing but blankets, was opened recently on Fifth Avenue. Although the blankets are from only one mill, there is a great variety among them, from inexpensive baby blankets to luxurious camel's-hair robes. There are blankets for summer homes, camping and sports blankets in bright patterns, as well as a large assortment of weights and colors, among which any one can find what he wants. Moreover, the store is so arranged that the blanket is seen in its natural habitat, since the inner part of the store is furnished as a bedroom.

WE saw a number of nice things at Altman's yesterday, among them a new French cigarette-lighter—the Chic—which is thinner than the usual lighter, a trifle higher, and instead of a wheel and a wick and a shield at the top has only a little handle. You pull on this, and it lights as you pull it out. They are of enamel, in very good designs. We liked everything about them but the name. "Chic" seems to us somehow to be a little *déclassé,* since we heard a girl on the bus the other day say to her friend: "Have you seen Anna's new dress? It's chicker'n hell!"

There is another lighter—a large one—which isn't a lighter at all. It holds about one good drink. We thought we'd just tell you about it.

We saw a cigarette box of colored glass with a silver top, and inside a sort of little cage to contain a lemon, which is said to keep the cigarettes in good condition. We used to use an apple or a slice of potato in our pipe tobacco, but perhaps lemon is better.

We learned here, too, that reflectors are coming into favor again on the table—those mirrors on which the "centerpiece" used to stand. They have been used a good deal with the crystal trees, but are now used with flowers or whatever. Also, the old Dresden-china figures are coming back as table decorations. It seemed rather odd to see a case full of these displayed anywhere but in an antique shop.

For formal use the lighter pastel shades in table linen have been accepted, and we rather like them, although we feel that this rising tide of color in the home is likely to swamp us before long. Even bed linen, as we remarked to you some time ago, is taking on a certain gorgeousness. We feel that it should be used sparingly, else we may become a color-blind race in a few generations.

WE have been looking at a gas refrigerator, the Electrolux—which seems to us well worth consideration if you are planning to eliminate the iceman. In the first place, it doesn't make any noise. Not any at all. We listened to one ourself, and couldn't detect the slightest hum, rattle, pop, or rustle. The reason for this is that there are no moving parts. There is a little gas flame, about the size of the pilot light in a range, and this heats a liquid—distilled water and ammonia—which circulates through a sealed system of cylinders and pipes. The liquid, in turn, does something mysterious as it evaporates—takes up the heat and chills the food compartments, and freezes the little cubes of ice. This liquid is evaporated and condensed over and over again, and never needs replacement. There's no motor, so there's nothing to wear out. All you have to do, really, is light the little gas jet and then pay your gas bill regularly each month so the company won't shut off the meter. Then you'll always have a cold refrigerator. The big Electrolux refrigerators use 1,500 cubic feet of gas a month, the small ones something less. And if the flame blows out or for any reason goes out, there is automatic control which shuts off the gas immediately. It is perfectly safe. Moreover, you can get it in four color finishes, or you can give the company a sample of the color you want and they will match it.

Tom and the Little White Pig

A Tale for Children

By HARRIET EAGER DAVIS

Illustrated by Frank W. Peers

GRANDMA'S tales were never like other people's tales. She could hold the children spellbound with her impersonations, for each character—man, child, or animal—spoke in his own voice throughout the story. To this day, writes Mrs. Robert Jardine, an Outlook reader, who sent us "Tom and the Little White Pig," she can still hear Grandma's voice exchanging the calls: "Woo-ho!" and "Woo-ho!" between Tom and his mother.

Tom and the Little White Pig

As remembered by Mrs. Robert Jardine, an Outlook reader

IN a brown cottage on a hill lived a little boy named Tom and his mother. Beside the cottage grew a little green garden, and behind it stood a little red barn, where Tom and his mother kept their good old yellow cow. Each morning before the little boy started to school he led the cow to a nice rich pasture, and every evening he brought her back and milked her before supper.

With such good care, the cow gave a great deal of milk, and, though Tom and his mother drank all they could, there was always plenty left.

"Oh," Tom's mother would sigh, as she cleared away the supper dishes and found the milk-pitcher still half full, "I do wish we had a pig! A nice little pig would grow so fat and round on this good milk."

But Tom and his mother were very poor and had no money to buy a pig.

Many afternoons on his way home from school Tom stopped at a farmhouse and looked into the pen full of little new pigs, wishing he could take one home.

One morning, not far from the farmhouse, he saw something shining on the path. He picked it up. It was a piece of silver money, more than Tom had ever owned in his life! Tom looked all around to see if the person who lost it

might be in sight, but he saw no one, so he dropped the silver into his pocket and hurried on to school, very happy.

All day long Tom kept slipping his hand into his pocket. What should he buy? There were so many things he needed—shoes and stockings and books. Then Tom remembered Mother and the milk-pitcher. Why, of course—he would buy a little pig!

So when school was over, instead of waiting to play with the other boys, he stopped at the farmhouse and asked if there were any pigs for sale.

"Yes, indeed," said the farmer. "Just come here and take your choice." And he led Tom to the pen.

What a noise and what a lot of pigs, grunting and shoving and digging their snouts into the ground! Black pigs and white pigs, brown pigs and yellow pigs, plain pigs and spotted pigs, and all so little and cute Tom wanted at least half a dozen. But at last he chose a little all-over white one with bright eyes and a curly tail.

"I'll take that one," said Tom, and the farmer lifted it out. Tom put his hand in his pocket.

"Yes," said the farmer. "I'm glad to sell it. For I lost a good piece of money on the road this morning."

Tom's fingers closed tight around the silver piece. All money looked alike—the farmer need never know. Besides, perhaps it wasn't his piece, anyway.

"Wh-where did you lose it?" asked Tom.

"Somewhere between here and the schoolhouse," answered the farmer, scratching the little pig's back. "Oh, I'll never see it again," and he held out the pig to Tom.

Poor Tom! He looked at the pig and he looked at the farmer. He fingered the coin in his pocket. He thought of Mother and that pitcher of good milk.

Then he drew out the money bravely.

"Here, sir," he said. "I found your money. But I didn't know it was yours."

"Well!" cried the farmer, taking the money in surprise. "Well, you're an honest lad!"

"A-and I guess I won't take the pig," said Tom. "I-I've changed my mind."

The farmer looked at him very hard. His eyes twinkled. "I see," he said slowly. "Well, I tell you, young man, I've really got more pigs than I want, anyway, and I'd be glad if you'd just take this one off my hands," and he laid the squirming little white animal in Tom's arms.

Meantime, in the little brown cottage, Tom's mother was wondering what had become of her boy. Presently she saw Tom hurrying up the road.

"Woo-ho!" she called.

"Woo-ho!" answered Tom, and Mother went back to get supper ready.

Quickly Tom slipped around to the barn and laid the little pig in a box of hay. Then he walked after the cow, led her home, milked her, and went in to supper as usual.

When supper was over, Tom's mother picked up the milk-pitcher.

"Oh," she sighed, looking inside, "I do wish we had a pig! A nice little pig would get so fat and round on this good milk."

"Mother," said Tom, "come out to the barn. I have something to show you."

And when Tom's mother saw that cute little white pig with its bright eyes and curly tail she was so surprised and so pleased that she hurried right back into the house for the pitcher. And when she had poured the milk into a dish the little pig put his nose in and drank and drank. Such a noise—like a whole pig-pen full! Then when he could hold no more, the little white pig turned over on his little fat side and fell fast asleep beside the old yellow cow.

Opening Our Markets to Europe's Securities

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

WHERE are all those German, English, Dutch, and Belgian stocks and bonds that were going to be listed on the New York Stock Exchange? It is more than a year since the front pages of the metropolitan newspapers announced that New York was going to be a market for securities from all over the world, but the number of foreign internal issues being traded in is still decidedly small.

This condition is interesting, not only because of the announcement and the various imaginative predictions that followed it, but because our position as a debtor country means that there is an inevitable trend of foreign issues to our shores.

Our exchanges, of course, do not lack foreign dollar bonds. The Stock Exchange alone lists about two hundred and fifty which represent loans to foreign nations or industries that were floated through American banking houses, but it affords trading facilities to only twenty-seven bonds and eight stocks which were issued in terms of foreign currencies.

Advantages would accrue both to the American investor and to the holders of foreign internal securities from more extensive foreign listings in New York. Our present high level of security prices is one of many indications of the difficulties of investing our funds profitably. Putting large blocks of foreign internal stocks and bonds into this market would give a larger outlet for our surplus capital. The mechanics of purchases abroad are comparatively simple, but it is a rare American investor and, what is more, a rare investment house that command the facilities for investigation that would be a necessary preliminary to the acquisition of, say, shares in a French artificial silk company or a German public utility that are listed only in Paris and Berlin. If they were listed here, the information would be readily available.

It is axiomatic that security-holders want the broadest possible market for their securities. In nearly every case the breadth gives strength. But it is not necessary to rest on this axiom alone in asserting the desirability, from the point of view of the holders of foreign internal issues, of their enjoyment of New York trading facilities. The changes in prices of such issues as have come on our markets prove arithmetically how the widening of the market has strengthened it.

The most recent examples were the listing here of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland 4 and 5 per cent refunding loans. The news that they would be traded in on the New York Stock Exchange immediately lifted their values in London.

Since so few foreign stocks and bonds have an official trading status in the United States, although it is so clearly desirable that they should, the deduction is simple that their introduction must offer serious technical difficulties—and, indeed, it does. For the protection of investors, the Stock Exchange has drawn up rigid listing requirements, and the number of foreign securities that can fulfill them is, at the present time, strictly limited.

It will be simpler and briefer to discuss the problem as it faces the authorities of the New York Stock Exchange only. These problems are, with trifling exceptions, the same that face the governors of the Curb Market and of all other American security exchanges.

After only a short study, it became apparent that trading in existing foreign internal securities was not feasible because of such difficulties as the determination of legality of issuance, authentication, exercise of voting power, payment of interest and dividends, language on certificates, withdrawals, cancellations, and the deliverance of important notices. Most of these objections were overcome by the issuance of American certificates of deposit, backed by existing securities, but many still remain.

One of the most important requirements of the Exchange is that the companies whose securities are on its Board should publish frequent, detailed statements of their financial position. Professor W. Z. Ripley, in his "Main Street and Wall Street," has made clear the necessity for this requirement. American corporations which are not frank with their stockholders and with the public regarding their assets, liabilities, and earnings are always suspected of making profitable market operations too easy for "insiders."

Foreign countries, however, have no such tradition of frankness. England, for instance, is the only European country where independent professional accountants audit financial statements as they do here. On the Continent th work is done in casual and inexpert fas ion by stockholders' committees. Ear ings statements there are infrequent a notoriously inexact. In years of pro perity they minimize and in adver years exaggerate their net income. T Continent is a paradise for "insiders Such concealment may, for various re sons, be beneficial to the stockholders the long run, but it closes their secu ties to the Stock Exchange.

No French internal issues could rea American exchanges, because the fra is not on a gold basis. Important di crepancies between American and fo eign corporate practice and obstacles the way of the maintenance of a suf ciently broad market bar thousands others.

Any good Lamarckian will insist tha since it is to the mutual interest American and foreign investors th many more internal securities of oth countries be listed on our exchanges, is only a question of time before t difficulties will be overcome. Th theory, moreover, is held by Americ authorities. It is evident, though, th the process will be much slower than t public was led to believe a year ago.

WITH its eyes glued to the sto ticker, watching the fluctuatio of the most active stock market of o history, the financial community h pretty generally ignored an importa fundamental change in industrial con tions which has been occurring duri the last year and which has been pa ticularly noticeable the last two mont

This change is a sharp reversal of t decline in commodity prices which h hitherto been interrupted only at br intervals since the collapse of the po war boom. The index compiled by t Federal Reserve Bank of New Yo shows that the average price of twen basic commodities has climbed about per cent above its early March level a about twelve per cent above its level a year ago.

Fundamental factors, such as great productive capacity and the v rious other influences that tend to press prices for many years after a gre war, probably will prevent this uptu from going much further, but as long it lasts it is bound to widen present u comfortably narrow profit margins. is a real boon to industry.

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Speaking of Books

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

My Country, 'Tis of Thee

THE pamphleteers who direct their efforts toward ennobling the American scene by showing the American people what cheap bounders and dull-witted opportunists they are might save their breath to cool their porridge. Instead of that, having once, and even twice and again, said their say to the vast amusement of many but the cleansing discomfiture of few, they keep on saying it because, forsooth, they must have porridge to cool. Sinclair Lewis, like his old friend George F. Babbitt and his new friend Lowell Schmaltz, the Man Who Knew Coolidge,[1] has got to eat. And if he prefers to eat abroad, if he likes *cervelle au beurre noir* and *château neuf du pape* better than buckweat cakes and hooch, we do not blame him. But what he and other acute and brilliant writers have said might be said in fewer words and to as much or as little purpose. America is not Europe. The American is not as civilized as the European. The European is distinguished by a hard head, a soft heart, and a quick tongue. The American, by a soft head, a hard heart, and a slick tongue. What is to be done about it?

Nothing, by such means. Nothing any more. These that were voices crying in the wilderness have become part of a raucous popular chorus. Whatever be the state of minds and hearts, their tongues are as slick as any.

Two things have to be understood about America. First of all, it is adolescent, as all its critics, foreign and domestic, recognize. It has the typical adolescent faults, which are more conspicuous than the equally typical virtues. America is *being its age* with a vengeance. And against adolescence the weapon of satire is worse than useless. Sneer at your sixteen-year-old, and he is immediately reinforced by the terrible pride of youth. But get him laughing at himself, and half the battle is won. Better than by a thousand monologues of Lowell Schmaltz or a thousand strokes of the caduceus upon the backsides of *boobus americanus* anything that can be done by writers to make the adolescent American mass grown up can be done by such books as "The Great American Band Wagon,"[2] which presents with temperate humor the distressing and humiliating spectacle of a nation enslaved by bad taste; by "Alice in Delighted States,"[3] a masterpiece of topical parody; by "France is Full of Frenchmen,"[4] which illustrates the absurdities of the French scene only to show more effectively the absurdities of the American one.

The other thing which must be understood about America, which the able of its foreign critics has left unnoticed, is that it is and has always been convinced at heart, not only of its privileges, but of its responsibilities. This something no Continental can understand; it appears to be one of the romantic obsessions which is peculiar Anglo-Saxon, and our polyglot country adopted it along with English speech. In conception it is a version of the messianic conviction. America believes in its heart that it is its brother's keeper. This quality, like that of adolescence, has with its virtues its terrible defects. Conviction, amazing strength for co-operative effort mark it. So do blind stupidity and intolerance. If you can doubt it, read "Let Freedom Ring" and "The Inquiring Mind."[5] Supplement the fire of Mr. Hays's pen with the cold steel of Mr. Chafee's. "Let Freedom Ring" is written for popular reading; "The Inquiring Mind," for specialists. Both deal with the greatest danger to the future of America as her founders conceived her that can exist—the danger that the country, in "exalting order at the cost of liberty," has forgotten the ideals which underlie her institutions. They deal with the tragic farce of freedom, with blindness and bigotry, with the Scopes trial, the Boston censorship cases, the coal company towns, with the case of Sacco and Vanzetti. No one whose interest in America goes beyond his own immediate fortunes should let such books as these unread. Perhaps you read Lewis and Nathan and laugh

THIS list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by the following book-shops each week:

New York—Brentano's;
Rochester—Scrantoms Inc.;
Cleveland—Korner & Wood;
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort, & Barney;
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Company;
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company;
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.;
Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company;
Kansas City—Emery Bird Thayer.

Fiction

"The Bridge of San Luis Rey," by Thornton Wilder. Albert & Charles Boni. This beautifully written and moving study in the working of God's providence, and of love, the bridge which joins the living and the dead, deserves its popularity. Reviewed January 4.

"Wintersmoon," by Hugh Walpole. Doubleday, Doran & Co. You will enjoy this social comedy in Walpole's best vein. Some old names appear, and there is at least one very engaging character. Reviewed March 7.

"The Greene Murder Case," by S. S. Van Dine. Charles Scribner's Sons. The famous society detective, Vance, is at work again, this time on a complicated and slightly incredible case, which nevertheless is not keeping Van Dine enthusiasts from devouring it.

"The Key of Life," by Francis Brett Young. A. A. Knopf. The author's two most sympathetic settings, the Cotswolds and Africa, are the background for a dramatic story, written with poetic feeling. To be reviewed next week.

"Ashenden, or the British Secret Agent," by W. Somerset Maugham. Doubleday, Doran & Co. These exciting stories of war, spies, and murder are good light reading. Reviewed May 2.

Non-Fiction

"Disraeli," by André Maurois, translated by Hamish Miles. D. Appleton & Co. This strangely romantic figure is touched vividly into life by Maurois's hand. You will find this excellent reading. Reviewed February 22.

"Mother India," by Katherine Mayo. Harcourt, Brace & Co. This account of some aspects of Indian society is furnishing Americans with lively, if not accurate, information. Reviewed June 22.

"Napoleon, the Man," by R. McNair Wilson. The Century Company. In contrast to the familiar conception of Napoleon, this study presents him as the savior of the French revolutionary spirit. To be reviewed next week.

"Skyward," by Commander Richard E. Byrd. G. P. Putnam's Sons. This stirring story of achievement deserves a place beside "We" on the American book-shelf. Reviewed May 2.

"Strange Interlude," by Eugene O'Neill. Boni & Liveright. This play, in which the dramatist steals some of the novelist's best psychological thunder, is as good to read as to see; perhaps better. Reviewed in "Lights Down," February 22.

[1] The Man Who Knew Coolidge. By Sinclair Lewis. Harcourt, Brace & Co.

[2] The Great American Band Wagon. By Charles Merz. The John Day Company.

[3] Alice in the Delighted States. By Edw Hope. Lincoln Macveagh, The Dial Press.

[4] France is Full of Frenchmen. By L Galantière. Payson & Clarke, Ltd.

[5] Let Freedom Ring. By Arthur Garfield H Boni & Liveright.

[6] The Inquiring Mind. By Zechariah Chafee, Harcourt, Brace & Co.

Courtesy of Frederick Keppel & Co.

COCK FIGHT, SANTO DOMINGO

Original lithograph by George "Pop" Hart

d thank God that
u are not as other
en. Perhaps you
e the unlovely sur-
ce of America and
cept it with a sigh
a necessary evil
a land still young.
rhaps your ac-
ptance rests upon
e belief that under
e surface all is
ell. If so, you fail
see that that very
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onition to keep
hooping it up; an
happy country whose men of might
e no longer her men of vision.

The Player Struts and Frets

Daisy and Daphne," by Rose Macaulay. Boni & Liveright.

The philosophy which Rose Macau-
y expresses in all her novels is the
hilosophy of Macbeth, staggering to his
om, and soliloquizing upon the futility
life. But that it is her own, we
ubt. She is amused or scornful or dis-
sted, but always she pities humanity
at struts and frets and then is seen no
ore. She has a quality of detached
aternity, if such an anomaly is possi-
e. Her new book, "Daisy and
aphne," is no exception. It is the
ory of Daphne Daisy Simpson (her
ppearance as two distinct people in
e first half of the book can deceive
one); Daisy to her lower-middle-class
mily, Daphne to her upper-middle-
ass friends, Marjorie Wynne to the
aff and readers of the "Evening Wire"
d to the public which absorbs "third-
te novels;" to God and Rose Macau-
y, who made her, "a frail little spirit,"
himpering, "Oh, what am I to do?" in
bewildered voice and scuttling to cover
-a study in the inferiority complex, one
lented writer says; just a study in
rsonality, we say. Daisy is the child,
an earlier and less regular union, of
rs. Lily Arthur, of East Sheen. Mrs.
Arthur is a whole-souled comic character and would make "Daisy and Daphne" worth reading if there were no one else in it. She is the wife of a decorator—of the papering and painting, not the interior variety—and mother of Ed, a reporter; Amy, a librarian; and Ada, a telephone operator; as well as of Daisy. Daisy's father was a writer, who, dying, left the fruit of his unsanctified affection for the subsequent Mrs. Arthur in care of his sister. In the social stratum of her aunt, Daisy became Daphne.

Daphne went out to a delicious Mediterranean island with the Folyots, as companion to their diverting young children; secretary to Mr. Folyot, who was something in the British Museum; and general assistant to Mrs. Folyot, a public-spirited lady, engaged perpetually in listening to, rescuing, sustaining, and parading for the politically disaffected of all lands. On the Mediterranean island Daisy fell abjectly in love with Raymond, the Folyots' grown son, a cool young biologist. Daphne became his humorous, care-free companion on walks to look at birds and to capture strange marine creatures. And Marjorie Wynne sent back pieces to the "Evening Wire" on "Can the Post-War Girl Make a Home?" In an emergency which called for nerve and a cool head the cowardly lower-middle-class Daisy appeared in Daphne's place. She was not liked. Daphne Daisy went back to London and her novels and pieces, and Daisy sought consolation in the wide bosom of the Arthur family, where she was "mother's clever girl." But the Folyots came back to London, too. Daphne was reconstructed for them, and Raymond fell a little in love with her. To satisfy Daisy's pride, Daphne's engagement was reported in East Sheen. To keep Daphne going, Daisy's family was misrepresented and Marjorie Wynne suppressed in the Folyot home. This castle of lies was bound to collapse, and so it does, ignominiously, carrying Daphne with it, leaving Daisy unsheltered to the bitter wind. Raymond Folyot despises Daisy, nasty little snob and vulgar liar. East Sheen despises Daphne, conceited little snob and ungrateful liar. So Marjorie Wynne, having accomplished a successful third-rate novel, leaves for America to lecture. But neither Daisy nor Daphne has gone beyond recall. A chance word resuscitates Daphne, the debonair woman of the world; another will do the same for Daisy, poor little fool! Marjorie Wynne will taste the sort of success which neither of them wants, and the sorry composite who is all three and none of them will lie and cower, scramble and evade, and weep and boast through life, like all the rest

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of us, "since all are, in a manner of speaking, in the same quandary."

Rose Macaulay is highly successful in her contrasted characters and atmospheres. Her admirations and her dislikes are hearty. She is thoroughly British. Some readers will be annoyed by her digressions, and want her to get on with her good story and her real people. We find her sharp running comment on the writing and selling of books, on psychoanalysis, the rearing of children, journalism, and good works an amusing part of her book. And her tricks of style are endearing. She quashes, except once in a while when it will spill out, her poetic instincts and remains sturdily hard-headed. Her deliberate clumsinesses, occasional carelessness—deliberate, too, perhaps—her affection for scientific terms and long lists of birds and flowers, all these idiosyncrasies endow her books with a very personal and humorous quality which we find delightful. More than that of any other contemporary writer her work gives a sense of a secret amusing and not a little touching shared between writer and reader. You will have guessed that we like Rose Macaulay.

Curzon and Asquith

By P. W. WILSON

"The Life of Lord Curzon," by the Earl of Ronaldshay. Boni & Liveright.
"Speeches," by the Earl of Oxford and Asquith. Doubleday, Doran & Co.

One by one, even the later Victorians, vanishing from visibility, resign their fame to the chilly test of cold print. It is Lord Ronaldshay who, in the first of three volumes, speaks for Lord Curzon, carrying a readable biography to the eve of the Indian Viceroyalty. In speeches, well selected, perfect in form and mercifully concise, Asquith speaks for himself.

It used to be an axiom that Balliol College, over which that Mr. Worldly Wiseman, the late Dr. Jowett, presided as master, produced graduates of a type. Indeed, in a fraternity limited to a hundred or two students and dominated by a powerful personality such a myth was, perhaps, inevitable. Yet none studying the actual characters of Asquith and Curzon—we might add, of Milner and Grey and Lansdowne and St. Loe Strachey—would conclude that they had been compressed into one academic mold. The most perfect of Balliol men, as the phrase has been understood, is that suave, efficient, faultless lawyer, Sir John Simon, and he, like his rival, Lord Birkenhead, went to Wadham! We exaggerate the spell of institutions. If Asquith had been enrolled at Magdalen and Curzon at Christ Church, their careers and their individualities would not have been materially affected.

Both of these men were scholarl
Both of these men were efficient. Bo
of these men were obviously of Prim
Ministerial timber. If one of the
missed the prize which the other won,
was for two reasons. They differed
method. They differed in caste.

Asquith economized effort. He wast
not a word on what was other than t
worth while. All his work was well do
while he was at work. When done, h
left the work behind. Curzon ma
work. On details of no importan
he concentrated an exhausting attentio
To his correspondence he was an addic
As Tamerlane shed blood, so did he sh
ink, and it was in reams that he dropp
you a line.

So with oratory. For the platfor
and for Parliament both men were w
prepared. But what prepared Asqui
was practice. What prepared Curz
was polish. In the one case, the mann
was servant; in the other case, the ma
ner was master. Curzon lavished on
phrase the attention that Asquith d
voted to a policy.

The men belonged to opposite caste
Eight hundred years of continuous re
dence at Kedleston linked the Curzo
with the Norman Conquest. To rule w
their right. By ancestry, Asquith b
longed, not to the aristocracy, but to t
enfranchised.

At the outset, it seemed as if all t
advantages of birth lay with the heir
a peerage. When Asquith was languis
ing in Opposition, Curzon held the hig
est of all Durbars at Delhi. But a rev
lution, silent and bloodless, was du
The day when the House of Lor
elected the House of Commons was fa
receding into history. With Labor ca
turing the Opposition, obviously t
Prime Minister, even if Conservativ
must sit when he could give Labor t
answer direct. For the highest office,
Lord Curzon was dismayed to learn,
Marquisate had become an absolute di
qualification.

Of his temperament much has bee
written, and not too much. No ma
who worked as he worked can be whol
insufferable. Indeed, he was at tim
both human and witty, and of his lo
alty to the Christian faith it is impos
ble to speak without respect.

But conquest was in his bones. En
land—that was an old story. It must h
Tibet, Persia, "the glacis of India." Fe
Ireland, for the self-governing Domi
ions, for the United States, whence h
derived his wife and his balance at th
bank, he had no real regard. The na
tions that Curzon loved were the natio
that could be ruled.

Hence he was not really popular eve
with his peers. He regarded the duk

nd the viscounts with whom he asso-
ated at Westminster as he had re-
arded the Nizams and Gaekwars who
laamed at Delhi; that is, as allies in
eredity, honored allies, but allies who
ust acknowledge a sovereign superior-
y. The Devonshires and the Buc-
euchs did not always relish the salutes
ith which they were greeted as Lord
urzon's rajahs.

That Lord Curzon surpassed, let us
y, the Cecils in pride is the reverse of
e truth. The Cecils are so proud that
ey do not trouble to parade it. It was
urzon's misgivings as to his prestige
at led him to assert it. Haughtier than
alfour, he was really more sensitive.
o the press Balfour, bland and smiling,
ayed the pachyderm. But a paragraph
ould send Curzon into a paroxysm. He
velt in an age when chivalry was a
ow, not a deed; he was more con-
rned with his coat of arms than with
s armor; if he wore a helmet, it was
r the sake of the plume. Serious, not
long, he raised a smile; and the climax
his career was to serve under Lloyd
eorge.

So with an unstained escutcheon, he
ed with no son to succeed to his ac-
mulation of titles. His daughter was
arried to Oswald Mosley and together
ey joined the Labor Party. It is due
an indulgent parent to add that his
nse of humor enabled him heartily to
joy his own predicament.

Each to His Hero

By DANIEL ROBERT MAUÉ

Stonewall Jackson," by Allen Tate. Minton, Balch & Co.

A new story of "Old Jack" must in-
itably have appeared, for circulation
ould be large, particularly through the
outh, where, in the nature of things,
eneral Jackson was most admired and
here he lives in memory as somewhat
a genius. Now comes Allen Tate,
irginian at heart if not by birth, with
book for Virginians. To these the
emory of the great fighter has been
ost dear.

Mr. Tate, no doubt, has already
uched off a round of chuckles over
Stonewall," has set the oldsters to re-
apping the yarns about the doughty
centric—and many the stories told
at never found way into the new book.
ot all the anecdotes they tell in Vir-
nia flatter the Civil War hero. There's
e one, for instance, about how young
om jumped from the window of his
cle's mill into the mill-race in order to
cape officers of the civil law. Mr.
te, however, scarcely goes beyond the
aracterization, "overdeveloped." "Old
ck" does little worse than sit on a
mp and suck a lemon.

The author admired, or even loved, his hero, but he did not love him enough that he could discuss flaws as well as greatness. "Jackson alone, as a soldier, was Lee and Longstreet combined; Longstreet alone was—Longstreet; Lee alone, as a soldier and as a man, was almost God." The author, admittedly, early acquired that belief, and in seeking to uphold that belief he is throughout the book on the defensive.

He has written a concise story of Jackson's military campaigns, showing brief glimpses of Jackson.

Mr. Tate does not understand his man as he could have had he inquired further into the three prime conditioners General Jackson had in his poorness of eyesight, his glandular troubles, and his "obscure stomach complaint." The author scoffs at the idea of considering them—or does he, in the intentness of his defense, scoff at the trend of modern biography, which is toward understanding or as far as one can go in that direction? The defense is there; the man is not.

"Good soldier" Jackson was beyond doubt, and active, too, but he was sometimes extremely foolish. "A great opportunity had slipped away" because he would not fight on Sunday, not even if he was about the Lord's business. What couldn't he have done if his acute need for activity had not driven him to attempts at defeating, with his handful of men, the entire Union army, if he had not so often been impatient of delay, if he had been slightly less secretive in his plans? To what heights could he not have gone if he had been more regardful of the Valley Army's brains—his own? Such was his confidence in the belief that God would see him through that he did not take even normal precautions to protect himself. And yet there is that analogue of nature, who in the individual protects the area of "reasoning" with bony structure.

Because of the General's taciturnity one now can only attempt interpretation of what went on in his mind. Some of Mr. Tate's judgments go without adequate, convincing support. Tom Jackson could have been America's "greatest military genius" but for the limitations put upon him by his own nature.

In some of his battle scenes Mr. Tate does some excellent short bits of description. For the greater part, however, his style tends to an abruptness that is disconcerting. He seems to be as devoid of a sense of humor as was his subject. Here is, then, a study chiefly valuable for its résumé of military tactics—tactics that today seem so pitiful in the light of great changes, and which can never be employed again in this era of civilization.

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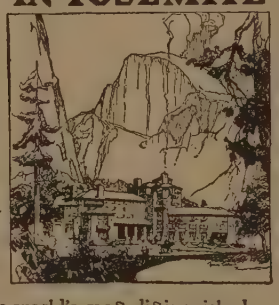

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Picked at Random

By WALTER R. BROOKS

Ernest Bramah's
Kai Lung Unrolls His Mat
Doubleday, Doran

Subtle, suave, and intricately satirical is this third book of Bramah's, in which the tales of Kai Lung, the story-teller, are strung along the thread of that person's adventures in rescuing the beautiful Golden Mouse from the ferocious Ming Shu. The ponderous, polished, and totally insincere courtesy of all the characters, with its transposition of our ordinary slang phrases into a sort of high-flown Chinese idiom, is delightful. The garbage man becomes one of the Hereditary Confederacy of Superfluity Removers and Abandoned Oddment Gatherers. A petition is not buried in a pigeonhole, it is consigned to the eternal oblivion of the dove's retreat. We only refrain from saying that these books are the best of their kind because we know of no others that are at all like them. They are really unique.

H. De Vere Stacpoole's
The Mystery of Uncle Bollard
Doubleday, Doran

Jimmy asked Clyde to avenge his father's murder, so Clyde came all the way from London to San Francisco, where the deed had been done. Clyde had an Uncle Bollard in San Francisco, so he called on the old gentleman and asked his help. Uncle Bollard was a wheat operator with several fingers in the political pie. He was certainly a hard egg. And how he did prick up his ears when he heard that Neuberg was suspected of the murder! Clyde couldn't figure out why Uncle Bollard was so sour on Neuberg—not that it made any difference either to him or to the story. Why all the pother about the mystery of Uncle Bollard's vindictiveness, when there's Captain Duckers's lovely daughter and the more sinned against than sinning Sellers and the vile Neuberg and an exciting man hunt over quite a lot of land and sea? Stacpoole has done better, but he always spins a good yarn.

Earl Derr Biggers's
Behind that Curtain
Bobbs-Merrill

The curtain of the past, veiling what happened to Eve Durand when she vanished from Peshawur many years ago, is very deftly lifted by Charlie Chan, the Chinese detective, whose methods and quaintnesses have charmed us before. Of course, if Sir Frederic Bruce, former head of the C. I. D., hadn't happened to be murdered in his host's office in San Francisco, Charlie, like the flowers that bloom in the spring, would have had nothing to do with the case. Neither would the beautiful lady district attorney, and then Barry Kirk wouldn't have met her and another romance would never have blossomed. So we're glad Sir Frederic was murdered. And we do admire Kirk, who, when he found that his butler had once put poison in a lady's tea, had the courage to continue drinking concoctions which that worthy prepared for him.

Dr. J. F. Montague's
Troubles We Don't Talk About
Lippincott

False modesty and the quack advertiser of patent medicines have worked together to cause an incalculable amount of suffering in the past—an amount that will be very considerably reduced if people generally are aware of the existence of this book. Herein are frankly discussed certain ailments of the intestinal tract, with plain advice as to how to get rid of them. The author is a qualified specialist. We are glad to know that such a book is popularly available.

Blair Niles's
Condemned to Devil's Island
Harcourt, Brace

A fictionized synthesis of the stories of a number of French convicts in the Devil's Island Penal Colony in French Guiana, where Dreyfus was once confined. The author gathered her material at first hand, and it is not a pretty story that she tells, although she tells it well and dramatically. You will hate the hopelessness and the despair and the squalor that are the unvarying conditions of these lost lives, but you will read to the end, because all the horror and bitterness is redeemed by the indomitable courage of some of these men.

The Movies

(*See page 65*)

"Abie's Irish Rose."—Just like the play.
"Beau Sabreur."—Plenty of sand, but no ginger.
"The Big City."—Lon Chaney fails to save it.
"Burning Daylight."—Won't set fire to anything.
"The Chaser."—Harry Langdon scores a miss.
"Chicago."—Just like the play—this is praise.
"The Circus."—If you don't like Chaplin, you're the funny one.
"The Count of Ten."—James Gleason and Charles Ray are good.
"The Crowd."—A sad story, beautifully directed.
"Doomsday."—Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear!
"Dressed to Kill."—The ace of the crook plays.
"Drums of Love."—Pomp, pathos, and Lionel Barrymore.
"Four Sons."—It's a fine film, but too long.
"The Gaucho."—No one is perfect—not even Douglas Fairbanks.
"Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."—Pretty girls and pretty vague.
"A Girl in Every Port."—Victor MacLaglen is in it.
"The Jazz Singer."—Al Jolson sings, and that's all.
"The Last Command."—The great Jannings. See it.
"The Legion of the Condemned."—The so-called sequel to "Wings."
"Love."—Greta Garbo and John Gilbert. Recommended.
"Mother Machree."—A nice, mushy Irish picture.
"A Night of Mystery."—Adolphe Menjou—just fair.
"The Noose."—A fairly absorbing film, with Richard Barthelmess, Alice Joyce, and Montagu Love.
"Red Hair."—Clara Bow in her big disrobing act.
"Sadie Thompson."—Gloria Swanson trying hard.
"The Secret Hour."—Pola Negri in a good picture.
"Simba."—The Martin Johnson masterpiece.
"Skyscraper."—Thoroughly enjoyable.
"Speedy."—You can't go wrong on Harold Lloyd.
"Street Angel."—A beautiful, tiresome picture.
"Sunrise."—Dr. Murnau's supreme achievement.
"Tenderloin."—The first (and worst) talking movie.
"The Trail of '98."—The grandest scenes now on view.
"Two Lovers."—Last of the Colman-Bankys. Interesting.
"Wings."—The great epic of the war-birds.

Beyond Cult and Sect

(Continued from page 90)

cumstances. Oh, we'll pull you through all right." In no time at all the trained nurse was installed and Mrs. Marshall went home.

She came to see me quite often all through my illness. Every time I saw her I felt that soothing, comforting sense of being under a mother's watchful eyes.

One thing I could not understand: why she heaped so much grace where none was deserved? But that did not in the least prevent my eyes from getting misty every time I caught sight of her. My crude and very shy boyish eyes came to see Mrs. Marshall as through a halo—and more and more. By the time I was lolling through the luxury of convalescent hours she was no mere woman walking the way of the flesh. In my eyes she was one of those miracles of grace of whose slipper marks this old earth was entirely unworthy.

One day she dropped in with a basket of fruit.

FOR days on end I had been thinking that a formal speech was due her—and from me. A formal speech of grateful appreciation of all her kindly acts. So I braced myself up. I felt, of course, all the tremors and terrors of a college valedictorian. Worse. For there was my English. It was like dressing up a fairy queen in department-store remnants. But I went at it with all that was in me. For a sense of duty is a frightful thing in a boy.

"Mrs. Marshall," I blurted out in a funny little squeak. I did not recognize my voice in it, but I saw it was loaded with a lot of emotion, a sort of cross between the heroic and the pathetic, "I don't have to tell you that I owe you more than any one else for my recovery. You did more than anybody to pull me through my illness"—

"Oh, but it isn't true," she protested.

Once started, I crowded on all my sails. "You did more than just pull me through. And that is the thing I wish to thank you for more especially—more than anything else. And that—that is, you have shown me what divine grace is like when it walks the earth in a human form."

SHE stopped me with a gesture and with a look. Both the look and the gesture had about them all the forbidding qualities of a shock of unadulterated terror. I never saw a more violent or sudden change in a person. The rose faded out of her cheeks; her features, soft as a May morn a second ago, frozen rigid. She was speechless for all of two minutes. And I knew all that space of time she was struggling desperately for the control of her breath and tongue.

"S-stop!" she gasped out at last, "You—you mustn't say such a thing. It's—it's terrible!"

Dumfounded, entirely beyond speech, I simply stared at her. Here I had given voice to one of the most sincere sentiments I had ever felt in all my young life. And the effect of that upon Mrs. Marshall was nothing less than appalling. But all this was rather mild to the shock her next sentence gave me:

"Why, I—I am a sinful, wicked woman."

I HAD heard many a good woman use almost identical words at some of the Methodist revival meetings I had attended. But Mrs. Marshall was not hitting the sawdust trail. That almost transparent pallor of her face, the agony in every line of her features, the heaving of her bosom—these, infinitely more than her words, told me that she was at a confessional. And the only father confessor before whom she stood was her own conscience. Then the story of her life's tragedy came from her in broken snatches.

She had driven a young man out to a mission field in despair, she told me, "one of the noblest men I knew. I was so young, so criminally stupid and hard." The young man she had driven from her side had died in the heart of China—of typhoid.

"I murdered him," came from her with the stark directness of a rapier driven home. "Yes, I killed him. If I had shot him through the heart, I could not have been any the guiltier. Only in that case he would have been spared years of heartache and endless days of suffering in China—under what terrible conditions, God alone knows."

Tears, long fought back, came at last to relieve her, thank Heaven! And for the first time I saw a great light. Now I understood the depth and breadth of her tender care lavished upon a lone waif of a heathen.

The man she had really loved—and banished—had died far from her. All alone most likely, and of typhoid fever.

IS the consciousness of past guilt—ashes of dead sins—a fruitful bed from which springs the flower of virtue?

In the Immemorial East Buddhists speak of the white lotus springing from the mire. It seems to be the same here in Christian America.

Mrs. Marshall stood then, and she shall ever stand, in my eyes as one of

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Our Own Theatre List

(*See page 103*)

"Coquette," Maxine Elliott.—Comedy, tragedy; youth in a small Southern town; Helen Hayes and excellent cast; first choice for tears and humor.

"The Ivory Door," Charles Hopkins.—Fantasy; mediæval fairy tale, telling the truth about human nature; Henry Hull and good company; one of the best things in town.

"Trial of Mary Dugan," National.—Mystery, murder, melodrama; circumstantial evidence turned inside out before your eye, convincingly acted; you won't move.

"The Shannons of Broadway," Martin Beck.—Comedy, melodrama; vaudeville actors running a small-town hotel; James and Lucile Gleason; good hard-boiled sentiment and some music.

"The Queen's Husband," Playhouse.—Modern light comedy; royalty in a mythical kingdom; Roland Young; Sherwood's most subtle humor.

"Strange Interlude," John Golden.—A psychological novel put upon the stage; a new kind of drama; Tom Powers and Lynne Fontanne in O'Neill's finest.

"Our Betters," Henry Miller's Theatre.—Ina Claire in a drawing-room comedy by Somerset Maugham; entertaining, deft, and excellently acted.

"The Silent House," Morosco.—Humor and melodrama; impossible, hair-raising, yet extraordinarily amusing.

Best Musical Shows

"Funny Face," Alvin.—The Astaires, Gershwin music; best on Broadway.

"Show Boat," Ziegfeld.—A gorgeous spectacle; romance, emotion, exquisite settings, and music.

"Manhattan Mary," Apollo.—Ed Wynn. What more? Well, not much.

"A Connecticut Yankee," Vanderbilt.—Good lyrics and music; not much Mark Twain.

"Rain or Shine," George M. Cohan.—Joe Cook in the show you mustn't miss.

the tenderest revelations of Christian grace in the flesh.

And her soul came to flower out of the ashes of a tragedy for which she could not forgive herself.

There seems to be something bigger, more vital and real, than a particular system of theology, than a particular church, cult, or sect—something universal with both the West and the East—in the spiritual experience of man that we call religion.

Grandfather's Neck

(*Continued from page 88*)

in laughing away her chivalry. His Colonel Musgrave is also a Melancholy Knight, almost, we think, more tragic than his prototype, for Musgrave is a Quixote who knows himself to be Quixotic, and that term had happily not been invented when Rosinante charged the windmills. Musgrave is aware that he is an anachronism, a souvenir as futile as a valentine, of no inglorious past. There are things which he cannot do because of the rivet in Grandfather's neck. This story is told with celestial merriment, but it almost breaks the heart.

In the general scrambling from the parlor table of the last ten years, little china people all over the world have been broken into bits, and Grandfather has had another great fall. This time he seems to have been put together by a master-craftsman, for his neck has lately acquired the elasticity of an uncracked youth. A popular collar manufacturer advertises "A Collar for Any Neck," with a chart showing the proper collars for long, short, thick, or thin necks, in combination with round, oval, or angular faces and ears close or the reverse, with noses not quite so straight as the arrow's flight. Grandfather, on the other hand, has a neck that any collar will fit. He nods in every direction, and young writers from all over the South are throwing off their age-old inhibitions and providing Grandfather with an amazing variety of neckwear for an Old Gentleman accustomed to a Black Stock.

In "Teeftallow" T. S. Stribling, of Tennessee, presents an uncompromising picture of the hill town with its Negro lynchings, religious hysteria, White Caps, and shotgun marriages. There is one episode almost Conradian, so freighted is it with the sense of inexorable chance frustrating human intention and aspiration, but Stribling does little with this situation, and turns his attention to a flapperish sort of person who seems as out of key in this book as did Theodore Dreiser's study of a similar type in "An American Tragedy." There is a place for young people of the early Scott-Fitzgerald period, but not here.

It would seem that Virginia has permanently given up producing Presidents to turn out our most brilliant novelists. She claims not only Cabell and Ellen Glasgow, whose "Romantic Comedians" is so much in the Cabell spirit, but also Julian Green. Green, to be sure, was born in France and writes in French, but his parents were Virginians and the scene of his distinguished novel "Avarice House" is laid in Virginia. So completely does Mr. Green belong to two countries that French reviewers call him *Julien* and his American publisher credit "Avarice House" to *Julian*. "Avarice House" is a study of one passion—greed. It would be interesting to see what Mr. Green would do with an interplay of emotion among characters variously animated. In a novel of usual length one note repeatedly struck becomes a little monotonous. There is a famous composition called "Monotone," but it is a very short song! Mr. Green has proved his virtuosity with "Avarice House," but we would like to have his variations on other themes.

From Georgia we have recently had "The Hardboiled Virgin," by Frances Newman, and "Southern Charm," by Isa Glenn. The former book is a rather heavy-handed satire about as subtle as its name. The heroine does not seem any nearer reality than Little Eva, nor is the central idea as startling as it is evidently intended to be.

"Southern Charm" is a sprightly story. All sympathy to the mother who becomes bored with her vapid and virtuous daughter. We feel, however, that the author has not been quite fair, for she did not subject the mother to the acid test of living with the erring sister as she had done with the married daughter, which is enough to make any women hate each other. We suspect Isa Glenn of romantic illusions about the business woman. A parasite is a parasite, in business or out. We know 'em! And what changed Miss Glenn's ugly duckling into a swan? She does not let us into the secret of her business woman's attraction after she "got her figure down." Apparently, all one has to do to acquire that "damned charm" is to have an illegitimate baby and go into the garment trade. That sounds almost too easy. Take a walk near Madison Square at noon. Think it over! Joking aside, there was such a creature as the Southern Woman, and she fell not far short of James Lane Allen's heroine who could "bake a johnny-cake on a new ash shingle and still be a very great lady"!

"Show Boat"! Must one have sat up night on a porch framed in roses and neysuckles to watch the show boat l down the great roadway of water, d must one have slipped down a ıddy bank in the treacherous flare of ıterns to crowd over a gangway with groes and quality and poor whites, to in a dusky hold watching hoofers and robats to the sound of lapping water, that cry of "Show boat!" to set rves tingling? No other institution so uses that incredibly picturesque and ligenous life along the Mississippi and io as the show boat, a shining needle ving between towns like colored beads a tawny thread. We can scarcely ise too highly the artistic selection own by Edna Ferber in making her n such genuine stuff of romance. In he Fall and Rise of Susan Lenox" vid Graham Phillips used the show at merely as a means of transporta- n when his heroine left her home, to gin her stage career, like Miss Ferber's agnolia, in the floating theatre; he owed no interest otherwise in the ique material at his disposal. We ıld wish that Miss Ferber had waited ew years, when she might have been ittle less popular, a little less harried publishers and play producers, when might conceivably have produced a ng of beauty that would have been a forever. Too much of the book is itten in a businesslike, popular-writer- the-day manner. A good deal of it ght well have been written by Miss rber's own Emma McChesney of pet- oat fame! Miss Ferber is not a utherner, but "Show Boat" is defi- ely of the South and holds much of authentic "Southern charm," despite undistinguished style.

The most richly endowed of the unger writers is Elizabeth Madox berts. In two novels unfolded in the surely manner of the great English dition she proves her ample creative t, spiritual insight, and poetic style. ey are the "Time of Man" and "My art and My Flesh," dealing, respec- ely, with poor whites and country, ality and town, in Kentucky. Though netimes using the ultra-modern eam-of-consciousness method, Miss berts belongs in a line that reaches back to George Eliot and beyond.

Colonel Musgrave mused. "We have least enhanced the comeliness of our n particular sand-bar." "We have n artists if not artisans."

Colonel Musgrave drank a toast. "To s new South! She does not gaze un- lingly nor too complacently upon old rs!"

To this new South!

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Birth Control

(*Continued from page 85*)

his pigs and cows, but there is no United States bulletin for husband and wife.

THERE are still people in the world, like Dr. Collins, who believe in leaving things to nature. Nature, in her desire to perpetuate the human race, has no thought for your child or mine. If left to herself, she produces babies, with cheerful regularity and unconcern, every fourteen to twenty-four months. That may be all right from her point of view, but it is all wrong for mother and child. Every baby has a right to a welcome; every mother has the right to an unharassed approach of childbirth. The doctors who claim that eighteen months is a safe and comfortable period between births forget that to the mother the period is nine months instead of eighteen. And what mother, except a very strong and wealthy one, can look forward with joy to a coming baby when its predecessor can neither walk, talk, nor care for any physical need? Can she be blamed for reproaching herself that she has started another life?

I cannot feel that motherhood will ever go out of fashion. The natural instinct is too strong and too old. I don't think that the desire for children is a holy one; that it comes from an unselfish desire to serve. But nature has put into woman a wholly instinctive feeling of protection, a catlike uneasiness when her children are uncomfortable. It is not altruism that takes young mothers over miles of cold linoleum at night to attend their babies' needs; it is the fact that the mothers themselves can't get back to sleep till they know the children are fed and covered. Call it selfishness or unselfishness, as you please. It is strong in almost every mother, just as the urge for a family is strong in practically all men and women. It is true that our families *are* smaller, but we are considering them before they come. We feel the responsibility more than we uesd to do. And if the thoughtful man and woman say: "We can give our best to three children. We shall have only those to whom we can give our best," that is a phase of birth control that should be praised, not blamed.

Perhaps, as Dr. Collins says, contraceptives dent both truth and beauty. "When the one godlike possession we have must be preceded by premeditation . . . and followed by doubts and fears, it becomes a travesty of the source of beauty." But what, oh, Dr. Collins, about the doubts and fears of maternity? Can mating ever be godlike, can children ever be born of pure love, when the mother is torn by the knowledge that she is acting against her conscience? When she feels that it is not fair to the child itself to bring it here? Where, then, is the beauty and truth of love and passion?

If the contraceptives are wrong, give us something better. But be honest with us. Don't tell us that nature's way is perfect. No woman will believe that. And don't make the mistake of thinking that birth control is only practiced by those who want to avoid childbirth and the responsibilities of a family. There are thousands of men and women in the world, conscientious, loving fathers and mothers, who practice it *because* they love their children, both born and unborn.

Charles Curtis of Kansas

(*Continued from page 84*)

up in this way is immense. Some men in politics get their results by appeals to the multitude; Curtis gets his by going after each individual voter. He has long been reputed to have the best card-index system in Congress. He has the doctors listed, and the G. A. R. veterans, and the lawyers, the teachers, and so on. Thus he is able to distribute his share of Government publications—of which each Senator and Representative gets several tons in the course of a session—to the best advantage. A perfectly obvious thing for a politician to do? Yes, but a good many supposedly astute politicians neglect the obvious, and ultimately pay the penalty of defeat. Curtis never neglects it.

Curtis is an organization man in politics, but he does not rely wholly on any organization. A greater factor in his success has been his personal contacts. There is a Curtis leader in every hamlet and town in Kansas. He keeps in constant touch with them. When he goes over the State, Sam meets him here, Bill there, and Jim somewhere else. And Sam or Bill or Jim sits down with Charlie Curtis for a quiet talk about the condition of the Senator's political fences in that particular part of the State. There is never any condescension in Curtis's manner. He talks the Kansas language. It is no wonder that the Senator's fences are kept in perfect repair.

I would not give the impression that Curtis is a vote-hound merely, without other serious thought than that of perpetuating himself in office. That would be doing him a grave injustice. He has solid qualities that entitle him to respect. He has done many good things that might have brought another man political dividends in favorable licity; but Curtis has no genius for ting mass publicity. Very few p know, for example, that he was prime mover for the Senate rule ag legislation by conferees—a rule tha late Senator Lodge called the most portant change in procedure in the tory of the Senate. Few know the he played in establishing the gold st ard. He has confided many thing newspaper men, but rarely anyt about himself.

Curtis has personal courage; Kan will tell you of classic political feu which he has gone direct to his ant nist and faced him with provoc charges. He has political courage any fundamental tenet of his cree attacked; witness the time when stood by the high tariff in the face rising tide of rebellion in Kansas. has a profound knowledge of human ture. He has enormous industry. word is as good as the proverbial b All these things must be given weig accounting for his rise. He is not a didate for President through the index system alone.

Since the death of his wife se years ago Curtis has lived with his s in Washington. He has few social gagements. He is compelled to liste a vast deal of golf talk in the Se cloak-rooms, but it is doubtful i would know a mashie from a nib Walking is his one form of exercise. love of racing has stayed with him, now and then he slips away from job to one of the tracks near the cap In sizing up a race he always pays attention to the jockey than to horse.

Such is Charlie Curtis, of Kansa square-shooting conservative; a q affable man whom everybody like skillful player of the great game of tics. He is running for the Repub Presidential nomination because he figured that he has a chance to win one who knows him doubts that he earnest about it. He is available, his friends, because he is a Weste who is highly satisfactory to the and a conservative who is not wh unacceptable to the progressives. can he win? Again to quote his porters, Hoover and Lowden will each other off, as Lowden and Wood in 1920, and the choice finally will between Dawes and Curtis, with C emerging the winner because of greater availability.

When you remember what happ at Chicago in 1920, you can't altoge dismiss that prognosis.

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Francis Rufus Bellamy, Publisher Ernest Hamlin Abbott, Editor-in-Chief

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
Malcolm Waters Davis Dixon Merritt Harold T. Pulsifer
Frances Lamont Robbins Parkhurst Whitney

William L. Ettinger, Jr., Advertising Manager

Walter Thalen, Circulation Manager

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IT seems to be a habit of our friends lately to ask us where we are going with The Outlook—by which they usually mean, what sort of magazine do we finally hope to publish for our subscribers?

Well, ordinarily, we like to reply that in time we hope to have a magazine which we can hand to visiting foreigners to our shores, and say: "That's about the way America looks to us. These are the things we are interested in here. This is the manner in which we are seeking our goal; and this is the sort of argument we are having getting there. Don't bother to travel. Read The Outlook."

SOME of our friends call this a kind of intelligent super-reporter. Others remark that it sounds like a real international journal, at last; while still others say that to them it sounds like a national weekly which will interest all those intelligent people who live, move, and have their being somewhere between the "Saturday Evening Post" and the "Atlantic Monthly."

We suppose that's a good description of it.

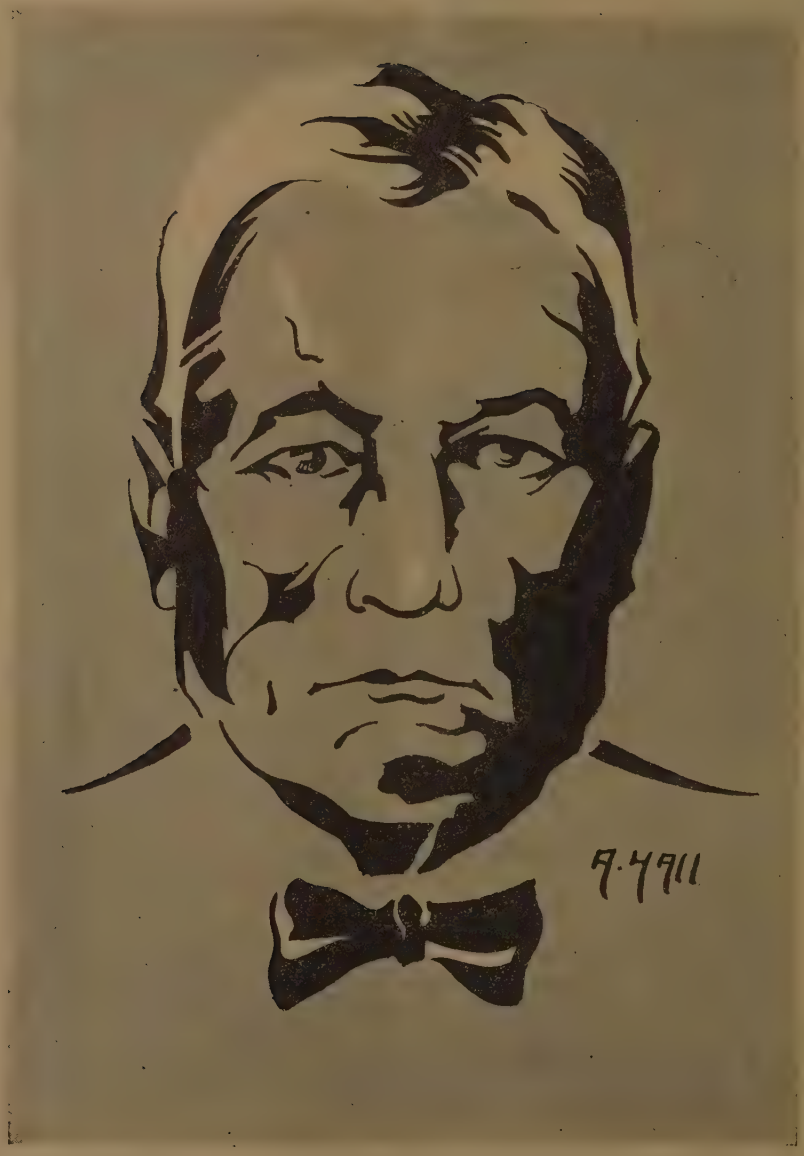
The truth is, we want a genuine weekly which will be what its name implies—the present-day outlook on life of civilized men and women.

IT'S the reason we are beginning next week such a pleasant thing as a Sports Department by Herbert Reed. It's summer—and we can't keep the golf bags or the tennis racquets in the closet any longer. Also, it is why we are speeding Mr. Bonner to European shores to get a view of the European music festivals and affairs, generally. It explains further why we are beginning a series soon on famous American literary figures of the past, from Emerson down, revalued by the critics of today. And why we will follow it with papers from English authors on the intellectual movement for religion without revelation, which is taking place in that country.

AND, meanwhile, Dixon Merritt and Henry Pringle are trying to keep from promising beds to every newspaper man they know who wants to go with them to Houston and Kansas City and see the Republican and Democratic Conventions.

THE fact is that life is exceedingly varied and colorful today, both in the world of action and ideas, in the home and out of it. To keep up with it requires a better Outlook every week.

Francis Rufus Bellamy



Frank Orren Lowden

The Outlook

May 23, 1928

Lowden of Illinois

By DIXON MERRITT

Lowden, the Republican, the farmers' candidate—a democrat who does not believe that democracy is the last word in government. This political portrait, the sixth in a series, is written by The Outlook's Washington correspondent.

FRANK O. LOWDEN has his resemblances to Andrew Jackson. Such things are likely to be discovered in any public man in this centennial year of Jackson's rise to the Presidency, but the basis of comparison will not be quite the same in the case of any of the others.

Between them, Jackson and Lowden have done about all the pushing aside of high offices and honors that has ever been done in the United States. Jackson's way was to accept election or appointment, serve a little while, and resign. Lowden's way has been to refuse to accept in the first place.

He developed this habit, in a big way, in 1896. That year he was chairman of the Political Action Committee of the Union League Club of Chicago, and did ringing work for sound money. McKinley, duly elected, offered to reward Lowden by making him First Assistant Postmaster-General. Lowden was then thirty-five years old, and, if he expected to get anywhere in politics, needed stepping-stones. He declined this one, however.

During the succeeding twenty years Lowden did a good deal of minor league declining, including a re-election to Congress and two or three proffers of the nomination for Governor, but the bulk of his brilliant work as a refuser of honors has been done since 1920. He refused to accept from Harding appointment either as Secretary of the Navy or as Ambassador to practically any first-class country. That he declined the Secretaryship of the Navy is a pity. It is not too much to guess that had he accepted, Teapot Dome would not be the symbol for corruption and Warren G. Harding might not be in an all but dishonored grave.

When George Harvey came back from the London Embassy to accept the last installment of his reward for low-rating Woodrow Wilson, to accept it not from the Administration which had passed into the control of Coolidge, but from the hand of Ned McLean—which hand, Albert B. Fall first said, slipped him the slithery hundred thousand—Lowden was offered the Ambassadorship to the Court of St. James's. Harvey wrote a soggy editorial page for the Washington "Post," Lowden stayed on his Illinois farm, and Frank B. Kellogg went to London.

Lowden's star declination came in June, 1924, when the Republican National Convention had unanimously nominated him for Vice-President.

I DO not know why Lowden has so persistently refused to accept anything at the hands of his party, in power at Washington since March 4, 1921. He has never made any explanation, except to say that he did not want to give up living on the farm. Some of his friends say that it has been his practice all his life not to accept a position unless he knew that there was a particular work to be done and that he was the man to do it. Those statements may be the truth and nothing but the truth, but there is just room for the suspicion that they are not the whole truth.

In 1920 Lowden was, for once in his life, an active candidate. He wanted to be President. He had the votes of thirty-two States. But General Leonard Wood deadlocked the Convention with him.

Certain persons, sniffing around, thought they could detect on Wood the odor of the soap works at Ivorydale. These and other persons smelled Lowden out, and followed the trail of $39,000 into Missouri. Only $5,000 of it smelled bad. That sum appeared to have been paid for two delegates. There was not much evidence to that effect except that $2,500 a head was regarded as about the right price for delegates on the hoof. The Missouri affair did the business for Lowden, as the P. & G. affair did for Wood, and Warren G. Harding was nominated.

It has always been claimed for Lowden that Missouri was the one State into which he was not permitted to send his own manager, and that any improper use of money was wholly without the knowledge of Lowden and of those directly responsible for his campaign. However that may be, the Republican Party, in

so far as it is concerned, washed the stain from Lowden's name when, four years later, it offered him, without a dissenting voice, the nomination for Vice-President.

Meanwhile, keeping his mouth shut, Lowden had steadfastly refused to accept anything from the Administration or from the Republican Party as then organized.

Here, certainly, is one Republican who can be neither credited nor charged with any part in anything done by the Republican Administration or the Republican organization since the early stages of the National Convention of 1920. Nobody is likely to proclaim that as an issue, but, none the less, it may be an issue on which to elect or defeat a candidate.

IN the sixty-seven years of his life Lowden has held but two public offices. In 1906 he was appointed to fill out an unexpired term in Congress. Thereafter he was twice elected.

Passing Congressmen leave but few and shallow footprints on the sands of legislation. Lowden did, however, leave one that has grown deeper. He was a member of the Committee on Foreign Affairs and was, apparently, more concerned with the committee room than with the floor. He was the first to insist that the United States Government own its embassies and consulates abroad. He pestered the State Department a good deal trying to find out what could be done and, withal, fairly launched the movement which, in very recent years, has resulted in the carrying out of his plan.

From 1917 to 1921 Frank O. Lowden was Governor of Illinois. Despite the fact that his administration covered the period of our participation in the World War and of the depression immediately following it, Lowden did much constructive work. Indeed, it is only simple justice to say that he was one of the most successful Governors on a large scale that the American States have produced.

When Lowden entered the Governor's office, the Treasury of Illinois contained $528.82. One of the first things that the new Governor did was to bring about a reduction of taxes from ninety to sixty cents. Later, he brought about another reduction to approximately forty cents. He inaugurated an extensive program of improvements, greatly reduced the State debt, and left a balance of $15,132,658.03 cents in the Treasury, thus disproving in advance the contention later made at Washington that a government cannot at the same time reduce taxes, increase appropriations, and keep a safe balance.

When Lowden became Governor, there were in the Government of Illinois 128 separate bureaus, boards, and commissions. He consolidated them into nine departments.

There is here something strangely prophetic of what Alfred E. Smith was to do as Governor of New York. I have not the figures before me, but I believe that Governor Smith had somewhat fewer bureaus, boards, and commissions and did not combine them in quite so few departments.

Lowden's Department of Finance set up a State budget and became the model for the United States Bureau of the Budget.

Following is a summary of the main achievements of Lowden's administration:

Improvement of roads and inland waterways; abolition of private and unregulated banks; revision of the revenue laws; reduction in costs of elections; reorganization of State and municipal pension systems; development of State forestry; encouragement of co-operative marketing; enactment of a compulsory employee's compensation act; an adequate corporation code; and a housing code for the State as a whole, but more particularly for the city of Chicago.

SIMULTANEOUSLY, Lowden was helping as much as a Governor could to win the war. He was among the group of Governors most earnestly behind the Administration at Washington in war matters. The National Guard regiment of which he was long Lieutenant-Colonel —with which he fought the Battle of Florida in the Spanish-American War— became the nucleus of the Thirty-third National Guard Division, one of the crack outfits of our expeditionary forces.

When the war was over, Lowden believed in the League of Nations, as Coolidge and Hoover did. Lowden has not recanted. This does not necessarily prove that he has not changed his mind. It may be due to the same trait that has kept him from answering Senator Borah's wet and dry questionnaire. He is said to have no objection to having his prohibition views known, but is not ready to recognize Borah as his political overlord.

One other worthy item of Lowden's war record ought to be mentioned. William Hale Thompson decided to stage an anti-war demonstration. Lowden warned him not to do it. Thompson persisted. Lowden sent troops to Chicago, quite effectually restrained the demonstrators, and won the lasting enmity of William Hale Thompson.

The time has come to see who the Lowden is.

IN the late fifties of the last century Lorenzo Lowden, a blacksmith trekked from Pennsylvania to the prairie frontier of Minnesota. Between the St. Croix and Sunrise Rivers, at a trading post which was to become the village of Sunrise, he settled and set up a blacksmith shop. Later he bought and moved to a farm two miles from the post.

Came the night of January 26, 1861. A blizzard was howling down from Medicine Hat. A farm-hand, muffled and booted, staggered into the post. The stork was at the Lowden farmhouse.

Such was the intensity of the blizzard that for thirty hours neither the farm hand nor anybody from the post could negotiate those two miles to the farm properly to introduce Frank Orren Lowden to the world. But he got on.

It may indicate something of the man's character to relate the fact that Frank O. Lowden owns the farmhouse in which he was born and the blacksmith shop which his father built, and has helped in making the schoolhouse a community center for the village of Sunrise.

When Frank was seven years old, the wagon bows were sprung again and the family moved to central Iowa. There Frank O. Lowden grew up, taught school, went to the State University, taught a year between each two college years, and, with honors, got his degree and began to read law. Thence he went to Chicago to finish his law course at Northwestern, and, when he had again won honors and a degree, settled down in the city to practice.

That was in 1887. For nineteen years Lowden successfully practiced and for a time taught law at his Alma Mater. Then he retired from practice and moved to a farm in Rock River Valley.

Ten years before this retirement, the blacksmith's son had married the carpenter's daughter. The carpenter happened to be George M. Pullman, who carpentered a sleeping-car and established one of America's great fortunes.

Frank O. Lowden has looked after his wife's interests in the Pullman Company. He has had connections with banking. It is said that he dominated in the establishment of the American Radiator Company. He was influential in the organization of the National Biscuit Company. Decidedly, Lowden's business has not been small.

For twenty-two years, Frank O. Lo

(*Please turn to continuation, page 158*)

Five Poems

By ELIZABETH HOLLISTER FROST

Blessings

These things still bless—
Fire,
Because the world is cold;
A sharp caress
Relived again;
Pain, that puts out the brighter pain
A moment—rain
Because you loved it;
Sleep, with a hand to hold—
(Dreams, embers!)
And the poised, breathless moment
On the ledge of day
Ere the poor heart remembers.

The Golden Ball

I used to carry happiness
Like a golden ball,
I had to walk so timidly
For fear I'd let it fall.

But some one snatched it from me
And threw it to the sky—
Now my arms are empty
There's none so brave as I.

Blown Leaves

It is winter in your tool-house,
There is rust on the hammer,
There are leaves in your chair.
Mice are busy with the riding boots.
Down on Penn Street Mrs. Mulcahy
Has made breeches out of your golf things—
Breeches for Mike and Handy
To cry in on the corners:
"Extra! Extra!
All about the Big Fight!
All about the Suicide!
All about the Robbery!"
Are you glad sometimes,
Are you glad ever
It is winter in your tool-house,
There is rust now on the hammer,
Only leaves left,
Only blown leaves,
In your chair?

Time

Round the picnic fire
We warm our hands and glow,
Watch the dancing faces,
Tell the things we know—

In the fog beside us
Time stalks by and muses;
Putting in his pockets
Those of us he chooses.

Spring

Spring knocked thrice upon the door;
I let her in with dawn—
I thought it was September,
But she told me winter'd gone:

Time is not Time without you
And breath is hardly breath,
And crocuses are little ghosts,
And nothing lives but death.

Vaudeville at Angelus Temple

By SHELTON BISSELL

"A sensuous debauch served up in the name of religion." Thus Mr. Bissell characterizes a visit to Angelus Temple. The gathering of over five thousand people at unadvertised services there every Sunday evening constitutes a phenomenon almost unique in American church life. Mr. Bissell is a Los Angeles minister.

TAKE the Edendale car out of Los Angeles some Sunday afternoon toward five o'clock. Ride for a bit less than a half-hour and alight at Echo Park. Here are much shade, cool green water, pleasant grassy glades, and, beyond and above it all, looming stark, ugly, bloated, a huge gray concrete excrescence on this delightful bit of nature. It is Angelus Temple, citadel of Aimee Semple McPherson and the Four-Square Gospel.

At 6:15 the doors swing open. The Temple holds 5,300, and probably one-fourth of that number are in line at this time. Within fifteen minutes the huge auditorium with its two flaring balconies is completely filled. The interior is plain, the stained-glass windows garish, but the lighting is adequate, the opera chairs restful after your long stand in line, and the ventilation through scores of doors and transoms is satisfactory. The platform is arranged for an orchestra of fifty, and the "throne" of "Sister" McPherson on a dais just below the high organ loft, softly bathed in creamy light from overhead electrics. Behind the "throne" is a shell of flowers and greenery. The musicians, mostly young and all volunteers, come in at 6:30.

The service proper will not begin until seven, but with the entrance of the band it is seen that not a seat is vacant, and that hundreds are standing at the doors. When it is remembered that this is only a usual, unadvertised—Aimee carries no church notice in the dailies—Sunday night service, repeated fifty-two times in the year, it will be seen that here we have a phenomenon almost, if not quite, unique in American church life. We are reminded also that this is "Radio KFSG" by two microphones.

For half an hour the band dispenses such familiar secular and quasi-religious selections as Sousa's "Washington Post," Sullivan's "Lost Chord," a waltz-time arrangement of "Mighty Lak a Rose," and a crashing number, announced by the leader as "Radiant Morn March." After each selection there is loud applause. But the performance must at least be tagged as dedicated to the Lord, so at the sound of an electric bell two uniformed young women workers appear on the platform with a banner, "Silent Prayer." Instantly the musicians kneel, a hush falls upon the thousands, and in utter stillness the great throng sits for the space of thirty seconds. Then the bell rings again, the banner is quickly removed, and the band bursts into a lively waltz tune.

Now, at five minutes to seven, the vested choir, half a hundred strong, enters from either side. There is a moment of tension and hushed expectancy. All is in readiness. The dramatic has surely not been neglected by this superdramatist. Audience, workers, band, choir, even microphones—all are here. But the throne is still empty, bathed in its soft light. Suddenly through a door far up on the wall, opening out on her private grounds, appears Mrs. McPherson. She is clad in white, with a dark cloak thrown loosely around her shoulders; her rich auburn hair, with its flowing permanent wave, is heaped high on her head. In her left arm she carries a bouquet of roses and lilies of the valley, artfully planned to illustrate a point in her sermon (Canticles ii. 1), a description ignorantly applied by her to Jesus; on her face is the characteristic expansive, radiant McPherson smile. She is a beautiful woman, seen from the auditorium, with the soft spotlight shining upon her. Let no man venture to deny it. And, in fact, no man will. The writer has seen screen beauties in his day, and confesses to a slight clutch of the heart as he watched her superb entrance. Assisted to her "throne," she gracefully seats herself, turns to her audience—and her microphone—and is ready to begin.

Of the almost bewildering program which followed there is time and space to say little. The singing was stupendous, cataclysmic, overwhelming. "Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me," "Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus," "Rock of Ages," and other favorites followed in swi succession, a stanza or two of each. T more than five thousand voices so fill the temple that the ear-drums we bruised and beaten by the thundero concussion. "Sister" led with voice a waving arm, though she had choir a organ and trumpeters behind and arou her. It is her service, let no man forg that. Not for one moment does s drop the reins. The hand-shaking, san wiched in between two hymns, was clever device to create the illusion th all—sinners, saints, workers, mere spe tators—are one huge happy family.

"Every one take the hand of fi others all around, in front and in back shouts the beaming Aimee.

Humming confusion with laughter an motion follow, while the five thousan stand up and stretch. The choir the sings, and sings gloriously, the compos tion of California's own Charles Wak field Cadman, "The Builders." Litt children file onto the stage, and the sing, too—sing so that all in the temp can hear every word, sing as I hav never heard a dozen little tots sing in a my life. And the silent radio catche every note and flings it out to listenin thousands. Then Aimee prays, a praye liberally splashed with "Amens" fro the crowd. A small boy, eleven yea old, enlivens the occasion by playing o a guitar "made of solid silver," as "Sis ter" radiantly announces. Only on short encore is allowed the enrapture audience, which applauds until Aime holds up her hand. Much is comin yet, and the time element bulks larg Mrs. McPherson carries a watch, an she never forgets to look at it.

Next, the audience must judge be tween the comparative merits of som songs written by workers in the Temple and sung lustily to different popula tunes, such as "There's a Long, Lon Trail" and "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, th Boys Are Marching." A stereopticon flashes the words on a big bare spot o the left-hand wall, where all can see Winning words, in the estimation of th crowd, judged by the volume of ap plause, began thus,

> I was loaded down with sin,
> But my Saviour took me in.

They were sung to "Tramp, Tramp," and it was easy to see that they would

a prime favorite in the Temple there-
er. The prize-winner was called to
platform, and there graciously pre-
ted with her reward by Aimee her-
f. After a rather humorous song by
Male Four-Square Quartet and a
no solo ending with a tremendous
sh of all the keys within reach, the
tform was cleared for a wedding. The
organ boomed forth the stately
ords of the "Lohengrin" march, and
wedding party was discerned crawl-
g at a snail's pace up the long, long
les. Attention was divided between
procession and the superb figure
nding before her "throne" waiting
ir arrival. Two Temple workers were
be made one and sent forth to preach
a branch of the Four-Square Gospel.
ing an ordained minister, "Sister" per-
med the ceremony, using the full
iscopal service, slipping and faltering
ce or twice as she read the words.

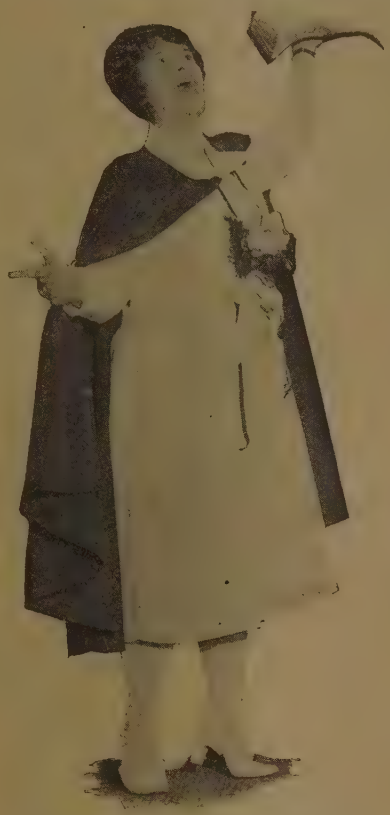
The microphone is very close here,
the grandmother of the little bride is
tening in at Albuquerque, New Mex-
, and after the service, which is con-
ded with a loud "Salute the bride"
m Aimee and a shower of rice rain-
down from the laughing men and
men in the choir, "Sister" lifts the
crophone and in dulcet tones calls
eetings to the listening grandmother.

And now she announces, "The offering
ll be taken," and is so busy giving or-
rs to her handsome young major-domo
her side that she almost forgets such
minor matter as the prayer over the
ates held patiently by the dozen ush-
s, until the oversight is hurriedly rec-
ied by "Lord, accept the offering we
ve brought. Amen." The collection
not a copper or even a silver one
edominantly. Many bills are heaped
the baskets, for Mrs. McPherson
eaches the alabaster box of costly oint-
nt more frequently than the widow's
ite, and her followers are all tithers, to
e last individual.

OPEN all the windows, all the doors," commands "Sister." "We
ve a rule in the Temple that no one
all leave during the sermon, under any
cumstance. I become utterly helpless
there is any motion before me. No
e must stir. The ushers will enforce
is, please."

Smilingly said, but the tone is that of
apoleon before battle. All settle down
the lights are lowered, and the ser-
on, the climax of this astonishing re-
ious vaudeville, begins.

Aimee preaches with a beautiful white-
ather Bible in her right hand. The
ok is open, and the leaves of her ser-
mon are within it. She is rather closely bound to her notes, yet so deftly does she handle them that it almost seems as though she were preaching extempore. The sermon, from the theme "What Think Ye of Christ?" is crude, rambling, now and then artfully self-laudatory, a handful of proof-texts loosely strung together with commonplace illustrations. Summoning fanciful figures to her side with a vigorous hand-clap, she conducts a court of inquisition. Builder, banker,



The power of McPhersonism resides in the personality of Mrs. McPherson. The woman is everything; the evangel nothing

jeweler, architect, politician, schoolboy—on they come in fancy, with many others, and each is asked the question, "What think ye of Christ?" to be answered with an ecstatically uttered text of Scripture. "He is the door," said the builder. "The pearl of great price," said the banker. "The Prince of Peace," said the statesman. "The rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley," said the florist—it was here that Aimee's bouquet made effective entrance. Even the grocer had to bear his testimony, for Jesus was to him "the fuller's soap." With illustrations, almost all of them more or less improbable, these gentlemen with their testimonies were homiletically strung together. But it was reserved to the schoolboy to make the hit of the evening.

"Schoolboy," shouted Aimee, summoning him with a clap of her hand from the aisles of memory, "what think YE of Christ?"

"Oh, he is the elder brother!"

"Yes," shouts "Sister," "he is. See the poor little schoolboy going home from school. Behind that tree lurks a big, blustering bully. He pounces on the little boy and pummels him. But down the road comes the elder brother on a bicycle. He leaps on the bully, and has him down; he rubs his face in the dirt." The action is graphically illustrated by Aimee, and greeted by the excited laughter of the thousands. "He saves the schoolboy. Amen." "Amen," is echoed by all. "Oh, how often have I been like that schoolboy," she goes on, a note of pathos creeping into her voice. "No husband, no father, no brother—all alone in the world. The big bully, the devil, has me down, He is pummeling poor Sister. But suddenly down the road, on his bicycle of love and grace, comes the Lord Jesus Christ. Praise the Lord! He rescues me." Fervent ejaculations from her auditors.

It was hopeless as a sermon, but it was consummate preaching. She knew her audience. She knew what she was after, and she got it. She is a superb actress. Her rather harsh and unmelodious voice has yet a modulation of pitch which redeems it from utter disagreeableness. To her carefully manicured and polished finger-tips she is dramatic. In her pose, her gesture, her facial expression, her lifted eyebrows, her scintillating smile, her pathetic frown, Aimee is a perfect exponent of the art of how to say a platitude and delude her hearers into thinking that it is a brand-new truth, just minted by her. She sweeps her audience as easily as the harpist close beside her sweeps the wires in soft broken chords while she preaches. And not for one instant of time is Mrs. McPherson unmindful of that great unseen listening multitude "on the air." She moves the microphone from time to time. She rests her hand lovingly upon it. She never shifts her position one step away from it. All her climaxes are enhanced to the listening thousands throughout southern California and near-by States who regularly "tune-in" on Sunday nights. Radio KFSG is as dear to her as the five thousand and more in Angelus Temple.

AT 9:25 to the dot the converts fill the platform. Just why they come is a

(*Please turn to continuation, page 158*)

The Living Death of the Monkey Law

By DUNCAN AIKMAN

A LITTLE less than three years ago a battalion of distinguished lawyers sweated in the July heat of a Tennessee country court-room over the menace of anti-evolution laws. Simultaneously the stories of a regiment of picked correspondents sweated cold alarm at the approaching death of religious freedom in the Republic. From vantage-points of slightly less physical discomfort a grand army of publicists, leaders of opinion, and mere editorial writers sounded tocsins of virtuous protest. The Scopes trial in its day was almost as famous as the late Mr. Dempsey's battles or the Hall-Mills case.

Doubtless it was all to the good. The arts of ballyhoo have their uses when they can make an American folk folly famous for its unconscious humor from the Buenos Aires Jockey Club to the bohemian quarter of Sofia, Bulgaria.

Nevertheless if, instead of being crass materialists, the paladins of the Scopes defense had been granted the prophetic vision to see the effects of monkey laws upon Tennessee after three years, I question whether they would have so violently exerted themselves.

My own entry into the realm of legalized Fundamentalism took place on an April morning of peach blossoms, budding groves, and warm cloud shadows on rain-washed, newly green meadow grass. Even a professional biologist, staring out the Pullman window at the rolling Tennessee landscape, might have forgotten for an hour how evolution worked and recognized spring as a charmingly psycho-pathological, not to say romantic, experience. Yet, without knowing specifically how it works at all, even the Pullman smoker was acutely conscious of evolution.

Between Hopkinsville, Kentucky, and the taxi stand at the Nashville station I heard precisely three wisecracks on the subject from persons who before the Scopes trial might conceivably have written in an information test that Darwin was an Australian violinist. They were not particularly good wisecracks. But they were redolent of Pullman horse-play and suggestive of the daily razzing to which, going on four years now, all traveled Tennesseeans have, perhaps rather uncomfortably, submitted.

"Well, here we are in monkey land," said the swarthy drummer who sold evidently cheap jewelry and parlor knick-knacks in a slightly foreign accent.

"Yeah," responded the blue-jowled, poker-faced man in the loud tie, "park your ancestors outside."

An hour later, the lanky coal-black Negro carrying my bag and those of a high-powered sales magnate of the paper industry up the station stairs turned out to possess the huge flapping feet and footgear of minstrel-comedy colored persons.

"Huh!" sniffed the magnate through expensive cigar smoke. "The Scopes defense should have used that guy as Exhibit A. Put boys like that in the trees, and they hang on by their toes."

To understand what has happened to the anti-evolution law it is necessary to realize that, except in the more remote villages and on the farms, the average Tennesseean is exposed to this form of raillery every few days. It may or may not be offered to him directly. But it crops up in press comments; he overhears it on the streets, in hotel lobbies, even among his own intimates. In the long run, it embarrasses his poise far more than the remark of a British bishop, that Church of England Fundamentalism could not drive him to Rome or Tennessee, has embarrassed his Protestantism. It whittles away his pride far more effectively than Mr. Darrow's philippics against his intolerance, which tended strongly to suggest that intolerance on his native heath was a Tennesseean's own business.

For while the American's typical reaction to serious criticism, justifiable or otherwise, is a stiffening of the backbone, his reaction to a stock joke on himself, given time, is usually to begin cracking the joke on his own account. Seeing ourselves as others see us and laughing at the spectacle, besides being a healthy exercise even when not quite genuine, makes us seem such genially broad-minded and shrewd fellows, and a book may some day be written on how our horror of humor at our personal expense has made us a nation of humorists.

This aversion, at any rate, seems to a considerable extent to have affected Tennessee's attitude toward the law whic less than four years ago was hailed a the fine flower of its serious orthodoxy Not only are the more sophisticated an traveled Tennesseeans of the cities quit as shrewd and forward in poking fun a it as are their visitors from less theo cratic States. The Fundamentalist themselves tend more and more to speak of the "monkey law" as though on thei part it were a rather mischievous an humorous achievement.

Nor is this solely an impression tha comes of meeting a few dozen Tennes seeans socially. Already things hav even gone so far that the present Gov ernor of Tennessee, nominally sinc Dayton a believer in Genesis *ex officio* has been able to treat the famous act a bit merrily at a public meeting in Nash ville. Tennessee, he frankly admitted had received a world-wide unpleasan notoriety from the anti-evolution experi ment. Therefore he genially urged hi fellow-citizens to prove to the world tha the State is still considerably more in terested in where it is going than i where its inhabitants came from.

Doubtless even so faint a whims would have been impossible to the lat Governor Peay. After signing the anti evolution bill as a means of log-rollin his pet school and highway appropria tions through the Legislature, this la mented statesman was required durin the rest of his life to handle it with th serious reverence due to a critical act i one's personal political career. But i the immediately succeeding administra tion feels free to refer to it with mil verbal flippancy, it seems plausible tha future administrations may come to re gard it as lightly as New Jersey Gover nors regard the State's eighteenth-cen tury blue laws.

Also, it is worthy of note that Gover nor Horton's note of apology wa sounded shortly after a member of th State Supreme Court, in welcoming th American Association for the Advance ment of Science to its Nashville Conven tion last winter, had almost farcicall deprecated the act by inviting the scien tists, since the police were looking th other way and the courts were not ope to charges, to let their evolution discu sions go the limit. Although the addre was broadcast in State-wide gossip as fine turn of Tennessee wit, and althoug

Wide World

Main Street, Dayton, Tennessee—battlefield of the Scopes trial

wit at the expense of the monkey law was political heresy as late as 1926, not even the Fundamentalists took the incident seriously enough to organize a protest.

IN this atmosphere, the destiny of the law as an enforceable instrument of public policy seems fairly obvious. Not to mention that the Scopes case was nolle prossed before it could reach the Federal courts, it would require far less sense of humor than any normal Tennesseean possesses on the subject today to institute another prosecution under it. Where anti-evolution feeling is effective today, it has effect, not through the law, but through the same force which made it effective long before the law was ever heard of—public sentiment. In the districts and towns where school boards still pick teachers after carefully scrutinizing their church affiliations and searching them, figuratively speaking, for flapper beliefs and emancipated mannerisms anti-evolution wins. But it always did, and in such localities it wins today just as decisively, North or South, law or no law, outside of Tennessee. Elsewhere, as in State University and city high school science classes, where good advice is given about outside reading and strangely heterodox "theories" are taught under the name of "development," nobody cares.

This is to say, Tennessee's monkey law seems already well on the way toward placing itself beside Sabbatarian amusement legislation and other legal counsels of perfection one could mention, in the living graveyard provided for American statutes of good intentions. Passed as a last resort to check a fancied abuse which was already getting beyond the once wholly effective control of public sentiment, it subsides into a gesture already recognized even by its authors as slightly ludicrous and largely useless. It may never be repealed, since the effort to do so could so easily be represented to the Fundamentalist pulpit and the powerful church bloc in State politics as an attack on the faith and the destruction of a pious resolution. But as a pious resolution, and little more, it begins already to molder on the law books; of no more effect, in Tennessee localities emancipated from sectarian dogma, than if, instead of a minor criminal statute, the Legislature had written: "We wish you wouldn't."

MEANWHILE, the avalanche of world-wide criticism pouring in upon the law has had the curious paradoxical effect of stirring up the Tennesseeans to put the liberal foot foremost in everything else. It must have been scores of times, during my few days in the State, that I was informed that there was no population in the Union more tolerant of differences of opinion and conduct, barring only theology.

The Ku Klux Klan, Tennesseeans told me proudly, had been a failure in State politics. Catholics and Protestants dwell side by side in urbanely mutual understanding. The races get along together better, the State has fewer lynchings and permits more Negro voting than any other Southern commonwealth. Memphis enjoys an almost Continental Sabbath which slowly encroaches upon Nashville, but without the country communities storming at the metropolitan vices even with sermons.

When T. H. Alexander, the competent author of a signed editorial column in the Nashville "Tennessean," syndicated in other Southeastern States, wrote an article on "The Four Horsemen of Southern Backwardness," mentioning the Fundamentalist clergy, the one-crop cotton bankers, timid newspaper publishers, and timid politicians, the Atlanta "Constitution" might throw out his subsequent contributions as dangerous. But Nashville, it boasts to its credit, bristled with letters of approbation. Among still more confirmed liberals it was even declared to me as a justification—I do not know how veraciously—that Tennessee State officials are hardly any more enthusiastic about enforcing prohibition than their New York equivalents.

At Vanderbilt University I was assured on the highest professorial authority that a student taking the Bryan position in defense of the evolution law would be regarded—and perhaps gently hazed—as a campus eccentric. And one seldom associates for more than fifteen minutes with liberal Tennesseeans without their quoting the Vanderbilt Chancellor's remark that the University's answer to Dayton was $1,000,000 worth of new science laboratories.

At Vanderbilt, too, I found Tennessee's new and somewhat nervous spirit of tolerance so far developed that at least one Faculty member was ready to defend the evolution law as a symptom, while loathing it as a principle. "What you outsiders and cosmopolites don't understand," he said, "is that this was, apart from the conscious political ballyhoo of some of the leaders, the South's sincere effort to preserve a precious and wholesome provincialism. It may have been a misguided effort, and I believe it was.

"But try to understand this as our rather incoherent way of resisting the great wave of American standardization rushing in on us from everywhere; of trying to keep Nashville and Dayton different from Los Angeles and Grand Rapids and—yes, Columbia University."

I granted him that if the monkey law went on increasing its appeal to the Tennessee sense of humor this might be fair enough.

News Fakers

By EDWARD McKERNON

When The Outlook asked Mr. McKernon to write this article he was Eastern superintendent of the Associated Press. He has since become publisher of the Rochester "Journal and Post Express," a Hearst paper.

I NEVER knew just how it happened, but suddenly I found myself in a publicity mill. Wonderful institution! I received the impression of raw materials in the form of human greed and selfish ambitions, consciously naked, climbing up the fire-escape; here to acquire the habiliments of journalistic respectability, and strut out the front door as honest-to-goodness "news" for the information and *divertissement* of a supposedly credulous public.

What I do recall is that I had accompanied a friend from up State on a shopping tour that led us into one of the downtown office buildings of New York. I paid no attention to the shop talk until the name of the news organization with which I am connected fell on my ears.

"What!" my friend exclaimed, turning to me. "The Associated Press?" I nudged him, and the cheerful liar whom he had interrupted continued:

"Oh, yes, indeed. We use all the leading dailies for the publication of our advertising news service. Why, only yesterday we sent out over the entire telegraphic system of the Associated Press a corking story on a new line of goods soon to be put on the market by one of our biggest clients."

"Interesting," commented the up-Stater, doubtfully.

"Very," I echoed softly, "and untrue."

On the street again, my companion, quite stirred up, asked:

"Do you mean to tell me that all that mouthy individual told us about using the wires of the Associated Press for distributing advertising matter was pure bunk?"

"Absolutely," I replied. "There was not a story carried out of New York yesterday by the Associated Press that by the wildest stretch of the imagination could be associated with the product he described."

"But how do they get away with it? Certainly big business concerns are not going to put up their money unless they see results?"

"Here is one way it is done," I told him. "They diligently read the newspapers and spot any story that may seem to have a favorable bearing on the interests of a client. Such a story is shown to the client with the representation that the publication was brought about through the agent's influence with the press. Of course, the client may have difficulty in grasping the concrete value to him of a particular story, in which case it is explained that his impression only goes to show with what subtlety the publicity man has put over the thought that he wished to plant in the subconsciousness of the reader."

That was some time ago, and methods may have been improved, but there is still abundant evidence of a good market for sharpers pretending that space in the news columns of the reputable press can be purchased.

A GENTLEMAN who sells his services as a "publicity adviser" came to me with a brief typewritten statement by the president of a large business organization against whom a complaint was to be made by a rival concern before the Interstate Commerce Commission. The statement was offered for use as a "follow" explanatory of the defendant's case if and when we carried from Washington a story reporting that the complaint had been filed. Of course we wanted the statement, and if it had not come to us we would have gone after it as a matter of routine. We would have been glad to have had it over the telephone from the lips of the president himself or, if necessary, to have allowed a reporter to cool his heels at the big man's door until he was ready to have his say.

But I knew why the "publicity adviser" had called, and I could not resist the temptation to say:

"I suppose it was worth one hundred dollars to you to walk around to our office today?"

He grinned and replied: "One hundred dollars? Not less than a hundred and fifty."

We are all familiar with the stage rube who once came to town to buy a gold brick and the unwary stranger who by repute is bound to lose his shirt to the "sharks of Wall Street;" but after an observation of twenty-five years fro the vantage-ground of the Associate Press I have come to the conclusion tha there are more suckers between the Ha lem River and the Battery than in a the acreage not so embraced.

Of course, the machinations of th publicity crook are facilitated by the in herent crookedness of his employer. Th philanderer and courtesan are skeptica of any claim to virtue. The busines man or propagandist who is willing t enter into a conspiracy to steal space i the news columns of the daily press with the double purpose of getting "fre advertising" and of influencing th reader unconsciously, is rather easil persuaded that reporters and editors ar venal and prepared to betray their pub lishers for a consideration.

But this phase of the publicity busi ness is amusing rather than important We need waste no sympathy on the on who would bunco and is himself bun coed; nor concern ourselves seriously with the fellow who preys upon those s gullible as to believe that they can pur chase "influence" with the press. Neithe has any effect on the character of th newspapers.

The publicity crook who is dangerous is the one who occasionally does some thing for the money he receives. Fo the purposes of the moment we may designate him as the "news faker." I is his business to create artificial situa tions in the hope that they will be mis taken by the newspapers for matters o legitimate interest, and so permit him t foist on the public advertisements o publicity for his clients in the guise o "news." Nine times out of ten his effort is a "flop," but occasionally he puts over something, and to the extent that he is successful journalism is de based and the public misled. We have become so accustomed to the ballyhoo of public entertainers that I suppose even the morons accept any new "stunt" with the mental reservations of which they may be capable.

The sinister thing about it is that re cently, through the allurements of the news faker, some men, business houses and other organizations of standing and supposed integrity have been intrigued into publicity methods that are a menace to society. The operations of the news faker already are a scandal and threaten,

unless checked by exposure, to weaken public confidence in the integrity of the news columns, and so detract from a hard-earned prestige which has been the crowning achievement of modern journalism.

But lest I leave a lasting impression unfavorable to a host of honest publicity men and women, I shall digress long enough to make the distinction clear.

For the honest publicity representative who works in the open I have the greatest respect. Many such have done the newspapers an inestimable service by facilitating the work of reporters, and they have served both the papers and the reading public by making possible better, more intelligent, and more nearly accurate reports of the activities of the institutions they represent. They have brought to the press a technical knowledge that newspaper men could not be expected to possess, and through their co-operation have made it easier for reporters and editors to determine the news value and the "carrying power" of stories dealing with a thousand and one widely differing subjects.

In the offices of the Associated Press every well-known publicity representative has a rating. By their works we know them. There are those with whom we would not waste five minutes, because we know them as parasites. There are many whom we welcome, because we know that they come in the name of news, the only honest approach to our news report.

I am inclined to think that the most effective publicity work is being done just now by the churches and welfare organizations. There are two outstanding factors that contribute to their success. One is that very generally they have accepted our code. This is, that it is our responsibility to reflect society as it is. Not as we might like it to be, but, for good or evil, as it is. To report without bias the hard-boiled facts of such events as are significant of the times, unaccompanied by any suggestion of the conclusions to be drawn by the reader. Our only question regarding any proffered contribution is, "Is it significant news?" If so, we will carry it. Otherwise, we will not.

Incidentally, I set it down as a broad general principle that it is just as wrong morally to invade the strictly news columns with propaganda for a good cause as it is to invade them with propaganda of evil intent. Either invasion falsifies the picture due to the one who pays two or three cents for a newspaper and has a right to expect that what he finds in the strictly news columns will have been influenced by no consideration other than the obligation of the editor to give him the significant news of the day presented with a proper sense of proportion.

The other advantage of church and welfare agents is to be found, I think, in the fact that their financial resources are limited. They cannot afford to waste time, space, or postage. Their enforced habit of economy causes them carefully to consider their proposed output and to get it down to a strictly news basis and in such form that it will appeal to busy editors. The economic waste in the publicity business as a whole is appalling. Recently the American Newspaper Publishers Association canvassed several hundred newspapers to determine the average amount of press-agent matter received by daily newspapers through the mails. The conclusion was that each paper received an average of five pounds of copy weekly, the postage on which totaled $200 annually. I accept no responsibility for the figures, but they appear reasonable. There are 2,388 daily newspapers in the country, and, if the suggested estimate holds good, the annual crop of press-agent material addressed to daily papers amounts to 620,880 pounds, or a little more than 310 tons. The yearly postage bill must be $477,600. This does not take into account similar matter sent to weekly and monthly magazines nor the salaries of those who prepared it, rent, and other office expenses.

But to return to the news faker, whose habitat ought to be a State or Federal prison, wherever more room is available. It may come to that.

Of the many experienced, I select three recent instances of news faking to illustrate as many phases of the insidious business.

Frequently the object of the news faker is to keep the name of his employer before the public on the sound theory that notoriety often attracts patronage. Not long ago many papers were deceived into publishing that a girl dancer had attempted to drown herself in Central Park lake. On her person was found a photograph of a public entertainer, mute evidence that it was a case of unrequited love. Of course she was "rescued," but the police were roped in and the dancer hurried to a hospital, where she received medical attention from, it is said, her own physician. The affair was duly recorded on the records of a police station, and from these official records the newspaper reporters obtained the "story." After the public entertainer had received a lot of publicity, it leaked out, according to "Editor and Publisher," that the "story" had been planted by his press agent. There had been no communication with the city editors; apparently the stage had been set to fool the police, and, this accomplished, the "story" was permitted to develop itself.

To the thoughtless this may appear as only a good joke on the police and the press, but, rightly viewed, there is nothing funny about it. The police can keep fairly busy securing the safety of those who must daily thread their way amid the perils of street traffic, and there are still at large a goodly number of cutthroats and robbers whom law-abiding citizens would like to have put away. The hospitals are hard put to it to accommodate the daily toll of sick and injured clamoring for attention. The medical profession could be better engaged ministering to legitimate patients. But did any one ever know of a news faker being punished because he had conspired to distract public servants and public institutions from their grave responsibilities? I never did.

Sometimes the purpose of the news faker is to satisfy a racial or religious grudge or to exercise a mistaken sense of political duty. A titled English lady narrowly escaped unpleasant publicity because of our practice of checking so-called patriotic societies. Many such societies are one hundred per cent American. Others are one hundred per cent bunk. Soon after the Englishwoman arrived in this country we received a neatly typewritten letter from one who signed himself as president of the patriotic organization whose name along with an imposing list of officers and trustees appeared on the printed letterhead. Inclosed was a copy of a letter addressed by the society to the Secretary of Labor at Washington, making charges against the titled one and demanding that she be deported forthwith.

The matter looked interesting, and in the course of things we would have inquired of our Washington office what should be done about it. But first we wanted to know more about this patriotic society, the name of which was not familiar. The city directories and telephone books revealed nothing. That wasn't so good. So we sent a reporter to the address given on the letterhead.

It proved to be that of a furniture store, above which were tenements. There was no office. When he inquired

(*Please turn to continuation, page 151*)

The World This Week

Hagen, the Undaunted

If there are any extra prizes for the fighting men of sport, of whatever branch, there must certainly be one for Walter Hagen. The comeback of this great American professional in England which enabled him to win for the third time the British Open championship is practically without parallel in this most uncertain of all sports. Defeated by the worst margin he had ever experienced a few days before the start of the Open, Hagen came back to defeat his conqueror of that match, the towering Archie Compston, of Great Britain, and his countryman, the smiling, swarthy-faced Gene Sarazen.

There will be, now, comparisons of Hagen, the king of the professionals, and Bobby Jones, the king of the amateurs. Of the two, Hagen always gives the impression of being perhaps the better fighter. Jones is mechanically perfect, beautifully so. But in his matches Jones seems always to be competing with par. Hagen gives far more the idea of playing the man. Comparisons, however, are not necessary. Certainly there is room enough at the top for both of these superb golfers.

In the British Open Hagen started poorly, for golfers of that class. He can get into more trouble than any other golfer alive and survive. There is the secret of his great success—his indomitable will in the face of difficult situations. There is always drama on tap when the sleek-haired Hagen goes around a course in a championship. After his poor start, Hagen set sail for the leaders and passed them. Sarazen, who had played a much better game at the start but was unable to meet the last gallant burst of Hagen, followed Hagen by two strokes; Compston was in third place with one stroke more.

Hagen's other victories in the British Open were scored in 1922 and 1924. The British have won this title of theirs only twice since the tournament was revived at the close of the war—once in 1920 and the last time in 1923. Bobby Jones had won during the past two years.

Hoover and the Laconic Mellon

A few words from Secretary Andrew W. Mellon have proved to be political news of the first order and have given a great impetus to the candidacy of Herbert Hoover. Indeed, these few words from the Secretary of the Treasury, who is also a great power in the Republican organization of Pennsylvania, have done more than offset Mr. Hoover's defeat in the Republican primaries of Indiana. These are the words with which Mr. Mellon produced his sensation: "We hear much talk of the various candidates and of their policies. Among them all, Mr. Hoover seems to come the closest to the standard that we set for this great office."

Pennsylvania's seventy-nine delegates to the Republican National Convention constitute a great prize for any candidate. Though Mr. Mellon's words do not commit these delegates to Mr. Hoover, they make as certain as anything political can be that the Pennsylvania delegation, and behind it the Pennsylvania organization, will be firmly aboard the Hoover band-wagon when the time comes for the Hoover band-wagon to appear. No longer is the Pennsylvania Republican machine controlled by the hand of a single astute engineer, as it was in the days of Matthew Quay and the earlier part of the career of Boies Penrose. The eastern and western ends of the State have been at odds with each other. Apparently both ends of the organization have acquired respect for popular sentiment. It is no reflection upon Mr. Mellon's sincerity to say that his tribute to Mr. Hoover is an acknowledgment of the direction in which public sentiment has been moving in that State.

Among certain political prophets Se
retary Mellon has been considered an
Hoover. His utterance now at a cauc
of Pennsylvania Republicans in Phil
delphia, the bailiwick of William S. Var
makes it clear that he can be counted
anti-Hoover no longer.

Though Mr. Mellon's statement w
accompanied by a recommendation th
the Republicans of Pennsylvania ho
themselves "unpledged and uncommitte
to any particular candidate," and thou
he is reported to have said in an inte
view that "it is not certain that M
Coolidge will not consent to the use
his name," his words give one more ind
cation that the full strength of the Ad
ministration has been getting behind M
Hoover.

"Peaches-and-Cream" Criminals

Dr. Walter Timme, of the Neurolog
cal Institute of New York, after r
searches which have lasted for seventee
years, points to the danger of believin
that criminals are invariably low-browe
furtive, repulsive-appearing character
Prominent among those naturally in
clined toward criminality, he has found
is "a certain type of blond, curly-haire
giant with a peaches-and-cream com
plexion."

Out of twenty-five men serving lif
terms in a New York State prison, D
Timme found, twenty-four were abnor
mal from a glandular standpoint. Th
dangerous "curly-haired giant" has a
over-active thymus gland. This prolong
childish characteristics and gives, at th
same time, the "peaches-and-cream com
plexion." Dr. Timme describes this typ
as having a "Rolls-Royce body with a
inadequate engine." Unable to compet
with his fellows, he is likely to turn
toward crime.

The thyroid, the pituitary, and th
thymus glands are chiefly involved in th
defects of criminal types. Glandula
trouble often produces, contradictory a

may appear, men in which a high in-llectual standard is nullified by mo-onic tendencies. Dr. Timme has ex-mined so many criminals that he now an detect tendencies at a glance. These re not, however, as obvious as the lay ublic believes. He has examined per-ons, later convicted of crime, who were attractive and with whom one feels he ould trust his life."

Mrs. Knapp Still Under Charges

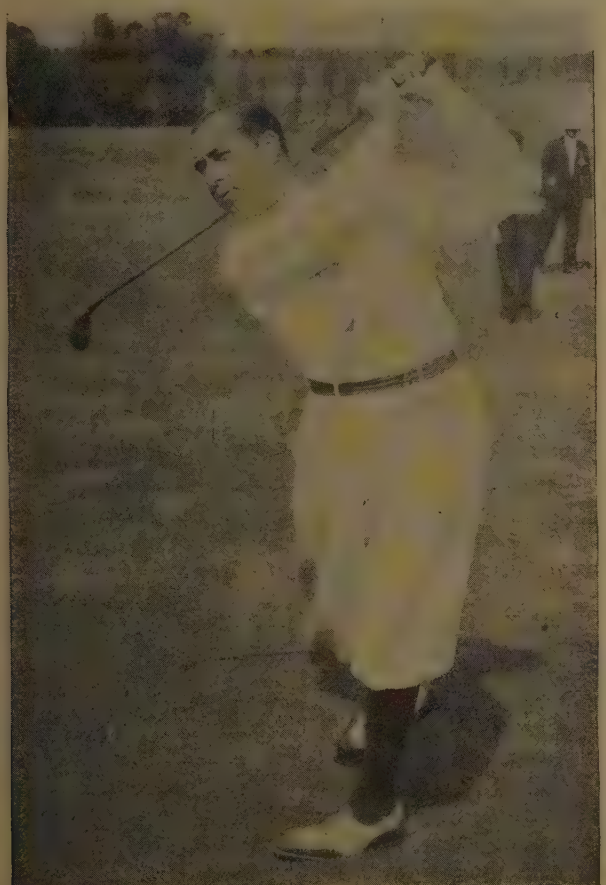
DISAGREEMENT in a jury has left Mrs. Florence E. S. Knapp, former Secretary f State of New York, still under the ccusation of grand larceny and subject o a new trial. She was the first woman o be elected to high executive office in ny State east of the Mississippi. After etting a report in her favor from a Democratic District Attorney, Governor mith was reluctant to press the charges gainst this former Republican official, ot of his political faith. Public opin-on, however, forced the case into the ourt.

In the trial the chief witness against er was her stepdaughter. Testimony nade it clear that Mrs. Knapp had made a practice of signing other people's names to checks and vouchers. It was undenied that Mrs. Knapp had used money paid for the alleged services of others for her relatives or herself. Mrs. Knapp's defense was that the work was actually done by those who were paid and that the cashing of checks was authorized.

As the judge's charge indicates, the jury's task was largely that of deciding as to the credibility of the witnesses.

"Women," said Judge Callaghan, charging the jury, "have in recent years taken their place alongside men in almost every field of endeavor. . . . They cannot share the privileges extended to them and be relieved of the responsibilities." He thus made clear that no special consideration should be given to the fact that the defendant was a woman. "Larceny from the State," he said, "is just the same as larceny from the individual." And he told the jurors that there was no ground for condoning so-called "honest graft."

One of the jurors who voted for acquittal was quoted as saying in a published interview that if the District Attorney, whose work as prosecutor he knew as a grand juror for ten years, had found the proof insufficient, he himself could not vote for conviction. On the charge that he was swayed by other considerations than the evidence, as well as that he had concealed his bias, this juror was cited for contempt and censured.



Underwood & Underwood

WALTER HAGEN

for the third time winner of the British Open championship

Mr. Rockefeller Grows Indignant

BECAUSE he has "lost confidence in Colonel Stewart's leadership," Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has called for the resignation of Colonel Robert W. Stewart as chairman of the board of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana. Mr. Rockefeller, the Rockefeller Foundation, and the members of the family own about 15 per cent of the outstanding stock of the company. Mr. Rockefeller speaks officially as a stockholder.

In a letter Mr. Rockefeller refers to Colonel Stewart's "recent testimony before the Senate committee" investigating the connection of the Continental Trading Company with the Teapot Dome oil scandal. This testimony has been given on two occasions, the first on February 2 of this year and the second on April 24. It was three days after the latter appearance of Colonel Stewart that Mr. Rockefeller demanded his resignation.

On February 2 Stewart swore that he knew little, personally, about the Continental bonds and that he had never received any of them. But on April 24, after Harry F. Sinclair had been found guiltless by a Washington jury, Stewart said that $759,500 in Continental profits had been allotted to him in the shape of Liberty Bonds. These he placed in trust for the Standard Oil of Indiana and the Sinclair Crude Oil Purchasing Company.

It all sounds very much like the recent testimony of Will H. Hays. And Mr. Rockefeller is being congratulated for asking Stewart's resignation. It appears doubtful, however, that this will be forthcoming immediately. Stewart became furiously angry when reporters attempted to question him and is said to have appealed to his friends for support.

Flying in Rocket Airplanes

THROUGH the newspapers we have heard a great deal of late about an attempt that is to be made in Germany to explore the upper atmosphere, and possibly to penetrate even beyond it, by means of a rocket airplane. Just how much, if any, of the pseudo-scientific nonsense of the cabled despatches has been injected by the reporters themselves it is difficult to say; but the rocket principle for propulsion has much intrinsic merit.

Wide World

SOMETHING NEW IN TRANSPORTATION

for Henry Ford, at least, who recently looked over an old New York horse car with a view to purchasing it for his museum

Whether the fuel gases employed to drive a vehicle are expanded in a cylinder to drive a piston, as in the ordinary internal-combustion motor, or in another kind of cylinder or rocket to react merely against the air or even against the vehicle itself according to the Second Law of Newton (action and reaction opposite and equal), is intrinsically immaterial. Rockets of sufficient energy and speed will most certainly climb, and the height to which they will climb depends directly upon the energy made available. Professor Goddard, the physicist, of Clark University, has long been performing research on super-rockets designed to reach high altitudes and permit meteorologists to explore the atmosphere above the height—some twenty miles—to which their actual explorations have already reached. Such rockets would doubtless discharge the products of the combustion of monatomic hydrogen.

When and if the earth's envelope of air is passed, they will actually speed up by about one-fifth. Laboratory experiment has proved this fact beyond a doubt, for Professor Goddard's rockets when fired in a vacuum actually strained upward with more pressure than in the open air. This silenced summarily those who could not shake off the belief that a rocket can move only by pushing backward against some outside medium. If the Germans, behind the confusing screen of the foreign newspaper reporter, are making use of the facts about rockets already known to scientists, there is no intrinsic reason why their rocket plane cannot reach as yet unattained heights.

Mr. Ford Views Aviation and the Presidential Year

Henry Ford, as he arrived in New York Harbor on his return from Europe, was persuaded to make some remarks on prosperity in this Presidential year and on aviation.

"The Presidential election has nothing to do with industrial prosperity," said Mr. Ford, according to the New York "Times," thus assailing a cherished tenet in the American political creed. And he continued: "Business will keep on being good through the summer and fall without any regard to the outcome."

When asked about aviation, Mr. Ford's face lightened. "Some day," he predicted, "there is going to be a machine that will equal the imagination of man. Whenever a man imagines a thing, he can sooner or later produce it. That's what I think. It will be an airplane that won't have to go ninety miles an hour to rise or the same to land. It will settle down quietly in a small space and it won't be dangerous. It will come but, of course, there will have to be a lot of changes. We may not be near the idea yet; but it will come." He quoted Thomas Edison as saying that a bird flies well because it is ninety-five per cent bird, while a man flying is ninety-five per cent man. But he added, "It may well be that the airplane of the future will not develop along the lines of a bird."

It was to his son Edsel, however, that he referred his questioners when they made inquiries about specific aviation matters, as, for example, whether Colonel Lindbergh would be connected with his factory in making airplanes.

To a fellow-passenger he said that 2,600 former convicts are in his employ and that ninety-five per cent of them when given employment went straight.

Brazil Stays Out of the League

When Brazil failed to obtain a permanent seat on the Council of the League of Nations in 1926, she announced her intention to withdraw. Recently an appeal by the League to Brazil not to insist upon her resignation has found her unwilling to change her stand. Spain, after quitting Geneva at the same time for the same reason, has accepted the invitation to return, but the great South American republic finds no reason for changing her mind.

The Brazilian Government offers its collaboration in the League's humanitarian endeavors, in the World Court, and in international conferences. The assent of the Council would establish a precedent in favor of allowing resigned members to continue to take part in some of the activities under League auspices.

In Geneva, Brazil's response is interpreted as leaving the way open to renew membership. But her present persistence in declining to stay in the League makes a significant break in the ranks of its Latin-American adherents.

A Silly Poet Is Paroled

The foolishness of David Gordon, who landed in jail because he wrote a second-rate poem, was equaled only by the patriots who wished to have him kept in jail for the full period of an indeterminate sentence which might have run to three years. Now that he has been released on parole, his poem, "America," held under the New York State law to be obscene, will be forgotten. And Gordon will have opportunity to acquire a degree of maturity.

Gordon's type is familiar enough.

eally named Goronegsky, he attended ne of the huge high schools in New ork. Poor, far more ignorant than he elieved himself, he was oppressed by ne turbulent wealth of the city and was used to violent protest. His protest ook the form of a poem in which there ere several vulgar, possibly offensive nes. It was published in the "Daily Vorker," a radical journal, and his ar- st followed.

He was tried in Special Sessions Court nd sentenced to an indeterminate term efore any one was well aware what had appened. Then it was discovered that e had won a scholarship at Wisconsin niversity and that he had even entered ollege while his case was on appeal. he sentence seemed far too severe and gitation was begun. This ended in a arole, and now Gordon is free again. He has learned, at least, that a minority ill fight for liberalism in the land he as railed against.

In granting a parole to the misguided, ut hardly dangerous, poet the New ork authorities seem to have acted with isdom unusual in such bodies. He had een "guilty of writing a very bad and ulgar piece of poetry," but additional unishment would merely add to his exaggerated self-esteem." He served, n all, thirty-five days.

The Indiana Primaries

THE defeat of Mr. Hoover in both the preferential vote and vote for delegates n Indiana was by no means unexpected; ut to his political friends it was never- heless a disappointment. The thirty- hree Convention votes from Indiana were gathered in by what has been gen- rally regarded as the anti-Hoover coali- tion. The votes were nominally for Senator James Watson. That Senator Watson himself can be the nominee of the Republican Convention is inconceiv- able. As a power in Indiana Republican politics he has survived bitter fights and even more damaging scandals in the or- ganization; but as a National figure he has never risen above the stage of party manager and dispenser of patronage. The result in Indiana is not so much a triumph for any one candidate as a sign of the strength that can be used by a political organization when it is directed against a candidate.

Indiana's recent political history has been soiled by the corruption of Repub- lican office-holders. There was hope that the outraged citizenry would follow the example of that in Illinois and revolt against the party management. So far as there was a revolt it seems to have been confined to cities and towns. The rural population, being apparently will- ing to exonerate Senator Watson himself from responsibility from the scandals, seems to have been too deeply engaged in the agricultural revolt and too easily swayed by the stock arguments against Mr. Hoover to call for reform.

Indiana, therefore, if we may judge by the vote in the primaries, seems ready to let the record stand of being corrupt and contented. The loss in the primaries, particularly in view of the situation in Pennsylvania, is not so much Mr. Hoo- ver's as Indiana's.

Acme

THE BREMEN FLIERS IN PHILADELPHIA

Captain Koehl, Major Fitzmaurice, Baron von Huenefeld, and Mayor Mackey, of Philadelphia, at the statue of Admiral Barry, in front of Independence Hall

Police Brutality

THE majority of people believe, no doubt, that police brutality is a thing of the past. Somehow it is rarely empha- sized in newspaper stories. The average citizen, reading of the "third degree," interprets this to mean merely prolonged questioning. It does not occur to him that prisoners are still beaten with rub- ber-hose bludgeons, their faces disfigured by the fists of burly detectives. The hor- rors of "the back room" at the precinct station-house rarely come to light.

But now three former United States attorneys and three former district at- torneys of New York County, members of a committee of the Association of the Bar of the City of New York, have called for an investigation into the use of force by the police in obtaining con- fessions. Defendants in criminal trials frequently retract confessions offered by the police and claim they were beaten into making them. The Bar Associa- tion's committee states, out of its inti- mate experience, that "many of the accusations are well founded." A reso- lution was adopted calling for an inquiry by the State Crime Commission.

Needless to say, it is always the poor prisoner who is clubbed into confessing crimes he has not committed. The wealthy man is protected by attorneys. It is significant, in view of the Bar Asso- ciation's action, to recall a recent deci- sion by the Court of Appeals. Robert Weiner, a fish peddler, had been con- victed in New York State of murder in the first degree and sentenced to die in the electric chair. He spent months in the Sing Sing death house. But the

highest State court has held that his confession, a vital part of the prosecution's case, had been wrung from him by a police beating. His conviction was reversed and he is not to be tried again.

Cleaner Candy Factories

THE New York Consumers' League, it will be recalled, went to the city health authorities several weeks ago to complain against unsanitary conditions in the candy factories. They had conducted an investigation, and the facts they had gathered resulted in the closing of several plants. Obviously, candy manufactured in dirty factories was a health menace. Only three among twenty-five inspected were rated by the League as "clean."

Naturally, all this did the industry as a whole no good, and a number of manufacturers agreed to co-operate with the Consumers' League in the maintenance of a "white list." During the past six weeks fifty-seven of the two hundred candy manufacturers in New York have applied for this rating. They have agreed to pay a minimum wage of $14 a week, to require medical inspection for their employees, and to keep their plants in a decent and orderly condition.

The names of the fifty-seven have been published by the League, and any consumer may learn, upon application, which of the factories have agreed to live up to the standards prescribed.

A Martyr to Yellow Fever

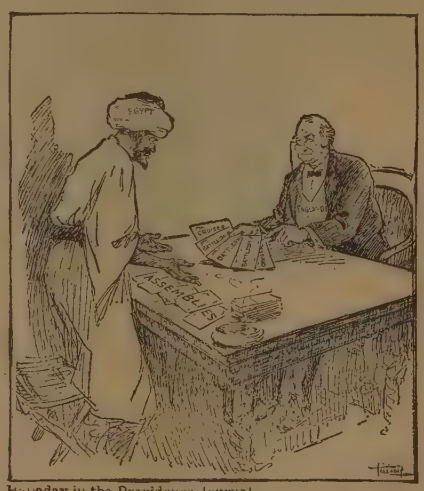
To the names of those who have died in the fight against yellow fever should now be added that of Dr. Adrian Stokes. He did not, to be sure, purposely incur the disease in order to demonstrate its source, as did Americans in Cuba, but none the less he died from yellow fever contracted in the cause of science.

Dr. Stokes was working with the Rockefeller Yellow Fever Commission on the west coast of Africa. Their report says: "He plunged into research eagerly, going long distances to find severe cases of fever, gathering deadly virus, inoculating agile and vicious monkeys, putting them into cages to be bitten by mosquitoes, confining these infected insects." He was attacked by the yellow fever, knew it, "thought first of his research," insisted that mosquitoes be allowed to bite him, died courageously. The report adds: "It is even possible that by losing his life he made a vital contribution to the solution of the problem on which he was at work." Rightly, the account is headed "A Soldier of Science Falls on the Field."

But the fight goes on. Recently has come the news report that Dr. Noguchi, of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, has discovered the source of the variety of yellow fever that exists on the west coast, and that this resulted indirectly from his own illness from the fever (the first case he had to observe) and the inoculation of a monkey with some of his own infected blood.

The Combat Between Science and Disease

IT is often said that yellow fever has been exterminated. Not completely; there is still a running fight against it. For over ten years the Rockefeller Foundation has carried on the war in West Africa, in Nigeria, and in Brazil. The species of mosquito through which the infection is carried is most abundant in



Hanaday in the Providence Journal

The winning hand

hot countries; but from such tropical centers there is always danger of its spreading outward.

Even more baffling is the infection of malaria, also mosquito-borne, and for ten years or more the Rockefeller Foundation has had field men working on this problem in Argentina, Venezuela, Italy, and elsewhere. The success of the anti-hookworm campaign in our Southern States likewise does not mean that it has been driven off the face of the earth. Control stations exist and have aid from the Foundation in Central and South America, India, Spain, and elsewhere.

The combat between science and disease is not local but world-wide, and it requires ceaseless vigilance.

The Lid in Chicago

As an aftermath of Mayor Thompson's personal and political defeat in the recent Chicago primary, Police Commissioner Michael Hughes has announced that the Police Department of Big Bill Thompson's city will clamp down the lid and keep it on tightly. The war-worn citizens of Chicago can easily be forgiven if they skeptically murmur, "How tight and how long?" The views of the suspicious ones is supported by the logic of past experience, endlessly repeated, and by definite knowledge of what certain powerful politicians want in the way of law enforcement or the lack of it. Whether politicians sense anything of the depths of the revulsion that swept the Thompson candidates aside at the primary, observers cannot say.

Direct information sent at our request from Chicago indicates that the quietus has been put on open gambling and slot machines, and that open vice and saloons operating as soft-drink parlors have been made to conduct their business with more circumspection. We have had no word that any progress has been made or attempted in the direction of suppressing the "racketeers"—men who blackmail contributions from business men and householders under threat of maiming and killing.

The "racketeers" of Chicago have produced a situation which in the early days of the West was met by the organization of Vigilantes. When the legal authorities of a community ally themselves with the outlaws, desperate remedies are sometimes needed.

But there will be a new State's Attorney in charge of the prosecutor's office and of the Grand Jury this coming fall. Perhaps he can forestall the final chapter in the breakdown of constituted authority.

After Death—What?

IN England an endless controversy was stimulated when Sir Arthur Keith declared that medical men could find no ground for believing that the brain is a dual organ, a compound of substance and spirit. Sir Arthur is President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, and his statement brought a prompt retort from Sir Oliver Lodge, scientist and spiritualist.

Said Sir Oliver: "I think the brain is an instrument used by the mind. They apparently think the brain is the mind. I do not look at it that way. The brain manifests the mind, but that is not the same thing as being the mind. A violin manifests Beethoven, but it is not quite the same thing as being Beethoven. If you smash the instrument, of course, the mind cannot manifest itself. That is all right, and what scientists know about

brain and the way it acts on muscle
l nerve is all good.

'It is all a part of the machinery, and
y know a terrible lot about the work-
of machinery. But there is some-
ng more to be said than that. Any-
dy can point out how a typewriter
rks, and you cannot get it to go unless
is properly connected and in good or-
But that does not explain the
se or meaning of what comes out of

Sir John Sutton, surgeon, then came
the side of Sir Arthur Keith.

"True, absolutely true," he said.
Death is the end of all. My experience
that all of those who have studied the
bject scientifically and deeply have
me to the same conclusion. Once,
viewing a book of Flammarion's, I
ote:

"'In the dim future do not seek to
ep, trying to fathom things obscure
d deep. Youth often laughs at death,
t old men weep. Wise men know
ath to be an endless sleep.'

"Endless sleep—I cannot put it better
an that."

So the question stands as before—
th two irreconcilable answers.

From Washington

oover, Defendant

ERBERT HOOVER, candidate for Presi-
nt, sat on the witness-stand before a
mmittee of five Senators. He seemed
feel that, guilty of nothing, he sat
ere as defendant. The Committee was
dge, jury, prosecutor, and, so far as
ch a thing existed, defense counsel.
he atmosphere was unfortunate.

Members of the Committee, Chairman
eiwer leading and the other four fol-
wing, asked Mr. Hoover concerning a
ultitude of small things which may
ve seemed to him—which might have
emed to any man in his place—irrele-
nt. A lawyer might have seen that
e ground was being laid for testimony
hich the Committee expected would be
fered by other witnesses.

To a lay spectator, the Committee ap-
ared to show deference to Mr. Hoo-
r's position and importance in affairs.
embers of the Committee, referring to
tes from documents filed with the
mmittee, asked questions nearly al-
ays with explanation, occasionally with
mething approaching apology. Many
the questions might, perhaps, better
t have been asked.

Mr. Hoover appeared from the outset
sentful, half angry, injured. Before a

Kirby in the New York World

" Look, daddy !"

popular audience, there is little doubt that his resentment would have found support. But the audience that he had was made up mainly of case-hardened newspaper men who, as one of them expressed it, found "more news in the questions than in the answers."

Resentment

MR. HOOVER'S anger smoldered. Only once did it approach a flame. That was when Senator Barkley asked him if he had recommended an increase in the price of chinaware. "Grotesque," said Mr. Hoover. He wondered if the Committee was not "dealing in pretty small things."

Senator Barkley laid down his notes and said, quietly and without show of irritation, that he had tried to avoid service on the Committee, that the complaint to which he had referred had been made to the Committee by responsible

Halladay in the Providence Journal

Not a soul in sight

persons, that if untrue the fact should be known, that he would continue to ask questions justified by material filed with the Committee.

Mr. Hoover said, "I think you are right, Senator."

"Then," said Senator Barkley, "if it is right, it is not grotesque, and it is not small."

Senator Dale—the only time that he spoke aloud during the examination—said to Mr. Hoover: "Why are you resentful of the efforts of this Committee to do what it was instructed to do? It seems clear that you are resentful." Mr. Hoover replied in a voice not audible at the press table. "I am glad," said Senator Dale, "that you have said that. We should have thought otherwise."

The necessity for such scenes—if it is a necessity—is a most unfortunate thing in our politics.

Mr. Hoover's testimony, in so far as it bore directly upon the matter of campaign expenditures, was that he had himself spent but four or five hundred dollars to promote his candidacy; that, so far as he knew, none of his relatives had contributed anything; that he had made no promises of patronage; that he had nothing which could properly be called a central organization; that, so far as he knew, the money for his campaign had been raised by his friends in the States where it was spent. He furnished the names of persons who could give definite information.

Former Representative James W. Good, a leader in Mr. Hoover's campaign, gave the Committee definite figures as to campaign funds. Expenditures have amounted, he said, to $241,274. The accounting is not quite complete, but Mr. Good did not think that, with everything accounted for, the total to date would reach $250,000.

Candidates Know Little

WITH the examination of Governor Smith in New York, the Senate Campaign Funds Committee completed the examination of candidates with the exception of Frank O. Lowden and, if he should be deemed a candidate, Vice-President Dawes. The information thus far gained appears to have little significance.

Governor Smith testified that he had spent nothing, done nothing to promote his candidacy, made no commitments, and knew nothing about expenditures in his behalf. His campaign manager in New York testified that collections so far had amounted to $103,000 and expenditures to $92,000.

The only other candidates in whose behalf the spending of any sum worth mentioning has been revealed are Senators Curtis and Reed. For each of these the reported expenditures have been around $10,000.

If the Committee is to uncover anything in the least sensational, it must find witnesses who know more about the candidates than the candidates know about themselves.

Worse than Fall

"THE moral turpitude of corrupters of public servants is even greater than that of those whom they debauch."

Business must "purge itself of all those who indulge in commercial and political corruption and through resort to unclean or unworthy practices bring business into disrepute and shock the sensibilities of all decent citizens.

"Stockholders cannot accept the profits following from corruption and escape the moral stigma which adheres in such profits, neither can they permit those who act for them to profit personally through corrupt corporate transaction or to shield others who do."

So, by resolution, declared the Chamber of Commerce of the United States at its recent meeting here. Repudiation of those business men who corrupt or defy the Government which protects them was the note which ran through all of the proceedings. It was sounded at the opening meeting by Judge Edwin B. Parker, Chairman of the Board of Directors, and culminated in resolutions adopted at the last meeting.

The Chamber asserted that the practices which it condemned have been engaged in, but did not give any names. There may have been little difficulty in reading between the lines the name of Sinclair, but the inclusion or exclusion of other names was, perhaps, a task beyond the ability of the Chamber. It was coincidence that just when the Chamber was making this denunciation there was made public the demand of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., for the resignation of Colonel R. W. Stewart as Chairman of the Board of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana.

Compromise

THREE bills on which vetoes have appeared likely at one time or another will probably be before the President as this issue of The Outlook comes to its readers, and there is good ground for hope that the veto has been avoided on all but one—the McNary-Haugen Farm Relief Bill. As to the other two—the Mississippi River Flood Relief Bill and the Shipping Board Replacement Bill—the rather quiet but none the less firm pressure of the President brought about important changes after they seemed impossible. Though neither bill is now wholly pleasing to either Congress or the President, they are very likely better bills than they would have been had all of the wishes of either party been met. Thus it comes about that, in government, the whole is greater than the sum of its parts.

The McNary-Haugen Bill is probably hopeless—and that for the reason that there was not the good will in adjustment that marked the compromise efforts on the other two bills.

Windows on the World

By Malcolm W. Davis

THE AMERICAN PLAN to outlaw war by a general treaty is making headway under some difficulty. In Great Britain all the parties in Parliament have declared in favor of it. Sir Austen Chamberlain, speaking for the Cabinet, said that the Government would stand ready to do anything in its power to obtain unity on Secretary Kellogg's proposal. Ramsay MacDonald, as head of the Labor Opposition, had reproved the Ministry mildly for delay in replying to the note from the United States. He wanted quick acceptance without reservations. Lloyd George chimed in for the Liberal minority. And Sir Austen answered that the Government was simply trying "to get everybody to understand the full implications of the Kellogg proposal" in order to secure a document that all could sign in the same spirit. Obviously, that refers to France and her reservations.

For his part, the British Foreign Secretary declared that he thought it quite possible to reconcile the Kellogg treaty with all engagements under the League of Nations and the Locarno arbitration treaties of the European Powers. The American draft treaty, he reported, had been referred to the Dominions, and on receipt of their views the Government would answer the United States—an unanswerable explanation of delay in Great Britain.

From France, reports have indicated that Sir Austen's speech was taken as final evidence of agreement of all the Powers on the desirability of a joint treaty against war. Italy, to be sure, has simply offered "cordial collaboration" without stating her attitude toward the Kellogg treaty or the French reservations. Premier Mussolini adhered to the British suggestion of a conference of jurists to adjust the differences between the two points of view, but added that the meeting could be effective only if the United States would send a legal expert. Since Secretary Kellogg has announced his opposition to the plan, it seems apparent that it will be dropped.

Meanwhile Jacob Gould Schurman, American Ambassador to Germany, slowed up the diplomatic machinery with a speech acknowledging an honorary degree from the University of Heidelberg. Asserting that he had been impressed with the similarity of the fundamental international ideals of the Governments and peoples of the two countries, he declaimed:

"Germany and the United States are marching forward in a great and noble adventure in the cause of human civilization. I earnestly hope, I confidently expect, that all other nations of the world will join them in this glorious procession."

French spokesmen in Paris at once rose to object. Who originally advanced the scheme to outlaw war, they asked—France and the United States or Germany and the United States? And did Germany's acceptance of the American draft for a treaty mean that France no longer had anything to do with the affair? In Washington officials of the Department of State made it known that they had no word of the text of Ambassador Schurman's speech before it was delivered; and so it could not be taken as the view of the Administration.

In Paris, Stéphane Lauzanne, the influential editor of the "Matin," published an article deploring the day when M. Briand for France proposed to the United States a treaty against war between the two nations. That led, he argued, to a flight from the solid ground of actualities into the clouds of visionary hope for a world made peaceful without guaranties. The Franco-Slav system is logical, he contended, while the Anglo-Saxon system is idealistic. By these terms he obviously meant practical and impractical.

Evidently the movement to outlaw war still has some ground to gain—before it reaches the Senate.

ECRETARY KELLOGG has taken an- other step forward, in the mean- ne, in his program of action to mini- ze the possibilities of war for the nited States. He has signed with the rman Ambassador the first general bitration and conciliation treaties ever gotiated between Germany and this untry. When Elihu Root was Secre- ry of State, efforts for such an under- anding met opposition from the Im- rial German Government. The arbi- ation treaty now signed is similar to ose recently made with France and aly, and the conciliation treaty corre- onds to those negotiated with many tions by Bryan. Thus the force of tuality and logic is at least being put ck of the pacific policy of the United ates.

To the surprise, and probably the chagrin, of the European nations at have been courting the favor of mir Amanullah of Afghanistan during s tour of the Continent, Americans ve announced an exclusive concession r fifty years to the exploitation of min- als and oil in his realm. They plan form the Afghan-American Trading ompany and start active investigations on.

The Governments of Europe enter- ined the traveling ruler lavishly, hop- g to secure for their industrialists the ch development projects of his country. oth Great Britain and Russia, whose pitals the Amir has visited, particu- rly sought his good will because fghanistan is the northern gateway to ndia. The Amir smiled, tipped lavishly, nd kept his own counsel, leaving each ation with a sense that nothing definite ad come of his visit. The representa- ve of the American promoters, in an- ouncing the agreement which he se- ured in Paris in February, suggested hat perhaps the Amir decided to employ merican capital to modernize his coun- y in order to avoid entangling alliances.

JULIUS MANIU, with 200,000 men, marched on Bucharest and then arched back again. That seems to be he story of the latest plan to overthrow he Bratianu dictatorship in Rumania.

Maniu, who heads the National Peas- nt Party, gathered his followers re- ently at Alba Julia for a political coun- il of war. They came, an unprecedented hrong—in wagons and a few automo- iles, and many, barred by troops from rains and roads, afoot over the hills, arrying their beds and food on their acks—expecting a decisive word from their chieftain to move against the Gov- ernment. With the peasants came 20,- 000 miners, carrying every stick of dynamite and every bit of other explo- sives available in their mines. The stage seemed set for an attack on "Eu- rope's most corrupt government."

Maniu apparently had got more sup- port than he bargained for. He had the assembly pass resolutions calling on the Government to resign. Then he advised his followers to go home. His henchmen were aghast. They mounted the plat- form and asked the throngs if they were ready to fight.

"Our women will laugh us out of the house if we go home without results," they shouted.

"Lead on," yelled the crowd. "Lib- erty or death!"

"Back home!" answered Maniu, and ended the conference.

Most of the peasants, discouraged by Government agents who talked to them of the need to get the crops planted, dis- persed. The miners and some of the peasants attempted to march on Bucha- rest, anyway. But they gave it up when they found that War Minister Harta- rescu was more than ready to meet their remnant of force.

Maniu declares that the fight against the Government has just begun. He explains that a revolution would have played into the hands of Rumania's ene- mies—Hungary and Soviet Russia. But apparently it would not be safe for him to try to go back among his constituents to explain that.

The Government, immensely relieved, has applied repressive measures to the newspapers and arrested foreign corre- spondents regarded as troublesome.

At the same time the former Crown Prince Carol, sojourning in England, has met with an order of the British Govern- ment to deport him. The reason is his use of Great Britain as a base for plots, in connection with the expected peasant rising, to regain the throne he renounced rather than give up an irregular love affair. His son, Mihai, became King upon the death of Carol's father, King Ferdinand, the power being held by a regency of three until the boy becomes a man. Carol was suspected of planning to go by airplane to Rumania in case the peasants' movement should overthrow the Bratianu administration. The fiasco at Alba Julia and the curt order from London to quit the country probably have ended his last chance to secure the crown. Genuine monarchs—even po- tential ones—are not deported.

ANOTHER CHAPTER IN A COLORFUL STORY

Prince Carol of Rumania, who has been invited by the British Government to leave England

Japan in China

TWO things are clear in connection with the conflict in Shantung between Chinese Nationalists and Japanese forces. One is that the fight has given a new impulse to anti-Japanese feeling in China. The other is that the affair is no business either of the United States or any other Powers or of the League of Nations, unless both the Chinese and the Japanese are willing to accept neutral mediation. An unwanted mediator only makes trouble for himself and becomes the butt of the irritation of both sides.

Just how the trouble occurred is still difficult to determine. The underlying issue was the right of Japan—which the Japanese asserted and the Chinese denied—to maintain forces in Tsinanfu, the capital of Shantung Province, and along the railway to the port of Tsingtao.

The Japanese maintain that their garrison in Tsinanfu was only for the purpose of protecting Japanese citizens and property. Japan has large investments in enterprises in Shantung, and the railway to the coast transports raw materials essential for her home industries. The city is on the line of advance from Nanking, the capital of the Chinese Nationalists, to Peking, the northern capital, which they are trying to capture. So the stage stands almost inevitably set for a clash.

The Japanese forbade the Chinese to interfere with the railway—a warning that the Chinese flouted by blowing up a bridge. According to the latest accounts, the Japanese officials at Tsinanfu attempted to maintain neutrality towards the Nationalists and their northern enemies, withdrawing Japanese residents to two barricaded zones. After the Nationalists occupied the city, their unruly soldiers swarmed around the barricades, and their commander demanded that the obstructions be removed. The Japanese complied. Nationalists entered the foreign zone, and began pasting up anti-Japanese posters. Disorders developed. When an attempt to loot a Japanese shop was resisted, shooting started. Each side claims that the other fired first. From that row the fighting spread. Evidently, a considerable number of Japanese civilians lost their lives. Chinese soldiers fired on Japanese negotiators carrying a flag of truce. The Japanese commander issued an ultimatum to the Chinese to withdraw from their positions in and around the town. The Chinese tried to storm it and drive out the Japanese. A pitched battle resulted. The Japanese rushed up reinforcements along the railway. At the end of a week of bombardment and fighting they had put the Chinese to rout and mastered the town, with losses on their side of about 60 killed and 200 wounded and on the Chinese side, it is estimated, 3,000 killed and an unknown number wounded.

Both the Chinese Nationalists and the northern militarists had protested against the despatch of Japanese forces to Tsinanfu. Japan had insisted on her duty to protect her people there. That is the real point—the insistence on holding a position in another country in the midst of a civil war. In a stronger country, even under the stress of internal strife, it would not be done. But China has been disorganized for years, and her case is considered different.

Neither the United States nor a group of neutral Powers nor the League can do more than tender their good offices and afford the Chinese and Japanese the facilities of impartial mediation. The Chinese have sought it from the League. But the differences go far deeper than anything outsiders can touch; they concern Japanese penetration of China. The Chinese possess a power in their own public opinion which they are preparing to use. They are organizing a new boycott of Japanese goods. The struggle will have to work itself out on that plane of a matching of Chinese and Japanese wills.

The "Square Fist" in France

IN American politics we often like to speak of a political leader as "a two-fisted man." There is more point in a term French cartoonists coined for Premier Poincaré at the time that he ordered the occupation of the Ruhr Valley to force Germany to pay reparations. They made a pun on the pronunciation of his name and dubbed him *"poing carré"*—"square fist." Now the "square-fisted" Premier and former war President has won a victory in the French elections that makes him practically dominant in his country.

Yet the fact that the chief of the Ruhr campaign has gained this triumph does not mean that France and Germany are to be at odds—as, indeed, M. Poincaré himself has indicated in a conciliatory speech in Alsace. The European scene has greatly changed—and a party that has gained confidence by success can afford to be liberal. The Dawes Plan for reparations followed the Ruhr occupation, and after that came the Locarno arbitration and security treaties between France, Great Britain, Italy, and Germany, and then the entry of Germany into the League of Nations. France and Germany have concluded new industrial and trade agreements and are increasingly recognizing in action their common interest in stability on the Continent. The vote for Poincaré now is not a vote for an anti-German policy, but rather for the policy of economic reconstruction he has inaugurated through his National Union Cabinet. That Cabinet, composed of former Premiers and Ministers from most of the leading parties, is to stay in office without going through the usual form of resigning. Consequently, details of the losses of the radical factions and the gains of the moderates in the elections are less important than the broad fact that Poincaré's supporters may be able to rally on critical measures a majority of toward 200 votes in Parliament.

Poincaré is expected to turn at once to the transformation of the large short-term national debt into a new long-term interior loan, and then to some reconsideration of the war debts and the reparations program—though what form this reconsideration may take is uncertain. These are steps on the road to his goal of stabilization of the depreciated currency of France. Evidence of the recovery of French economic power under his administration appears in the news that France plans to pay this year about $40,000,000 on her war debt to Great Britain and $11,250,000 to the United States.

n foreign relations, the elections will strengthen the hand M. Briand in his policy regarding an agreement against war. e result is at once evident. M. Briand has announced that now sees his way clear to reduce all his reservations to Mr. logg's arbitration treaty to one—a provision that violation he treaty shall free all parties to take action as they may m necessary. The reassurance of the balloting makes it n less important to the French Foreign Minister to play hand so guardedly. And, since Mr. Kellogg has already epted this principle, the outcome of the French campaign s fair to aid the movement to outlaw war.

Stop Reckless Shooting

A LAW-ABIDING citizen was shot the other day near Niagara Falls, New York, because he failed to stop when some one out of the dark commanded him to . It appears from the reports that the command came n one of two Coast Guards who were on the watch for tleggers. There was nothing to indicate that the command not come from a highwayman. Indeed, it was on the ural assumption that he was in danger of being held up robbed that this citizen tried to escape. This is the story eported in the press. We have no desire to prejudge the . All the facts may not have been made known. Neither st Guard should be adjudged guilty unless duly convicted. the case has stirred widespread protest against the too mon use of firearms in the attempt to enforce the law. y a few days later an agent of the Prohibition Bureau was nissed for firing a revolver at an automobile on a highway Vest Virginia. A United States Senator was permanently red in Washington a few years ago by officers attempting capture violators of the liquor law, and because of the minence of the victim there was an outcry against the too mon American practice of attempting to enforce law by oting. But the echoes of that outcry have died down.

may be argued that criminals in America carry firearms explosives and that if they are to be subdued they must ubdued with firearms. But the argument also can run the r way. The criminal is more apt to resort to firearms if ers of the law do. It is a sign of weakness and ineffi- cy, certainly, for the enforcers of the law, whose business to preserve peace and order, to employ methods which as dangerous to the law-abiding as the methods of the inal. In special emergencies violence must be met with ence; but the business of the authorities that exercise po- power should be to prevent such emergencies, and cer- ly not to resort to extreme measures except for the pre- ion of crimes that are themselves of greater danger than methods used to suppress them.

o accustomed have our police become to the use of force the Association of the Bar of the City of New York has mmended the investigation of resort to force by the police he purpose of obtaining confessions.

olice officers and others in charge of law enforcement are the masters, but the servants of the people. Too often act as if they were the masters. An uncorrupt and in- uptible police force guided by intelligence would not find confronted by conditions that have prevailed in Chicago, for example. There is no need of turning law enforcement into something that resembles a tribal feud.

Five Women About to Die

HARDLY a convention of manufacturers or merchants or salesmen passes without the adoption of a resolution calling attention to the altruistic nature of the big-hearted American business man. He has, these gatherings for mutual admiration affirm, invariably had the welfare of his employees in his mind. He has given them workmen's compensation, shorter hours, bigger pay. He makes the world a better and sweeter place.

But the next convention orator who starts on this theme will choke on his words if he recalls the five young women awaiting death in New Jersey from radium poisoning. Fourteen other girl workers in the plant of the United States Radium Corporation at Orange, New Jersey, since closed, are already dead. The five still alive, but despairing, pointed with their lips the little brushes used to apply radium paint to luminous watch dials. Experts have said that radium poisoning is wearing away their bones. And the United States Radium Corporation sets up the defense that the women did not file suit within two years of their injury and that the statute of limitations bars legal action.

A condemned murderess facing execution after killing her husband arouses a storm of maudlin sentimentality. Her story appears on the front pages for days on end. There are "personal diaries," interviews, photographs, life histories. But here are five women, utterly innocent, who face a fearful death, and there seems to be no public outcry. The New York "World," to its eternal credit, has investigated the cases of the women, and in a recent Sunday issue it published a story which fills the reader with helpless rage.

Thus far the company has made no claim that the women were not poisoned at its plant, even that their injuries are due to carelessness. It contends, and the law seems to be so, that actions of injuries of this sort must be started within two years. The five women did not know, however, and neither did the medical profession with any certainty, that radium was the basis of their trouble. Thus they had no reason to bring suit within two years. Their attorney is attempting to make this fact an argument for permission to ignore the statute of limitations.

Here, then, is a case which for sheer horror equals anything that has gone before. The "World" states that lawyers for the defense have resorted to delay and obstruction and that the women cannot obtain a court hearing until September. By then they may well be dead. Three of them are married and one has two small children. One, a Miss Grace Fryer, has offered herself for experiment to doctors in the hope that a cure for her sisters in misfortune may be found.

Child labor, sweat-shops, company police, the use of the injunction, low wages—all these have in the past refuted the boast that business men are universally big-hearted citizens. If business is to ally itself with humanity, here is the chance for business men with heart to repudiate the theory that they can do whatever the law allows and that they can avoid moral responsibility by invoking the law's delay.

Miniatures from the Life

Welcome

By IBBY HALL

A BOY in Germany, nineteen years old and ambitious, decided to emigrate to America. He shared with the fliers before him the spirit of adventure and hope, trusting that by the time his ship was to sail he would have enough money to pay for his passage. Luck was with him, and he secured his passport and visa with the least trouble imaginable. Surely, the passage money would arrive by the same good luck! But to his consternation, the day of sailing arrived before the money. The boy took his trouble to a friend, and together they considered the problem. He must get to America. He had a friend in America in a place called Detroit. He would like to see this friend, who would help him, he was certain, to an enviable and remunerative position. But how was he to cross that ocean? He had no airplane, no money, and the ship was due to sail.

His friend had no money either, but between them they had excellent ideas. They secured a large packing-case, six feet long and four feet wide, and managed to furnish it as though it were a tent. A cord hammock, warm blankets, sausage, pumpernickel, chocolate, and a five-gallon keg of water was the extent of their household supplies. Then his friend nailed him up in the box, and bade him God-speed. The box was addressed, C. O. D., to its occupant at a fictitious number on a well-known street in New York City, and found its way aboard before the ship was due to sail.

Once on board the ship, the young German managed to knock loose a shingle and climb out of his quarters. The surroundings were lonely, and none too light, but there at least he could take his daily exercise and keep an eye out for additional supplies. He had no notion of the time, the days that passed, or in what proportion to ration his diminishing amount of food. He ate as little as he might; nevertheless the food was finally gone, and the voyage not yet over. Each hour found the boy hungrier and more desperate, but all his foraging was to no purpose; there was nothing to be found that could be eaten. Finally, he resigned himself to his fate, crawled into his box and hammock, and fastened the loose plank as best he could upon himself.

Perhaps he would be delivered somewhere, perhaps this was the end, but by now he was too weak to be very anxious.

A while later—it seemed a long while—the box was landed on one of the piers of the steamship line. Its occupant swung idly in his hammock. He was weak and dizzy, but feeling generally at peace with the world, and not particularly in charge of his wits. After a while, when he could be quite certain of his whereabouts, he would emerge into this pleasant land of America, and find his troubles far behind him.

Meanwhile, a checker for the steamship company, examining the freight, noticed a loose board on one of the larger boxes. With his usual confidence and efficiency, he approached the box and thrust his hand inside to investigate. The German lad looked speechlessly at the outstretched hand entering his home. This was America, the land of welcome and opportunity. He grasped the hand with feeling, and shook it warmly. In another minute a wild and frenzied checker was rushing down the pier, yelling to all within earshot that he had just been bitten by a strange animal, an animal concealed in a large packing-box from Germany.

There was soon a crowd around the box. They proceeded cautiously, and with many warnings, to unpack the contents. Inside they came upon the dazed youth, starved and emaciated, but still smiling happily to himself over the welcome of the great country.

The steamship line was delighted with the story. Far from being upset over the loss of passage money, they offered to help find the boy's friend, if the United States Government would only allow his entry into the country. But the United States Government laughs at few jokes, and the young German was sent to Ellis Island to await deportation on the same ship which carried him across. To the bewildered boy America seemed as far away as ever. But the strange country did not prove friendless.

People who had become interested in his case appealed to the authorities, who decided that a boy of his spirit would never be a public charge. He was given his release from Ellis Island, and his dreams have become reality.

The Move

OUT in Chicago there is a stone quarry worker who told his wife one night that he had decided to move. They were living in a nice enough house for poor people who expected no luxuries from life; but somehow the husband was dissatisfied. Not far off was a bungalow cheap and convenient, and the man had somehow set his mind upon moving to it.

When the hours of every day are so crowded with work that must be done moving is a difficult undertaking; even the moving of so few pieces of furniture as these two possessed. But the wife wished always to please her husband. If he had set his heart upon moving to the little bungalow down the road, very well they would move. But at what time would they be able to move? Only those hours between work and sleep might be called their own, and those were weary hours to be packing one's belongings. But, since it was to be done, it might as well be done quickly. They decided to move, and they moved. They had not even had time to tell the neighbors of their intentions.

By ten o'clock at night, a late hour for those who rise early, the stone quarry worker and his wife were settled in their new home. The bed was made up for the night. More dead than alive they fell into it, grateful that the day was over, and that there was still time for sleep. They had no sooner dropped their heads upon the pillows when a resounding blast shook the neighborhood and the sky flamed red as though the sun had risen. The man and his wife sat up in alarm, and looked through the window of their new home. Down the road a piece was the cottage they had left—no—the ruins of what had once been their cottage; now a pile of wreckage left in the wake of a bomb.

"I thought so," said the man who worked in the quarry. "Those men who work with me, they do not like me. I was uneasy in that house." But he was too tired to say much more about it. They had escaped death; sleep was very welcome.

The Little Theatre Tournament

EVERY person who has struged for more an a season ith the Little heatre in his vn home town ows the tremenus difficulty alys encountered selecting the ays to be prented. Week afr week, play mmittees argue r into the night, ading everything from bound volumes loose sheets of manuscript, and ending earning the undisguised hostility of erybody—the subscribers, the players, d usually many of the play committee elf.

This being so, it is remarkable that y unpublished one-act plays ever get enough along in any American city be considered worth sending to the tle Theatre Tournament in New rk. Add to this difficulty the fact t in the Little Theatre Tournament at present constituted the David Beco Cup is awarded to the best presenion made by the players themselves—t to the play—and, that if a little ater so elects, it can present a wellown one-act play by a skilled dramat, and you have a set of difficulties t militate very definitely against any ginal plays ever being shown at all. In the present instance they constitute r reason for being inclined to give a d to the Southerners for their efforts the Tournament just completed at Frolic Theatre in New York. Of the r plays which emerged last week from twenty presented during the tourney, o were original playlets from Georgia, sented by the Town Theatre of Sanah, and the Black Friars of Agnes tt College from Decatur, Georgia. mpeting against them in the finals s a group from Scotland, the Ardros and Saltcoats Players, presenting rrie's "Old Lady Shows Her Medals," a group from the Bronx, presenting ther play by professional authors, he Valiant," by Holworthy Hall and bert Middlemass. The result was er in doubt. The two Southern plays, nk and Patches" and "Hero Wor-p," respectively, inevitably won the prizes for the best unpublished works, but the Belasco Cup went to the Scotch players for their presentation of Barrie's playlet.

As a matter of fact, there was never any doubt about the decision, in our estimation, from the moment Jack Lambert stepped on the stage as the Scotch soldier in Barrie's playlet. As excellent an amateur actor as we have ever seen, he had behind him a group presenting a play written with all the sensitiveness and skill of which Barrie is capable, and providing as good an entertainment as the stage offers. Indeed, except for the fact that the Scotchman himself rather overshadowed the old lady of the piece, the whole performance was exceptional. Our visitors from overseas certainly deserved the honor of the cup and all the applause they received.

It is an open question, however, whether anybody presenting a new and untried amateur playlet could have succeeded against such competition. For, say what you will, it is a very clever man who can distinguish between the ability of the actor and the excellence of the part written for him. As every one knows, some parts are "actor proof." Even leaving aside the skill of the playwright, however, there still remains the truth or falsity of the play itself, with its resultant effect on the spectator. The advantage, then, lies all with the players who select a tried and true dramatic vehicle, while the odds are all against the more adventurous who have the courage to pick an unknown play written by one of their own kind and give it an original presentation. To allow both well-known plays and unpublished ones to be presented in the same tournament seems to us to go very far toward defeating the object of the Little Theatre movement itself. Whether little theatres exist to enable people to enjoy themselves as amateur actors, or whether they are run in the hope that original dramatic talent will show itself finally in the plays, the goal is obscured by presenting such a mixture in the yearly showing for the Cup as was shown last week.

Of the four which finally won success, Barrie's "Old Lady Shows Her Medals" is, of course, by far the best. Of the other three, "The Valiant" is merely rather an effective, mock-heroic melodrama, while only "Hero Worship" and "Pink and Patches" can be considered from the standpoint of new amateur plays. Of these two, "Hero Worship" had by far the best presentation. It seemed to us a sincerely written piece of more than usual merit, and possessing the immense advantage of depicting real people and genuine human emotions rather than some melodramatic moment which might lend itself to stage-craft. We liked its honesty and reality even more than we liked its presentation—although we must qualify this by mentioning young John Mercer in the part of the much-put-upon grandson. To a part which in manuscript must look very slight he lent an emotional reality which was in every way most exceptional. We would recommend to some of our Broadway producers that if they are looking for another Glenn Hunter or, let us say, some one to take the juvenile part in the road company of "Coquette," they could do far worse than to give a trial to this young Southerner. The two outstanding performances were his, as the Southern boy, and Jack Lambert, as the Highlander back from the trenches.

To a certain extent, of course, our sympathy goes out to the judges for having to sit through so many evenings of four plays each. One-act plays are not the stuff of which a real evening's entertainment is made. And this was true of the Little Theatre Tournament.

FRANCIS R. BELLAMY.

"Orchestral Drama"

By EUGENE BONNER

A DISTINGUISHED and interested audience gathered at the Manhattan Opera House a few evenings ago for one of the last flare-ups of the dying musical season, an evening of "Orchestral Drama."

The program consisted of the superb "Israel" symphony of Ernest Bloch given with what might be termed a dramatic accompaniment; a choreographic version of the two Debussy nocturnes, "Nuages" and "Fêtes;" and, lastly, Borodin's "On the Steppes of Central Asia" and the dances from his opera "Prince Igor."

This program was presented by the Neighborhood Playhouse, under the direction of the Misses Lewisohn, in conjunction with the Cleveland Orchestra, Nikolai Sokoloff conducting. The stage direction as well as the dramatic composition of the spectacles was evolved by Miss Irene Lewisohn from musical interpretations by Mr. Sokoloff.

Any one who has followed the programs of the Neighborhood Playhouse for the past ten or twelve years knows by this time that whatever that organization has put its hand to has been characterized by a deep sincerity of purpose and a very splendid enthusiasm which has carried it over pretty rough places and has given us some unusual productions of real originality and genuine beauty, their offerings ranging from the old mystery play of "Guiobor," in which Yvette Guilbert appeared, to the ultra-modern ballet "Sooner and Later"—given a couple of years ago.

"The term Orchestral Drama," says Miss Lewisohn in her program note, "is used to suggest an approach rather than designate a form. . . . In combining orchestral color in sound, in plastic line, in gradations of light, of interplay of rhythms, we seek to find an expression for elemental moods that have touched us in the three musical compositions that have been the source of inspiration for this production."

As Ernest Bloch has explained at length, his "Israel" symphony was conceived as an expression of the sorrows of the Jewish race. One of the finest of modern works, it is largely a matter of opinion as to whether or not the attempted visualization of some of the ideas back of it is a successful experiment.

The stage-setting, by the eminent sculptor Jo Davidson, was designed to suggest abstractly the Wailing Wall in Jerusalem, built on the site of the three great temples, where Jews from many lands gather to lament the passing of their ancient glories.

The pantomime accompanying the music was very effective just at first, but after a while it became monotonous, and although Mr. Sokoloff had advised those who did not care to watch the action to close their eyes and simply listen to the orchestra, somehow or other that was not so easy to do, and as a result the music lost a great deal of its effectiveness and seemed much less interesting than it does when done simply and solely as a concert number. Of course this is only our own personal opinion, and there are probably a great many who will disagree.

The groupings, the lighting, and the pantomime of the actors (or dancers) taking part were striking and beautiful, but it will always be a moot point whether or not abstract ideas, which are so often successfully expressed in music, can be interpreted through the medium of dance or pantomime. The late Isadora Duncan perhaps came nearer to accomplishing this than any one else so far, but even she, for all her genius, did not always succeed.

The second part of the program, comprising the "Nuages" and "Fêtes" of Debussy and the Borodin dances, was more in the tradition of the Russian Ballet. The *décor* of the Debussy number (both nocturnes being played without intermission to form a single spectacle), designed by Ernest de Weerth, was particularly lovely, revealing as it did some exquisite celestial region of silvery clouds in the midst of which was discovered "A Faun-like Creature," in this case none other than Mitchio Ito, clad in a beautifully fitting suit of gold paint and nothing else in particular save a pair of ram's horns.

"A Passing Cloud Form" in the person of Miss Martha Graham soon joined him, and together they did some charming pantomime dancing until they were interrupted by a rather turbulent gentleman called "Storm Cloud," who made his entrance from somewhere below standing on his head in a decidedly disrespectful attitude.

Various "Cloud Forms" now appeared and disappeared, and in the second division of this number ("Fêtes") a procession of figures carrying great branches of what appeared to be golden flowers brought things to a climax.

It was all very beautiful, but just what it meant was beyond us, though as a matter of fact, it may not have been intended to mean anything in particular. Benjamin Zemach was most satisfying as the upside-down-appearing individual.

Nevertheless it is seriously to be doubted whether anything is gained in all this. Certainly the music loses a great deal of its effectiveness, becoming a not very satisfactory accompaniment to what seemed to us a beautiful but quite incomprehensible pantomime. Of course, "L'Après-midi d'un Faune" will be cited as being equally unfit at first sight for a pantomime or ballet. But then one must not overlook the really overpowering genius of the one and only Vaslav Nijinsky and the very clear little drama he evolved to accompany that glamourous bit of shimmering music.

The Borodin dances were very well done, but alas! comparisons, while odious, detestable, and mean, are also sometimes inevitable, and to most of those who have seen the great Diagileff Ballet as well as that of the Metropolitan Opera House in these particular dances this last item of the program was singularly ineffective. Nor did that black back-drop help matters.

As to the Misses Lewisohn and Mr. Sokoloff, nothing but the highest praise should go to them for all the pains they took to give us something off the beaten track. That to many the experiment missed fire is quite beside the point. Experiments of all kinds are interesting and the picturization, dramatization, or whatever you chose to call it, of the Bloch symphony was carefully and reverently done, and the resulting ineffectiveness of this particular "orchestral drama" was due in no way to any lack of comprehension on the part of the producers, but rather to the insurmountable difficulty always encountered when one attempts to express an abstract idea in concrete form.

The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

"The Escape"

JUDGING from two or three we've seen, the William Fox organization understands a lot about making program" pictures. "The Escape," for ample, based on Channing Pollock's ay, is just another tale of bootlegging, ng warfare, and redemption, and yet it cceeds in being excellent entertainent; for the reason that the story beins, proceeds, and ends logically and nsistently.

"The Escape" is a program picture hich does not try to kid its audience to the belief that they are witnessing a per-special-de-luxe-tri-motored feature ith body by Fisher, as is the habit of any program pictures; and therein lies strength. The cast includes Virginia alli, who isn't the world's most ravishg creature by a long close-up; William ussell, a competent but unspectacular rformer; George Meeker (whose smile a bit too sweet since he played in Four Sons"); and others. They all ep well within the limits which their rts afford, and the result is—plausility.

Now if some one will tell us what ality is more conspicuously absent om the motion pictures than plausiity we, and many other people, will be his (or her) debt. We submit that an dinary picture like "The Escape" is tter entertainment, regardless of what u pay to see it, than many of the big es; the big ones are too apt to crack in reel three. You, perhaps, will go see this film and come away wonderg how, in the name of Hollywood, any e could be ass enough to call it a bet- picture than "Four Sons" or "Street ngel."

Well—it all depends on whether or t you're willing to swap glamour for mess of insults to your intelligence. he thing that's hard to understand is ny the same Mr. Fox who can turn out "Sunrise" often finds it so hard to ke big pictures as plausible and well lanced as "Dressed to Kill" or "The cape" or "The High School Hero."

"Across to Singapore"

HERE is a picture which enlists the valuable services of Ramón Norro, Ernest Torrence, and Joan Crawford; which is adapted from a rousing sea story ("All the Brothers Were Valiant") by Ben Ames Williams; and which ends up by being just another movie.

The three players above mentioned are among the stalwarts of the screen; give any one of them an assignment, however difficult, and that assignment will be handled with honors; but after they've all focused their vibrant personalities on "Across to Singapore" there is reflected back nothing more than a faint flicker. Their names, however, are potent enough to insure a box-office success; they have already been the means of getting the picture held over at the Capitol Theatre, New York, for an extra week.

True it is that there's plenty of action in "Across to Singapore;" lots of storms at sea, fights along two water-fronts, and one mutiny, complete, with assorted leers. There is comedy, too, if you like comedy: Mr. Novarro puts vinegar in the wineglass of his elder brother (Mr. Torrence) as a big joke; Mr. Torrence drinks it with relish; a pitcher of water is adjusted over a bedroom door, with side-splitting results. All of this is designed to intensify the tragedy which ensues when both brothers find they love the same girl—a tragedy which can only be remedied by the elder brother dying, with blessings and forgiveness on his lips.

Mr. Torrence, you may be sure, plays this latter scene to what is often referred to as the hilt. He also does the scenes where he is drinking himself to death in Singapore as only Ernest Torrence can do them. While we very definitely did not care for "Across to Singapore" and do not choose to recommend it, we will say one thing for it:

It proves that Louis B. Mayer has some impressively able employees on his pay-roll.

"Honor Bound"

AMONG the program pictures which elicited, elsewhere on this page, our compliments to William Fox, "Honor Bound" cannot be included. Not without more reservations than we care to burden you with. George O'Brien is in it, and Estelle Taylor; and it opens with Mr. O'Brien being knocked cold by Miss Taylor's irate spouse, who has followed her to Mr. O'Brien's bachelor quarters. (The incident serves forcibly to remind the beholder that Miss Taylor in private life is Mrs. Jack Dempsey.) The next thing you know, the lady has grabbed her husband's gun away from him and given him the works—as the story-books say—while Mr. O'Brien is doing a Tunney on the floor. Mr. O'Brien, reviving and feeling his jaw, is confronted with the fact that he has a dead husband in his bachelor quarters.

Always the gentleman, he permits the bulls to pinch him for the job and takes the rap in the frail's place. (We must stop going to those crook plays.) To translate, he refuses to implicate the lady and goes to jail as a murderer in her stead.

In course of time he is transferred from the penitentiary to a coal mine where they use convict labor. Here, to his astonishment, he is greeted by the very lady who got him into all this mess; she has married again, and her second husband is just as narrow-minded (and just as big) as her first one.

When Husband No. 2 finds out that his wife is stuck on a convict—has been responsible, in fact, for his transfer to the mine—he gets so mean that you're almost afraid to look. Aided by a wicked warden, he causes Mr. O'Brien to suffer, visibly. It's all pretty far-fetched and overdone.

If you see the picture, don't fail to observe the startling resemblance of Sam de Grasse, as the warden, to the present Chief Executive of these United States. It's uncanny!

By W. R. BROOKS

THERE is one article of furniture that has always seemed to us as stable and unchangeable as the Rock of Ages. We refer to the piano. Style succeeds style, but the piano remains fixed as the unalterable pole, about which revolve the fads of the minute, the year, or the decade. It has always been something to anchor to; a massive, dignified, and comforting presence, affording a background of old-fashioned conservatism against which modern bizarreries of decoration, costume, or even conduct seemed somehow more excusable and more entertaining. But now comes the modernistic piano, a creature with slender legs and a French name, frivolous and gayly painted, to strike at the very center and foundation of the American home. It is called the Modernique. One grand piano, designed by Lee Simonson, is called "the Death of a Simile," because with it in mind the comparison of a stout person's legs to those of a piano is no longer apt. A long and diligent search went to the making of that title, we bet. Then there are two models by Edward Steichen, and two by Helen Dryden—one of the latter being in gray and white, and called "Simplicity." Well, it is simple, in a sense. But we mustn't quarrel with all the titles. Though we can't quite see ourself playing hymns on that piano.

If the modernistic movement has conquered the piano, certainly it will transform some of the other musical instruments. We await eagerly the appearance of the modernistic cornet, the modernistic drum—perhaps even the modernistic jew's-harp. And then, we suppose, the modernique pipe organ. Well, we're conservative. We don't like these things much. We suppose we'll have to give up music. Probably, though, we can still whistle old-fashioned tunes—unless the dentist insists on supplying us in a few years with a modernistic set of false teeth.

IN speaking of the gas refrigerator last week, we forgot to mention that there is one model which combines ice-box and gas-stove in one unit. They told us it worked perfectly. If so, there would seem to be a definite place for it in small apartment kitchens and kitchenettes.

COME out into the kitchen a minute, and we will tell you about the pea-sheller, which fastens on to the table edge and into which you feed the pods; also the bean-cutter, which works in much the same way and cuts the beans diagonally; also the bean stringer, which slices off the strings as you draw the beans across it. Being familiar with these three operations as performed by hand, we think these devices should save a lot of time.

Another useful device is the wire cage into which you put spinach, lettuce, berries, or whatever, for the purpose of washing sand and dirt out easily.

And then there's an electric egg-beater. It's just the same as the regular beater, with a little motor attached. You can whip cream or make mayonnaise without having a lame arm for the rest of the day.

Also, if you have ever dashed back to the house from somewhere because you thought you had left the electric iron on you'll appreciate this six-pound iron which has a safety control that shuts it off automatically when it gets too hot.

WE beheld at Altman's with some amazement the electric doughnut iron. It is like the waffle iron in its general arrangement, except that you put in the dough, shut it up, and at the end of a certain period of time open it and take out the finished doughnut. What the doughnuts are like we really don't know since no one offered us one, but they are said to be no white inferior to the fried-in-deep-fat kind.

Our all-seeing eye also took in at the store some distinctly interesting modernistic women's wrist watches. They are Elgin watches, designed by three well-known French *couturières,* and combine white gold and colored enamel in several striking geometric designs. But they're not so modern that you can't tell time by them.

Domino players who find their style cramped by the ordinary sets of dominoes that end with the double six can get here sets which run all the way up to double twelve. This is said to make a much more interesting game for experts.

WE saw a nice comfortable armchair of bamboo that would look well on your porch or in your garden. It is held together with leather straps, so that it can be easily packed up and carried in a car. Stick willow is being used a good deal this year for garden and porch furniture. We have seen some very good-looking tables and chairs and davenports of this material, as well as those peacock chairs with the high backs which are so comfortable to sit in.

And in the garden, instead of using an old piece of lath to tie the flowers and bushes to, why not get some of those four-foot garden stakes which have various kinds of birds, made of wood and painted, on the tops? We think they're amusing to look at.

For small children there is a combination teeter, merry-go-round, and slide which is very good. The slide is nine feet long. It is not expensive. Or you can get a strongly built gym combination of bar, trapeze, and rings. For still smaller children there is a sand-box with a canvas canopy over it, so you won't have to call them to come into the house when it begins to rain.

A Letter to Our Friends

The Outlook

120 East 16th Street-New York

Dear Outlook Subscriber:

This is a sincere request for your co-operation in the interests of both of us.

Do you know one friend or acquaintance--or distant relative--who would enjoy reading The Outlook every week just as much as you do?

Just now, we are extremely desirous of doubling the number of our readers, so we can send you a better and better magazine every week. As you know, a magazine is like a telephone exchange, or a little theater--the more subscribers it has, the better service it can give. Admittedly, however, it is only the unusual person who enjoys The Outlook--it is not edited for the crowd. Mostly, its admirers are the kind of people you know.

Will you bring one more member into the Outlook family? Ask him or her to fill out the enclosed form and mail it to us.

Both political Conventions are now at hand. Mr. Pringle and Mr. Merritt are getting ready to attend. The sports of the summer impend. Herbert Reed's sports department starts next week. Also we are beginning a new literary series. A revaluation of Emerson, Thoreau, Poe, and other literary figures. Mr. Bonner is departing for the European music festivals this week. From every standpoint, our next few issues promise to be more interesting than ever. We think you would be doing a good turn in calling The Outlook to your friend's attention just now.

May we thank you for whatever time and effort you may expend?

Sincerely yours,

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY.

P.S.--Just hand the form to your friend--or fill it out yourself, with his consent--and we will start sending The Outlook to him now, mailing the bill to him later.

The Snowball

A Tale for Children

By HARRIET EAGER DAVIS[1]

Illustrated by Frank W. Peers

BEFORE the third baby was born Father died, and thereafter the small Wallaces received a thorough course in plain living and high thinking at the hands of their remarkable mother, who kept house, nursed the baby, did some teaching, managed the unremunerative family property, and, when she could be cornered, entertained the children. Between times Madeleine and her brother invented tales of their own.

"Let me tell you a story," Brother would suggest to his sister, busy with her dolls.

"All right," she would agree; "but there mustn't be any blood or killing."

So Brother would begin, innocently enough, but progressing by adroit degrees to such horrors that Sister had to stop her ears; whereupon he would spring upon her, pinning her arms to her sides and shouting such frightful details of flaming artillery, piercing sword thrusts, and bleeding heroes that her shrieks brought Mother running to restore peace with some quieter story of her own. Among them was this true family tale of a Canadian ancestor, sent us by "Madeleine," now Mrs. Charles Martin, of Texas.

The Snowball

As remembered by Mrs. Charles Martin

JOHN BLOW was a regular boy—strong and healthy, a great runner, skater, and jumper, and a marvel of skill at throwing a ball. Nowadays the Big Leagues would be competing for his services, but back in the 1820's, in the strict Baptist town of Woodstock, youthful activities were frowned upon, and it was only among the boys that his athletic skill was appreciated. To them he became a real King of Boyville.

His foster-parents, the Burtches—for John was an adopted orphan from England—were kindly people, but so strict and religious that he found it hard to fit into their narrow ways of living, and it was all he could do to sit through the

long, dreary sermons in the church every Sunday.

Even so, life might have been fairly pleasant had it not been for Elder Brown. He was a lean, hatchet-faced, sallow man with a long nose and a cast in one eye—though John declared he always knew when the elder was looking at him—a circuit-riding preacher who always stayed with the Burtches. Elder Brown soon took all the joy out of life for the young folks, warning their parents that the devil lurked behind their hours of play, which might much better be spent in the service of the Lord.

John, of course, as ringleader, came in for the lion's share of blame and dislike. Even at meal-time the Elder managed to drag the conversation around to unworthy orphans who could never repay the great favors heaped upon them by their benefactors, until poor John, who was really fond of his foster-parents, could scarcely swallow a mouthful.

For some little time, however, Elder Brown had been busy with other churches, and one Saturday afternoon, when a heavy snowfall offered tempting sport, the boys persuaded their parents to allow a great boy-gathering for the afternoon. John, poor fellow, was laid up with a cold, but he was none the less dismayed to see Elder Brown driving up to the house, for well he knew that this meant an end of fun for all his comrades.

Sure enough, Elder Brown put an immediate stop to the party. John had only one consolation—at least, with his cold, he could not be dragged out to the poorly heated church to listen to Elder Brown's dronings. Yet he was almost denied even that comfort, for the Elder had about persuaded his host that at any cost John needed the spiritual benefits o the service, when Mrs. Burtch set h foot down, declaring John too sick leave the house.

"Then," said Elder Brown, disagre ably, "any one too ill to hear the Wo of God should be in bed, and I advise good dose of oil."

So poor John was dosed and greas within an inch of his life and bundled to bed. He was lying there, after th others had gone, hot with fever and wi hatred for Elder Brown, when somethi tinkled against the pane. He sat up a listened. Again that faint jingle. Jo sprang up and ran to the window.

In the bright moonlight below sto several of his friends.

"Say, John," they whispered. "Eve body gone? We have a plan to get ev with old Brown."

"What?" Heedlessly, John open the window to hear better.

"And you've got to help us."

"But," objected John, "I'm sick."

"Listen," urged the boys. "The p pit is in a line with the north windo We want to sail a snowball at him, a you're the only one who can do it. can't take any chances on missi Come on!" So finally John got dressed, and joined his friends in snow below.

How lovingly that snowball was rol and worked and shaped and patted u it was as smooth as ice and hard glass! Quietly then the boys stole to church, John "warming up" his pitchi arm on the way.

Outside the north window, he sized the distance to the pulpit and waited for Elder Brown always paced up a down during the sermon, and they m bide their time for the long prayer. last the preacher stood still and clos his eyes. John grasped the snowb took careful aim, and let fly—then as hard as his legs would carry him, daring even to wait to see the result

He was the fastest runner in Wo stock, but that night his feet seemed

[1] The stories in this department are the favorite tales of various families which have been handed down to each succeeding younger generation. The Outlook will be glad to receive and to pay for any such stories which our readers remember from their own childhood and which are found available. They should be told as simply as possible in the language one would use in talking to a child. We should also be glad of suggestions from older and younger readers as to well-known people whom they would be especially interested to have Mrs. Davis interview for stories remembered from childhood.

ck in the snow; besides, he was really
But at last he reached home, wiped
shoes carefully, groped his way up-
irs, undressed, and hurried into bed.
was none too soon, for just as he set-
d down came the sound of horses tear-
up to the gate.
Huddling under the covers, John tried
bring his panting down to long, regu-
breathing and to warm his face, lest
foster-mother feel it for fever. One
ng worried him—his wet, soggy shoes
but he could only pray that they
uld not be found. He heard the
rtches hurrying upstairs, then a stern
ce outside the door called: "John!"
No answer. His foster father and
ther came in, holding a light. Under
bedclothes lay John, breathing heav-
. A long time they stood looking at
n; finally Mrs. Burtch said: "There,
see! I told you it wasn't John. You
Elder Brown put notions in your
ad. John is a good boy." Which
de her adopted son feel very bad, but
bad enough to betray himself.
"Well," declared Mr. Burtch, puzzled,
I didn't know that no human could
that fast, I'd say it was John, any-
y. Nobody else in town could have
ed that snowball and even gauged it
allow for breaking the window. But I
it wasn't John." And they went
k downstairs to report to the Elder,
noticing the wet shoes at all.
Next morning John's cold was much
rse, but when he saw the Elder's
ised nose and heard him mumble
nfully through swollen lips that there
uld be no service that day, he felt
ter than cured!

Our Own Theatre List

(See page 143)

quette," Maxine Elliott.—Comedy, tragedy; youth in a small Southern town; Helen Hayes and excellent cast; first choice for tears and humor.

e Ivory Door," Charles Hopkins.—Fantasy; mediæval fairy tale, telling the truth about human nature; one of the best things in town.

ial of Mary Dugan," National.—Mystery, murder, melodrama; circumstantial evidence turned inside out before your eye, convincingly acted; you won't move.

e Shannons of Broadway," Martin Beck.—Comedy, melodrama; vaudeville actors running a small-town hotel; James and Lucile Gleason; good hard-boiled sentiment and some music.

range Interlude," John Golden.—A psychological novel put upon the stage; a new kind of drama; Tom Powers and Lynne Fontanne in O'Neill's finest.

r Betters," Henry Miller's Theatre.—Ina Claire in a drawing-room comedy by Somerset Maugham; entertaining, deft, and excellently acted.

e Silent House," Morosco.—Humor and melodrama; impossible, hair-raising, yet extraordinarily amusing.

t Musical Shows

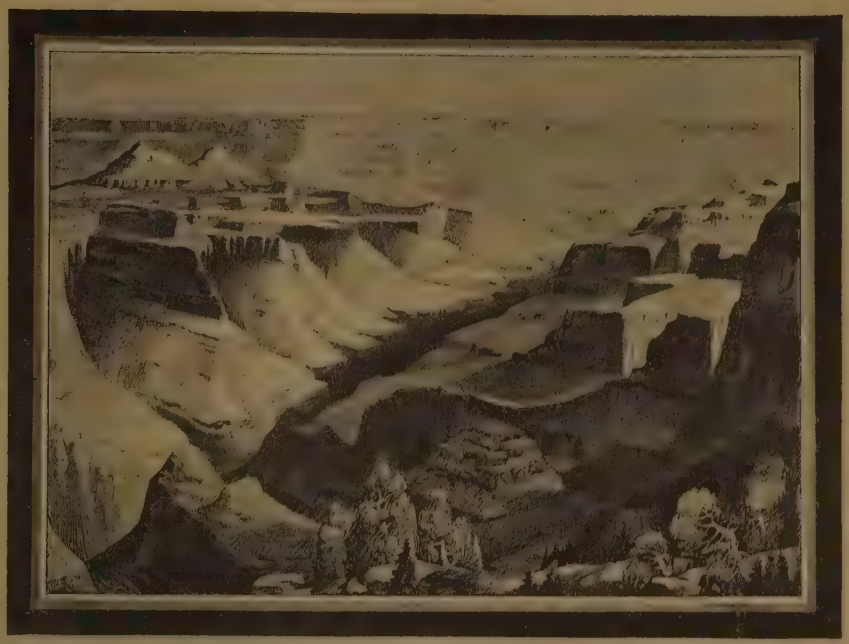
nny Face," Alvin.—The Astaires, Gershwin music; best on Broadway.

ow Boat," Ziegfeld.—A gorgeous spectacle; romance, emotion, exquisite settings, and music.

Connecticut Yankee," Vanderbilt.—Good lyrics and music; not much Mark Twain.

in or Shine," George M. Cohan.—Joe Cook in the show you mustn't miss.

"Most marvelous of sights to man"



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See this mighty chasm 220 miles in winding length, a mile deep, and 13 miles wide, through which the rampaging Colorado River has ploughed the inner granite gorge, flanked by gigantic towers and temples gloriously colored from the palettes of the gods.

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UNION PACIFIC

THE OVERLAND ROUTE

A Bank Taps a New Stratum of Customers

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

THE National City Bank, the largest institution in the United States, has opened a new era in banking by the establishment of a Personal Loan Department which will make personal loans without collateral to salaried men and women in amounts ranging from $50 to $1,000.

Interest will be charged at the rate of 6 per cent. There will be no other charge for investigation or service, and the only guaranty required will be the signature of two responsible co-makers on the borrower's note. One year will be required for repayment. Deposits will be made weekly, semi-monthly, or monthly in a compound interest account in order to accumulate the desired amount. Interest, compounded monthly, is paid on these deposits.

This is a long and important step in the democratization of banking service, a process which has been going on at a rapid pace for the last fifteen or twenty years, and which has been of great value to the banks themselves and to the new strata of clients.

The new department received a prompt and cordial welcome. Leading bankers and industrialists, the newspapers, and the public all showed their approval, the business leaders and the press by the warmth of their comments and the public by rushing to take advantage of the offer. Nearly a thousand men and women applied for loans the day the department opened.

Various benefits that will accrue to the National City Bank and its new clients are immediately evident. Leaving aside for a moment the question of the Personal Loan Department's own current dollar-and-cent profits, the bank is sure to gain indirectly through the publicity given the plan, the good will of its borrowers, and the discovery of new customers for other departments. Charles E. Mitchell, the National City's president, said frankly that he desired "to make closer contact with the people of New York City and, specifically, those individuals minded to thrift." Already among the applicants to the Personal Loan Department the National City has uncovered a substantial amount of business for its other subdivisions. Unquestionably, many of the new borrowers will return later to lend money in the form of deposits.

Whether the department will pay for itself directly no one knows yet, although the National City believes that it will. The answer to this question will be an important, though not a decisive factor with other banks in considering whether or not to follow the National City's lead. They will be pretty sure to do so if the department can pay its own expenses, or even run at a small loss. After all, the 6 per cent interest on the loans is only one of several joint products, education and the creation of good will being the most valuable of the others. If the interest alone will pay for all of the joint products, it is obvious that the good will and the education can be put down as clear profit.

The advantages to the borrower are even clearer. Attorney-General Ottinger, of New York State, has made a long investigation of the loan shark industry, and he has found that an uncomfortably large proportion of his fellow-citizens have been paying interest ranging from 14 to 36 per cent for loans which they could not, in most cases, have obtained except from gougers. Because of these fearful rates, the victims have often slumped deeper and deeper into debt. New York's laws against usury are probably as stringent as they can be made—those of many other States are certainly much laxer—but the framing of these provisions is extremely difficult, their enforcement even more so. Personal loan departments may not drive Shylocks out of business entirely, but they will force them to confine their attentions to a class with which reputable institutions would not care to do business.

Although it has not limited rigidly the purposes for which loans will be considered, the National City Bank expects that most of them will be for medical and other emergency expenditures, home improvements, and property charges. The whole plan is in the experimental stage. Only experience will show definitely what types of loans are the soundest and the most productive of further business.

The lending of money to pay for an operation, to take a typical case, sometimes will benefit not only the patient but the physician. The excessively scrupulous man will not postpone necessary treatment because he cannot ra
funds and will not accept charity s
vices. Nor will there be as much exc
for the non-payment of a doctor's bill
a less meticulous patient.

"Since you are in debt," the doc
might say, "why not transfer your ol
gation to the personal loan departme
which makes a business of lending, a
pay me?"

The spread of the personal loan
partment idea, moreover, will ena
borrowers to snap up bargains wh
otherwise they might have been for
to let pass. A young couple, for instan
has a chance to buy a set of dini
room furniture at a ridiculously
figure, but have not enough cash
hand. A personal loan departm
would be glad to advance them
funds.

In discussing the immediate questi
raised by the banking innovation,
economic and sociological significa
probably has not received enough att
tion. This creation of what is reall
new instrument of credit is, like the
stallment purchase plan, another enco
agement to average men and women
go into debt and then work themsel
out again. Old-fashioned econom
have been railing against this tende
for many years. As far as we can
now, though, their objections have b
disproved by experience. Professor
win R. A. Seligman, the Columbia U
versity economist, who, with a corps
experts, investigated exhaustively
whole installment-buying question, sa

"Installment credit is beginning to
for the consumer what the gradual
velopment of the commercial bank
system has done for the producer.
the credit is restricted to the pro
commodities, under proper managem
it will gradually throw off its abuses
will stand forth as one of the most sig
contributions of the twentieth centur
the potential creation of National we
and National welfare." With this, m
of the ablest economists are in ag
ment.

The personal loan experiment is
teresting sociologically because of
confidence it expresses in the aver
man's honesty. J. P. Morgan sta
that character was the only really
portant collateral. The National C
Bank evidently believes that the aver
worker possesses that collateral.

"And *sleep!* Man, how I did sleep!"

VELL, you won't see much of me his summer. I intend to spend nost of my time right here. Though ve're just on a short trip now, Mary nd I know this is the *one* place for ur vacation. What a hotel! Splenid food, and the guests as friendly s you'd want to meet. We sleep ke tops too. There's plenty of sun nd air in our rooms; it feels mighty ood to wake up to a place like that. Jim Coulter (he comes down egularly with his family) says he onsiders this his second home. I'm eginning to look on it the same way.

* * *

We would be glad to send you a booklet further describing Chalfonte-Haddon Hall.

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News Fakers

(Continued from page 131)

for the offices of the patriotic organization, the reporter was directed to the basement. Here he found the woman who headed the roster of trustees on her knees occupied with what might have been her daily task of scrubbing floors. Her husband was the janitor of the building. Their daughter was a stenographer and, to the credit of the pair, a good one, as I have implied. That was all the information obtainable about the patriotic society that had sought to create embarrassing publicity for a foreigner.

More successful was the appeal to patriotism by a press agent who happens to represent a manufacturer of soap. He actually "broke into print" by announcing that for the first time in its history the Statue of Liberty was to be washed, under the auspices of the National Patriotic League. Later the commander of the troops at Bedloe's Island characterized the press-agent story as "a lot of hokum." When the matter was called to the attention of the advertising department of the soap company, a representative of that department, according to "Editor and Publisher," naïvely explained that it had not been expected that the name of the company would be mentioned, adding:

"You will notice in the story as sent out that there is a mention of 'supersuds.' We have a product called 'Super Suds,' but we did not capitalize it in the publicity. We realize that to get something in that will tie us up with the story is all that we can hope for."

And so it goes. Employing the police, the hospitals, the profession of medicine, the press—whatever agency can be hoodwinked for its purposes—the business of faking news thrives because it is tolerated. I once knew a reporter who set the fires that he reported so promptly. He was a dangerous character, but not so dangerous as the systematic falsifier of events. We can afford to laugh at the ballyhoo of the cheap and vulgar whom none take seriously. When capital and brains organize to influence the public in such a way that it will not know that it is being influenced, it is no laughing matter.

It must be clear to any intelligent person who will take the time to study the logical consequences of his activities that the news faker is a social menace. If for a long time his methods were increasingly successful, he would undermine public confidence in the daily press. The press is the greatest secular influence for good in the world today. If its influence wanes, we are lost.

A "sky-blue passport" to Personal Service in Europe

As you dock at foreign ports, or cross frontiers, you will see officials of the country you are about to enter waiting to examine your government passport.

At these principal points of entry you will also see the uniformed representatives of the American Express. They, too, are on hand to meet you, but their purpose is not to examine, but to assist. The "Passport" that entitles you to their helpful service is your wallet of American Express Travelers Cheques—a "Passport" that knows no frontiers or nationalities.

Whenever you are perplexed at depots and frontier points, an American Express representative will be handy, ready to help. His kindly, intelligent aid with baggage, hotels and a hundred and one other problems has meant "the world" to travelers in trouble.

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Speaking of Books

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

The Pulitzer Awards

THE Pulitzer prizes in journalism and letters for 1927 were announced last week. The names of the judges for the awards may be found in the newspapers for May 8. Their decisions are open to question. That always happens with prizes. The prize for "the best volume of verse published during the year by an American author" was given to "Tristram," by E. A. Robinson (the Macmillan Company). We should say that its only competitor must have been "Woman at Point Sur," by Robinson Jeffers (Boni & Liveright), and that the decision must be accepted as excellent. For "the best book of the year upon the history of the United States" the award was made to "Main Currents in American Thought" (two volumes, "The Colonial Mind, 1620–1800" and "The Romantic Revolution in America, 1800–1860"), by Vernon L. Parrington (Harcourt, Brace & Co.). There cannot be any loud quarrel with this choice. It focuses the attention of the reader away from history as a record of events to history as an investigation of the thought which shaped those events. The Parrington books were reviewed in The Outlook (July 27) as "a fresh and original interpretation of the more influential tendencies in American thought and sentiment from colonial days to the outbreak of the Civil War." They provide a valuable background to all reading in the literature and history of that period, and also to contemporary critical comment on America. We find the award for "the best American biography teaching patriotic and unselfish services to the people, illustrated by an eminent example, excluding as too obvious the names of Washington and Lincoln," to "The American Orchestra and Theodore Thomas," by Charles E. Russell (Doubleday, Page & Co.), the most successful of the awards. Even without the stipulated exclusions, it is a fine choice. About Washington and Lincoln much was said last year, and nothing much. But the history of music in America has not received commensurate attention. In orchestral music America stands well, both in quality and quantity. Music is a conspicuous civic element in every large city. Theodore Thomas, the spiritual parent of the American orchestra, for forty years fostered and led the musical taste of the country. His efforts to establish and maintain a high standard were a constant struggle against apathy, commercialism, fads, and bigotry, all those factors which combine, in America, to frustrate great artistic expression. It is only right that a book, excellent in literary quality, devoted to his life should be chosen for the prestige of an award and for the wide reading sure to follow its publication. The wording of the awards for the novel and the drama was subjected by the judges, on their own admission, to pretty liberal interpretation. In fact, it was disregarded. We believe that this is a mistake. If these awards are to be made they should be made on an unvarying basis, which can be understood by the public. The prize for the "original American play performed in New York which shall best represent the educational value and power of the stage in raising the standard of good morals, good taste and good manners" was given to "Strange Interlude," by Eugene O'Neill (Boni & Liveright). We may find the conditions imposed by the donor ridiculous where a work of art is in question but they were imposed. If the award had been for "the finest play" or for the play which shall best "present for the observation and study of the future the contemporary spiritual state of America," we should have acclaimed the decision. As the award does read we can not. Certainly the standard of manners or taste as expressed in "Strange Interlude" is not a generally acceptable one. Standards of morals are tricky things for judges to decide. But no play could illustrate better than does "Strange Interlude" the incapacity of the American mind of today for the poise and detachment necessary to spiritual ripeness. What did Henry James say of our land —either green or rotten? The prize for the American novel "which shall best present the whole atmosphere of American life and the highest standard of American manners and manhood" was given to "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" by Thornton Wilder (A. & C. Boni). The setting of this novel is eighteenth century Peru. This decision is pretty clumsy to handle. If the award had read, "for the finest contribution in novel form to American literature," then the choice would have lain, surely, between "The Bridge," "The Grandmothers" (Glenway Wescott, Harper & Brothers), "Death Comes for the Archbishop" (Willa Cather, A. A. Knopf) and "My Heart and My Flesh" (Elizabeth M. Roberts, the Viking Press), and the judges would have had ample support for whatever decision they might have made. But in that case, what

THIS list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by the following book-shops each week:

New York—Brentano's;
Rochester—Scrantoms Inc.;
Cleveland—Korner & Wood;
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort, & Barney;
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Company;
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company;
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.;
Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company;
Kansas City—Emery Bird Thayer;
Atlanta—Miller's Book Store;
Los Angeles—Bullock's.

Fiction

"The Bridge of San Luis Rey," by Thornton Wilder. Albert & Charles Boni. This beautifully written and moving study in the working of God's providence, and of love, the bridge which joins the living and the dead, deserves its popularity. Reviewed January 4.

"Wintersmoon," by Hugh Walpole. Doubleday, Doran & Co. You will enjoy this social comedy in Walpole's best vein. Some old names appear, and there is at least one very engaging character. Reviewed March 7.

"The Closed Garden," by Julian Green, translated by Henry Logan Stuart. Harper & Brothers. A strong and somber study in hysteria in the French provinces. To be reviewed next week.

"The Key of Life," by Francis Brett Young. A. A. Knopf. The author's two most sympathetic settings, the Cotswolds and Africa, are the background for a dramatic story, written with poetic feeling. Reviewed in this issue.

"The Greene Murder Case," by S. S. Van Dine. Charles Scribner's Sons. The famous society detective, Vance, is at work again, this time on a complicated and slightly incredible case, which nevertheless is not keeping Van Dine enthusiasts from devouring it.

Non-Fiction

"Disraeli," by André Maurois, translated by Hamish Miles. D. Appleton & Co. This strangely romantic figure is touched vividly into life by Maurois's hand. You will find this excellent reading. Reviewed February 22.

"Skyward," by Commander Richard E. Byrd. G. P. Putnam's Sons. This stirring story of achievement deserves a place beside "We" on the American book-shelf. Reviewed May 2.

"Safari," by Martin Johnson. G. P. Putnam's Sons. The interesting and often exciting diary of four years spent in a wild-animal paradise; with wonderful pictures.

"Stonewall Jackson," by Allen Tate. Minton, Balch & Co. An excellent account of Jackson's campaigns, and a poet's interpretation of the "good soldier." Reviewed last week.

"Strange Interlude," by Eugene O'Neill. Boni & Liveright. This play, in which the dramatist steals some of the novelist's best psychological thunder, is as good to read as to see; perhaps better. Reviewed in "Lights Down," February 22.

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lers interested in the Pulitzer awards
o take them with a grain of salt.

Reproduced from "Fine Prints of the Year, 1927."

FARING NEWS

Etching by Martin Petersen

Parents, Take Your Choice

By L. J. P.

wing Into Life," by David Seabury. Boni & Liveright.

chological Care of Infant and Child," by John B. Watson. W. W. Norton & Co., Inc.

For biological facts, like mathemati-
processes," says Mr. Seabury "are
a matter of debate." True enough.
what are the facts? Mr. Seabury
s:

We are what we are as characters
cause of the mental values of the
romomeres. And when the chromo-
res in our blood stream have in
eir majority been of fine quality and
wer, capacity and refinement is
c) born in the individual. In-
rsely, the psychic potentials in the
romosomes of a born criminal are
of primitive form and manifest only crude development. He is incapable of the high reaches of thought and feeling which belong to a fine heritage.

Yet here comes Dr. Watson with this statement:

> If you start with a healthy body, the right number of fingers and toes, eyes, and the few elementary movements that are present at birth, you do not need anything else in the way of raw material to make a man, be that man a genius, a cultured gentleman, a rowdy or a thug.

So, it seems, we pays our money and we takes our choice. If we are middle-aged and disappointed, we can lean on Mr. Seabury and blame the chromomeres. If we are young and hopeful but the son of a gamboleer, we can chuck Mr. Seabury and side with Dr. Watson. And if there chance to be a baby's crib in the next room? Well, both Mr. Seabury and Dr. Watson put it up to us pretty strongly there. According to Mr. Seabury, it lies within our power to see that the good chromomeres get a free hand and that things are made dark and dreary for the bad ones. According to Dr. Watson, we can make what we will of the child, and for whatever he becomes the whole blame or glory is upon us.

Mr. Seabury makes the opening observation that in order to raise hogs successfully men are sent to agricultural colleges, but did you ever hear of a woman getting a college degree in the art of motherhood or of a man studying human husbandry for four years? Then he rushes on for 700 pages without pausing for a reply. We propose to turn him back at this late date and forcibly interject a reply, because his question irritates us. The same question in one guise or another levels itself at us from the preface or opening chapter of numberless books by scientific popularizers in the fields of heredity and child culture. And, once stated, it is assumed to be indictment, proof, verdict, and judgment all rolled up into one.

The obvious answer is that raising hogs successfully may be a very profitable source of income, whereas the practice of human husbandry, successful or otherwise, is one of the most unbeatable sources of outgo that have yet been devised. A man must first have income even to raise children afflicted with "ambivalence," "catatonia," "echolalia," and "hebephrenia." And a woman must first have a man. The pursuit and acquisition of either takes a lot of time and study.

We wish that in Mr. Seabury's book there were less heat in proportion to the light. The author frankly admits a "burning, partisan emotion for the rights of youth." But, assuming that youth is in need of self-appointed adult defend-

An idyl of an idling stream

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"Old Town Canoes"

The Movies

(*See page 145*)

"Abie's Irish Rose."—Just like the play. It's a system.
"Beau Sabreur."—Plenty of sand, but no ginger.
"The Big City."—Lon Chaney using his regular face.
"Burning Daylight."—Won't set fire to anything.
"The Chaser."—Harry Langdon scores a miss.
"Chicago."—Just like the play—this is praise.
"The Circus."—If you don't like Chaplin, you're the funny one.
"The Count of Ten."—James Gleason and Charles Ray are good.
"The Crowd."—A sad story, beautifully directed.
"Doomsday."—Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear!
"Dressed to Kill."—The ace of the crook plays.
"Drums of Love."—Pomp, pathos, and Lionel Barrymore.
"Four Sons."—It's a fine film, but too long.
"The Gaucho."—No one is perfect—not even Douglas Fairbanks.
"Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."—Pretty girls and pretty vague.
"A Girl in Every Port."—Victor MacLaglen is in it.
"Glorious Betsy."—The second talking movie. Still not good enough.
"The Jazz Singer."—Al Jolson sings, and that's all.
"The Last Command."—The great Jannings. See it.
"The Last Moment."—Good photography, but little else.
"The Legion of the Condemned."—The so-called sequel to "Wings."
"Love."—Greta Garbo and John Gilbert. Recommended.
"The Man Who Laughs."—An impressive, entertaining picture.
"Mother Machree."—A nice, mushy Irish-American drama.
"A Night of Mystery."—Adolphe Menjou—just fair.
"The Noose."—A fairly absorbing film, with Richard Barthelmess, Alice Joyce, and Montagu Love.
"Partners in Crime."—Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton in a darned good comedy.
"The Patsy."—King Vidor directs Marion Davies, to the credit of neither.
"Red Hair."—Clara Bow in her big disrobing act.
"Sadie Thompson."—Gloria Swanson trying hard.
"The Secret Hour."—Pola Negri in a good picture.
"Simba."—The Martin Johnson masterpiece.
"Skyscraper."—Thoroughly enjoyable.
"The Smart Set."—William Haines at his worst.
"Speedy."—You can't go wrong on Harold Lloyd.
"Stand and Deliver."—Rod La Rocque in one of those things.
"Street Angel."—A beautiful, tiresome picture.
"Sunrise."—Dr. Murnau's supreme achievement.
"Tenderloin."—The first (and worst) talking movie.
"Three Sinners."—Pola Negri in a bad picture.
"The Trail of '98."—The grandest scenes now on view.
"Two Lovers."—Last of the Colman-Bankys. Interesting.
"We Americans."—Mediocre melting-pot stuff.
"Wings."—The great epic of the war-birds.

ers, a burning, partisan emotion is hardly the mood for enlightening parents on a difficult and intricate subject. Angry bludgeoning is useless, because intelligent parents will not readily respond to that treatment and tabloid parents will not read the book, anyway. Furthermore, in these days of relativity and the subsidence of the myth of scientific infallibility no scientist can assume a cocksure attitude in print without running the risk that his treatise will read to another generation as Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" reads to ours. The book is also too long. If it were addressed to the same professional audience as G. Stanley Hall's books or Frazer's unabridged "Golden Bough," length would be no objection. But when one publishes a "plea to parents" one should remember that parents as a class are kept fairly busy in performing (for better or for worse) what they conceive to be their duties and that their time for studying the science of parenthood as they go along is limited. As a subtitle "The Magna Charta of Youth" invites unfortunate comparison with the singular brevity of the document under which the English people achieved their liberties.

Mr. Seabury's work, like that of most psychoneurologists, is based upon a study of the abnormal, which consequently is thrown strongly into relief and is likely to alarm as well as enlighten the normal parents of normal offspring. It is, of course, hard for any student of the abnormal to keep his perspective and to temper his message to the normal; yet of necessity it is to the normal that his appeal must be made when his spirit cries for expression. In this respect Dr. Watson's method is in refreshing contrast. He neither sits down to analyze and catalogue human nature by introspection in the manner of the old school nor plunges into the wards and clinics with the idea of deducing the lines of the true picture from the caricatures of abnormality. And he does not give us the infernal jargon of psychoanalysis. Scientist that he is, he gets out his tools and goes to work. If we wish to find out, says he, why human nature is what it is and acts as it does, the first thing to do is to discover just what equipment the human starts out with—what accessories are included at the time of delivery. And obviously the way to make that discovery is to examine and test babies—thousands of them—just as they come along. When we know what is there and what is not there at the beginning, only then have we a dependable point of departure.

Whether he is right or wrong about his behaviorism, we cannot but admire Dr. Watson's intellectual courage. H is the *enfant terrible* of psychology Fifteen or twenty years ago, when th old-school psychological band-wagon wa rolling by in state, out stepped D Watson and conspicuously sucked hi behaviorist lemon. There ensued a ric and a frantic pursuit which has laste ever since. They cannot catch D Watson, yet cannot escape him. The ears continually ring with his taunt "Whaddya mean, instinct? Before yo talk any more, come on into the bab laboratory with me and find out what is you are talking about." But the old time psychologist doesn't go in much fo babies. Nor does he take kindly t scientific method; his tools are word and what he calls concepts, and of the he raises his bewildering edifices.

In Dr. Watson's book there is a va deal of light and no heat, which is as should be. And the book is short. Eve a parent in the heat of the fray ca manage 187 pages. And every pare *should* manage it, because there is ful as much chance that Dr. Watson may l right as there is that any one else ma be right. The great difficulty is that b fore we can unhesitatingly accept in i completeness any one of the various sy tems of child culture which are proffere us we must be clear about the underl ing biological facts. And how can w be clear? At one extreme is the scho which insists that everything is dete mined by heredity. In the center is t Dewey school and the psychoneurol gists, who teach that the fundamenta are determined by heredity, but that t working out and development of the i herited possibilities are dependent up environment and training. And at t other extreme are the behaviorists, w claim that beyond furnishing the norm physical equipment heredity has nothi to do with the formation of charact and personality.

It is all very confusing. We incline resent the theory of the extreme here ityists because of its unfairness. On t other hand, we resent the behavioris theory because our lay experience is th in character and ability and personali heredity does, and should, count a gr deal; because it wounds our self-este to believe that we can have no decisi hand in our own fashioning, but that that we are and can be was determin for us by others in our early childhoo and because it terrifies us to think th we have such responsibility for a power over the development of our ch dren. Yet if we recoil from the two e tremes we find no very comfortab berth with the centerists. Profess Dewey puts forth with musical persu siveness his ideas of the development a

folding of the personality that lies lden within; he charms and attracts but a responsive chord is neverthe- s struck within us by Dr. Watson's nt criticism of all this as a "doctrine mystery." And the psychoneurolo- ts, unfortunately, reek so much of the normal.

However much the successfully treated normal patient may bless the names of . Freud and Dr. Jung, the normal mmon-sense world simply will not tol- te their repellent grotesqueries. That y and their followers, both moderate l extreme, have achieved surprising ults is not to be denied. The same y be said, however, of Christian ence, Yogi, holy shrines, and the ng bedridden steamstress in Germany o today has the doctors at their wits' l because of her ability to make the gmata appear and disappear upon self at will. When a man does cer- n things in a certain way with the ention of producing a result which s in fact occur, it may be wonderful, what it proves is another story. The mitive man lights his little torch at vn every day in order to make the rise; and, sure enough, the sun rises. at is enough for him. A devout ental, suddenly stricken with pains in stomach, betakes himself to the tem- and prays for twenty-four hours. en he emerges cured, he thinks the at God has heard his prayer. He y be right, but one of little faith ht suggest that the incidental fasting l something to do with the result.

Even if it be conceded that what he s is the direct cause of the intended ult which occurs, still it does not fol- that his theory *why* the result is so sed is necessarily the correct one. jamin Franklin would have received same shock from his key had his ory been that the thunder clouds ked up lightning out of the earth ough the kite string. And so it is t the same result which the psycho- lyst will point to as completely vin- ating his theory—the same result will explained by Dr. Watson on an en- ly different theory and without any sense about inhibitions, complexes, ressions, fixations, and that conve- nt whole-cloth invention, the subcon- us mind. If only it were possible to t these conflicting psychologists and ogists into a convention at Geneva re they could thrash out their theo- and emerge with some compromise gram! But, unfortunately, time and growing child will not wait and e can be no compromise program in nce. So our only course is to be ctical; to pass lightly over the va- us theories while keeping our atten- tion upon their respective methods and results. After all, what counts is what *works*. And on that basis we may all find much of great interest and value in both Mr. Seabury and Dr. Watson.

A Great Soul

By AMOS N. WILDER

"Selected Letters," by Baron Friedrich von Hügel. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Baron Friedrich von Hügel, the great contemporary Roman Catholic lay theologian, identified with the Modernist movement (who would be giving the Gifford Lectures this year but for his death), was a great soul. His letters, here selected first of all for their personal revelation, manifest a great soul in action. In these days of meager spiritual personalities, it is good to find a man who took his ideal from the creative individuals of the Renaissance, who rooted his life in the great tradition of Paul, Augustine, and the Church, who englobed much of the modern world in his studies and friendships, and who dwelt in and brought into play all these catholic diversified contacts with tremendous force. His query of Protestantism is whether Catholicism at its best does not still somehow produce saints "of a depth of other-worldliness, of a delicate appealing heroism, and of a massiveness of spiritual wisdom" greater than can be found elsewhere, and he has done much to live this claim.

The weight of von Hügel's life was thrown, not with Modernism against the reaction of the Church, nor with the Church against Protestantism, by any means; but against the subjectivism, immanentalism, the desupernaturalizing tide of our epoch. He could not protest strongly enough, whether in writing to his friends Father Tyrrel and Alfred Loisy, or in addressing those who represent our modern secular outlook, against the neglecting of the essential "Is-ness," "Given-ness," "Factual-ness," of the supernatural. He saw that our humanizing of religion was dwarfing the spirit of man. He uses a graphic figure to emphasize the reality behind appearances. Besides man the subject, and the screen of phenomena of time and place upon which we look outside us; besides and beyond this last, von Hügel saw the ultimate supernatural realities like a mountain range behind a lot of signboards. This intermediate screen in the foreground is only significant as it becomes penetrated with and symbolic of the ultimates.

The Baron's message carried to the most diverse quarters, and the letters show the wide range of friendships and adaptiveness that were his. What opened men's minds to him was, first, his

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large wisdom of the heart, and, again, his evident intellectual honesty. He was in touch with all modern Biblical scholarship. He was absolutely unprejudiced towards other faiths. He had a great appreciation of the secular sphere. His mysticism was deliberately balanced by an insistence on the spiritual importance of our life in the world. He had as a primary trait the fear of oversimplifying, and entertained a persistent hospitality to all the great departments of life like art, industry, science.

This man is richly worthy of study—and particularly in his letters—in view of the impending crisis of traditional Christianity in the modern world. Von Hügel is a Roman Catholic fact, as embarrassing to one party as to the other. He is embarrassing to the ultramontanist because he was so open to the movements of the modern spirit in science, scholarship, and civil liberty. He is equally embarrassing to secularist and anti-Romanist because of his breadth of sympathy, alertness to the contemporary world, and, above all, because of his undeniable saintly life.

The one reserve that one might make upon the full scope of von Hügel is with regard to his social outlook. He sympathized with the ongoing movement of political liberty, indeed. He sided with England in the war, though his father, an Austrian officer, had been the one that facilitated the escape of Metternich from Vienna and gave much of his life to the cause of the old Empire. But there is little echo in these letters of the awakening Christian social conscience of today. Here we touch, perhaps, the live point and intrinsic contribution of modern Protestantism. When von Hügel denied to the Free Churches of Anglo-Saxondom the ability to turn out full-orbed saints, he had in mind a somewhat mediæval conception of the saint. Today we value a type of spiritual self-culture like that of a von Hügel himself, but our homage goes supremely to that kind of a saint who is a "spiritually-minded man of the world." The St. Francis of the twentieth century will be a spirit like von Hügel in his tremendous awareness of the spiritual realities (of which this superficial age has little), and he also will have a compelling sense of the preciousness of the anonymous millions that will issue in drastic strictures on the inhumanity of our institutions.

"NAPOLEON, the Man," by R. McNair Wilson. The Century Company (on the best-selling list for last week). Dr. Wilson ends his book with these words: "The Man had begun his everlasting empire over the mind and spirit of humanity." Interest in Napoleon unceasing. Wilson's book is a curio contrast to Ludwig's, both in subjec matter and in style. Like most bio raphers, Wilson has strong emotio about his subject, and he sets about his book to uphold and justify them. H believes Napoleon to be the friend democracy and the enemy of tyrann the savior of the revolutionary spirit, t liberator of small nations. It seem plausible enough, indeed, given the fac as Wilson interprets them, that should have been actuated at least much by motives of patriotism as those of ambition. People who are su ficiently interested in Napoleon to receptive to the expression of unorth dox opinions about him will enjoy Wilson's book if they like the way it written. Dr. Wilson appears to belie that to write in the popular mann means to address himself to an audien of children. Possibly he is right in th but his style is so ingenuous that one teased by the thought that perhaps has been equally guileless in his estima of Napoleon. Nevertheless, his sourc are excellent and his opinions interestin

"THE Key of Life," by Francis Br Young. A. A. Knopf (see list). simple story, containing material enou for a good short story, expanded into tenuous novel. It involves the triang a girl's pity and romantic affection f her first love and her passion (and pa sion, remember, means far more th sex attraction) for another. The pro lem is solved by sacrifice, but the we ending of the story suggests that dea will soon offer a better and final so tion. Brett Young's last book, "Love Enough," was a fine solid work, t product of love and thought. This bo is slight. It is highly readable, but does not make the demands upon t reader's intellect and imagination wh fine books must make. But it is in o thing fascinating. The setting of m of the story is the Valley of Kings, wh the two men are engaged in archæolo cal excavation. The atmosphere of citement, the dusty sunlight, the wei ness of the tombs, is placed so vivi before the reader that he cannot put t book down until he has had it all.

F. C. L. R.

THE editor of this department wil be glad to help readers with ad vice and suggestions in buying curren books, whether noticed in these page or not. If you wish guidance in select ing books for yourself or to give away we shall do the best we can for you t you will write us, giving some sugges tions, preferably with examples, of th taste which is to be satisfied. We shal confine ourselves to books publishe within the last year or so, so that yo will have no trouble in buying them through your own bookshop.

icked at Random

By WALTER R. BROOKS

Clarence Day's
Thoughts Without Words
Knopf

Important thoughts don't come when you sit down on a rock and knot up r muscles and furrow your brow and ss fist to forehead. You can't take ught, you have to let it come. Hence like Mr. Day's Thinker as pictured page V of his entertaining book ch better than the Thinker of M. din. We wouldn't give two cents for thoughts Rodin's Thinker thought. Mr. Day's thoughts are swell. They in manner and in spirit, many of n, like the thoughts Mr. W. S. Gil- thought when he abandoned words drew pictures. Though Gilbert 't know they were thoughts, he ught they were illustrations for the b Ballads." Mr. Day asserts that has used only the smaller sizes of ughts in this book, but we found sev- that are at least a 10¾ head size. l a lot of the others are capable of g stretched. We hope Mr. Day 't stop thinking on our account.

The Living Bible
Edited by Bolton Hall
Knopf

The King James Version, interference with which in the shape of moderniza- s or simplifications we have always nted, is in this edition not tampered h at all. A lot of unnecessary and mportant things are left out—all the gats," for instance, and repetitions, so on—and the order is rearranged nany places so as to form a connected y. The Gospels are synthesized, and ead them in this form was for us to a clearer picture of the life of Christ n we ever had before. In the elimi- ion of unnecessary words some of the uty of the old prose has, we believe, n sacrificed. We had rather read the y of Job in the unabridged King es. But the change from verses to agraphs is very acceptable, and, after the reduction of the Bible to a third ts bulk without the sacrifice of any- g important, and with so slight a rifice of its literary value, is a remark- e and a worth-while work.

hilson D. Aldrich's
he Real Log Cabin
Macmillan

The logs that once built the pioneer's cabin now, after passing through the p mill and the printing-press, daily m us with facts and veneer us with histication. The result is that to- log cabins are in almost every part the country more expensive than me houses. Nevertheless they are the most appropriate material for building a summer camp in the woods. The author, an architect who has specialized in log cabins for years, gives complete instructions for building anything from a one-room shack to a ten-room camp. Whether you want to build the cabin yourself or have it designed and built for you, we think of nothing you want to know that can't be found in these pages, and there are lots of pictures. Not only is the matter of furnishings gone into, but there are full instructions for building fireplaces. As a text-book we have only one fault to find: there is a little too much *Schwärmerei*. But Mr. Chilson loves the woods, and we can forgive a lot on that score.

Louis Tracy's
The Woman in the Case
Clode

John, trying to get into his hotel bedroom, busts the key in the lock, so the night watchman lets him go into the Coffee King's suite to sleep. John peels down to his woolies and his socks, but before getting into bed decides to have a look round. And the door opens and in come two ladies! John ducks behind the screen and overhears strange things. And yes, you've guessed it—he falls in love, right there in his underwear. But what has the girl got to do with the strange death of Lord Farndale? Well, we found out, though the mystery seemed wrapped up in a great many words. And the heroine's name being Esmée was unfortunate, as we had just finished reading a story by Saki about a hyena who had the same name. And there really isn't enough for all the characters to do. The hero and his two friends just sit around and talk most of the time. Except when they speak to Esmée. Then, according to the author, they bleat. We like more violence in our books, especially when they are by Louis Tracy, who usually does violence convincingly. But there's only a page and a half of it in this book.

E. Phillips Oppenheim's
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Little, Brown

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LITTLE "ADS" THAT REACH FAR

The Outlook Classified columns are carefully guarded and closely read. The circulation of The Outlook is world-wide.

"ITS WANTS" WILL FILL YOURS

Lowden of Illinois

(Continued from page 124)

den has lived on the Rock River farm—5,000 acres big. In more recent years he has bought and now operates large farming properties in Arkansas, Texas, Arizona, and Michigan, not to mention the old home place in Minnesota and a small one in western New York. He is one of the largest farm operators in America.

Such is the leading advocate of the principle of the McNary-Haugen Agricultural Relief Bill, with its equalization fee, the bill which President Coolidge in the last Congress vetoed as economically unsound and as conferring special privileges.

How could a man who has done the things that Frank O. Lowden has done become the champion of a plan which so many people, the President included, believe to be an economic vagary?

No doubt his reasons are many. Here is one of them.

When the hard times came a few years ago, Frank O. Lowden's farms began losing money. He examined himself, and found that he was giving to his farms the same sort of supervision that he had given to the big and successful enterprises with which he had been connected. He had farm management experts check his business system. They reported it good. He had soil chemists examine the soil of his various farms. These proved to be good farms. He had agronomists check his cultural methods. These, too, were good. And yet the farms went right on losing money.

Lowden came to the conclusion that the plight of agriculture was primarily due to something else than the alleged fact that the American farmer is not a good business man. And so Lowden became the leader of what has been called the agricultural revolt.

I am sure Lowden does not believe that he is fighting simply the battle of the farmers. He believes that, unless farming is reasonably profitable, the soil will become exhausted, the home market for manufactures weakened, and, in the end, the country destroyed as, he says, all countries have been that permitted agriculture to languish. His answer to the argument that the equalization fee would result in increased production is that production cannot be increased without new capital, that capital will not go there unless agriculture should become more profitable than other industries, and that nobody expects any such result as that from any farm relief legislation.

Lowden always says, after he has expounded what he regards as the solution of the farm problem, "It may be that there is a better solution of the problem than the one I have suggested."

Many of the farmers who, with Lowden, have accepted the McNary-Haugen plan believe that there might have been a better solution had anybody in executive authority in Washington tried to find it. Lowden supporters among business men of the East (there are such, current comment to the contrary notwithstanding) are mostly inclined to the belief, perhaps, that almost any solution would be better, and many of them believe that Lowden, if he were President, would find that better solution.

Nobody doubts that Lowden, as President, would bring the powers of the Government to bear upon an adequate solution of the farm problem. As to what else he would do there may be some question, but not much in the minds of those who know his record.

Lowden is as devoted as the Tariff Commission itself to Republican orthodoxy on the tariff. Trained in finance and big business, he could be depended upon not to play the bull in the business China shop.

But he would tear down some bureaucratic playhouses at Washington. If any man doubts that, let him read Lowden's "Too Much Government," in "World's Work" for December, 1926, and "Our Government Halts and Creaks," in the New York "Times" of December 27, 1925. In those articles he speaks severely of some parts of our Governmental organization, particularly of independent boards, and not very kindly of the none too successful efforts at reorganization made by the Harding and Coolidge Administrations.

There is not much room for doubt that by the end of the third year of a Lowden Administration the ten Cabinet departments would contain all of the machinery of the United States Government. And not all of those in the Departments now would be there then. One of Lowden's most thoroughly fixed beliefs is that the Federal Government can stand the strain of present-day conditions "only if we employ in Government men of larger training and greater ability all the time."

The candidate of, among other things, the agrarian revolt; trained in large-scale finance and industry; author of "Lincoln, the American" and "Theodore Roosevelt;" student; executive; standpatter; reformer; "safe and sane" by the old business definition, "radical" by a newer definition; a democrat who does not believe that democracy is the last word in government. Such is Lowden, the Republican.

Vaudeville at Angelus Tem

(Continued from page 127)

question. But they are there, wa for " 'Sister' to pray for them."

"Here they come, from all s down from the top gallery, up the a here they come," she almost scr through the microphone. (There perhaps thirty-five out of an audien 5,500.) But each convert was gu and supported by a personal worker seemed to spring from the ground magic the instant a hand was ra How many remained and sought bap after being lifted by Aimee to the th of grace is not known. Doubtless slipped through the net who coul kept.

At 9:30 to the second she dism the multitude with the benediction viting all "first-niters" to stay an shown around the Temple by of guides; to see the commissary de ment with its store of food and clot for the destitute to whom the Te ministers, the carpenter shop where made the "sets" with which Aimee quently garnishes her evening perf ances and the school where more a thousand students are taught McP sonism and the Four-Square Gospe go out later as evangelists. But over three hours since most of t present seated themselves in the c chairs, and three hours is longer any church audience in America Aimee's can be held together night night.

The vast concourse swarms to street. Scores of waiting electric take all swiftly back to the big swallowing up this tiny leaven of 5 in a garish, blatant, heedless lum over a million souls.

What shall be said? Aimee is Ai and there is none like her. A relig message utterly devoid of sound th ing, loose and insubstantial in its struction, preposterously inadequat its social implications, but amazi successful after five years of run and still going strong, judging statistics, the infallible appeal of chu men. No American evangelist of enough caliber to be termed Nati has ever sailed with such insuffi mental ballast. The power of McP sonism resides in the personality of McPherson. The woman is everyth the evangel nothing. There is no to understand how a jejune and pulpit output has become a dynami literally National proportions but hear and see the woman. To visit gelus Temple, the home of the F Square Gospel, is to go on a sens debauch served up in the name o ligion.

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Francis Rufus Bellamy, Publisher Ernest Hamlin Abbott, Editor-in-Chief

Associate Editors
Malcolm Waters Davis Dixon Merritt Harold T. Pulsifer
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William L. Ettinger, Jr., Advertising Manager

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In this issue there is at least one article which is worth extremely serious consideration. This is Dixon Merritt's report on what has been revealed in the investigation of our public utilities by the Federal Trade Commission.

To put it briefly, the testimony so far shows that the gentlemen who are represented in the National Utilities Association believe so thoroughly in private ownership that they have been financing a concerted drive to kill for all time any possibility of Government ownership of power companies. This drive includes an extensive organization at Washington, costing $1,000,000 a year, for the purpose of educating Congress to "think correctly;" thirty-eight committees on information at work in various States; a campaign for reaching adults, women in particular, by means of carefully coached speakers in women's clubs; and finally, a drive upon the school-children themselves—the voters of the next generation—which has taken the form of scrutinizing text-books, deleting those parts which favor Government ownership and, where this is not practical, having the offending books removed and substituting others which present exclusively arguments for private ownership.

At first glance this promises to put in the shade the old-time performances of the oil magnates and the railroad promoters even in their heyday. Education by utility companies, and not by the private schools or colleges, which President Coolidge has been praising so recently!

Frankly, we are discouraged. Here is another of the indefatigable Senator Walsh's investigations—apparently shunted by other people from the Senate to the Federal Trade Commission in the hope possibly that it would receive less publicity. Is it to prove another revelation of those perils which beset democracy in one form or another, but with which, so far as we can observe, President Coolidge has no concern?

In our view, the need in Washington for a forthright, dynamic man becomes more evident every day. A man, Republican or Democrat, who can cope with our present-day necessities, who will be a genuine leader, and on whom nothing can be "put over." Is Governor Smith or Secretary Hoover that man? Or must we look still farther?

Francis Rufus Bellamy

Ewing Galloway, New York

A Rocky Mountain cloud study

The Outlook

May 30, 1928

The World This Week

Love of Al Smith

ERE is still red blood in American tics and the glow of personal friend-. The Senate Campaign Funds mittee has unearthed that important , if no other. It got something of thrill of an abiding personal friend- through years of political vicissi- s when Frank O. Lowden was on the d to explain expenditures in his own paign. It got a great deal more of it n William F. Kenny, New York con- tor, was on the stand to tell of his ishing $70,000 to Governor Smith's paign, of which $50,000 George R. Namee had said was a loan.

Nothing of the sort, Kenny said. He lent nothing. He had given $70,000 the campaign because he loved Al ith, with whom he played as a boy ut the fire-house and elsewhere on East Side. He gave $25,000 toward ing out the deficit of the Democratic tional Committee because Jesse H. es said Governor Smith's friends ht to help. He gave $30,000 or so Al Smith's gubernatorial campaigns. d he was ready to give to Al Smith's paign for President as much more might be needed, limited only by his ility to pay"—which, by common ort, is considerable. He has a private , and he would be "tickled to death" have Al Smith make the campaign for sident in it, but he had not said any- ng to Al about it.

Mr. Kenny told, very pridefully, of ng an honorary chief in the New rk Fire Department, in which his her was a battalion chief when citizen mbership meant service as well as or. He told of having the boys up the "tiger room" atop his office build- for good times. In short, he im- parted a ruddy glow to an investigation that had been drenched with ice-water and the cold calculations of practical politics. Incidentally, perhaps, he did a good bit of campaigning for Alfred E. Smith as a human candidate.

Japan Asserts Herself in China

THE encounter of Japan with the Chinese Nationalists is the most important development in the Far East. It entirely overshadows the advance of the Nationalists from their capital at Nanking northward against the militarist Government at Peking.

As the Nationalists have neared Peking, Japan has issued a warning. The fighting, she has said, must not be carried into Manchuria, where she considers it would imperil Japanese interests.

Furthermore, she has demanded an apology from the Nationalist Commander-in-Chief for attacks on Japanese lives and property at Tsinanfu, punishment of the responsible general, compensation for damage suffered, and suspension of hostilities within twenty miles of the Shantung Railway.

The Tsinanfu conflict is now of minor significance in comparison with the Japanese position regarding Manchuria and the Shantung Railway. In this policy Japan has openly asserted her right to control the course of events in China. By doing so she has directly challenged Chinese national sentiment and aroused the hostility of both warring factions. With her military organization, she can afford to ignore the Chinese armies; but the intense antipathy of the Chinese on both sides which she now faces is not negligible.

The Nanking Nationalist Government has sent to Washington an inquiry regarding the attitude of the United States in view of Japan's policy in Shantung. The note was an evident overture for mediation. So far the Department of State has limited itself to saying that this country will keep a free hand in safeguarding Americans and their interests in the Chinese war zones. But the Japanese stand obviously will call for consideration in connection with the doctrine of the "Open Door" in the Far East.

Church Unity

A GROUP of ministers and laymen who went to Syracuse to discuss the theme of Christian unity ended their deliberations by approving an organized fellowship between the Congregational and Disciples of Christ Churches of New York.

Before this was done, however, they had heard the Rev. Alonzo W. Fortune, Kentucky pastor, say that "what the Orient needs is the religion of Jesus rather than the jumble we have made of it. Many of our denominational distinctions have no meaning for them, for they do not have much meaning for us. We do not have the spirit of unity when we insist that the Christian leaders in these non-Christian lands must uphold our denominational peculiarities at all hazards."

They also heard the Rev. Dr. Harry Russell Stafford, of Old South Church in Boston, offer hope of a degree of unity between Catholic and Protestant.

"Catholics," he said, "sincerely believe that Christ founded a Church with orders and sacraments, the sole covenanted channel of grace, in which we Protestants by our own choice have no part. That is their conviction, and we ought to respect their conviction. Nothing is to

be gained by insisting upon discussion of this controversial subject, concerning which neither party is likely ever to be in a conciliatory mood.

"Are we, then, to be perpetually excluded, unless a miracle should occur, from achieving united Christian witness to the only message which meets the world's needs because Catholics and Protestants are destined never to come together in one body?

"I do not see why we should be. . . . If only we can find what are the deeper and more intimate elements of the Gospel upon which all Christians are agreed, then Catholics and Protestants, in so far as they are true Christians, can agree to disagree about orders and sacraments and still present a united front to the world."

Unity was urged upon all sects, and a report that out in Kansas the Methodist Episcopal Conference had taken action toward a union of Methodists, Presbyterians, and Congregationalists was the occasion of a resolution of rejoicing.

A Bishop Is Unfrocked

THE Methodists seemed to be more concerned at the moment, however, with the case of Bishop Anton Bast, of Copenhagen. A lady, wife of a Danish Government official, figured in one of the charges against him. Evidence sent from Denmark charged the Bishop with "imprudent conduct," and there was mention of yachting trips on which the lady accompanied him. Even when he had been admonished, it was charged, he had persisted in his "imprudence," to the injury of his influence and the injury of the Church in the Copenhagen area.

He was also accused of concealing the profits of a paper, "The Lighthouse," which he published. He has already served three months in jail on a civil charge involving his management of the paper.

The ecclesiastical court in Kansas City found him guilty on all counts, unfrocked him, but did not dismiss him from membership in the Church.

Bishop Bast, awaiting the verdict in a near-by hotel, announced that he expected the verdict and declared his innocence.

"Buchmanism"

MEANWHILE, the editor of "Isis," Oxford University magazine, was demanding expulsion of all students connected with the semi-religious cult known here and abroad by the name of its founder and chief evangel, Dr. Frank N. D. Buchman.

A feature of "Buchmanism" is the religious house party, where personal religion is discussed and confession of sins encouraged. Toward the end of these parties, it is said, the behavior of penitents is hardly distinguishable from the antics of Holy Rollers.

The editor of "Isis" says of the meetings that there is an atmosphere "hovering between giggles and fanaticism. Restraint is thrown aside. Souls are laid bare by hysterical confessions, and with a fervor which no longer pretends to be religious. The theory of direct inspiration, even if it is put into practice, as it never is, calmly and conscientiously, must undermine individuality and destroy free will. This is exactly what it is doing, particularly in women's colleges where Buchmanism has firmly established itself and is producing the worst effects attendant on any perverted religious mania.

"One of its adherents recently has been obliged to leave Oxford. In several other instances devotion to the cult is producing results not usually associated with the practice of Christianity."

This is not the first time that "Buchmanism" has caused dissension on the campus. In 1924 President Hibben had to ask Buchman to leave Princeton in the interest of academic peace. The criticism of the cult was similar to that voiced by the Oxford editor—that its orgiastic features produced an exaggerated and harmful emotional excitement.

Television Approaches the Home

PROMISES of early television sets for the home of the average radio listener do not seem to meet with widespread belief. We have been so long planning television and so much has been written in an effort to explain its apparent complications, that the public naturally is incredulous when the attainment is said to be just around the corner. How can the workers square the two seemingly contradictory points of view? In two ways. First, it is the transmitting apparatus which is the most complicated and costly, and that will not be needed at the receiving end. Again, it will not be necessary at first to give the public any more perfect television than, for example, the first telephones, moving pictures, and airplanes. There will be plenty of thrill in correlating with the smoothly spoken words of the already perfected radio even vague moving images of the exhorting preacher or the dodging pugilist.

It is believed that even this will more than double our appreciation of the radio, while advances in tele technique will doubtless keep even with increasing public demand. is not a great deal of apparatus in a ple television receiving set, and wh settles down to mass production one who has a Ford and a radio electric washing-machine or refriger ought to be able to afford one. who wait until they are as perfe moving pictures now are will go wit for some years and miss a lot of fu

More Trust Busting?

SINCE a Harvard professor's pape the "Atlantic Monthly" produced s thing very like a panic in Wall Stre may be that big business will attentively when another college of predicts a revival of trust-busting.

This is the warning of Mr. Lewi Haney, Director of the Bureau of search at New York University, b on an opinion that the recent merge physical properties into great comb tions has created a situation not con plated in the Clayton Act.

"The situation," he says, "in s respects resembles the prohibition l lation. The law has gotten out of mony with the majority of the peopl large sections of the country (if it was in harmony therewith), with the sult that it is not strictly enforced. business needs have developed, and can hardly be met by the old idea business regulation. . . .

"There is still a tendency on the of the law to regard monopoly, as s as abhorrent. This is as certainly e neous as it is to regard alcohol, as s as being abhorrent. A corollary is competition, as such, is not to be garded as good. Nor is all restrain trade undesirable. Competition is to be defended when it is intelligent formed, honest, based on efficiency, normal, not self-destructive. Until th things are recognized, our atti toward trust regulation will be mor less hypocritical. The tendency will to place too many limitations on ag ment, because we first call it conspir and then put it in jail because it is ca by that name.

"Such an irrational condition can prevail forever, and a condition of st and strain will result that will ultimat require correction. . . . It would se wise that corporations should now shaping their policies with a view to ing in good shape to meet a possible break of anti-trust agitation within next few years. There should be a scious and intelligent effort to av

Wide World

TO THE LIVING AND THE DEAD

The dedication ceremonies of the Nungesser-Coli and Lindbergh Memorial at Le Bourget, near Paris, where Nungesser and Coli took off on their fatal flight, and where Lindbergh ended his successful one

te and to shun the use of business
er to crush competitors. The utmost
rt should be made to develop econo-
s. The test of economy is one of the
t important to be met by large com-
ations. The operations of our new
itutes, etc., should be made clear to
public to the greatest possible extent.
niliarity may breed contempt, but
stery creates suspicion."

Chesty Joie" Enters the Marathon

ERE has been taking place, under the
etus of the Olympic team competi-
, one of the most remarkable transi-
s that track athletics have seen in
country. A diminutive, barrel-
sted chap, no longer a young man,
clinched a post for himself as an
erican entry in the Marathon run.
s would not be particularly note-
thy except for the fact that his name
oie Ray and that until this season he
been a mile runner. He has been,
his day, the great American miler.
day at that distance passed, and so
turned to the Marathon. The differ-
e between the two races is too ob-
us to need comment.

'Chesty Joie" Ray has run two Mara-
ns in his life. In the first he took
d place. In the second one he took
t place and broke about all existing
erican Marathon records. This latter
t was in the Long Beach Marathon at
w York.

When Ray first announced his decision to try for the Marathon, plenty of people thought he had become a trifle mad. He finished his first long race with his feet cut and bleeding. In the month between races he conditioned his feet and finished fresh. He has always been one of the most popular of all the American athletes, and his Marathon entry will transform that race into the most interesting of the lot at Amsterdam this summer.

Woman's Golf Victories

In England, Miss Glenna Collett and the other American women competitors were unable to keep pace with our men entries. Miss Collett dropped out in the third round, fighting in a storm of rain and hail. The British woman's trophy, saved from the long journey across the Atlantic, was nevertheless carried across the Channel to France by Mlle. Manette Le Blan.

Reigh Count Wins

In the most picturesque event of our horse world, the Kentucky Derby, a minor miracle was performed when the horse which had been the favorite in the public mind for weeks before the race went splashing through the mud at Churchill Downs to come through to victory over the field of twenty-one starters. Reigh Count, the son of Sun Reigh, brought the rich honor and prize money to Mr. and Mrs. John Hertz, the owners.

But the chestnut horse brought more than that. He was backed all over the country by thousands. This race, almost alone of our big horse events, carries with it the same sort of sporting appeal that makes English clerks and bankers, conductors and railroad presidents, place their bets. And Reigh Count brought home a big crowd with him.

A Tennis Phenomenon

In tennis the youngest player ever to be named to a Davis Cup team post has been appointed to our team and stands a very good chance of going abroad with it. This is Wilbur F. Coen, of Kansas City, and he is just sixteen years old and carries his school-books around with him from tournament to tournament.

His post has been won by some of the most amazing tennis that any boy anywhere has ever played. With Australia out of the play as the result of the surprising victory of Italy, there is good reason to believe that this country will challenge France and Paris may have the spectacle of the small, slight Coen facing the grave-faced master, René Lacoste.

Ride by Night, Fly by Day

Movie stars, always on the lookout for a more expensive way to travel, will be gratified by the plans for combined air and rail transportation between New York and Los Angeles. Traveling by air in the daytime, at night sleeping in Pullman berths, they will soon be able to cut down their commuting time between Hollywood and the Atlantic seaboard to less than forty-eight hours. And so will anybody else possessing the price, which, according to officials of the new system, will be only moderately in advance of present transcontinental rates with drawing-room accommodations.

The Pennsylvania Railroad and the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe have joined hands with the National Air Transport Company, the Curtiss Aeroplane and Motor Corporation, and the Wright Aeronautical Corporation to form the Transcontinental Air Transport, Inc., headed by C. M. Keys, who is also President of the Curtiss corporation. Its capitalization of $5,000,000 is said to be already subscribed. Within six or seven months, it is promised, the passenger will get on a limited train at the Pennsylvania Station in New York at six in the evening. The next morning at about eight he will be taken off at Columbus, Ohio, and driven to the airport, where he will board a huge fourteen-passenger plane with restaurant service. He will come down at Wichita,

Kansas, spend the night on the train, and take to the air once more in New Mexico. At five that afternoon he will be landed at Los Angeles.

This route has been chosen, according to Mr. Keys, because it is over the most suitable territory and is comfortable for all-year-round flying. Ten or twelve three-motored planes will be used, having a potential speed of 120 miles an hour, although they will be scheduled to fly at 90.

A Decade of Air Mail

TEN years ago this month air mail service began in a tentative, feeble fashion. In borrowed bombing planes flown by army aviators a single bag of mail was carried once a day between Washington and New York. The possibility of making the service self-supporting was ridiculed.

In nine years the Post-Office Department operated mail planes for over 13,500,000 miles and had delivered some 300,000,000 pieces of mail, with only two fatal accidents.

Then the air mail was turned over to contracting companies, not because it was a failure but because it was a growing success. Now passengers and light express matter can be carried as well as mail and the contractors are making a profit, while the Government has paid over $2,500,000 for mail service proper.

Some Bouquets and a Brickbat

LET the artist take heart in his garret. During the week just past his handiwork has been indorsed by a number of our most distinguished citizens, including the President of the United States. Only in Rome, almost paradoxically, was a brickbat hurled.

Said Mr. Coolidge: "If we could surround ourselves with forms of beauty, the evil things of life would disappear and our moral standards would be raised. Through our contact with the beautiful we see more of the truth and are brought into closer contact with the infinite. Our country has reached a point where this is no longer a visionary desire, but is becoming an actual reality. With general prosperity, with high wages, with reasonable hours of labor, have come both the means and the time to cultivate the artistic spirit."

Mr. Otto Kahn, banker and patron of art and letters, finds in art an antidote to Bolshevism. "Art pays," he declares. "Beauty is today an element of policy with far-seeing men. Though business men may still look upon art ventures in stepmotherly fashion, the new leaven is working in their minds and hearts, and in their pocketbooks.

"Art diminishes unrest. European nations, realizing this, are subsidizing orchestras, theatres, and museums."

Dr. S. Parkes Cadman agrees with Dean Inge that the next great prophet will be a dramatist.

Amid all these kind words for the professions of Shakespeare and Wagner, Rubens and Rodin, Rome hurled a brick at nude art, the missile being specifically directed at four female figures that adorn a newly unveiled fountain. Despatches say that a purity campaign is developing, with the "Osservatore Romano," official Vatican organ, leading the attack.

They Have Their Troubles Too

AMERICANS are inclined to argue that the United States is the only nation which has real difficulties over the liquor question. Seeing their own troubles close at hand, critics of prohibition long for the green pastures of open sale or Government dispensaries. Here are two Associated Press items which indicate that some difficulties exist elsewhere.

One comes from Toronto, and reads as follows:

"The recent order of Sir Henry Drayton, Chairman of the Liquor Control Board, to check up more strictly on permit holders led to the cancellation of over 1,000 permits within the last few days. Over 3,000 permits were canceled during the year. The Board now is endeavoring to find a more satisfactory way of identifying permit holders."

We wonder whether these 3,000 people who have been denied permits will take the deprivation as final, or whether they will contribute to the establishment of an illicit sale of liquor. Light on their attitude may be gathered from the second Associated Press despatch, from Glasgow, Scotland, a land where liquor can be bought openly:

"High taxation of spirituous liquors, making whisky, brandy, and similar spirits a luxury too expensive for the pocket of the small wage-earner, accounts for the illegal trade. The restricted opening hours of saloons, survival of restrictions enforced during the Great War, also is considered to materially assist the sale of crude spirits. . . .

" 'Moonshine' at 3 shillings a gallon wholesale and £3 a gallon retail offers an attractive profit, and officers of the Customs and Excise Department who deal with traffic in 'home brew' admit that they experience the utmost difficulty in bringing the British bootlegger to book.

"Most arrests are caused by quarrels among the bootlegging fraternity, w sometimes cause disgruntled indivi members of the various gangs to giv formation to the police."

Bootleggers in Merry Scotland? thought we had a monopoly of trade.

Chewing-Gum Forests

THE social status of the gum-ch may not be high, but his devotion t cud is of only too public knowle That his tribe is enormous and growing is proved by a news despatch from Mexico. It appears American chicle interests (and c practically means chewing-gum) just acquired from Mexican owners 000 acres of Mexican forest over border from Belize, in British Hondu which is also a great chicle-produ country.

Mexico already sells 6,000 ton chicle yearly, and has 2,000,000 acre chicle-producing forests in the public main. Not all the trees are of the riety (*Sapote chico*) which yields ch Those that do are tapped and the drawn, as with rubber trees.

There seems to be no danger American jaws will cease to champ lack of raw material.

Darkest Alabama

THE backing and filling of Alabam its efforts to get action or prevent ac in the notorious flogging cases woul amusing if it were not contempt The latest move is stated in press patches to be Governor Graves's pointment as prosecuting attorney Crenshaw County of Ira B. Thomp Exalted Cyclops of the Ku Klux K for the Luverne Realm, who was am those indicted by the Crenshaw Cou Grand Jury in its investigation of gings.

Perhaps this stalwart arm of the will prosecute himself and defend self. His defense might be his utterance that the Klan is "a neces for a nation overridden by foreign un-American influences."

An English Novelist and an American Story-Teller

WHEN Hugh Walpole entitles his ar in the London "Spectator" on O. He "The Supreme Sentimentalist," he not mean that the American prince short stories wallows in sentimental There is, indeed, a wide gap betw sentiment and sentimentalism. Walpole defines the O. Henry bran

Acme

SEVEN IS THE LUCKY NUMBER

of Boy Scouts chosen from thousands in the United States to join the Martin Johnson expedition in Africa this summer. The photograph shows Colonel Theodore Roosevelt congratulating the Boy Scouts who have been selected

ntiment neatly in the words "compas-on with humor" and admires his recog-tion of "fidelity under trial, courage d good humor in adversity, tolerance one's fellow-creatures."

In all this the ultra-modern fiction hool may possibly learn something om the old-timers. Mr. Walpole him-lf eminently possesses that quality. e does not mourn the loss of passionate vocations and dripping romance. He en finds sentiment in modernist writ-rs like Thornton Wilder and Virginia oolf, but pitched in a different key and arked by reserve and subtlety.

There is room in all periods and un-r all literary fashions for every writer ho can deal with life and character rsely, and with humor, and even aybe with a shade of tenderness, and . Henry did all this, and more.

nother Setback for ailroad Consolidation

HE famous Van Sweringen boys of leveland—any pair of brothers are lled "boys" until they are octogena-ans—have won, at best, a pyrrhic ctory in the decision of the Interstate ommerce Commission permitting them acquire the Père Marquette Railway. o ahead and take it, the decision seems say, "if you can do it under the terms lowed." It is not necessary to go into e details of the limitations. It is ough to say that the financial require-ents may not be simple to follow t.

The other parts of the Interstate ommerce Commission's ruling consti-tute a definite rebuff to the Van Swer-ingens and, in addition, another setback to the slowly fading dreams of railroad consolidation in the East. The Chesa-peake and Ohio, controlled by the Van Sweringens and their Nickel Plate inter-ests, had asked for permission to acquire the Erie. This was an essential part of their plan for a trunk-line system. The Interstate Commerce Commission has declined to permit this.

It would look as though railroad con-solidation, approved in principle by the Coolidge Administration, were about as distant as at any time during the past four years. There were to have been five trunk lines, all of them controlling or leasing some of the lesser railroads. In effect, the railroad business from the Eastern seaboard was to have been di-vided among the New York Central, the Pennsylvania, the Baltimore and Ohio, the Nickel Plate (controlled by the Van Sweringens), and a line to have been created by L. F. Loree, of the Delaware and Hudson, out of the Lehigh Valley and the Wabash.

Not a single decision by the Interstate Commerce Commission in the last four years has favored the plan. The Outlook pointed out recently that Mr. Loree had apparently abandoned his part in it by selling his Lehigh Valley and Wabash holdings to the Pennsylvania for $63,-000,000. There is now talk of an appeal to Congress for more liberal railroad leg-islation, on the theory that the Inter-state Commerce Commission is now too rigidly limited in jurisdiction. It is not likely that this will be forthcoming. There are aspects of the Van Sweringen operations which are none too savory, as the Commerce Commission pointed out, and all plans for mergers must demon-strate that they are for the public good. It is a significant fact, also, that the rights of minority stockholders can no longer be ignored with impunity.

From Washington

What Can We Believe?

FISH stories, whether of Jonah or Neighbor Jones, are not the only things which one may not safely believe. In-deed, the question seems to be whether there is anything that one may so be-lieve, even in Government reports.

About three years ago we were in-formed by the Indian Office that the great majority of the red wards of the Government were ready to take their places in the social and economic life of the country beside their white brothers and sisters. At least three-fourths were ready for citizenship, and most of the others, because of our excellent way of handling wards, for responsible duties.

Now comes the Institute for Govern-ment Research, after two years of inten-sive investigation, with an entirely dif-ferent story. Here are typical sentences from the report, now ready to be re-leased:

"The majority of the Indians are poor and are not yet adjusted to the dominant white civilization."

"The vitality of the American Indians is so low and various diseases are so prevalent that their condition becomes a serious National problem."

"The Government has failed to de-velop an adequate program of public health administration and preventive medicine for its Indian wards."

"Neither the hospitals nor the sani-taria maintained by the Indian Service meet the minimum standards for institu-tions of that class."

"The primary need is development of initiative and responsibility in the indi-vidual. . . . The present tendency is toward mass handling of the pupils with individuality suppressed by the institu-tional routine."

"The number of Indians who are sup-porting themselves through their own efforts, according to what a white man would regard as the minimum standard of health and decency, is small."

"Little has been done on the reserva-tions toward finding profitable employ-ment for the Indians."

"The . . . Indian family has not ad-

justed itself to the requirements of life in contact with the white race and is failing to contribute as it should to the well-being of its members."

"Conditions have tended toward the weakening of Indian family life and community activities rather than toward strengthening them."

"The Indian service lacks a personnel trained and experienced in educational work with families and communities. The result is almost total absence of well-developed programs . . . to meet local conditions."

"Poor housing conditions . . . are beyond the control of the Indians."

"Sanitary facilities are generally lacking."

"The situation with respect to marriage and divorce is in general highly unsatisfactory."

"The Institute takes the position that the effective approach to the problem . . . is through the family and Indian community, and that the work must be done by a trained and competent personnel materially better qualified than most of the employees of the Indian Service now engaged in such activities."

The Institute for Government Research is not a Government institution, but one privately endowed. It was, however, asked to make this survey by the Secretary of the Interior, under whom the Indian Office functions. Perhaps there is hope for the American Indian. But, deferred for a hundred and fifty years, it has done something more than make his heart sick.

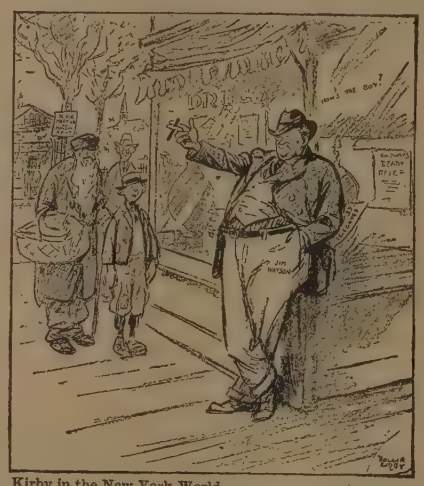
A Friendship that Lasts

DURING the week, Frank O. Lowden, former Governor of Illinois, came to Washington from his Rock River farm to explain that about $60,000 had been spent in his campaign for the Republican nomination, of which $15,000 came out of his own pocket. "That is," he went on, "Buck says I have given $15,000, but I thought it was $12,500, and I can't explain the discrepancy." Most of the remaining $45,000 was given by two personal friends, Omer N. Custer and Robert D. Clark.

Mr. Lowden answered in detail and with the utmost cheerfulness all questions that the five members of the Committee asked him. Frequently he did not know, and said so. Sometimes, as when asked if any negotiations had been conducted for acquiring the delegates of other candidates, he answered, "You will have to ask Clarence Buck about that—I've conducted none."

Asked specifically if there was an agreement by which, if he could not obtain the nomination, his delegates were to go to Dawes, Mr. Lowden paused for several seconds. Then he said, "I have come to represent a cause," and explained how his candidacy and the demand for what is called farm relief have become identified. "You can see," he continued, "that I have no right to barter away delegates. The thing has never been mentioned between me and Dawes. But you ought to know, gentlemen, that the Vice-President and I have been very, very close friends for the greater part of our active lives." Two or three other times he adverted to this personal friendship.

Only once did Mr. Lowden show any reluctance about answering. That was when Senator Barkley asked him a question containing the phrase, "favoritism in Government policies." "Do you think, Senator Barkley," asked Mr. Lowden, "that you ought to ask me that question? If you do, I will"— But Senator Barkley amended the question in such way as to eliminate the objectionable language, and Mr. Lowden promptly answered it.



Kirby in the New York World

He's a devil in his own home town

Finally, Mr. Lowden thanked the Committee for giving him the first opportunity he had had for some time of coming to Washington, and, shaking hands here and there, went to the Capitol and to the office of his friend the Vice-President.

And One That Failed

THAT same afternoon Senator Watson, of Indiana, was on the stand and revealed something on the other side of what politics does to friendships. He told how the Hoover organization sent a number of distinguished speakers into Indiana to try to prevent Watson's carrying the State. Two of those speakers were sons of William Howard Taft. "And," said Senator Watson, "in 1912 I was their father's floor manager."

Senator Watson did not know what his campaign in Indiana cost, but his campaign manager later testified that the expenditures were $33,856.

Cash and Colored Committeemen

LATER testimony as to Secretary Hoover's campaign has revealed the fact that the accounting at the Washington headquarters does not include receipts and disbursements of the New York and California organizations. There may be later some revision of the $250,000 total.

The most interesting testimony concerning the Hoover campaign was given by Rush Holland, who was an Assistant Attorney-General under Harry M. Daugherty. It involved expenditures of only $10,000, but two items were of the kind that may become "touchy." Mr. Holland testified that he toured the South in Mr. Hoover's behalf, that he gave $2,200 to Perry Howard, Negro Republican National Committeeman from Mississippi, and $2,000 to Ben W. Davis, Negro Republican National Committeeman from Georgia. Another $1,000 went to Oliver D. Street, Republican National Committeeman from Alabama. Each of these men controls the delegation—or, at least, one set of delegates—from his State. Payments were made before the delegations were selected.

Whether these expenditures were meant in any way to influence Convention votes is not in the record. But (such is the state of Southern thought) they are likely to influence some election votes—for Smith. That, of course, goes on the assumption that Hoover and Smith are to be the nominees for President.

Uncle Sam and "Old Miss"

THE most colossal sporting contest that the world ever saw is on. The President has signed the Mississippi River Flood Control Bill. For a decade, perhaps for a generation, the Government will strive to subdue the world's greatest stream. And finally, in a time of big rains, the decision will be announced. Either man will have bound nature or nature will, as always thus far, snap his fetters and go her way.

Whatever else the Flood Control Bill may or may not be, it is commitment of the Federal Government to use "force to the utmost" to hold the Father of

ters within banks. The immediately ilable appropriation is but a mere 5,000,000, but the commitment is for imate funds of billions if they are ded.

There are those who say that emotionsm played too large a part in the pasge of the bill. But even these agree t, so far as is possible in human airs, the danger of graft was got rid and that the billion, more or less, will spent in actual effort to control the ters of the Mississippi. The playing of building levees on the pretext improving navigation is in the discard. e gesture of co-operative effort is ded. The Federal Government underkes the job for what it actually is. The biggest bill that was ever before ngress, perhaps, has become a law.

ore Government Ships

IE Shipping Board Replacement Bill already on the President's desk. It nfirms the Government as a shipper—ts it permanently into the shipping siness, which it entered originally as a r necessity. The Government-owned erchant marine is to be strengthened new ships, sufficient in number and size to maintain the tonnage.

But this bill is also a ship subsidy bill. he Government is to maintain its fleet paying a subsidy to itself. In a limed way, it is to do the like for private ip-owners too. Aid is to be given in nstruction rather than in operation. s in the case of the Muscle Shoals bill, ivate ownership is not wholly the loser having the Government as a competir.

overnment Business Branches Out

HE Government has gone into business if there is anything new about that. there is not, it has gone into new busisses. The Congress has so declared. he President may make that declaraon void as to one or two of the new terests, but hardly as to all.

The House has passed the Morin Bill r Government operation of Muscle hoals as a power plant and a fixed itrogen factory. The Morin Bill difrs somewhat from the Norris Bill hich the Senate had previously passed, ut the differences are not greater than he conferees can adjust. Before this ssion of Congress ends a Muscle Shoals ill will be on the President's desk. It as been on his doorstep for eight years.

The farmers' organizations, which anted the Shoals plants operated either ublicly or privately as a complete fer-lizer factory, are not satisfied with the bill. Fertilizer manufacturers and power companies will get some of the benefits. But fertilizer manufacturers and power companies are not satisfied either. The Government will be, to an extent, in competition with them.

The two forces fought each other so long and so bitterly that they had, finally, to accept a measure which neither wanted. Congress, subservient at times and in part to each, finally wore its patience out and acted. The country wins. The greatest of all power plants will not stand idle. And the law can be amended—if the President signs the bill.

Chapin in the Philadelphia Public Ledger

The music master

Windows on the World

By Malcolm W. Davis

PREPARATION FOR WAR is going on as energetically as usual, side by side with the effort to outlaw war.

France is strengthening herself particularly for under-sea warfare. She has recently completed one of the most powerful submarines in the world, able to stay at sea for thirty days and with a cruising radius of 8,000 miles. And she is starting another. Reports from Paris indicate that France has in all thirty submarines under construction and four undergoing trials. This would give her a total of 87—many of them old—as against 60 for Great Britain.

The British Air Ministry has developed a new fast bombing plane which in a demonstration test dropped a torpedo weighing nearly a ton at the appointed mark.

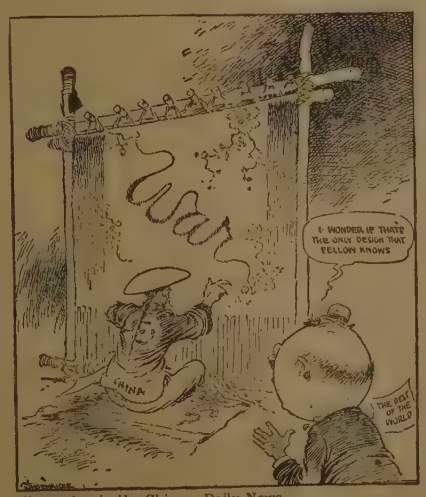
Spain has come to an understanding with Italy on sea strength in the Mediterranean, and has tripled her annual navy appropriation. The details of her new building program, to cost 600,000,000 pesetas, were determined in a secret royal conference, and are not to be made public. Premier de Rivera declares that its purpose is to protect the Spanish coast and that it has no imperialistic aims.

These are little indications of the underlying reasons for widespread interest in the American proposal of a general treaty against war.

SECRETARY KELLOGG apparently is to receive the Nobel Peace Prize for his determination and energy in advancing the plan for renunciation of war. If his draft agreement wins its way ultimately to success, no one more certainly deserves it. The award will be made in November, and by then it will be possible to see clearly how this plan is working out.

Great Britain—with the approval of the Dominions—has sent an official note accepting the Kellogg plan cordially, but suggesting that it be completed by some memorandum or amendment specifying just how it bears on the Covenant of the League of Nations and the security treaties of the European Powers. Since Mr. Kellogg has already stated that his suggestion of a general pledge against war is not intended to supplant or interfere with existing obligations, this desire of the European nations to define its meaning seems to constitute no threat to the whole enterprise. The reason for hesitation now is largely the desire of France to retain her right of action under the treaties of mutual defense she has made with other countries, such as Czechoslovakia, Poland, and Yugoslavia.

Evidently, if one of these nations should not sign the general treaty and



Shoemaker in the Chicago Daily News

The Chinese rug

then should suffer an attack by some Power that had signed it, the joint agreement renouncing war would not cover the case. Suppose that Poland were not a party to the general treaty, and that Germany should revive the issue regarding her eastern boundaries and the territory assigned to Poland after the World War, and that war between Germany and Poland should result. France would not be able to act against Germany in support of her ally without violating the general agreement that would bind France and Germany. A treaty arrangement of that sort would vitally weaken the present European system of keeping order on the Continent; and it is against contingencies like this that France wishes to provide. But it is assumed that Poland and the other allies of France will sign the general treaty and thus come under its protection. In that case, the compact outlawing war would prove a powerful reinforcement of the European frontiers set up at Versailles and would strongly buttress the League of Nations.

It is evidence of the new will to peace in Germany that, realizing this, she has unreservedly given her adherence to the American program.

And from the Far East comes word that the Japanese Government has decided to accept Secretary Kellogg's draft treaty against war as it stands.

THE GERMAN ELECTIONS are a test of the changed point of view in Germany. As the country goes to the polls, acute relief is felt throughout Europe at the prospective recovery of the Foreign Minister, Dr. Stresemann, from the severe illness that has threatened his life. As head of the influential People's Party, organized by financiers and industrialists, he has been responsible for the Locarno treaties of arbitration and guaranties of security with the Allies, and for taking Germany into the League of Nations. He deserves in large measure the credit for Germany's recovery of her position in Europe, and the further progress of the pacific policies he has inaugurated depends largely on him.

The German campaign has been fought with great bitterness between the extreme conservatives and radicals. Dr. Walther von Keudell, Nationalist Minister of the Interior, tried to have certain Communist organizations suppressed and excluded from the elections. The Federal Supreme Court overruled him, and so prevented a move which would undoubtedly have made Communist votes. Both the Nationalists—who are in reality monarchists—and Communists attacked the supporters of the Republic. Two of these republicans, adherents of an organization for protection of the new red-black-gold banner of the Republic, fell as victims of street fighting—one killed by Nationalists and one by Communists.

An interesting aspect of the balloting is that women voters outnumber men by two and a quarter millions.

From the Evening Standard (London)

Carol (sadly): "They do this sort of thing much better in the pictures, now"

POLAND has effected the stabilization of her currency, for which she has been working with the aid of American advisers.

Paderewski, who led Polish hopes for liberty and restoration at Versailles and in Poland after the Peace Conference, made clear in a recent eloquent address in New York how appropriate this American aid is. He was speaking at a celebration of the tenth anniversary of the restoration of Poland, and he gave the credit for the recreation of his country to the United States. He attributed it to President Wilson's message to the Senate: "Statesmen everywhere are agreed that there should be a united, independent, autonomous Poland." The voice of America, said Paderewski, "shook the diplomatic traditions of the world to their very foundations." The work of building a Polish economic structure is less dramatic, but it is as vital to the future of the people whose freedom America helped to regain.

COLONEL HUGH L. COOPER, adviser to the Soviet authorities as a hydro-electrical engineer regarding the construction of a power plant on the Dnieper River, thinks that the United States should recognize the present Government in Russia. "The great cry in Russia today," he declared at a meeting of the Credit Association of the Building Trades of New York, "is for American help in the development of natural resources.

"I am in full accord with our State Department in their requirement that the Russians must stop the activities of the Third International; must agree to the payment of the Kerensky debt; and must recompense American property-owners whose holdings in Russia were confiscated by the present Government. I was told by Premier Rykov that the Russians are ready to make such an agreement."

Just how all this is to be arranged is hard to see, in the light of the recent conference of the Third International at Cassel, Germany, on ways and means of propaganda in armies and navies. American delegates reported that the Communists now have ten "cells" organized and working in the United States navy—as against three a year ago. In the British navy, delegates said, there are thirteen such "cells," and in the French navy fourteen, while regimental "cells" are increasing in the British, French, and Polish armies. The chairman, M. Rykov—a nephew of the Assistant Commissar for Foreign Affairs—predicted a period of mutinies and seditions in 1928 and 1929.

In India, Russian trade unions have aided the prevailing mill and railway strikes with funds and have carried on Communist agitation.

These reports do not sound particularly favorable for a termination of the activities of the Third International—a result which it is doubtful that the Soviet authorities are in a position to demand even if they were willing.

Big Bill Haywood

THE death of Big Bill Haywood in Moscow removes a figure much more notable in the United States than in Soviet Russia.

Haywood's immense bulk, and a somewhat ferocious cast ven to his countenance by the loss of an eye in a miners' ght with militiamen, made him a marked figure anywhere. rom his turbulent young manhood until his flight to Russia e was always embroiled. Born of a miner's family in 1869, e was "bound out" to a farmer, ran away, and even in his outh became an agitator. As an official of the Western Fed- ration of Miners, and then as an organizer and leader of the nternational Workers of the World, he was in constant con- ict with authority, and was arrested so often that finally he st count, so he said, of his imprisonments. He was acquitted f complicity in the murder of Governor Frank Steunenberg, f Idaho, to which Harry Orchard confessed; during the Vorld War he was convicted of obstruction, fined $10,000 and entenced to twenty years in the penitentiary. Already he was he victim of diabetes. On the advice of friends that he could ot live in prison, he jumped his bond and went to Russia.

Haywood's mind, like his deportment, was undisciplined. He was at one moment the pupil of Sorel, at another of Karl Marx, at another of Kropotkin. Those who flocked to his anner were attracted by his egotism, his oratory, and by a ersonality which many found winning. In the Soviet Repub- c none of Big Bill's utterances and theories had the revolu- ionary charm which they had exercised on a minority in the Jnited States. To the Russians there was nothing new in the eclaration that the workers should own and control produc- ion, that wars were the quarrels of capitalists, that patriotism nd nationalism were hallucinations. Haywood, who had been ated, feared, and intensely admired at home, found himself lmost a nonentity. This may have contributed to his disap- ointment with conditions as he found them; for his public tatements and his letters to friends in the United States re- ealed his disillusion at observing in practice many of the heories he had espoused. We may be sure that he died n embittered and saddened man. He directed that his ody be cremated, and that half the ashes be buried in Chi- ago beside the men executed for the Haymarket riots, half n the shadow of the Kremlin wall near the body of John Reed. To some that spot will be forever a shrine; but for nany it will be but a provocation of the thought that Com- munism and Nihilism, unless they are truly a religion of their dvocates and are untainted by self-seeking vanity, must inally be as ashes in the mouth.

Trained Seals

ANY day now we expect to hear that Texas Guinan and Peggy Joyce will report the National Conventions for Bernarr Macfadden's "Evening Graphic." Possibly Aimee Semple McPherson will, figuratively speaking, go along with them; we say figuratively, because when she reported the Snyder-Gray trial she was as close to the court-room as Cali- fornia is to Long Island. Of course, our forecast may be wrong. Mr. Macfadden's trained seals may be a "Follies" beauty and Miss Ruth Elder.

One of the compensations of a campaign year is the high style of reporting adopted by the press. We await with unaffected impatience the pre-convention ballyhoo, by their respective journals, of the trained seals who are to watch the performances at Kansas City and Houston. The Scripps-Howard "Telegram" will despatch Will Durant, or we will be disappointed. With the philosopher will go, we assume, a playwright or two, a high-powered preacher, and perhaps David Belasco.

The Hearst papers, if they are not nodding, have already engaged Mary Roberts Rinehart, Willard Mack, and Fannie Hurst. And what a scrambling there must be, if the deal has not already been consummated, for the Rev. Billy Sunday and the Rev. John Roach Straton! The New York "Herald Tribune," which has first call on the daily counsel of the Rev. Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, surely has been enterprising enough to sign him; and Cyrus H. K. Curtis, we hope, will charter for his New York "Evening Post" and his "Public Ledger" in Philadelphia that adviser of the love-lorn, Miss Dorothy Dix.

A friend of ours tells a story of his first acquaintance with this system. A quarter of a century ago, when he was head of the copy desk of the Chicago "Evening American," no less than eighteen trained seals were hired to report the Washington Derby, the horse-race of the year in those parts. Our friend read one story after another with increasing dismay. Then he asked his school of copy readers:

"Which horse won this race? When was it run? And what was the elapsed time in split seconds?"

None could tell him. All eighteen stories put together did not include these trivial details. So a trained reporter was summoned to write an introduction that would give the reader what he really wanted to know about the Washington Derby.

That was true of trained seals twenty-five years ago, and is precisely as true today.

The newspaper reporter at the coming National Conventions will undertake the drudgery, mostly anonymous, of digging out facts about hotel conferences, undercover trades, and secret caucuses, where the real news is made. But the big money will go to the trained seal who, bored and superior, draws soul portraits or compares the occasion to a play, a novel, or a cabaret.

Sugar-Coated Education

THE official language text-books to be used in the schools of California, according to Associated Press despatches from Sacramento, will be written in what is termed "newspaper language." Cartoons suggestive of comic strips will enliven the pages, there will be "lead paragraphs," and black-face type will be used in profusion.

Until the text-books have appeared next fall it is unfair to condemn them. It is sound pedagogy to make the study of languages, or anything else, as simple as possible. The test of a method is the result that it gives. If French can be taught more easily by comic strips in which Mutt and Jeff utter the French equivalents of "Pow" and "Zowie," it is perhaps worth while to use them.

It is possible, on the other hand, that the process of education can be made too simple. Without passing on the California experiments, one might advance the theory that a certain amount of thinking and just a little hard work are also excellent features of any curriculum. Such innovations as motion pictures in the school-room have a definite function; they extend the limits of the classroom to far and distant places. They must, however, be stimulants and not substitutes for thought.

My Own Ten-Minute Exercises

By

DONALD OGDEN STEWART

Illustrated by Herb Roth

NEXT to prohibition and the question of the French debt, the leading issue before the public today is the problem of how to get any exercise if you live in an apartment-house, and this question, I might add, will probably have quite a bit to do with the coming Presidential election. Both Al Smith and Hoover have, of course, expressed themselves as thoroughly in favor of exercise, but that is a cowardly dodging of the issue, and I firmly predict that any candidate who will stand up and tell apartment dwellers honestly and fearlessly *how* they can get any exercise will be swept into office by an overwhelming majority. In fact, the increase in the number of these dwellings—and the resultant increase in the number of people living in them—has brought to the attention of the world, and especially the medical world, a new disease which is known as "Hooper's complaint" (after Dr. Thurlow Hooper, its discoverer), and statistics show that at least seventy-two per cent of people now living in apartments are sufferers from this malady, purely from lack of exercise.

"Hooper's complaint" (or, more familiarly, the "apartment-house bulge") generally begins to make its appearance in the victim at the age of thirty, although some are attacked by it even earlier. The first symptom is usually a mild feeling of discomfort caused by a certain inexplicable tightness at the waist-line while putting on one's vest or shirtwaist; in a few more weeks the victim discovers that it has become practically impossible for him to get the coat buttoned across his stomach, let alone the trousers, and in answer to his despairing plea the doctor is forced to tell him that he is a sufferer from the dread "bulge."

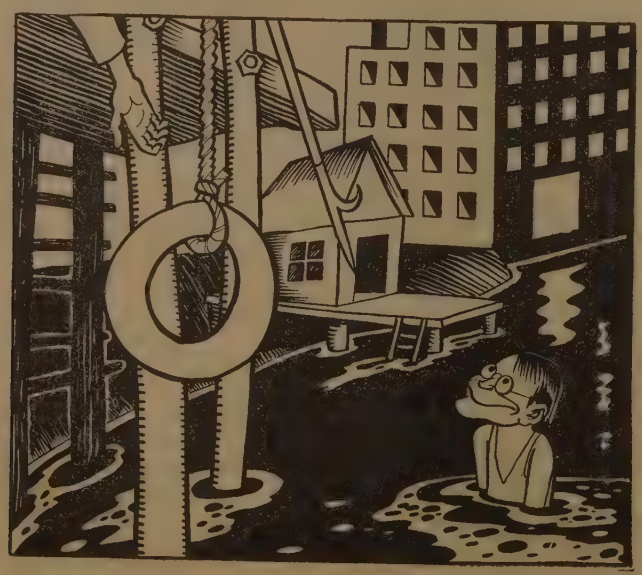
Fortunately, however, the disease is not incurable, if caught in its earlier stages, and in the majority of cases it can be checked by such measures as cutting out potatoes, limiting one's self to six highballs a day, etc. But the real remedy is, as I have suggested, exercise—daily exercise—and that brings us right back to where we started from: "How can you get any exercise if you live in an apartment?"

Now I, for example, am a typical case. I live in an apartment in New York. I belong to no golf club, and I can't ride a horse. Let me tell you about my efforts to ward off the "bulge."

First of all, I tried swimming. We happen to live on 57th Street, within a stone's throw of the East River (if you like to throw stones), and it seemed to me the most natural and easy thing in the world just to go down to the end of the street each day and have a real good swim.

Well, it seems that there are complications about swimming in the East River. In the first place, the water itself is not particularly attractive, and, in the second place, it is very full of boats. And, thirdly, there must be some sort of a law against it, because I had not been in the water five minutes before a large crowd gathered on the shore and I was thrown a life-preserver. I tried to explain to the policeman that I was just in for the exercise and I did a couple of stunts to show him how well I could swim, but it didn't seem to do any good, so I swam back to the shore and was arrested. And that more or less made me decide to give up swimming.

Then I tried running around the block, which certainly sounds easy enough. And, as a matter of fact, it worked very well—as far as 58th Street. But at 58th Street there was a large number of extremely disagreeable small boys who thought that it would be fun to run along beside me and ahead of me and around me, which became, after a while, very embarrassing and not a little annoying, especially as their comments on my various physical features in shrill voices were more amusing to the passing pedestrians than they were to me. The next day I tried running in the opposite direction, but somehow or other they saw me and soon caught up with me, and after that they used to wait outside the apartment door for that "tall guy wit' glasses," and even sent insulting messages up to me by the elevator boy. A week of this was about all I could stand.



BICYCLING next suggested itself, and I bought a "wheel." But bicycling in New York is not as much fun as I imagine that it was in the "old days" before traffic became so complicated, and after I had been knocked over by eleven yellow taxis, one green-and-white, and one Ford (an old Ford, too) I put away what was left of my bicycle (one wheel, two pedals, and a bit of chain) and, as a matter of fact, have not thought much about it since.

Nor is "walking" what is used to be.

e trouble with walking is that you ht to be walking toward some goal— ought to have some objective—and New York the easiest and most ob- is objective for any walk seems now be a "speak-easy," which, over a rse of time, is apt to neutralize any eficent effects of the walk itself. I y be wrong about this, but I know t in my own case my walks seemed ehow to always end at a certain ce on West 49th Street called "To- s," which was a nice place but of no ticular help in my struggle against "bulge."

One friend, when consulted about my blem, suggested "gardening." Well, happen to live on the twelfth floor of fifteen-story building, and on the lfth floor the gardening prospects are so bright. He then offered me the of *his* garden to exercise in, and ered to throw in the lawn-mowing and -beating privileges to boot, but I de- ed. Another friend informed me t hunting and mountain climbing re the two ways in which he kept ," but there, again, a New Yorker o wishes to indulge in those two forms exercise in his city is faced with cer- n difficulties which are well-nigh insu- able. So, bit by bit, the realization s brought home to me that whatever m of exercise I might care to indulge must inevitably be what is known as door" exercise, and so I set to work discover some sort of game or physi- exertion which could be enjoyed on e twelfth floor.

Boxing? No. There were complaints m the floor below, and, besides, the ly person I could get to box with (out- le of my wife, who really didn't enjoy very much) was our Filipino cook, who, I discovered in our very first match, had been the lightweight champion of the Pacific fleet, and the point of my jaw was very sore for the rest of the week. Wrestling? Pretty much the same objections as to boxing. Water polo? Impossible, even with a large bath-tub. Bridge? Not really enough exercise to help much.

I finally decided to narrow the thing down to a few simple "ten-minute" exercises, which should, however, be "fun" to do. In other words, instead of just lying on my back and raising my toes twenty times above my head, I wanted to find some way of doing that same thing in an interesting manner, so that I would enjoy it in the same way I would enjoy watching a ball game or smoking a good cigar. I will admit that the problem was a fairly difficult one, and I won't say that I have entirely solved it (as a matter of fact, I'm afraid I *have* sort of neglected my exercises this past month), but I will put down a few of my more successful efforts along that line, in the hope that they may be of assistance to others who have found themselves in the same plight.

No. 1, The "Shaving" Exercise.—Lather the face well with any of the better brands of soap. Take the razor in the right hand, and lie flat on the back. Attach the mirror to the left ankle, and at the count of "one" bring the left leg back sharply so that the mirror is above the face. At the count of "two" begin to shave.

This exercise, which is really more for men than women, goes very well with music, preferably a lively march.

No. 2, "Discharging the Cook."—Ask the cook to come into your room. When she arrives place the hands on hips and bend the knees. At the count of "one" inhale and rise on tiptoes. At "two" exhale, at the same time saying to the cook, "You're discharged." At "three" raise the right leg smartly, and at "four" resume the bending position.

No. 3, "Tomato Soup."—Procure some tomato soup. Assume a crouching position in front of it, with hands at side. At the count of "one" pick up the nearest soup spoon and fill it with soup. At "two" inhale. This also goes well with music.

Those, of course, are only a few of my exercises, and, as I have said, they are not a complete solution of the apartment-house problem. But they have helped, and, like the Scotchman's kilt, they are "better than nothing." And perhaps, as I have suggested, some Presidential candidate will come forward this summer and lead us poor apartment-house dwellers out of the valley. I, for one, certainly hope so. My "bulge" is getting pretty serious.

The Amateur Spirit in Sport

By HERBERT REED
(Right Wing)

With this issue Mr. Reed begins his weekly commentary on sports and sportsmen. He is a distinguished member of that small group of writers who know, despite the ballyhoo of the promoters and their camp followers, that the sport of "this country stands or falls by its amateur spirit." He will have a good deal to say about that phase of a great American activity.

IN a land that takes, not merely its institutions, but its new undertakings in a large and serious but at the same time exuberant way, it is not surprising to find a growing and superficial mass feeling that excellence in sport of almost any kind is a sufficient objective in itself, especially if it yields ample returns in the way of revenue. America, it seems, must have heroes afield, and well-paid heroes. The progress has been too rapid to take note of some of the wreckage along the way, the heartbreak of those who, having reached the peak of public favor, suddenly sink out of sight, "burnt out" by the demands of insatiable promoters. In athletics, as in other enterprises, we sometimes run blindly past certain unmistakable signals. Victory at any price is the cry in some quarters, and this naturally leads to the charge of commercialism in athletics.

There was a time when the sheep and the goats could be easily separated, but that is becoming exceedingly difficult. The professional promoter is abroad in the land, more brazen in his manifestations than at any time in the past, and wearing a cloak of respectability that is entirely modern and woven largely through clever publicity and exploitation of games that were designed as pastimes and have too often degenerated into shows. The public hunger for entertainment must be appeased; and there is enormous profit in appeasing it. The goats have been brought out to run with the sheep, and the sheep have been capitalized in the interest of the goats, and there are plenty of wolves running with both of them. It is small wonder, then, that so far as the colleges are concerned the athletic sheep are being more carefully herded than ever before, that the professional coaches who handle the young athletes at an impressionable age are more carefully looked over than ever before, and that they themselves for their own protection have organized to maintain the dignity of their position in the educational scheme.

There is, to my certain knowledge, however, a vast mute army of sport followers made up both of players and spectators still able to distinguish between the sheep and the goats, vastly interested in the technique of their favorite games, and devoted to the amateur ideal. This army does not quibble over technicalities—these are left to the governing bodies—but is generous in its applause and support of good play and good sportsmanship. And it knows a professional sportsman, too, when it sees one. For sportsmanship is a thing of the spirit, and no amount of rules can make it anything else.

From my own personal knowledge, based on an experience of considerably more than a quarter of a century, I know that there are more good sportsmen in the undergraduate ranks of our colleges and universities today than at any other period in the history of athletics. I could give many instances, but one will suffice. In a certain football game not so long ago a famous college player stood out so far above his fellows that he was a mark for the defending tacklers. One of these hit him so hard upon one occasion as to shake him up severely even after his forward progress was stopped to a certainty. The runner shook himself together and, with a smile, said to the rough tackler, "Steady, old man—it's a game, you know." There was instant apology, and play went on, fiercely enough, for football is meant to be rough, but cleanly and generously. That I know to be the temper of the college youth of today. It is not the modern player who objects to protective rulings, but certain of the old-timers.

Last year the football rule-makers made it impossible for a muffed kick to cost a football game. They were almost unanimously sat upon by the newspaper critics. Yet the experienced men who sat on that committee were determined to face any storm of criticism rat
than have one boy's college and sub
quent career ruined by a mishap.
punishment was too great for the cri

Now the reason that so many of th
newspaper critics were so sev
was that they had too much of the ba
ground of professional sport, so-calle
were of what might be called the "Ma
son Square Garden school." The p
licists of professional shows built arou
athletics have been able in the pub
prints to hook the sheep and the go
together by manufactured synonym a
metaphor. A college star, even a golf
tennis player, is too often reported
action in terms of Babe Ruth, J
Dempsey, or Gene Tunney. In the w
ter-time a single alleged 300-yard
drive by Tunney—and I say "allege
advisedly—gets more space than a sm
and decent amateur tournament.
yet the average golfer cares not a ha
what Tunney does at golf. It is, in
dentally, much to the credit of Ya
Shakespeare class that it showed no si
of being carried away by Mr. Tunne
remarks on the Bard of Avon.

As for the open and aboveboard
lowers of the prize ring, they frequen
have something quite picturesque to
about the "manly art of self-defens
They contend that there is too much
fense for the price of the ringside se
which is $27.50 or thereabouts. Th
characterization of Tunney's golf a
Shakespeare is simple and succin
"Boloney." And it is beginning to lo
as if some of the purveyors of "bolon
were glutting the market.

Men who have at heart the lessons
be taught by team-work in college sp
resent the overpraise of "stars."
men who have made these stars possi
hard-working and obscure "clear-o
backs or wide-swinging, interfer
guards in football, seldom have their
in the spot-light. That extremely imp
tant personage in an eight-oared sh
the No. 7, who is really stroking one s
of the boat, is obscured by the winn
performance of the stroke oar, and
little coxswain, the indispensable and
important ninth man in the shell,
hardly noticed at all. This is usua
corrected by word-of-mouth critici
among the undergraduates themselv

l by the properly apportioned praise he coach.

There was a much harassed but this e very happy football coach in the ddle West last season. His name is bert C. Zuppke, and it was he who ught out "Red" Grange, only to have t young man enticed away from the demic shades of the University of nois by the famous "Cash and Carry" le, one of the most pestiferous of the fessional promoters. He rejoiced last son in the possession of a team with- a star, and that team brought home Conference championship. This ant gorgeous coaching and the apo- osis of team spirit.

Now that T. A. D. Jones, of Yale, has n his long battle at New Haven against ertain group that had been after his lp because he was not producing ugh victories, the atmosphere has en cleared up considerably. It does t follow, however, that *all* the noisy ld Grads" are to be condemned with- a hearing. There is among them— d this applies to every institution—a sonably large and intelligent group at knows technical football thoroughly, d that simply demands of the coach at the students receive as expert in- uction as they get in chemical labora- y or any classroom. No good coach s any fear of this group. The astute rcy Haughton in his day coached not ly his team and his assistant coaches, t both graduate and undergraduate dies as well. This is getting to be creasingly the practice, and a good one is.

I HAVE been told many times that not more than ten per cent of the crowds an athletic event really understood e technique of the sport they were wit- ssing. It may have been so in the st, but it is certainly no longer the se, and for this we have the coaches d the coaching schools to thank. hese coaching schools have spread e theory and practice of the game rough thousands of high and even reparatory schools. It is not uncom- on to find a small boy picking the ays as craftily and soundly as the uarterback on the field. In football, of urse, the spectator misses a great deal y invariably following the progress of e ball. He can readily correct that by eglecting the ball for a time and watch- g the line and the interference. Inci- entally, let me recommend the seat be- ind the goal-post now and then. Some f the play, of course, will be far off, but uch of it as does approach the specta- tor will be illuminating enough to give any 40-yard-line crank a brand-new thrill. He will at the same time make a lasting friend of the graduate manager who knows that in most of our stadia the only poor seats are on the side-lines.

Indeed one of the best and most promising features of amateur sport today is the increasing knowledge of the technique displayed by the spectator. This is especially important in golf, in which there is a moving "gallery" of ten thousand or more. The caliber of the crowd can be told by the ease with which this gallery is handled. It is human to applaud prematurely. If we had an opera house full of musicians, it would not happen. In due time it will not happen at a golf or tennis tournament. At a professional baseball match you may do anything you like. The players are hired to take it. They are hired to take both praise and criticism. But there are times when even they do not like to be called "You big bum!"

It is a great feather in the cap of amateur sport that the sheep do not as a rule attract the professional gambler. He has tried to break in, but, in the first place, his "dope" is usually unsatisfactory, and, in the second place, he is quite easily spotted. There was a time when in the football season a small group of gamblers used to follow certain teams. They soon became discouraged, however, for real "tips" were not to be had. And that does not mean that there was no such thing as a real tip. We hear a great deal about "upsets" every fall. But there are really very few of them. Simply the "inside dope" is hard to get, and it is not on tap for the gamblers, in any event. Before the Army-Notre Dame game last fall there were at least two sports writers who knew to a practical certainty that West Point would win, and win decisively. If they had tipped off a few professional gamblers, there would have been a "clean-up" in it for them. But I do not think either of them was even tempted. One of them, I believe, won a dinner from a friend, and that was all that came of it. So in amateur sport the professional gamblers find the picking difficult, practically impossible.

Our much-vaunted professional baseball, unfortunately, has been made a bigger betting proposition than horse-racing ever was—a bigger and a meaner one, for the agents of the baseball pools have been known to welch with disgusting frequency. The fact that the figures in the Clearing-House statement also involuntarily serve a gambling ring does not help the baseball situation. So long as it is known that the baseball figures form the basis of a betting pool the game will be under suspicion, despite all that Commissioner Landis can do to keep it in the straight and narrow path.

It is interesting to note also that there is an organized baseball ballyhoo. One hears little of the fact that in many sections of the West and Middle West there are schools which have no baseball team at all, but many basket-ball teams. The country's total basket-ball attendance—figures for an all-year-round game—would undoubtedly swamp the figures of the baseball turnstiles. Incidentally, there are no dull moments in basket-ball, and as a body and brain builder it is well out in front. In this sport there seems to be plenty of room for both amateur and professional.

WHEN we come to rowing, we find a sport that is undoubtedly the cleanest of all. It is too tough an assignment for the hired man. This might well be considered strange when it is remembered that it was founded in this country by professionals, whose names will live long after they are dead—Courtney, the Wards, the Ten Eycks, Bob Cook, Hosmer, Hanlan, Plaisted, Glendon, Gaudaur, and a host of others. But when these men turned to coaching the colleges, professional rowing died a natural death. It might be supposed that the professional rowing coach would be devoted solely to the idea of victory. Yet it is not so. He wants his share, but in these days there is no one instructor who can hope to dominate the river. Generously and capably the older coaches are bringing along the young men who must take up the burden where they leave off in as highly technical a form of sport as there is anywhere in the world. And these men are as proud of building up the finest type of athlete as they are of turning out winning crews.

Right here I want to mention two men who, though themselves professionals, are sticklers for the purest amateurism, and who have given more to the oarsmen they are teaching than could ever be represented by a money return. You will see little notice of them in print. One is Johnny Schulz, now an assistant coach at Princeton, the other William Mehrhoff, coach of the New York Athletic Club oarsmen. For a purer pair of practical altruists one would search far and wide. Schulz spent years of his life without reward attempting to establish schoolboy rowing in and around New

(*Please turn to continuation, page 189*)

Education by "Utilities"

A Personal Letter from Washington

By DIXON MERRITT

MY very youngster, eighteen months old, knows that if he pushes a switch the light will come on. Doting parent that I am, I did not think this particularly remarkable until I found that the average American citizen knows no more than this baby about electricity or public utilities in general. The Joint Committee of the National Utilities Association made me wise to that (if it is) fact. It is the ground on which they defend the remarkable actions in process of revelation by the Federal Trade Commission, investigating public utilities. The American public knew only so much about utilities as would enable it to turn a switch. So utilities, in self-defense, had to and did educate the public.

Utilities are efficient educators. The Federal Trade Commission hearings have been in progress since about the middle of April. In thirty days they have found thirty-eight Committees on Public Utilities Information at work in the States. These committees have scrutinized the text-books in use in the schools, marked for deletion all passages which might inculcate a conception of utilities different from that which the utilities themselves have, and substituted so far as possible—which is fairly far—texts designed to inculcate the utilities' conception of utilities.

The head of one of these committees in a Middle Western State testified that his committee and other utilities forces had brought about the removal of certain text-books because those books presented arguments for Government ownership. The books substituted presented exclusively, he admitted, arguments for private ownership. These latter he regarded as fair—because the theory of private ownership is the right theory.

This is a fairly typical bit of testimony.

The gaps caused by the removal of books from the schools have nowhere been left unfilled. Other books, written mainly by university professors, have been made available. The central committee of the utilities did, it appears from the testimony, pay an "initial fee" of $5,000 to a Washington magazine writer and public school official, Ernest Greenwood, to write "Aladdin, U. S. A." But most of the new books bore no such marks. In several cases professors received subsidies, bonuses, gratuities, honorariums, or whatever the name may be, in connection with the writing of books bearing the purely professorial stamp.

The effort has not been directed wholly toward the education of the rising generation. It is in evidence that a former United States Ambassador, Richard Washburn Child, who sometimes writes for periodicals, was financially helped along; and that a Washington newspaper correspondent, Bart Campbell, received a stipend of $150 a month. These expenditures were for research, but for the reaching of the adult rather than the juvenile opinion.

What appears to have been one of the most widely used methods of reaching adults was the careful coaching of women speakers in position to make themselves heard in clubs and elsewhere. And one of the avowed purposes of the work with school-children was to reach, through them, parents who could not be reached directly.

There is another class of pupils in this utilities school—Congress. Testimony has revealed the fact that the Joint Committee of the National Utilities Association maintains in Washington a very extensive organization. Amounts paid as salaries to various men and in other ways are in the record. They appear to total about a million dollars a year. The purpose of this organization—the sort of organization that is commonly called a lobby—was frankly stated to be that of representing the utilities companies on all matters pending before Congress.

Among these matters have been, for eight years or more, Muscle Shoals and, for half that number of years, Boulder Dam, the one a tremendous power plant already constructed on the Tennessee River, the other an equally tremendous power plant proposed for construction on the Colorado River.

The utilities have not favored the construction of the dam in Boulder Canyon. They have not favored most of the plans that Congress has considered for the operation of Muscle Shoals.

Both houses of Congress have just passed bills providing for outright Government operation of Muscle Shoals. No one of the measures that the utilities opposed at other sessions was so objectionable to them as this. Boulder Dam still in the balance, but the utilities pear not quite heavy enough to their end down.

Less has been said in the daily pa about this investigation than ever said about any other one of compara importance. It was Senator Walsh Montana, who directly brought it ab He wanted it made by a committee the Senate. But the utilities and oth wanted it, if it had to be at all, ducted by the Federal Trade Comm sion. Walsh got the investigation, not where he wanted it.

When the duty was wished on Federal Trade Commission, most of correspondents dismissed the ma from their minds. There would be investigation, they thought, worthy the name. Even after the Commis began to bring out interesting, startling facts, many correspond could not bring themselves to beli that anything was going on down th

As the proceedings warmed up, a of the papers managed to get men the job, but it has continued to be a v poorly covered "story." What other terring influence there may be, if a remains to be seen—or not to be s Publicity is the main weapon with wh Congress provided the Federal Tr Commission in the organic act. It all agencies of the Government, sho be able to command it. The Comm sion has sometimes seemed not to seek

The complete frankness of the u ties witnesses deserved better in way of public attention. The m startling the story they had to tell, more willing they appeared to tell it. far as superficial appearances go, th has been no effort at concealment or c sion.

"Utilities" apparently have thou that they were in a fight for their li If the defensive methods used have been always nice, they have been nec sary—from the utilities point of view

"Utilities" stand revealed as con tuting the biggest thing in our busin life, a giant bidding for the futu "Trying to put a mortgage on posterit an enemy would say. "Saving Americ from Communism," friends say.

In either event, railroads and oil all of the big, old things are, for the t being, dwarfed. Power is Ameri problem of the immediate future.

Youth's Questionnaire

Submitted to the Older Generation by the Intelligent Flapper and Her Boy Friends

By DON MARQUIS

Drawing by Clarence Day

WE young people understand that we shock you elderly people by our candid disregard of established institutions which you revere; and the first and most general question is: *What good reason can you give why you should not be shocked out of your complacence?*

Why should we take seriously a generation of adults whose combined wisdom the world over allowed the world to drift into what it became in 1914–18, and what it has been since?

Should we revere the traditions of the so-called civilization that destroyed between ten and fifteen millions of men on the battlefields in that period, and directly and indirectly caused suffering and death to other millions uncounted?

Should we profess admiration for the intellects that now control the world—for the governing classes who have learned so little from that frightful catastrophe that the world is still an armed camp, engaged at the present moment in perfecting military engines many times more destructive than those used in the late war?

Should we feel grateful to the generations that have saddled us with such enormous debts and taxes as a result of that war that, in America alone, more than two-thirds of the aggregate revenues collected by the Federal Government must be applied to liquidating the costs of past wars and present armaments?

Are we to be guided, unquestioningly and with infantile docility, by the moral notions of the precedent generations who have made this planet the place it is? Must we put from us the thought that either there is something inherently wrong with their religious systems or else something lacking in the manner in which they have been practiced?

Are the young people of America, who are every day criticised for their manners and morals, asked to revere, worship, and imitate the mental processes which have resulted in the general lawlessness now prevalent in the United States?

Are we to give three cheers for the elder generation's example to us in the matter of alcoholic liquor?

Are we to admire the social tone of a generation which makes the sale of liquor illegal, and then decrees that it is the "smart thing" to drink liquor at home and in the speak-easies and night clubs?

Where in the world could we have got our ideas from concerning the relations between the two well-known sexes? Can members of the precedent generations hazard a guess?

Do you really want us to be guided by all your traditions and your actions—your traditions that you criticise us for deserting?

Or do you want us to be better than you are?

If we are to be better than you are, how are we to fall in with the ideas that made the world what we found it when we emerged into adolescence?

Or is the frightful load that you have piled upon us—inherited ideas, financial burdens, physical appetites, moral viewpoints, social standards—your cynical and ironical way of saying that you expect us to be worse than you are?

If we are to be rebuked for our levity, is it fair to ask you what other quality you have left us to go on with?

Would you mind cataloguing the outstanding traits in your generations which you believe should claim our adoration?

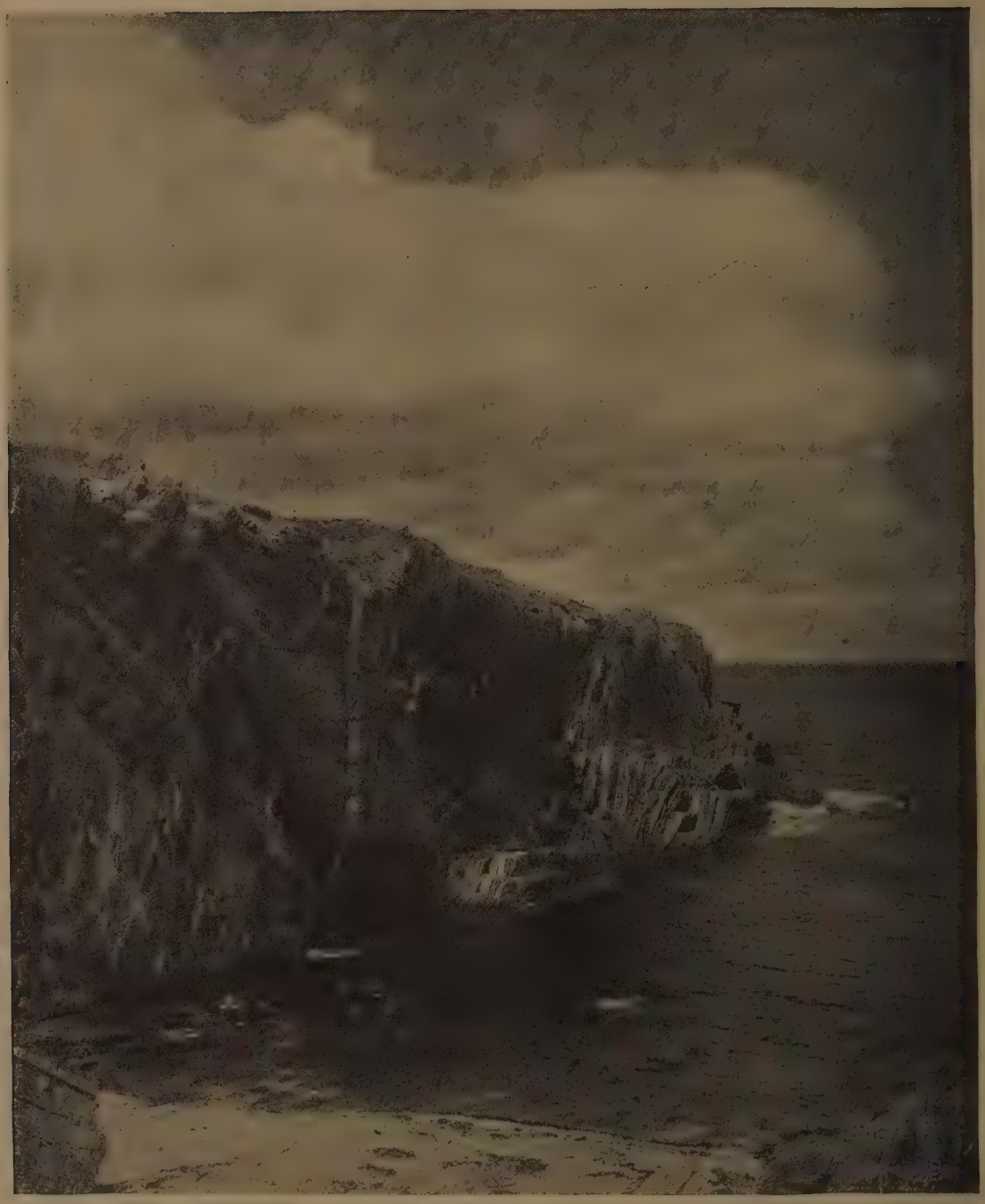
Are you always capable of distinguishing impertinence from the utmost pertinence in the questions which the younger generation now and then ask you, by way of rejoinder to your somewhat general criticism? Can you think over these questions without impatience or anger?

You didn't know what you were doing when you let the world gravitate into its condition of the last ten years—you didn't mean to do it, did you? But is that any reason why we should look up to you for competent mental guidance?

Would you mind very much if we tried to bring up your grandchildren, and our children (if we decide to have any), somewhat differently? Or would you grump about a still further departure from your blessed traditions?

What, all things considered, is it that you are proudest about in yourselves, and in us, your children, and in your world to which you introduced us?

The Call of the Wilds



Bald Head Cliff, York, Maine

Ewing Galloway, New York

The Garden of the Gods, near Colorado Springs

(C) Ewing Galloway, New York

Sunrise over Big Moose Lake, in the Adirondacks

Underwood & Underwood

Lunch time in the North woods

Ewing Galloway, New York

Sunset at the Golden Gate

Wide World

A view of Mount Rainier from the Tatoosh Range, Rainier National Park, overlooking Reflection Lake and Paradise Valley

Catch Your Yachtsmen Young

By HAROLD T. PULSIFER

WHEN the last forest is felled, the last mountain crowned with a chaplet of empty cans, the last vistas blotted out with billboards, and when the last trout has risen to the last fly, there will still remain the unchanging and challenging sea. And men who hunger to cross swords with the elementals, and men joying in primitive conflict with the gods their fathers knew, will still be faring forth on the wine-dark seas of Homer in search of that eternal goal that is forever lost in the attaining.

Freight your argosies, if you will, with all the paraphernalia of a mechanistic age, give over sails for Diesels and your helms to Metal Mikes and let radio make vocal even the silent heavens—yet much of the old wonder of the way of a ship upon the sea will still endure. While the earth curves under the sky that mystic circle that can never be crossed by any prow will still stand as the symbol of the great search that has made mankind a worthy foeman of the gods.

The lure of great waters exists even in the microcosm of a duck pond. Give a boy a punt and a pole and let him voyage forth among the rustling cattails, and you will see in his eyes something of that wonder and delight in high adventure, something of that spirit that guided Columbus across the uncharted Atlantic. Give him a skiff to sail in the protected reaches of a sheltered harbor, and you will have launched a new Magellan. And when at last, with a sensitive hand upon the helm, with glances ranging from truck to horizon to catch the intentions of the wind, he feels the first lift of the sea under his prow as the headland is cleared, you will know that you have endowed his spirit with a power that is enduring and a joy that will last while there is breath in his body and blood in his veins. Transport him then, if you will, to the wide-spreading prairies or the lofty peaks of great mountains. In his heart there will always remain a hunger for open water and a flaming memory that cannot be quenched.

The growing fleets that dot our lakes, our sounds and bays, are proof that Americans are coming to a realization that the waters are, after all, the greatest recreation ground of mankind. And when I speak of "recreation" I divide it into two divisions, so that the first means "again" and the second refers to the subject of the early chapters of Genesis.

THE hopeful thing in the present drift towards the waters is that yachting is becoming less and less a matter of social prestige and more and more a fundamental satisfaction. In some of its forms it can be enjoyed by any one with enough of this world's goods to possess even the humblest of cars. Those with longer purses are yearly manifesting an awakening desire to understand the intricacies, the traditions, and the art of the sport to which they give their allegiance. There are amateur designers of yachts who can give the best of professionals something to think about. Millionaires capable of navigating their own vessels around the world and a growing host of younger men capable of commanding a schooner in an ocean race or of piloting a cruiser along the coast of Labrador are to be found in increasing numbers upon the roster of American yachtsmen. The names of those who can handle without professional help the smaller racing yachts is already legion.

The growth in yachting and in the number of its devotees is sure proof that Americans have not wholly given themselves over to standardized living. Even if standardization is bringing the possession of crafts of various kinds to a widening group of men and women, the lure of the waters is not one which appeals to a standardized soul. The young lady in "Punch" who said to her fiancé, "George, dear, don't you think that after you've seen one wave you've seen them all?" was never destined for the command of even a rowboat. I suspect, too, that she was never destined to occupy even the commanding position of a yachtsman's wife.

A yachtsman, no matter what his purse or his prospects, should be caught young and trained first of all in the school of small-boat sailing. Then only can seamanship become second nature, then only can the instinct be trained to do without thinking what must be done when there is no time to think. When split seconds mean safety or victory the mind that has been formed in its youth by proper association between emergencies and actions will be the ready mind at the helm. The sea can be an unrelenting teacher, exacting the hard penalty for disobedience to its laws. It is also a gentle teacher which can train its followers to a self-reliance which cannot be learned nowhere better than under its tutelage.

If your children had any fairy godmother I would ask them to grant that my children neither riches nor beauty; ask first of all that your children be permitted to go from school to the sea.

Ewing Galloway, New York

Miniatures from the Life

By IBBY HALL

Guilt

WHEN the Great War was ended in 1918, Germany was full of foreigners. There e American foreigners, French for- ers, English foreigners, and many rs. The prison camps were full of n. Now they were released, and wed to go home.

mong these survivors of devastation a bewildered Russian soldier. Home a long way off, farther perhaps than ven or oblivion. Here was Germany, range land, but not so strange as that kened horror rumor told him was sia. Where should he go, and by t means? Germany was no longer nemy country. These people were al in their thinking, and managed revolutions with not so much trou- The Russian prisoner settled down ermany. This now was his home.

was not long before he had found e than a home. There was an affair ne heart that troubled him mightily a while, and then was over and done ; a mistake for two people, better gnized and admitted, with no hard ngs on either side. There had been narriage; in the end neither wanted riage. There was a child, a little ; but no complications need arise n that. According to the new Ger- laws, the Russian father paid ali- y for his illegitimate son; the mother ed after the boy, which made the ngement complete.

/hen a man's life moves clearly and ne open, there are few to trouble him. once he is touched by mystery and icion, even his poverty springs to se him. The Russian was poor. It difficult for him to pay his alimony, the law demanded it, and somehow new citizen managed his part.

ut from the day that his four-year- son was found murdered there was no e for this man. He was accused; even difficulties accused him, his foreign n accused him, his very origin accused in his strange and broken speech. re was no doubt about it! This man murdered his boy in order to avoid porting him. And it would be inter- ng to know the mind to which this teous and horrid suspicion first oc- ed. It spread rapidly to other ds. It gathered heat like a destroy- ing flame among the worthy and indignant families who had their own children to think of, those good parents who reared their young in peace and virtue. The man ought to be beheaded! With such a motive, most certainly he was guilty; moreover, he was a foreigner. What further proof was wanted?

Although the Russian spoke a halting and inadequate German, the court allowed him no interpreter; and although the German League for Human Rights fought desperately in his behalf, on circumstantial evidence the Russian soldier was convicted and beheaded.

His life, after all, was of little value, except to himself. He has been dead now for two years, and there is no power anywhere or higher court that can return to him his life. He would no doubt have been only a little more bewildered had he been told at the time of his execution that he would no longer be obscure, that he was to be a martyr, and rise to prominence in the annals of German law.

For it is held in Berlin that this man's death will mean the abolishment of capital punishment for Germany, since only the other day the two murderers of the Russian prisoner's little boy confessed their guilt.

The names of these two men, their motives and their lives, are unmentioned and forgotten in despatches to the news. The only name to reach another continent is "Jakubowski . . . beheaded in 1926 . . . entirely innocent . . . victim of a grave judicial error."

A Record

DOWN in Kentucky they learn to shoot straight and to the point. There is no creature so small or so insignificant whose honor is not worth defending by one of these armed knights of the Blue Grass.

There is a State hatchery in Kentucky where trout are granted a taste of Elysia. In those clear and glittering waters, so full of innocent pleasure, it is only natural that the blest inhabitants should forget their God-given instincts for alarm. Have they not the Government behind them?

One trout has developed in these waters of bliss through the stages of egg, minnow, small fry, and parent trout. He has grown to considerable weight, but, due to his increasing sense of security and the homage given him by smaller fish, his brain has grown less remarkable every day.

Spring is well advanced in Kentucky by now. And only the other day the pompous trout was taking his airing in the bright sunshine of the South. His family and friends respected his taste for solitude; they remained modestly at a distance while the great one ascended to the air of May. Before their very eyes he made a daring leap. They waited breathlessly for his reappearance.

Meanwhile the king trout was adjusting himself to shock. Instincts, bred of generations, were slowly coming alive. Something in the depths of his sluggish mind told him that he was in the grip of the Unknown Monster which his guarded youth had flouted. Great claws pierced the scales of his body, enormous wings pounded and whirled above his head, the rarity of the atmosphere was becoming unbreathable. Below, his glazed eyes could scarcely make out the cool, diminishing glitter of home. This was destruction. He gasped, and saw that Kentucky was lost to him forever.

Suddenly, through the bright spring morning came the thunder of doom. Judgment day had arrived. With that dreadful report in his brain, the dying trout felt a new and sickening sensation. He began to fall. The claws were nowhere. The wings above him were gone. Kentucky whirled and somersaulted and stretched out its arms to receive him, and the poor fish, with a splash and shudder, found himself once more in the cool retreat of home.

The friends and relations gasped with astonishment. This was the beginning of a legend. There, swimming away, slow and solitary, was a hero. The altitude and endurance records for trout were both his. For a while at least they did not dare approach him.

One of the attendants of the hatchery looked with satisfaction from his gun to a dead fish-hawk lying at his feet. He looked again at the ripples left by the departing trout, and felt modestly pleased with his aim.

Sense and Some Nonsense

By EUGENE BONNER

THE American Orchestral Society, under the musical direction of Chalmers Clifton, gave for its final concert of the season at Mecca Hall a very interesting, not to say ambitious program.

Beginning with the Rimsky-Korsakoff "The Russian Easter," played with a fine show of enthusiasm, Mr. Clifton next gave us the "Impressions from an Artist's Life," by Ernest Schelling, with the composer himself at the piano.

This set of variations for orchestra and piano is one of the most satisfactory things Mr. Schelling has given us in the way of composition, though his "Victory Ball," that brilliant macabre thing, is perhaps more interesting as a technical *tour de force.*

We had the privilege of hearing the latter piece done by the Colonne Orchestra in Paris when it was received with hisses as well as applause. The hisses, however, had nothing to do with the musical end of the composition, but with the anti-war sentiments expressed in the poem it was founded on, La Belle France at that moment being all ready to go to war with somebody about something—the occupation of the Ruhr business most probably.

The post-graduate educational organization, as it calls itself, showed the results of the hard work and excellent training it has received at the hands of Mr. Clifton and his associates, for the Schelling work is by no means a simple affair, as any musician who has listened to it well knows.

The program concluded with a fine performance of the Strauss tone-poem "Don Juan," which brought to an end the sixth and last concert of the season.

This orchestra, which is primarily a training organization, holds a really unique position in the musical world of New York. It gives to music students who have mastered orchestral instruments the opportunity to acquire the routine and repertoire necessary to qualify them as professional symphony players. Experienced professionals are employed as teachers who both aid and instruct the less experienced members in the different sections of the orchestra. Students may become members of the Society by paying one dollar a year dues.

The organization also plans to help, whenever possible, young American composers by reading a certain number of their compositions at its rehearsals. The composer is thus enabled to make corrections or changes in his work before its public performance, an opportunity very rarely possible in the case of per-

Chalmers Clifton, conductor of the American Orchestral Society

formances by the more professional orchestras.

These performances, many of them with distinguished artists as soloists, are free to the public, tickets being given away on application to the offices of the Society in Steinway Hall.

TWO concerts of "Contemporary Music" were sponsored by those two young modernists, Aaron Copland and Roger Sessions, at the Edyth Totten Theatre on April 22 and May 6, respectively.

Mr. Copland is speedily coming to be recognized as one of the leading spirits in the doings of the so-called ultra-modern group in this city, not only by his compositions and lectures, but by promoting the works of other composers of the present-day school as well.

The first concert brought forward a Sonata for Violin and Piano by Theodore Chanler which showed good musicianship and not a little ingenuit Three Pieces for Flute, Clarinet, a Bassoon by Walter Piston, a Sonata Piano, and Three Sonatinas by Carl Chavez, and Five Phrases from "T Song of Solomon" by Virgil Thomson.

The "Three Pieces" by Walter Pist were delightful, whimsical things, beau fully done. The numbers by M Chavez seemed to be utterly witho form or direction, besides being far fr pleasing to listen to; perhaps a seco hearing might reveal hidden beauti but it is highly doubtful.

In the "Five Phrases from 'The So of Solomon'" Virgil Thomson gave something quite fresh and unhackney which one can be thankful for th days. An atmosphere of the Orient v adroitly captured for the few mome these "phrases" lasted.

THE program of the second concert this series brought forth works Robert Delaney, Roger Sessions, Aa Copland, Ruth Crawford, Adolph We D. Rudhyar, and W. Quincy Porter.

We unfortunately missed the Sona of Mr. Delaney and Mr. Sessions, ar ing, however, in time to hear Mr. C land's Two Pieces for String Quar both of which were interesting a showed his usual sound musicianship a good taste.

As for the group of piano pieces wh followed, we can, unfortunately, f nothing good to say about them with perjuring at least one immortal s They seemed quite meaningless, v difficult to play, and sounded like a that had got loose on the piano key a much-perturbed cat.

The Quintet for Piano and Strings Mr. Porter, which concluded this c cert, was well conceived, well writt and showed he knew what he was try to say.

Being quite in sympathy with modernists, we regretfully have to ad that fully nine-tenths of the stuff forward nowadays purporting to be "new music" is just so much bi Which is a great pity, as the road of serious, well-trained composer is h enough these days without having chances of success prejudiced by meandering piffle of half-baked stud who have yet to master their mus grammar!

Summer Shows and Revivals

THERE was a time, in he days of Sa- y and Bren- n, when it was ossible to see e incandescent tters which pro- aimed "The reenwich Vil- ge Follies," and nter the theatre ith pleasant an- cipations which ere usually ful- lled. Alas, no ore! Knowing how far and wide a edatory show like the "Follies" will nge in this country, we thought it our rty, the other evening, to go into the Winter Garden, where the 1928 edition this revue is holding forth, with (we ote) a world-famed cast of stars and xteen Chester Hale Girls, Ralph Read- 's Greenwich Village Girls, and Arnold hnson's orchestra.

It was not long before a certain gloom ttled upon us. The signs of the good d Winter Garden productions were so ident that we turned hastily to the rogram to see if the old producers of e "Follies" had sold their birthright r a mess of pottage. Well, we don't ow about that. But the present edi- on is staged by Mr. Huffman, and was ritten by Mr. Atterridge, and is being layed in a Shubert theatre.

This is not to say that it isn't any od at all. It has some excellent things it. First, in our estimation, is George ockwell and his intimate talks with the udience, and his endeavors to explain e show as it goes along. Memories of d Wynn came to us at times, but, ostly, Dr. Rockwell is completely orig- al and exceedingly funny. And the ketches are not bad, although most of em are made entirely for New York- rs, the majority of them being take-offs current Broadway plays such as "The ilent House" and "The Trial of Mary ugan." Just one of them has what we ould call universal appeal. This is an vening with the radio. Done on a dark age, with merely a radio set in the ot-light, and coming from the dark- ned stage that unearthly, discordant ixture which can be secured from the ir—everything from a bedtime story to avering, uncertain grand opera in Chi- cago—this gave the audience the pleas- antest moment during the evening.

Beyond this, the "Follies" is merely another Shubert show, with all the good old living statues, expensive settings, ex- treme vulgarity, and precious little artis- tic imagination.

In fact, we fear this will end it, so far as a real "Follies" is concerned. From now on it's going to be a high-class bur- lesque show.

LEW FIELDS, in our estimation, does much better. In his new show, "Present Arms," he finds it hard to get away from the old-style chorus work with its gymnastic exercises, but the whole production has an air of humor, and romance, and "go" which adds very much to the intrinsic ability of the play itself to amuse. In fact, we should say that "Present Arms," although it could be considerably better in many ways, is our third choice for a summer musical comedy, providing that "Show Boat" and "Funny Face" stay in town during the dog days.

You may have some moments of de- spair during the first scenes when you realize that it's going to be a story about the Marines and Hawaii, and that it has a deserted island in it. But there aren't any grass clothes, and the Marines don't talk about the war, and the poor old moon gets a rest, and no island beauty seduces the hero away from his Fifth Avenue lady love. The obvious thing is pretty well avoided and there are some pleasant surprises. And, in particular, two or three of the melodies will haunt you for some time.

They would be better, of course, if some one could sing them. Because, as it is, you worry a good deal about the principals when- ever they have to sing, it being a foregone conclu- sion that some- body is going to miss, and you feel it's going to be a bad crack too; with the re- sult that you're a little bit on edge.

There are some excellent scenes, however, which are almost ideal in their combination of romantic and dramatic setting, and humorous dialogue by absurd characters. Do we need to say that the plot concerns a Marine who has to pretend to be a Captain in order to keep up his love affair with a daughter of a noble English planter, and that he is unmasked at a ball and so ruined with the lady that it takes a shipwreck to drag him back into her good graces? Yes, that's it. There isn't anything startling about it. But we had one very pleasant moment when the angry lady and the Marine in the storm carried on their conversation entirely through the third party on the raft, who was a very hard-boiled gentleman who had no idea of what it was all about. If only Lew Fields himself were in the show, it would be a knock-out. As it is, while it's good, there isn't anybody with a personality striking enough to raise the performance above the level of a very entertaining musical comedy.

MEANWHILE, the season of revivals is upon us, as is evidenced by Gold- smith's "She Stoops to Conquer," with its all star cast, Sardou's "Diplomacy," with another all star cast, and the com- ing production by "The Players" of Far- quhar's "The Beaux' Stratagem," an- other old favorite. The actors in such productions as these could make any- thing worth seeing, as a brief glance at the names shows. And the visitor to New York who only has one evening to spend, and is not particularly sure of what show he wants to see, would prob- ably derive a more enduring satisfaction from any one of them than from most of the current offerings of our modern writers.

FRANCIS R. BELLAMY.

The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

Chester Conklin
in
"The Big Noise"

IT'S a curious sort of garment they have wrapped around that simple son of nature, Chester Conklin, for his current screen appearance, but it sets off his inevitable downtrodden figure to perfection. While it frequently allows vulgarity to sully its hem, the texture of it is pretty generally bright with satire and shimmering with wit. (And, thank Heaven, *that* metaphor's over with!)

In "The Big Noise" they have cast Chester Conklin as John Sloval, a subway guard, who takes his family on a spree to Coney Island and loses so much sleep that he's decidedly unfitted for subway guarding on the morning after. So lacking is he in the initiative required by his calling that the crowd pushes him (accidentally) under a train, causing injuries of a purely superficial sort.

This incident is seized upon by a daily newspaper as ammunition for the campaign of its mayoralty candidate, who opposes the traction company. John Sloval becomes the uncomprehending tool of reporters and ballyhoo men, and the dubious old firm of Press, Politics & Co. is held up to expert ridicule throughout the rest of the picture. The youthful and well-tailored candidate for mayor carries John around on his stumping tours and points to John's spurious bandages as mute evidence of the greed and brutality of John's employers. The great daily keeps its photographers and sob sisters busy with John's home life, and the general effect is interesting and amusing.

As for the several examples of bad taste in the picture, they're perhaps appropriate to the setting; but honestly—it's hard to see how the censors' minds work, sometimes!

Richard Barthelmess
in
"Kentucky Courage"

ANOTHER attempt to duplicate the success of "Tol'able David," and a not unworthy attempt at that, is the picture which brings Richard Barthelmess to the screen barefooted, as of old, and wearing only the one suspender. The

chief difference between the two films seemed to us to lie in the contrast between the vile treatment David got and the numerous lucky breaks enjoyed by Chad Buford. "Tol'able David" throbbed with pathos and "Kentucky Courage" doesn't; but it's a well-executed, entertaining picture and provides Mr. Barthelmess with better material than any of his recent vehicles excepting "The Patent Leather Kid."

Mr. Barthelmess, it should be added, needs to watch his weight if he's going to do adolescent rôles much longer, and so does Miss Mollie O'Day. We hope they'll accept this observation in the right spirit—and cut down on potatoes.

Victor McLaglen
in
"Hangman's House"

AN actor we greatly admire is Earle Foxe. This expert villain stalks nefariously through the screen version of Donn Byrne's totally unreadable Irish novel and does a lot toward making it a very commendable picture.

Victor McLaglen and June Collyer, Hobart Bosworth, and several well-selected minor characters also help considerably, and the photography is consistently picturesque. There is a realistic steeplechase in which several horses run straight at the camera and jump over it; the villain burns to death in a spectacular fire; and some mist effects (invented by Dr. Murnau) are tellingly employed in a number of scenes.

"Hangman's House" was tried out on the stage by those dauntless musketeers of the spoken drama, the Messrs. William A. Brady, Jr., and Dwight Deere Wiman; it enjoyed a run of some six frosty evenings, despite the fact that young Mr. Brady made a personal appearance, leading a horse. The Byrne novel itself may have appealed to some people, but we haven't happened to run across them. That the movie version is as good as it is demonstrates to the satisfaction of this reviewer that the screen can improve on stories—can improve on stage plays, and grand operas, too.

That it doesn't do so more often is regrettable, but—stick around! The infant Cinema is growing a brain.

"The Raider 'Emden'"

A MOVING-PICTURE concern in Munich is responsible for this effort to present a companion piece to the British made "Battles of Coronel and Falkland Islands;" but, strangely enough, it does not approach that admirable film in any degree. We say "strangely enough" because one thinks of the Germans as being able to produce any kind of film and do it well, and it's a matter of record that the British cinema industry is still pecking at the eggshell. Nevertheless this record of the sensational sea-rover Emden is grossly mishandled, where the less promising British subject was uncommonly well done.

The director of the German picture introduces an awful lot of propaganda into this "fair and impartial record" (something the British picture sedulously avoided) and he also drags in a clumsy plot, involving a lieutenant and his wife. The scenes are jumpy and confused and give for the most part the impression of being about ten years behind the times.

Indeed, the thought kept assailing us as we tried to watch this picture, that it might conceivably have been made in 1915 as a propaganda film, and that (what with one thing and another) never released until now. Following, as it does the release of the British picture, this hypothesis seems unlikely, but by no means impossible.

Anyway, the film proves that the Germans can make just as bad pictures as we can—and that's a statement that is a statement.

Tough Going for the Bond Dealer

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

THE bond business is not what it used to be—and the small dealers know it. They, together ith other distributers, have done their ork so well in the last fifteen years that eir services are in greatly reduced deand. The country's staff of salesmen as increased tremendously to meet an nergency. The emergency no longer ists, and some of the salesmen sooner later must go into other work.

Twenty years ago the underwriting d selling of bonds was concentrated in e hands of a few large bankers, with small list of very wealthy clients—dividuals, insurance companies, and vings banks. Of a $10,000,000 issue, e capitalist would take $400,000 rth, a life insurance company $300,-0, and so on. The number of cusmers who bought as little as $10,000 rth of a single issue was negligible.

The passage of the income tax brought drastic change. Wealthy individuals uld no longer afford to buy ordinary dustrial, railroad, and utility issues. hey would have been forced to pay out o large a proportion of their income in xes. Hurriedly they took refuge in x-exempt securities. For underwriters other issues this created a sudden nergency.

The sudden contraction of demand as not accompanied by any decrease in e supply of bonds. The number of mpanies which wanted to borrow was large as ever. A new demand had to created, a new class of customers cul-vated. The search for the new cusmers required the enlistment of an my of salesmen. To pay their exnses it was necessary to charge fat mmissions for the flotation of loans. etween 1914 and 1924 there was usuly a spread of from five to eight points tween what the bankers paid for a nd issue and the price at which they ld it to the public. This meant that $10,000,000 received from the public e bankers would turn over from ,200,000 to $9,500,000 to the borwer. The remaining $800,000 or 00,000 paid selling expenses.

During the ten years following the ssage of the Income Tax Law an unrwriting profit of from five to eight ints was usually none too large. Most the eligible customers were not in the habit of buying bonds, and it cost a great deal of money, in the form of advertising and salesmen's salaries, to convince them of the wisdom of so doing. Selling a $10,000 block often took much more effort than had been necessary before 1914 to sell one of $500,000. The industries, railroads, and public utilities needed the loans for expansion, and they had to pay commissions at the prevailing rate.

The selling of bonds had become a retail instead of a wholesale business. The retail distributers—the smaller dealers whose offices are scattered all through the country—increased rapidly. But there was enough business to go around, and nearly all prospered. In drumming up trade they enjoyed, during the war, the whole-hearted assistance of the Government through the Liberty Loan drives. In these drives the ablest professional salesmen and famous amateurs, such as Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, hammered home to the American people, not only the duty to buy Liberty Bonds, but also the virtues of savings and bond investments. The educational work on which the bond dealers had been spending millions a year was being done more effectively—and gratis—by the Government and its agents. The ranks of the customers swelled.

Even so, the volume of loans during and immediately after the war increased just as rapidly, perhaps more rapidly, than the customers. The supply of bonds was still larger than the demand that was being tapped, and underwriters were willing to pay large sums for the disposition of their issues. The spreads between the prices paid by the bankers and the public remained at from five to eight points.

Four or five years ago, however, demand was expanding faster than supply. In the decade previous would-be borrowers had been seeking bankers. The bond market was a buyers' market. As the pressure relaxed it was the bankers who searched for potential borrowers, sending agents all over Europe and South America as well as the United States. Men and women who had grown accustomed to the purchase of bonds were waiting to snap up anything attractive offered them; it was a sellers' market.

The inevitable result was a shrinkage of the bankers' commissions. Competition forced them down. The spreads dropped to as little as one to three points. The funds available for distribution expenses were, of course, proportionately smaller.

The need for salesmen diminished. It was no longer so necessary to search out new customers and educate them. Most of the potential buyers had been educated already. When they had enough money to buy bonds, they went to their banks and got them without waiting, as they would have done before 1914, for solicitation by a dealer's representative.

This change meant smaller profits for every one in the bond business, but it pinched particularly the small houses which had blossomed to enjoy the big distribution profits available fifteen years ago. They found, not only that their commissions were smaller, but that the number of bonds which they could obtain from the issuing houses was declining.

Today the bank officers in charge of distribution are receiving a constant flow of complaints from the dealers.

"Why did we only get fifty of such-and-such an issue? We asked for 200, and we would have sold twice that many."

The reason for the slashing of the allotments is the fact that demand is running ahead of supply. Only rarely do the dealers receive as many bonds as they want.

Most of the authorities on the subject believe that demand will continue to outstrip supply indefinitely. There will be, moreover, a steady increase in the number of intelligent buyers who neither want nor need advice from a salesman when they have funds to invest.

In any case, underwriters will still hold an important position, but what will happen to the small dealers? Obviously, many of them will have to go out of business or merge with others. With funds in such large supply as they are at present, borrowers would be foolish to pay for the flotation of loans commissions large enough to keep in business all the firms now distributing bonds.

By W. R. BROOKS

THOSE who contend that American æsthetic taste, in a popular sense, has been utterly debauched by mass production might well have accompanied us to the International Exposition of Art in Industry at Macy's a few days ago. They would have been stepped on, kicked, shoved, elbowed, squeezed, and treated disrespectfully by some hundreds of good Americans who were showing a very lively interest in the development of good design in house furnishings. We ourself were knocked down and trampled on by two gentle old ladies from New Rochelle, whom we hadn't the heart to remonstrate with, so eager were they to find out what Italian artists could do in the way of designing a country living-room. Admittedly many of these people, who by long association have come to love the golden oak and lace curtains of their own homes, thought this modern furniture very funny. Nevertheless they were interested, and their minds were by no means so blind to beauty as some snooty persons would have us believe.

We overheard a girl talking. "Gee, May, looka that chair! Can you see pa sittin' in it readin' his paper with his shoes off? Ain't that table a sketch? Gosh, I'd go cuckoo livin' in a room like that! But, say, looka that rug. Ain't that swell? Gee, I'd like one of those for my room—all those soft colors. D'you suppose they cost much?"

That girl liked one thing in three. If she had been less afraid that her friend would laugh at her, she might have admitted to liking the table as well as the rug. Robert W. De Forest, President of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, who headed the committee which sponsored the Exposition, says in a foreword to the catalogue: "The normal person is keenly sensitive to his surroundings and likes to see and handle things that please him. Unfortunately, this sensitivity is often unconscious or unexpressed. Hence the manufacturer has been going unrestrainedly on his way, producing things that have become necessities because of their utility and cheapness but that nevertheless are, in form and color, an affront to man and God." Which sounds like very good sense. People would buy good-looking and well-designed things if they could get them. Macy's, and the other stores which have held such exhibitions, deserve a great deal of credit for the effort to encourage the public to demand something better than they have been getting.

As far as describing the various exhibits to you, we don't think we will try. We haven't been very successful with our descriptions of modernistic furnishings in the past. But we do feel that the Exposition should be called to your attention. If you live in, or visit New York, you should see it. If not, you will undoubtedly have increasingly frequent opportunities of seeing examples of modern art in industrial design, either in shops, department stores, or museums. And you cannot fail to be interested in them. Eventually they will find their way into your own living quarters. So you might as well know about it now, and then you can be resigned or eager, according to your temperament.

A NEW development in air travel is the air cruise of Europe which the North German Lloyd has organized. You take a plane in your home town and fly to New York, where you go aboard the ship, September 8. You visit England, France, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, and Austria, take in the International Aeronautical Exhibition, and are back home in less than two months. The planes are large, comfortable, and luxurious. There are side-trips by air to Ireland and to Scandinavian ports. We believe that such cruises will become very popular in a few years, not because of their novelty, but because of the saving of time.

WE have hesitated to tell you about the Bulle clock because we didn't know how it worked. It will run for years without winding, without being plugged into an electric socket, and it is said to be the most accurate practical clock on the market. There is a powerful magnet inside it which keeps it going—that's all we know. It is made in a number of models, from $35 up to what have you? And it is the official timepiece of the French Government Railways.

SLAVING in your behalf the other day we got a large ink-spot on our sleeve. Somebody said try milk, so we tried milk—without result. Then we tried several other home remedies—again without result, except to make the spot look as if mortification had set in. And so we let it go for a week, until, one evening, our hostess said: "Take off your coat. I've got something that will take it out." So we took off the coat and she got a little white powder and put it on the spot, and then took a stiff brush and dipped it in hot water and scrubbed it around. And then she wiped it off, and lo! the ink-spot had disappeared. The powder is known as Whisk and it is used for cleaning rugs or cloth or anything of that kind. We recommend it unreservedly.

ELECTRICAL and mechanical time and energy savers are particularly valuable, it seems to us, early in the morning. We, personally, would never have enough energy or sense early in the morning to make coffee properly, toast bread without burning it, or judge egg-boiling time exactly. But all we have to do now is turn a few switches and sit in our usual ill-tempered daze until everything is ready. For we have found the Egg-ett, a contraption about three inches high and four inches in diameter which supplements the percolator and the toastmaster. You put the egg in, add a teaspoonful of water, invert a tumbler over it, turn on the current, and in five seconds the egg is cooking by live steam and the current automatically turns off.

he Amateur Spirit in Sport

(Continued from page 175)

rk City. There were times when he
d his pupils were so poor that before
ting on the river the stroke had to be
ght with broomsticks, the young oars-
n sitting astride of a long bench.
ereafter Johnny was wont to beg,
row, and all but steal some old shells
m the Harlem River boat clubs.
re than once he had to devise ways
d means of digging up enough car-fare
get one of his crews to Derby and
urn for the annual Yale scholastic re-
ta. He has also been a great factor
establishing rowing in Cuba, where
sport is now in a flourishing condi-
n.

"Bill" Mehrhoff is a product of the
ous old Nassau Boat Club. He is
ing enough to discuss with you
kes, rigging, and the like, but he is
udest of the fact that his crews weigh
e at the end of a rowing season than
he beginning. He also teaches row-
privately to young men who are
erweight, and equally young men
are overweight. Mehrhoff seldom
ks into the newspapers. He is only
ub coach. And not very many know
t he could have been head coach at
one of half a dozen of the big col-
s. But Mehrhoff is a business man
, incidentally, gets to work around
t o'clock. A superb physical speci-
himself, he leads a life of hard work
would appeal to few men. During
rowing season he puts in his cus-
ary eight or nine hours at his busi-
, appears at Travers Island about
o'clock in the evening, goes out with
oarsmen, and does not reach home
l ten o'clock. Men like these, in-
, have something of the spirit of the
ngelist in them. There are more like
n, who, in the course of my weekly
s I intend to drag out of the ob-
ity in which they have been cheer-
toiling for these many years.

o, the sport of this country stands
alls by its amateur spirit. Without
none of it would be worth while.
t spirit will endure as long as the
essional showman is kept in his
e. And this present generation of
teurs, the youngest in the colleges,
older men on the golf links, the ten-
courts, and even in the club corners
ne evening, are going to see that he
pt in his place. In that I have an
ing faith based on personal experi-

his season is to be richer in sport
any that ever went before, and it is
dy well under way. And the coun-
is better equipped than ever before
n intelligent appreciation of it.

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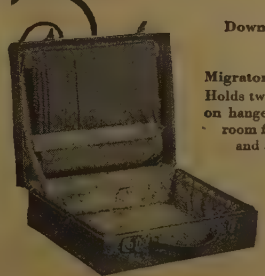
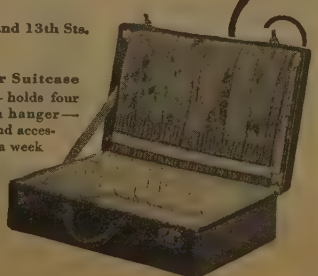


Migrator Overnite
Holds two frocks—on hanger—ample room for lingerie and accessories



Migrator Suitcase
22 inch—holds four gowns on hanger—lingerie and accessories for a week

Pim's Yacht

A Story a Broadway Star Tells His Small Boy

By HARRIET EAGER DAVIS[1]

Illustrated by Luxor Price

ALTHOUGH, for the public, it is Leslie Howard who occupies the spot-light as the hero of Galsworthy's "Escape," evidently at home on Long Island young Winkie, aged ten, claims the center of the stage. One need only see the twinkle in Mr. Howard's eye as he mentions his son to imagine the delight of Father's return from tour, when he spins another tale of "Pim." "Pim" is a super-boy who knows everything, who always gets the better of grown-ups, and who bears a strange resemblance to Winkie himself, his adventures varying with the ebb and flow of the younger Howard's own interests. Among Pim's—and Winkie's—passions is a love of boats; hence this tale of maritime adventure.

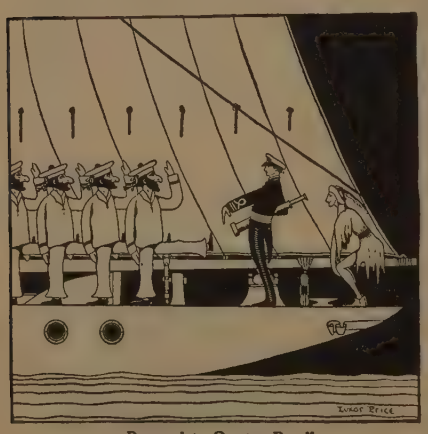
Pim's Yacht

As told by Leslie Howard

PIM's best friend was Peter Pan, and next came Hairpin, so called for his very long, thin legs, which he always held somewhat wide apart. But Hairpin was rather a dull clown of a fellow and Peter Pan had never quite grown up, so of course Pim led the trio.

Pim was a remarkable boy. Though only ten years old, he had already made discoveries only suspected by the scientists. But, not caring to be bothered with questions or notoriety, he kept his knowledge to himself, so that his parents, like most fathers and mothers, scarcely appreciated their wonderful son.

Now Pim knew something about



"Proceed to Oyster Bay"

everything, but the one subject on which he could never be stumped was boats. Pim could have taken the captain's place on the biggest ocean liner and conducted it safely to Liverpool if only grown-ups had the sense to appreciate cleverness more than age. There wasn't a fishing schooner nor a racing yacht he could not have sailed with success, and as for motor boats, he could have taken the most complicated one apart and put it together again. But so far no one seemed willing to furnish him with a yacht large enough to cruise around the world.

Toy boats are rather a bore for such a clever young man, but they are better than nothing, and Pim and Peter Pan played with theirs by the hour down beside the water. One day, as they were sitting on shore, idly watching Pim's toy yacht bob up and down, an old gentleman passed by. He had a queer, gnome-like face and a twinkle in his eye.

"It would be rather nice, wouldn't it," said he, "if that were a real yacht?"

"Yes," agreed Pim and Peter, politely.

"Where would you go if it were?" asked the old gentleman.

"To Cuba," answered Pim, promptly.

"Cuba! Could you sail her there?" frowned the curious fellow doubtfully.

[1] The stories in this department are the favorite tales of various families which have been handed down to each succeeding younger generation. The Outlook will be glad to receive and to pay for any such stories which our readers remember from their own childhood and which are found available. They should be told as simply as possible in the language one would use in talking to a child. We should also be glad of suggestions from older and younger readers as to well-known people whom they would be especially interested to have Mrs. Davis interview for stories remembered from childhood.

"Of course," said Pim, who knew the sea charts by heart, and he be explaining the route.

"Hm-m!" nodded the old man provingly, "hm-m!" But when t looked around again, he had disappea

"Funny old codger," said Pim. T he and Peter sat watching the li yacht and dreaming of Cuba, with long sandy shores and strange pe and curious trees and houses.

Suddenly Pim blinked. "Peter," said, "does that boat seem to be grow larger?"

Peter looked and blinked too. "W Pim," he cried, "I do believe it is!"

"Or," puzzled Pim, "are we grow smaller?"

Whichever it was, their size or boat's size, something kept changing changing until presently, from what looked like a regular seagoing ya they saw a steward untie a dinghy begin to row towards them. As he d nearer, and tipped his cap respectfu Pim and Peter saw that his face was face of the gnome-like old gentlem

"Captain Pim, sir?" he said, and, ing not to act surprised, the two stepped into the dinghy.

Once aboard, Pim found everyth perfect. In his captain's cabin were the necessary maps and instruments. rang, and another uniformed stew appeared, strangely enough, with same twinkling, gnome-like face. he merely stood at attention, wai orders.

"We sail for Cuba immediately,"

The giant Hairpin on the dock

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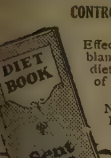

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The Movies

(See page 186)

...e's Irish Rose."—Just like the play.
...oss to Singapore."—Ramón Novarro and Ernest Torrence in an uneven drama.
...u Sabreur."—Plenty of sand, but no ginger.
... Big City."—Lon Chaney.
...ning Daylight."—Won't set fire to anything.
... Chaser."—Harry Langdon scores a miss.
...cago."—Just like the play—this is praise.
... Circus."—If you don't like Chaplin, you're the funny one.
... Count of Ten."—James Gleason and Charles Ray are good.
... Crowd."—A sad story, beautifully directed.
...msday."—Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear!
...ssed to Kill."—The ace of the crook plays.
...ma of Love."—Pomp, pathos, and Lionel Barrymore.
... Escape."—An interesting, unassuming picture.
...r Sons."—It's a fine film, but too long.
... Gaucho."—No one is perfect—not even Douglas Fairbanks.
...tlemen Prefer Blondes."—Pretty girls and pretty vague.
...irl in Every Port."—Victor MacLaglen is in it.
...rious Betsy."—The second talking movie. Still not good enough.
...or Bound."—George O'Brien and Estelle Taylor. About medium.
... Jazz Singer."—Al Jolson sings, and that's all.
... Last Command."—The great Jannings. See it.
... Last Moment."—Good photography, but little else.
... Legion of the Condemned."—The so-called sequel to "Wings."
...s."—Greta Garbo and John Gilbert. Recommended.
... Man Who Laughs."—An impressive, entertaining picture.
...her Machree."—A nice, mushy Irish-American drama.
...ght of Mystery."—Adolphe Menjou—just fair.
... Noose."—A fairly absorbing film, with Richard Barthelmess, Alice Joyce, and Monagu Love.
...ners in Crime."—Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton in a darned good comedy.
... Patsy."—King Vidor directs Marion Davies, to the credit of neither.
...Hair."—Clara Bow in her big disrobing act.
...e Thompson."—Gloria Swanson trying hard.
... Secret Hour."—Pola Negri in a good picture.
...a."—The Martin Johnson masterpiece.
...craper."—Thoroughly enjoyable.
... Smart Set."—William Haines at his worst.
...dy."—You can't go wrong on Harold Lloyd.
...d and Deliver."—Rod La Rocque in one of those things.
...et Angel."—A beautiful, tiresome picture.
...ise."—Dr. Murnau's supreme achievement.
...rtain."—The first (and worst) talking movie.
...e Sinners."—Pola Negri in a bad picture.
... Trail of '98."—The grandest scenes now on view.
... Lovers."—Last of the Colman-Bankys. Interesting.
...Americans."—Mediocre melting-pot stuff.
...s."—The great epic of the war-birds.

dered Pim, sternly. "But first I wish to inspect the ship."

"Yes, sir." The steward led the way, and Pim found everything as perfect as his heart could wish. But as they entered the crew's quarters and the sailors stood at attention it was all Captain Pim could do to keep from rubbing his eyes. For every man had the gnome-like face of the mysterious old gentleman!

Suddenly Pim remembered Hairpin.

"Proceed to Oyster Bay," he ordered, and he and Peter went up on deck. It was really a marvelous yacht, shooting through the waters as smoothly as a bird. As they approached the familiar dock they saw something very tall and thin, shaped like a wireless station, rising in the distance.

"Why," cried Peter, "it's Hairpin!"

Sure enough, it was Hairpin, normal size, but looking like a giant. So Pim's boat had not grown larger; it was they who had grown smaller! How would they ever get Hairpin aboard?

Nothing daunted, Pim sent the steward ashore, but, being rather a new captain, he forgot to give further orders. So the steward, asking no questions, rowed around and around the dock at the feet of Hairpin, who stood, legs apart as usual, looking dreamily out to sea, and noticing neither the little chip of a dinghy nor the tiny speck in the distance on which his two friends stood waving and shouting.

"Well," said Pim, as the steward climbed aboard again, "we'll just have to go on without Hairpin."

"Beg pardon, sir." The steward tipped his hat. "Did you want the tall gentleman to come aboard?"

"Of course," said Pim. "That's why I sent you ashore."

"Oh, sir," said the steward, reproachfully, "you should have told me, sir. We can always arrange these things, sir," and letting down the dinghy once more, he rowed straight towards Hairpin. While Peter and Pim watched anxiously, Hairpin began to grow smaller and smaller, until suddenly he spotted both the dinghy and the beautiful yacht.

"Hello!" he cried in amazement. "Where are you going?"

"To Cuba!" shouted Pim and Peter. "Want to come along?"

"You bet!" yelled Hairpin, scrambling into the dinghy, and in a jiffy he was aboard.

"To Cuba," ordered Captain Pim, and all the queer gnome-like faces of his crew twinkling merrily, off they went!

But as for what happened when their tiny yacht reached a big, regular-sized Cuba you will have to wait till a gnome-like old gentleman comes along and tells you.

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When you notify The Outlook of a change in your address, both the old and the new address should be given. Kindly write, if possible, two weeks before the change is to take effect.

Our Own Theatre List

(See page 185)

"Coquette," Maxine Elliott.—Comedy, tragedy; youth in a small Southern town; Helen Hayes and excellent cast; first choice for tears and humor.

"The Ivory Door," Charles Hopkins.—Fantasy; mediæval fairy tale, telling the truth about human nature; one of the best things in town.

"Trial of Mary Dugan," National.—Mystery, murder, melodrama; circumstantial evidence turned inside out before your eye, convincingly acted; you won't move.

"The Shannons of Broadway," Martin Beck.—Comedy, melodrama; vaudeville actors running a small-town hotel; James and Lucile Gleason; good hard-boiled sentiment and some music.

"Strange Interlude," John Golden.—A psychological novel put upon the stage; a new kind of drama; Tom Powers and Lynne Fontanne in O'Neill's finest.

"Our Betters," Henry Miller's Theatre.—Ina Claire in a drawing-room comedy by Somerset Maugham; entertaining, deft, and excellently acted.

"The Silent House," Morosco.—Humor and melodrama; impossible, hair-raising, yet extraordinarily amusing.

Best Musical Shows

"Funny Face," Alvin.—The Astaires, Gershwin music; best on Broadway.

"Show Boat," Ziegfeld.—A gorgeous spectacle; romance, emotion, exquisite settings, and music.

"A Connecticut Yankee," Vanderbilt.—Good lyrics and music; not much Mark Twain.

"Rain or Shine," George M. Cohan.—Joe Cook in the show you mustn't miss.

Speaking of Books

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

THIS department is run in the interest of readers, and not in that of publishers, reviewers, or authors. In order to fill to the best advantage the limited space allotted, nineteen out of twenty books received for review have to be left unnoticed, and such an omission implies nothing about the nineteen books. But it is nevertheless true that there are not nearly so many important books published as readers are led to believe. Reviewers are naturally interested in the craft of writing and in the appearance of new talents in the field. Readers should accept no one's say-so for a book. Buy and read your own books and make your own judgments.

"THE Closed Garden," by Julian Green. Harper & Brothers. This novel, having been chosen by the Book-of-the-Month Club, has found its way into a more general circulation than might have been expected from its nature. The story is insistently gloomy, the setting drab, and the principal character abnormal. There have been great books so describable; books read and cherished, not by readers of a month, but by readers of generations. But they have been books which inclosed, as in a bitter shard, the germ of all human experience. Adrienne Mesurat, whose soul is the closed garden, is the hysterical product of a ghastly childhood, imprisoned with a gloomy, tyrannical father and a sickly sister in the Villa des Charmes. The repression, above all, the monotony of her existence, has driven her into hysteria. It eventually drives her into imagining herself in love with the local doctor, whom she has barely seen and never spoken to. Her life becomes an endless morbid dream. She lives in a speechless, almost motionless turbulence, conceiving plans for meeting her beloved, permitting them to be frustrated by her habit of conformity and suffering. She helps her sister, whom the father will not allow to be ill, to leave home, and when her father turns against her for this and for what he believes to be her love affair she pushes him down the stairway to his death. The murder is suspected by two women, one of whom, whose reputation with the local gossips is bad, takes the father's place as Adrienne's chief torturer. The doctor is finally told of Adrienne's feelings and makes a decent and fruitless attempt to free her from her destructive obsessions. And Adrienne, distraught by fear and by the discovery that her love is a nuisance to its object, goes raving mad.

It is a terrible story, rasping to the nerves, but not stirring to the emotions. Green is a realist of the unreal. His descriptive powers are great. The atmosphere of the French village and of the house, saturated with hate and suppression, hangs about the reader like inescapable and stifling smoke. And both in "Avarice House," his previous book, and in "The Closed Garden" the author shows a strong and genuine narrative gift. It is his triumph that he does not permit the psychological-nov aspect of his work to override the pu story aspect. This narrative gift, co pled with his insistence upon the harro ing, puts his readers somewhat in t position of people captured by a you bully and made to endure the torture listening to the shriek of chalk dra down a blackboard or the scrape of fi against teeth.

Julian Green has received a great d of praise. His work has been compar to Emily Brontë's and to Balzac's. It not very surprising that Green, American born and reared in France a writing in French, should couple La physical expression with northern spir ual essence. This is one of his claims the attention of the curious. We belie that it may prove his undoing as an a ist. It is a question of the old joke if the cat had kittens in the oven, wo you call them biscuits. Well, if th were baked, they would certainly not kittens. French critics speak of Gr as the foremost French writer of generation; American reviewers hail h as an American genius. He is with any question a French writer, and books read better in French than English. So far as we have seen, French critics are right. But *genius* another thing. A genius is the mou piece through which that force which made up of all the aspiration and all suffering of humanity speaks a fract of its infinite wisdom; it is a man come *Man*. At present Julian Gree still a promise, a novelist of undoub talent to whose future one looks eage Tomorrow, if he shows himself as able dealing with the normal as he now with the abnormal, he may be a nove of great talent, and a fulfillment.

THIS list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by the following book-shops each week:

New York—Brentano's;
Rochester—Scrantoms Inc.;
Cleveland—Korner & Wood;
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort, & Barney;
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Company;
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company;
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.;
Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company;
Kansas City—Emery Bird Thayer;
Atlanta—Miller's Book Store;
Los Angeles—Bullock's;
Chicago—Marshall Field & Co.

Fiction

"The Bridge of San Luis Rey," by Thornton Wilder. Albert & Charles Boni. This beautifully written and moving study in the working of God's providence, and of love, the bridge which joins the living and the dead, deserves its popularity. Reviewed January 4.

"Wintersmoon," by Hugh Walpole. Doubleday, Doran & Co. A social comedy in Walpole's best vein. Reviewed March 7.

"Bad Girl," by Viña Delmar. Harcourt, Brace & Co. We recommend, especially to young men and women, this fine story of the trials of the first married year of two plain young people, their touching misunderstandings and honest efforts to understand; and a deeply moving account of the most thrilling experience a woman can have—a baby. Banned by Boston.

"The Closed Garden," by Julian Green, translated by Henry Logan Stuart. Harper & Brothers. Reviewed in this issue.

"The Green Murder Case," by S. S. Van Dine. Charles Scribner's Sons. Plenty of bloodshed, and more than enough persiflage by Philo Vance. Van Dine enthusiasts like it.

Non-Fiction

"Strange Interlude," by Eugene O'Neill. Boni & Liveright. This play, in which the dramatist steals some of the novelist's best psychological thunder, is as good to read as to see; perhaps better. Reviewed in "Lights Down," February 22.

"Disraeli," by André Maurois, translated by Hamish Miles. D. Appleton & Co. This strangely romantic figure is touched vividly into life by Maurois's hand. You will find this excellent reading. Reviewed February 22.

"Skyward," by Commander Richard E. Byrd. G. P. Putnam's Sons. This stirring story of achievement deserves a place beside "We" on the American book-shelf. Reviewed May 2.

"Poems in Praise of Practically Nothing," by Samuel Hoffenstein. Boni & Liveright. If you appreciate light verse, you will find this the very best.

"Stonewall Jackson," by Allen Tate. Minton, Balch & Co. An excellent account of Jackson's campaigns and a poet's appreciation of the "good soldier." Reviewed May 16.

Burgoyne's Surrender

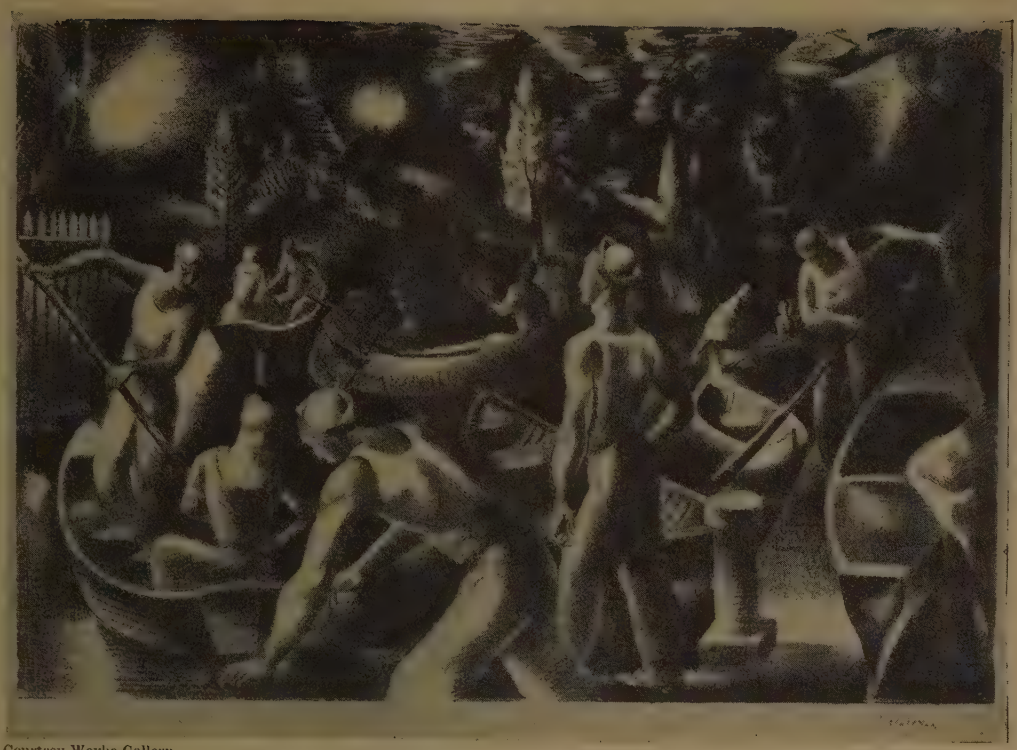
By W. J. GHENT

"The Turning Point of the Revolution," by H man Nickerson. Houghton Mifflin Comp

Yorktown was the child of Sarat contends Mr. Nickerson; without B goyne's surrender and the French in vention that promptly followed it colonies could hardly have won their dependence. From a careful exam tion of all the available material he reconstructed the Saratoga camp and presented a study packed with formative detail and illumined with k

erpretation. The
itical no less than
military aspects
the campaign are
austively treated,
d the leading
ures in the drama
vividly charac-
ized.

The plan of cut-
g off New Eng-
d from the other
onies by piercing
line of the Hud-
River was sound
ugh, the author
intains; and Bur-
ne, despite his
lts, was compe-
t for the rôle he
scheduled to
y. But the blun-
ing of the Colo-
Secretary, Lord
rge Germaine,
of the Com-
der-in-Chief, Sir
liam Howe, al-
d that rôle by
riving Burgoyne
the co-operation
which he had
nted. Germaine's
er to Howe to
e up the Hud-
was never signed



Courtesy Weyhe Gallery

A SUMMER NIGHT IN CENTRAL PARK

A Lithograph by Jan Matulka

never sent, but carelessly pigeon-
d or mislaid; and Howe, seeing
ething more to his liking in the
ement against Philadelphia, left Bur-
e to shift for himself. By August 3
latter knew that he had been de-
d, and though two months later he
indulging in extravagant hopes over
Henry Clinton's northward move-
t, the reverses at Bennington and
Stanwix, the checkmate of Septem-
19, and the defeat of October 7
ed him in a position from which ad-
e or retreat was equally impossible.
one hope of salvation—a prompt
vigorous movement from the south
as not forthcoming, and the surren-
of October 17 followed. By Decem-
the news was known at the French
t. Within forty-eight hours the
had approved a memorandum rec-
zing the United States and virtually
ng France with the infant Republic,
within two months the definite
y of alliance was signed.

there is nothing strikingly new in
lepiction of the scene and its setting,
are yet outstanding qualities in the
that lift it to a place of notable
rtance. It is thorough, both in its
mulation of material and in its
staking analysis. Everything rela-
tive to the subject has been examined with minute care. The narrative is spirited and the account of particular episodes often colorful, but there is no straining after unusual effects. The tone is judicial. Of that current claptrap that plays upon the mentality of the adult small boy by belittling the great and exalting the mediocre among our historic characters there is no trace. Gates, though possessing "some skill as an administrator" and "not a little of sound military judgment," still remains "a mean, base fellow;" and Washington, though it would be folly to place him, as some have done, "among the supreme masters of war," had greatness due to character, and at the same time was "a highly talented man whose competence as a leader of armies is unquestionable." There is throughout the book honest examination and fair appraisal.

The reader who believes that a fact-book ought to be strongly fortified (or perhaps richly embellished) with footnotes will vainly look for them in this volume. The author is opposed to them; he believes that they distract the attention and obstruct the flow of the narrative. Just how this objection would apply to notes printed at the end of the book, where one can look for them or not as one pleases, is not explained. But for appendices, on the other hand, the author has a high regard, and he gives no less than forty-seven pages of them. They are all valuable, but it is hard to see how their value would have been impaired had each been designated by a small-type figure in the text.

Red Man, Black Man

By DANIEL ROBERT MAUÉ

"Memoirs of a White Crow Indian," as told by Thomas B. Marquis, M.D. The Century Company.

"Rainbow Round My Shoulder," by Howard W. Odum. The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

A child's chalk drawings on a board fence and a Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment" spring from largely the same characteristic of the human race, and yet in any comparison of the two art works the former must suffer. And so it is with "Memoirs of a White Crow Indian" and "Rainbow Round My Shoulder." The one is a book, the other an epic; one a set of notes, the other a lyrical plaint; one an account of incidents in an individual's life, the other a glimpse into the soul of the Negro race. Injustice it may be, then, to compare, or contrast, the two, and yet the very title of Dr. Marquis's book begs consideration as a work on the American Indian. Then,

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too, considered side by side, these two works throw into contrast the virile, restrained efficiency of the red man and the musically spiritual unrest of the black man—forces that to some extent explain the assimilation, if not the decay, of the one and the mental growth of the other.

Since Dr. Marquis is not an Indian, and since Thomas H. Leforge, the narrator for whom the physician writes, is "a White" turned Indian by adoption, the interpretation here comes third-handedly. The resultant is no work of penetrative power, but a straightforward recital of activities, many of them unimportant—the more so since Leforge is typical of only the "squaw man" who so often turned too easily to the easy life of the Western Indian. "Kinnikinick smoke" is little more than the phrase. One neither sees it curling bluely upward from a pipe nor breathes it into his lungs. "He was a great Sun worshiper" gives no spiritual insight. And yet here were two opportunities. The "Memoirs" correct some minor errors relative to the Custer massacre of 1876 and serve as a "Who Was Who" during two decades in a limited plains area. The most valuable and interesting chapters are "Life in the Lodges of the Crows" and "Old Crow Indian Customs and Beliefs."

If the heart of the undemonstrative Indian throbs as does that of the demonstrative Negro, then the joint authorship has robbed a race of a birthright.

Mr. Odum has done for another "color" all that Messrs. Leforge and Marquis have left undone—and considerably more. He not only takes us over the "Blue Trail of Black Ulysses," but he penetrates deep, deep behind that trail, to the fiber of Negro existence, and, finally, sets his words to a rhythm as irresistible as that coming from the wanderer's "ole twelve-string Laura."

Like many another "mean nigger" he talks about, "Black Ulysses" knows "he done sold his soul to the devil and he have to stick it out, and all the pleasure he gits he must git out of this life." He's "done every kind of travelin' an' livin' and hustlin'," and when he isn't doing these he "jes' sings." Never did more happen in one small book. Skip a paragraph, and you may skip what some writers would do into a volume. He of the "willing spirit and strong flesh" never really meant "to hurt nobody but jes' felt" his "hell a-risin'," and so, because of a story told in a paragraph, he's "leavin'" for "jes' any place" that he is not. Movement vivid, rough, primitive! Passions arise in liquor, and are cooled in song and laughter. "Ulysses," the black, works at almost everything. He loves, he deceives, he kills. He goes and comes endlessly, but always there his cry for his mother and his hon Judgment of character, either white black, is all too seldom carried to high degree here attained. "Bla Ulysses" understands himself to amazing degree, but he is too restle too care-free, to take issue with oth than life itself. His life is musi rather than gentle—but to attempt telling of all the author has put into book would, as his chief character sa in his refrains, "take till tomorrow nig to tell 'bout 'em." The keenest penetration Mr. Odum puts into italics prefacing all chapters.

Imagination and spiritual life the dian may have had. He may ha sought as the Negro still seeks, blin and otherwise handicapped. Neither man nor white, however, has sou more strenuously than the black. Odum shows where the search can le and in addition comes close to layi bare the urge itself.

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By WALTER R. BROOKS

William Morton Wheeler's
Foibles of Insects and Men
Knopf

In the sixteenth century the relatives of a certain Lady Glanville tried to save her will set aside on the ground that, since she habitually pursued butterflies, she must have been insane. Even today the entomologist is an object of derision among those who do not realize that such projects as the Panama Canal could never have been carried through without him. Yet those who laugh heartily at the bug-hunter peering at a small cockroach through a magnifying-glass would be amazed to learn how much the antics of ants and spiders and roaches resemble his own behavior. These are scientific papers, not originally written for popular consumption, yet so interesting is the matter, and so well does Professor Wheeler express it, that it cannot fail to entertain the reader. Here are ants that live like poor relatives on the bounty of other ants, ogre wasps that prey on ant communities, but disdain the common people and carry off to their caverns and devour only the queens, coy lady spiders who can only be won with gifts, and wicked lady spiders who bite off their lovers' heads even while embracing them. The last paper in the book is one of the most pointed and amusing essays we have ever read. It is in the form of a letter from the King of the 8,429th Dynasty of the Sellicose Termites, in which a comparison is made between the civilizations of men and termites. This King gazes upon men and is not impressed. "A lot of naive men and cave women," he says, playing at having a perpetual pink tea or Kaffeeklatsch." It is well worth reading.

James Norman Hall's
Mid-Pacific
Houghton Mifflin

Such of these essays and sketches as deal with the South Seas are neither feverish, sentimental, nor statistical. They don't tell you what the South Seas are like or what you may expect to find there; they tell you what the author found there—and whether Mr. Hall goes to the South Seas or the North Pole, he can be counted on to find a great many interesting things to say. We don't know much about the physical contour, products, or population of these islands he has visited, but we know exactly what one there is like. Mr. Hall is a romancer, a journalist-at-large who takes his journalism much less seriously than the quality of his prose will permit at least one reader to take it. Since the war, of his part in which he has elsewhere written something, he has abandoned civilization—temporarily perhaps, since, having made no grand gesture of renunciation, he has nothing to live up to. And he writes about what he sees and thinks—very simply and clearly, so that without any effort you see it and think it too.

Henry Outerbridge's
Captain Jack
Century

If you want to start a little revolution somewhere south of the Rio Grande, we suggest that you get in touch with Captain Jack, who has fit and bled in various parts of the world, sometimes on both sides at once. These adventures of a soldier of fortune and Secret Service man are guaranteed authentic by the publisher, and we see no reason to doubt it, since they are certainly stranger than fiction, and more exciting. Captain Jack's specialty is machine guns, and with a few of these and his gang of roughnecks to handle them, he has been the trusted ally of not a few Mexican generals, and when he says, "Obregon and I gave Villa a bad time," we feel sure that Obregon was really nothing but a bystander. We liked the poker-game story, in which he slipped the extra card—dealt him by his opponent in an effort to invalidate his hand—into a sandwich and ate it. And yes, we even believe in Olga, the beautiful Boche spy, and her strange passion for her enemy.

Felix Riesenberg's
Shipmates
Harcourt, Brace

If you love the sea, you will enjoy these sketches of men and ships and places, but if you do not love it they will never make you. Captain Riesenberg has written some good things, but this is diluted Riesenberg—Riesenberg and milk. Pleasantly written—but you will not sit up until 2 A.M. to finish it.

What'll We Do Now?
Simon & Schuster

Here are all sorts of games that you can start when your party begins to go dead on you—if you give that kind of party. Personally, if we couldn't throw a party without the aid of a book . . . but we must admit that many of these games are good ones. Perhaps it irritated us to be told of each game that it was played with great gusto in the home of some celebrity or other. We didn't like the implication that the reader couldn't tell a good game when he saw one. And if they'd left out Heywood Broun, Ring Lardner, Marion Davies, *et al.*, there'd have been room for more games.

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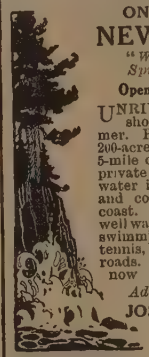

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Walter Thalen, Circulation Manager

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From Publisher—To You

WE sometimes wish a method could be devised whereby each reader of The Outlook could sit for one day in our chair and come in contact with every side of this journal. We are moved to this weak hope because of the amazing variety of opinions expressed in the letters we receive—the last of which is an accusation that we have sold out to the "interests" (which ones not specified), and are reprehensibly seeking for popularity by adding new writers to our list, and reporting the latest developments in music and finance and in the theatrical and literary worlds.

OF course, we had supposed that we were doing all these things in the interests of our readers and out of our natural desire to send them as excellent, as interesting, and as varied a report of the world about us all as was within our power. . . .

AND yet we confess that it makes us exceedingly nervous about introducing the latest acquisition to our regular contributors. This is Vilhjalmur Stefansson, the explorer, who will contribute every month on various subjects, beginning in the next issue. Mr. Stefansson is known all over the world, of course, as an intrepid explorer of the Arctic, but as those of us realize who know him, or have read his little volume "The Standardization of Error," he is an explorer of the human mind as well, and a possessor of an honest intellect. He is going to give us a paper next week on the Nobile Expedition, but it will serve merely as an introduction to a regular monthly page from him on many varied subjects, not at all connected with the frozen North. In time, then, will he become another example of our indirect approach?

AH, well. We are reminded of a wise saying uttered by an old gentleman of our acquaintance, long since dead, "Honesty is the best policy," said he, "but the man who is honest from policy is a scoundrel."

We trust our suspicious subscriber will realize in time that his fears are groundless.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

THE FOUR RIDERS OF THE APOCALYPSE

A woodcut by Albrecht Dürer (1471–1528)

It has been said that Dürer carried the technique of wood engraving to a point unparallelea in its previous history, and that in his Apocalypse series he reached the height of his genius in this form of artistic expression. Though the four hundredth anniversary of his death is being observed this year, he still stands out as a great central figure in the art of his period and an inspiration to the art of the northern countries ever since

The Outlook

June 6, 1928

The World This Week

The President Sustained—Barely

REVERSING the custom of this Congress, the Senate last week sustained the President's veto of the McNary-Haugen Agricultural Relief Bill. But those who voted to override the veto lacked but a bare four of being two-thirds of the Senators present. Of the Senators of the President's own political faith, twenty voted to overide him and but nineteen to sustain him. Several found it convenient to be elsewhere. It may be that they did not seek to put a foot in each camp, but merely not to put their feet in it at all.

In any case, farm relief is out of Congress and in the Presidential campaign. It is charged that its advocates meant all the time to put it into politics rather than into practice. Its opponents sought, presumably, to keep it out of both. In that respect the advocates of McNary-Haugenism succeeded and its opponents failed.

The President's veto Message must be classed with the three or four most forceful of his papers. It brought to bear upon the various problems involved the trained thought of the economist and the whip-lash of the provocative writer. It convinced all those who opposed the bill and angered all those who favored it, whether from conviction or sympathy. Congress has enacted endless nonsense into law, but never before, so far as the old file hounds can discover, has it been told by a President that it enacted nonsense.

"5 and 10" Grocery

COUNTRY folks will smile, city folks will find nothing unusual about the arrival in New York of the "5 and 10" grocery. Hereafter the city dweller, in Manhattan, at least, whose combined kitchen and pantry is a converted clothes closet, can buy tea in two-ounce containers, a quarter-pound package of coffee, and bacon in six-strip lots. There are no clerks; the customers help themselves to any number of the four hundred items in stock, and the proprietor collects at the door. A chain is planned and, city life being what it is, the success of the idea seems inevitable.

A Soldier of Science

BORN in Japan, but of world-wide repute through his eminence as bacteriologist and medical-research scientist, Hideyo Noguchi died of yellow fever at Accra, on the African West Coast, on May 21. He was a soldier of science who risked his life daily.

The form of yellow fever prevalent on the West Coast seems to be spread in a different way from that now nearly extinct but still occasionally found in South and Central America. There the propagator is undoubtedly the stegomyia type of mosquito. It was to trace the cause and mode of conveyance of the West Coast yellow fever that Dr. Noguchi carried on the experiments which led to his death. He believed that he had succeeded in identifying the carrier of the disease. Like Dr. Adrian Stokes, Noguchi's colleague, whose death from the same cause we noted recently, Dr. Noguchi insisted that his own illness should be used for laboratory purposes—he fought for science to his last living minute.

Dr. Noguchi has been ranked with Pasteur as a research man whose work has alleviated human suffering and saved innumerable lives. His investigations and discoveries in the fields of infantile paralysis, trachoma, paresis, and rabies have been invaluable in the medical advance.

Recognition of the importance of the work of this tireless, devoted researcher (he was called "a human dynamo") came to him from many national governments and countless scientific associations. He was one of the world's greatest men, for his contributions to our knowledge may well result in saving more lives than some wars have destroyed.

One Way to Save Lives

ROCK-DUSTING might have prevented the Mather mine disaster in which so many lives were sacrificed. Many mining companies have adopted this peculiar method of safeguarding a mine. Indeed, the Mather mine was partly rock-dusted, but the explosion occurred in the part not so treated. In the recently developed practice of rock-dusting stone ground to flour like powder is spread or dusted over the exposed walls of mine passageways by means of an air blower mounted on a mine car. The rock dust acts in a peculiar way when thus mixed with the coal dust that accumulates on all the exposed surfaces of the mine and often explodes like the flour dust in a grain elevator. It lowers the temperature of the so-called "flame of propagation" below the ignition temperature of the coal dust. As a result, when there is an accidental spark or flame no explosion takes place. The entire interior of a mine need not be rock-dusted and barriers consisting of treated sections will usually confine an explosion to a small part of the mine.

This modern method is used to quite an extent in Europe, where the mines are under rather more strict governmental

Wide World

TO KEEP PEACE IN CHINA

Japanese soldiers entrain for Tsinan, to protect her interests in that province

supervision than here. While the cost is not high, the economics of coal mining in this country, where we have so many mines that fluctuate above and below the paying line, still prevent its universal use. Moreover, the method is not old and has not yet had time for full exploitation in this country. In the meantime more lives will doubtless be sacrificed to preventable explosions. Too many mines, too many miners, too little profit to permit such luxuries as life saving.

A Show-Down in China

SINCE Japan issued her warning to the Chinese armies that the civil war of the Nanking Nationalists and the Peking militarists might not be carried over into Manchuria the Peking faction has decided to stand its ground in the northern capital.

Chang Tso-lin, the militarist Generalissimo, might have decided to fall back on his old Manchurian stronghold in Mukden, in the hope of recovering strength and returning to the fray another year—as he has done before. But this time it would have meant the disarming of his troops and a final and fatal "loss of face." So the effect of the Japanese policy has been to force a decisive test of strength between South and North.

The first consequence in turn has been a stiffening of the northern lines around Peking against the advancing Nationalists, and at some points a turning back of the Nationalist attack. But it is still anybody's fight—and anybody can draw his own conclusions from the reports from the war zone.

Princes of India

THERE is in India a Chamber of Princes. It is said that, nominally at least, its membership includes 7,000 maharajahs, rajahs, princes, nawabs, and lesser potentates. There are something like seven hundred native states in India, most of them numerically quite small, but aggregating well over 300,000,000 inhabitants. One, Hyderabad, has about 15,000,000 people.

A committee of these native princes is now gathering in London to discuss with the British Government—or Raj, as they call it—the relations and future of these dependencies, in which the native princes have domestic rule even to the power of death, although each is under the eye of a British Resident.

The Nizam of Hyderabad will not be able to come; a correspondent explains that he is "wearied of state functions, and that he spends his leisure hours in his jewel room dipping his arms up to the elbows into chests filled with diamonds, emeralds, and pearls gathered for centuries by his forebears and playing with these baubles as a child in the Bronx might play with marbles." But the Gaekwar of Baroda, known to fame chiefly as the owner of a $10,000,000 carpet interwoven with emeralds, rubies, sapphires, and diamonds, hopes to b there.

This conference of princes is one par of the inquiry England is making abou the ever-present question of the futur of India and its increasing desire fo some larger share of self-government Naturally, the native rulers are not radi cals; they are distinctly disturbed b any tendency that would clip their ow powers. They are loyal to the crow and do not wish to interfere in Imperia or international affairs, but they love be ing petty autocrats with the externals o majesty. The London gathering follow an extensive survey of the native state by a British Indian States Committe under Sir Harcourt Butler, who report that he was impressed by the progres made, but wishes for a curtailment o extravagant personal royal expenditure better administration, and an indepen dent judiciary. Probably the picture Kipling gave us of native state rule i his "Naulahka" remains true today.

"More than a Church"

THE Wesley Methodist Episcopa Church is Worcester's newest and larges church. It serves noon lunches, noo organ recitals, gives plays, has a spoon ing parlor, and conducts various othe activities under the direction of secre taries. Its proud pastor and leadin spirit, the Rev. Dr. William S. Mitchell calls it "more than a church, a Worceste institution."

On a recent Sunday Dr. Mitchell's sermon was an attack on Governo Smith, not so much on religious as o "wet" grounds. After the sermon one o his flock, Burton H. Alden, decided that the slogan of Wesley Methodist Episco pal might better be "more than a church a Worcester political club."

So he began to circulate a petitio asking that the Board of Assessors re move the church from the exempt lis and tax it as a political organization.

"I am a Republican and a Protes tant," said Mr. Alden, who is also prom inent in Masonry, "but, in spite of the many charges against the Catholic Church for dabbling in politics, it taxes my memory to recall a single incident o a Catholic priest ever delivering any such address from his sacred pulpit as that given by Dr. Mitchell. If Wesley Church or any other church is to make politics a major activity, then it becomes, in my opinion, a political club and i open to taxation.

"My object in circulating this peti tion is to put a stop, if possible, to politi cal agitation in the churches, which l

nsider unwarranted. It is not only out place, but will prove the ruination of ie country if continued at the present ite. Church and State should be sepa-ite."

Although Mr. Alden's action was de-ribed as a "gesture," he had 300 names n his petition at last report.

ess Noise

THERE will be a heavy mortality among idio stations this summer, and, like cer-in persons discussed in song by the te W. S. Gilbert, "they never will be issed."

The Federal Radio Commission makes self responsible for this not too doleful rophecy by announcing that there are 62 broadcasting stations whose licenses xpire June 1, and that after examina-on it has "not been satisfied that public terest, convenience, or necessity will be rved" by granting applications for re-ewal. All these licenses have been ranted a temporary extension which ill terminate, unless the Commission hanges its mind, on August 1.

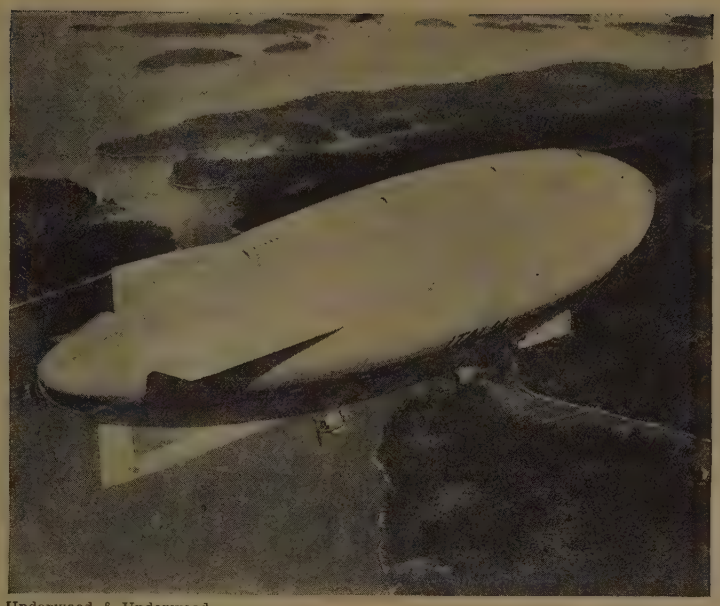
Of these 162 stations 26 are in New ork and New Jersey, and the States of linois, Indiana, Iowa, Nebraska, Mis-uri, Wisconsin, and the Dakotas con-in 91 of the stations listed for probable aughter.

he Mystery of the Italia

STRENUOUS effort was under way on May 28 to discover the whereabouts and ondition of Nobile's great dirigible, the alia, and to succor the commander and is crew. This was four days after wire-ss messages from the Italia announced hat the expedition had made the flight om King's Bay, in Spitzbergen, to "the p of the world," had dropped the great aken cross blessed by the Pope, had bandoned the impracticable idea of nding an observation party at the Pole nd taking them on board again, and hree days after a brief message saying hat the Italia was slowly on its way ack to King's Bay.

From May 25 to May 27 no news ame from the Italia. Then broken alls in different languages were heard y distant radio stations. Whether they ame direct from Nobile or were picked p and repeated, is not, as we write, cer-in. Singularly, none of the despatches old just where or approximately where he Italia was, but all versions called for elp in disaster.

Two possibilities are discussed: one hat Nobile has landed, perhaps on the e north of Spitzbergen; the other, that he Italia, its fuel gone, is sailing before



Underwood & Underwood

BOUND FOR THE TOP OF THE WORLD

The Italia, General Nobile's dirigible, photographed flying over Stockholm, Sweden

the wind and that it may be blown in time to some land comparatively safe. That the fuel is spent is all but certain; that the party have food for subsistence is a favorable feature.

Under these circumstances, rescue is an extremely difficult problem. It is a bad season for ships to brave the northern ice, but that plan will be tried. Airmen have offered their services for scouting by plane—among them Amundsen, the only man who has flown over both the North Pole and the South Pole; a bitter controversy had waged between Nobile and Amundsen over the previous flight by dirigible over the North Pole in which both, together with Ellsworth, were leaders.

The mystery may be solved before this is read; on the other hand, it may forever remain unsolved like the fate of Andree's balloon and the loss at sea or over ice and wilderness of Nungesser and Coli and other intrepid voyagers.

Note for Writers

THE police of Chicago found a man they had been looking for the other day. He was Willie Jackson, and the police wanted to ask him some questions about a $133,000 mail robbery. But the man they found did not at all resemble the picture that had been put on handbills and distributed across the country. Willie had had dealings with the beauty doctors. His hair, once sleek and black, was marcelled and hennaed; hennaed, too, was the heavy mustache he had grown. He had reduced his weight by thirty-five pounds; and, finally, an operation had radically altered the shape of his nose. Only his finger-prints were unchanged.

Willie was unable to answer the questions the police had ready for him. He was dead. Men who knew him better than the authorities had penetrated his disguise; but his ingenious application of plastic surgery to the purposes of the criminal is hereby referred to all hard-pressed writers of crime and mystery stories.

Through the Microscope

WHILE Dr. Abraham Flexner is parting company with the Rockefeller Foundation, Dr. Max Mason, retiring President of the University of Chicago, is looking eagerly to the day when he will take up his duties as director of its scientific work.

"Just three hundred years of scientific work in a world so old," he told a Chicago interviewer. "I feel that one of the greatest things dawning is an immense simplification in the description of the way matter acts on matter. This goes into electrical laws, by which our conception of the universe and man will be so simplified that we can get the baggage of the past out of our minds. Ignorance and superstition must go.

"The microscope has become the instrument of idealism and humanitarianism. We are discovering new knowledge on which the religion and the philosophy

of the future will be based. This is no mere mechanistic universe, and to understand it does not destroy the values of life."

Dr. Flexner announces that he has resigned as head of the General Education Board so that he may be free to write about education. The nature of some of the things he wants to say may be indicated by his recent remark in England that American universities were trying to turn out "seductive advertisers and plausible bond salesmen rather than scholars."

Crime in High Office

A WAIT of four hours while the second jury to hear her case deliberated, and then Mrs. Florence Knapp, former Secretary of State of New York, heard the verdict that she had been guilty of grand larceny.

Mrs. Knapp, as Secretary of State, the first New York woman to be elected to so high an office, was charged with and convicted of padding census pay-rolls with the names of her relatives and criminally converting their pay to her own use. Her sentence has not yet been pronounced, but Justice Callaghan, who presided at the trial, has set the date for his decision on September 4.

If such a conviction had occurred a dozen years ago, anti-feminists would have made much of it as proof that women were not competent to fill high office. There has been no tendency, however, to make such capital of this tragic conclusion to Mrs. Knapp's political career. The public accepts the verdict as it should—as a verdict against an individual office-holder. Mrs. Knapp was caught in a very transparent, stupid fraud. The fact has no bearing upon the future usefulness of women to fill the office which she disgraced.

Roosevelt and Smith

ON May 19 Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., announced that he was hurrying to West Virginia to speak in behalf of Herbert Hoover in the primary contest. On May 23 he issued another blast against Governor Alfred E. Smith. And the morning papers of May 24 revealed that the Colonel had been making inquiries among New York political leaders as to his availability for the Vice-Presidential nomination.

Mr. Roosevelt has been silent since he startled some of the members of his party by asserting that "the red-light district" had "crawled to the very door of the State Capitol" and that Al Smith could not dodge his connection with vice. At that time, a good many members of the New York State Republican organization hastened, at least privately, to repudiate the violence of this address. But it was, nevertheless, officially printed and officially circulated. And the Colonel was permitted to make a number of speeches in the Middle West.

His most recent assertions are merely a repetition of the charges he made last fall. But whether or not the fact that he is making them is evidence that he will again figure in a National campaign is still in question.

Coal Mines Closing

THE Consolidated Coal Company, known as a Rockefeller concern because John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is the largest holder of preferred stock, has announced that it proposes to shut down ten of its least efficient soft-coal mines. In general the decision has been greeted with enthusiastic approval in the newspapers, and not without reason.

One investigating board after another has glibly diagnosed the ills of the bituminous industry. There are too many mines, some of them with such low-grade coal that profitable operation is virtually impossible. There are too many miners, with the result that most of them are able to obtain work for only a few days each week. Nominally high wages become less than enough for the necessities of life when miners are fortunate to obtain 150 days of work annually. Cutting prices, to sell the coal, and cutting wages, to make a profit on the sales, cannot remedy the situation.

The action of the Consolidated will throw about 2,500 men, or eighty per cent of the total number of employees, out of work. But only those without dependents are to be discharged. It is anticipated that the ones who remain will be able to work on almost full time. Officials of the company say that this is the "first constructive step," and that other mining concerns will follow their lead.

Just what does this mean? Does it mean that the production of soft coal is to be curtailed to a point where prices will rise materially? The Consolidated frankly appeals for lowered production, and whether the idea is really in the public interest or not will depend upon the extent to which this is done. It is quite possible that the enthusiastic approval of the press is premature. The Consolidated has not been paying union wages for some time, and its professed devotion to the welfare of the miners may, perhaps, be taken with a grain o salt.

Another Job for Lindy

THE magic name of Colonel Lindbergh has now been added to the roster of me affiliated with the Transcontinental Ai Transport, Inc., which expects to operat a combined air and railroad passenge service between New York and Los An geles. Since Lindbergh has, thus far been successful in everything he has at tempted, the public will assume, n doubt, that the T. A. T. is now an as sured achievement.

Lindbergh is to serve as Chairman o the Technical Committee, and in tha capacity will inspect landing-fields, ships engines, and other essentials of opera tion. Although he will continue his con nection with the Guggenheim Fund fo the Promotion of Aeronautics, he wil for the present at least, give nearly all o his time to the transcontinental air line The famous "Casey" Jones, a veteran Curtiss pilot, is also to serve on th Technical Committee, and his presence will impress those familiar with commer cial aviation about as much as that o Lindbergh.

Bunion Derby

FIFTY-FIVE men plodded around an around the small track in Madison Square Garden. Three thousand looke on, apathetic in the main; even whe Mr. "Wildfire" Thompson, one of th contestants, ran backwards. In the cen ter of the Garden was parked a colle tion of cars and trucks, covered wit scars and the dust of a continent. It was the closing scene of the "Bunio Derby" eighty-four days out of Los An geles.

When it was all over, Andrew Payn young Oklahoma Indian, was the winne of $25,000 if Mr. C. C. Pyle is solve and a man of his word. Johnny Sal of Passaic, New Jersey, was secon $10,000. Philip Granville, towerin Negro from Canada, $5,000. Mik Joyce, Cleveland bartender-out-of-work $2,500.

Six who won $1,000 each were Guis Omek, Trieste, Italy; William Ker Minneapolis; Louis Perella, Albany; E Gardiner, Seattle; Fran von Flue, Ke mac, California; and John Cronic Saskatoon, Canada. Forty-five ran f glory or what have you?

The promoter, "Cold Cash" or "Co and Callous" Pyle, insisted vehement that his winning bunioneers would g each and every dollar he had promise them. Delivery was postponed a wee

Photo Worsinger

IN THE MODERN STYLE

A living-room, the work of American designers, shown in the international exhibition of art in industry now being held at R. H. Macy's in New York

owever, pending a special twenty-four-our relay race in the Garden.

he High Cost of Illness

will be interesting to watch the reac-on of some members of the medical ofession to the work of the newly rmed Committee on the High Cost of edical Care. Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, esident of Stanford University and airman of the Committee, has revealed at its purpose is to reduce the burden the average American family in ob-ining adequate treatment during time illness.

The present cost of illness in the nited States, Dr. Wilbur reports, is obably $3,000,000,000 a year. There e frequent complaints, in many cases stified, that the fees charged by doc-rs are impossibly high. On the other nd, physicians as a whole are not earn-g adequate incomes. Dr. Wilbur con-udes that "the system" is wrong, and s Committee will spend five years at-mpting to find a remedy.

It is already known, of course, that e burden of illness falls most heavily the man with a moderate income. he poor can have free treatment at a nic. The wealthy can pay the bills of y fancy specialist. But the man who rns from $4,000 to $10,000 has an appalling task when hospital, nursing, and doctors' bills pile on him at one time. The medical profession has not been, it must be admitted, unanimously helpful in solving this acute problem. It is only recently, for instance, that the storm of criticism regarding the Cornell Clinic in New York, where first-rate treatment at moderate cost could be obtained, has died down. Many doctors said that the clinic was taking bread out of the mouths of honest physicians.

And is the Committee on the High Cost of Medical Care planning to investigate fee-splitting between surgeons and general practitioners?

France Is Full of Tourists

THE Frenchman, says a correspondent of the New York "Herald Tribune," has learned that travel is not necessary to his education; he can see the world from a comfortable and inexpensive seat in front of his favorite café. This discovery has led to a tabulation of characteristics by which various nationals may be recognized. For instance:

"The Englishman is the man of all the world who travels most, and worst. Nobody stays longer in the same place than the English tourist. He has money and unlimited vacation. He counts always on the guide, and the guide in certain countries is an idiot, a drunkard, a thief —or absent. Every Britisher has three traveling bags—one he has just bought and two others, one forgotten at Gibraltar and the third left by mistake at Colombo."

The American is one "whose tours most closely resemble the course of an agitated flea. He visits everything and sees nothing. Berlin was the place where it rained that morning. Rome, the place where he was forced to take a taxi between stations; Madrid, the city he reached just in time to go to bed; and Paris was the last stop before the boat train. Any American who doesn't wear yellow shoes, takes a long time to choose his dinner and still longer to select his wine, and reads anything except a railway schedule is certain to be called English."

A Frenchman, of course, is easily identified as the man who makes his glass of syrup and water last longer than an old-time sermon.

Texas Strategy

THE recent Democratic Convention in Texas revealed some of the subtleties of Southern politicians who wish to keep step with events in the Nation without losing their influence with the home folks.

On the surface the Convention reached a seemingly normal compromise. Its largest faction, led by Governor Moody, turned down the recommendations of the minority group of extreme drys and Ku Klux relicts, pledging the Houston delegation never to accept a Smith nomination. Then, turning the steam-roller on the unexpectedly strong pro-Smith minority, the harmony element named only drys of unblemished record as delegates to Houston, and instructed them to oppose the nomination of a wet candidate—meaning Smith. At the same time it was agreed that the National Convention's choice should be accepted as final.

Thus by throwing their patronage first to one extreme and then the other, the harmony faction prevented the line being too sharply drawn between the Smith supporters and their last-ditch opponents.

Next, it put Texas Democracy down as definitely and aggressively dry. This is supremely important in Texas political psychology, because it deprives dry voters of an excuse to desert their party next November, on the plea that the State leaders have misled or trifled with them on prohibition.

As a result, the harmony leadership,

with the aid of the pro-Smith faction, has done all in its power to make bolt propaganda discreditable.

Both in their speeches and in their slights to bolt talkers the harmony delegates succeeded in stigmatizing a bolt as the natural crime of Ku Kluxers, soreheads, and primary-pledge breakers. To accomplish this many pro-Smith leaders in the harmony faction had to sacrifice all hope of delivering the Texas delegation to Governor Smith. But the National Smith organization will bear no grudges, since the Convention went on record as dry, but did not utterly repudiate Governor Smith.

It seems possible that Texas has set the fashion of Southern Democratic political strategy for 1928. Furthermore, the legend that Southern party leaders are lying down on the job because of antipathy to Smith is considerably discredited. Men of such varying shades of opinion would hardly have worked so hard to bring about these subtle alignments if their zeal for party triumph was not healthy as usual.

"Disheartening"

WHAT with prohibition and careful and cautious political leaders, President Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia University, is not a happy man these days. Nor, it is possible, has he added to the happiness of Republican campaign managers, with the exception of Governor Lowden's chief of staff.

Mr. Butler is sixty-six years old, and he has just expressed the opinion that "we are approaching the most disheartening pre-convention campaign within my memory. Despite the economic and political situation of the world and our relation to it all, and despite our pressing and insistent domestic problems, there has been almost no discussion, indeed no reference, to any of them.

"No candidate for the Republican nomination, with the exception of Governor Lowden, has ventured any statement whatever as to his position in regard to any one of these vast problems so important to the prosperity, to the honor, and to the influence of the American people. Instead we have had an exhibition, through the press and the mails, of an application to politics of the most obnoxious development of modern business—to wit, salesmanship.

"Friends of some of the candidates seem satisfied to put the Presidential nomination on the same plane as a patent medicine or a suburban real estate development. With this the infantile amusement of straw-balloting has gone on side by side. It is almost unbelievable that at such a time such a condition could be found to exist in the Republican Party."

Then, having pointed out that New York's big delegation is largely uncommitted, Mr. Butler said some things that must have caused Governor Lowden's supporters to cock their ears.

"What Governor Lowden has said so emphatically as to the necessity, from the view-point of party success as well as from that of party principle, of preserving the balance between a prosperous agriculture and a prosperous industry, meets the strongest approval of myself and a host of our fellow-Republicans in this part of the country. To suppose that we can win the election without the hearty support of the agricultural vote of the strongly Republican States of the

Brown in the New York Herald Tribune
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That turn-about act always makes a hit

West and Northwest is an illusion of the first magnitude.

"We [the New York delegates] wish to confer with our fellow-representative Republicans . . . and to agree upon a candidate who has Republicanism in his heart as well as in his head, who has intellectual and temperamental competence for the office of President, and who can be elected.

"Such a man must not lose the support of the agricultural West by lack of knowledge or sympathy with the world-wide farm problem, and he must not lose the votes of the Republican States of the Atlantic seaboard by reason of his unwillingness to approach with open mind the solution of the problem of the Nation-wide liquor traffic and lawlessness which the futile attempts at National prohibition have brought into being."

Mr. Butler brought his remarks to a close with the pious hope that 1928 would repeat the story of 1888; in which year, old citizens tell us, Benjamin Harrison was elected President on a platform that old-line Republicans seem to regard as the last word in party orthodoxy.

Romantic Engineering

CABLE despatches from Egypt tell of a plan now before the Egyptian Government to connect an immense area of the Libyan Desert which lies below sea-level with the Mediterranean by means of a canal, and thus to permit the generation of about 300,000 horse-power from the water that would enter the desert from the sea—enough power, when transmitted over wires to the Nile delta, to irrigate its whole fertile area by means of motor-driven pumps.

This almost romantic engineering project was outlined last year in London before the Royal Geographical Society by Dr. John Ball, Director of the Egyptian Desert Surveys, who is one of the few who have actually traversed the inaccessible areas involved in the plan. A hundred and forty miles west of Cairo there is an immense area below sea-level called the Qattara Depression. It is about the size of Massachusetts. The plan is simple: to build an 80-mile conduit from the Mediterranean to the Qattara Depression, at the southern end of which hydraulic turbines would be installed and let the water run into the Depression, giving up its energy as it passed.

At this point the alert reader inquires "But what happens after the Depression is filled?" Thanks to the sun, it would never be filled. Allowing one-eighth-inch daily evaporation over the whole Depression, about one billion cubic feet of water would disappear daily, and with a 160-foot difference in level, over 270,000 horse-power could be generated continuously. What this method would be is simply the reverse of the usual cycle of power. In the latter the sun evaporates water, it falls as rain, runs off in streams, and delivers up its power. Here we would have run-off first, then evaporation. Incidental advantages of the plan would be navigation from the sea to the Depression (by locks); increased humidity, hence increased rainfall along the present deserts; and valuable fisheries in the Depression. To get a full appreciation of the immense capacity of the Depression note that the entire Nile flood, if turned into it, would require twenty years to fill it.

From Washington

Vetoes Vetoed

It has been a week of vetoes and vetoing of vetoes. Congress had other reasons than resentment for proceeding forthwith to override the President in practically all instances, but resentment played its part.

The Tyson Bill to extend retirement rights to emergency officers of the World War; the Oddie Bill for a ten-million-dollar road-building program on Western public lands; the bill granting increased pay to night workers of the Post Office Department, and the one making rental, fuel, and light allowances to fourth-class postmasters—these became laws over executive disapproval. The largest vote for sustaining the President (22) came on the Oddie Bill; the smallest (9) on the Night Postal Workers Bill.

The President had vetoed these bills, as he did the McNary-Haugen Bill, because he believed that they were either inherently or economically unsound, or both. One bill had the approval of the American Legion, another of the army and postal workers. Congress, by its action on the vetoes, raises an interesting question. Does it regard the veteran and the rural mail carrier as more potent in politics than the farmer? It may be resolved from thus slurring the Regular Army man, for it sustained the veto of the Steck Bill to create the official position of bandmaster in the Army. But even Army officers did not want bandmasters in the officer's mess, anyhow.

The Substance of Subsidy

MIXED in with all of these things was the Jones-White Shipping Bill, which the President signed on the same day that he vetoed the McNary-Haugen Bill. Some of those who supported the McNary-Haugen Bill supported also the Jones-White Bill, but most did not. The bills were similar in that each provided special Governmental aid for a special class. But they were supported, mainly, by different schools of economic thought in Congress. The extreme McNary-Haugenites were rendered the bitterer by the approval of the other bill.

The Jones-White Bill extends a number of substantial benefits to private shipping. A revolving fund of $250,000,000 is set up from which loans are to be made for construction of privately owned vessels. Special compensation is provided for carrying the mails, certain ameliorations of salary and wage burdens are brought about by means of

Reid in the Hutchinson (Kansas) News

The trouble with volunteer fire departments

placing merchant crews on the Naval Reserve list, and Government insurance is provided for all vessels on which loans are made. In short, the law is regarded as one which will go a long way toward building up American shipping by forms of Government aid which avoid the semblance of the ship subsidy to which American public opinion has usually been opposed.

A Filibuster Fails

WITH but a week or so of the session remaining, the time had come when the Senate no longer could refrain from a filibuster. Almost any Senator might have started it on almost any measure, but Senator McKellar, of Tennessee, actually did start it on the conference report on the Muscle Shoals Bill. His objection was not to the bill as a whole, but merely to that feature of it which provides for a subsidiary plant at Cove Creek on the Clinch River, more than three hundred miles above the Shoals. His contention was that Tennessee was being deprived of its rights in the power to be developed at this site.

Berryman in the Washington Star

Ruth and Naomi up to date

Joined by Tydings, of Maryland, and Blease, of South Carolina, McKellar kept the Senate in session all night. But finally he gave up, with the taunt that the President would veto the bill.

Probably the President will. It is before him for action—a Government operation bill fathered by Norris and nurtured by Morin. The President has said in more than one Message that Muscle Shoals should be operated by private enterprise.

Power in First Place

MEANWHILE, the Swing-Johnson Bill for Government construction of another mammoth power plant in Boulder Canyon of the Colorado was pressed to victory in the House. This proposal, too, is the target of Senate filibustering and is likely not to succeed at this session.

But the question of whether the great power sites are to be controlled by the Government or by private interests will engage Congress at other sessions. Muscle Shoals and Boulder Canyon have been the pioneers in the fight, but other great sites are coming into prominence. A resolution by Representative Crampton has been adopted preventing, until Congress has time to investigate, the carrying forward of plans for private development at Great Falls of the Potomac. An Ohio company proposes a $60,000,000 development.

The Great Falls are less than twenty miles above Washington, in an area admirably suited for a wilderness park. A bill for the creation of such a park, introduced by Senator Capper, cannot emerge from the jam at this session.

Twenty Millions Less Taxes

TAXES are to be reduced to the extent of $222,495,000. For practical purposes, the $495,000 may be omitted. Treasury actuaries and Congressional committee experts do not come within, or closely without, that sum in forecasting what a tax law will yield.

The bill is a compromise between the $290,000,000 House bill and the $205,000,000 Senate bill, and is $22,000,000 in excess of the greatest reduction that the Treasury can stand, according to Secretary Mellon's prepassage statement.

Between parties, there was no compromise. This is a Republican bill, in

contrast to the last one, which was a co-operative achievement. In the Senate, however, the Democrats came perilously close to "putting over" a part of their more drastic program. Vice-President Dawes saved the day on a tie vote. And that was possible only because Senator Blease suddenly discovered that he was paired and moved reconsideration in order that he might refrain from voting. For a few minutes the Democratic proposition was actually carried.

The bulk of the reduction in the bill as agreed upon in conference—$135,450,000—comes from the reduction of the corporation rate from 13½ to 12 per cent. The only other large item—$66,000,000—results from repeal of the 3 per cent tax on automobiles.

Secretary Mellon's twice-renewed fight for repeal of the inheritance tax is again lost.

See New York for a Nickel

UNTIL some time after October 2, by order of the Supreme Court of the United States, the well-known nickel coin will continue legal tender for one worm's-eye view of New York. Increased fare on the Interborough and B. M. T. systems was stayed pending final court determination of the fare they should be permitted to collect.

The Cost of Campaigns

THE expenses of Mr. Hoover's campaign have climbed, in the record of the investigating committee, to $300,745, and those of Atlee Pomerene's have been fixed at $100. Senator Heflin continues to charge from the Senate floor that huge expenditures in Governor Smith's behalf are concealed, but continues also to admit, when challenged, that he has no evidence.

Thomas S. Butler

THOMAS S. BUTLER, of Pennsylvania, was the father of America's modern Navy. For thirty-one years a member of the Naval Affairs Committee of the House, for many years its Chairman, he had consistently supported the program of the big-navy men—until the beginning of the present session of Congress.

Chairman Butler wrote last December, at the request of the Navy Department and with the approval of the President, a naval construction bill that alarmed him. He never supported it. On two occasions he said to The Outlook's correspondent in Washington that it was a mystery to him. Though author of the bill and chairman of the committee having it in charge, he pushed the mammoth program aside and introduced another bill providing for construction on a much less pretentious scale.

Mr. Butler died the other day with the Naval Construction Bill still unenacted, still a mystery in the public mind if not in his own. Perhaps there will never be an explanation of why the President, a small-navy man, approved a construction program so large as to frighten the big-navy men.

Chairman Butler died, as Chairman Madden, of the Ways and Means Committee did, with the last bill on which he had labored pending and in dispute. Oldest member of the House in point of continuous service, he had devoted more than three decades of his life mainly to the upbuilding of the Navy.

Heat in Politics

THE political observer has been able to discern many indications that, this year, the Republican National Convention will be a hotter affair than the Democratic. Confirmation comes from the Herbert Janvrin Browne Long-Range Weather Forecast Service, which has definitely announced that the weather will be hotter in Kansas City than in Houston. A cold wave was to start in the Northwest on May 22, on a schedule that will bring it to Texas as for the Convention.

Otherwise than meteorologically, however, both Conventions promise to be decidedly warm. No candidate in either party has enough delegates to insure a nomination. Hoover has 339½ undisputed. A majority—545—will nominate. On the Democratic side, Smith has 558 undisputed. Two-thirds—733⅓—will nominate. Delegates not certain are claimed by both Smith and Hoover but not enough in either case to insure the nomination. On the Democratic side, no other candidate has as many as 50 delegates undisputed. On the Republican side, Lowden has 188½ undisputed.

Windows on the World

By Malcolm W. Davis

AN INVISIBLE CLOUD of vapor brought back to Hamburg lately the terrors of war. It was phosgene gas—that killed 11 people and disabled 250. Soon the great German port resembled a city under siege, with troops in gas masks guarding the sector in which the gas had escaped.

More was left to be cleared away than the peril of further poisoning. Both in Germany and throughout Europe and America arose inquiries as to how the gas came to be in Hamburg. But the affair remained temporarily mysterious and obscure.

The phosgene fumes escaped from a burst container in the Stolzenberg plant, where a large stock of the gas proved to be stored. All that the proprietor would say was that he received it from army stocks left over from the war, and that he had supplied phosgene on order to firms in the United States and in Czechoslovakia. The destination and purpose of this particular supply remained unexplained. There was talk—that Stolzenberg did not deny—of a gas plant in Trotzk, Russia, controlled by the German Reichswehr, or Defense Force, which he had aided to establish. And there were rumors that this gas might have been intended for the Reichswehr as part of a secret reserve. The German Government issued a denial that the gas was stored in Hamburg on behalf of any military authority. And so the catastrophe waited to be fully explained by an official investigation.

Phosgene is used in the chemical industry for the preparation of aniline dyes and of drugs. Its manufacture in three factories in Germany was permitted by the Allies under the Versailles Treaty. But the Stolzenberg plant was not one of these three. Since the Inter-allied Military Control Commission in Germany has been abolished, it seems likely that the whole affair may be made the subject of an inquiry by the League of Nations at the next meeting of its Council, to which was transferred responsibility for the limitation of German war equipment.

CONSPIRACY against the French Government, in an attempt to separate the province of Alsace from France, was the verdict against four out of fifteen men who have been on trial in Colmar in a case that has commanded the attention of both France and Germany. Its prosecution has caused excitement and disorders throughout Alsace, and at its end sympathizers rushed to shake the hands of the convicted men. They were the leading spirits in a movement for Alsatian autonomy. Two of them—Georges E. Ricklin, a former Deputy in the German Reichstag, and Joseph V. Rosse, co-proprietor with him of a pub-

Wide World

THE MEMORIAL TO THE DEAD OF THE LAFAYETTE ESCADRILLE

at St. Cloud, near Paris, where the bodies of sixty-seven members of the unit, the first American group to volunteer in the World War, will be buried

hing concern—were chosen to the ench Chamber of Deputies in the re- nt elections. The other two are jour- lists. All were sentenced to terms from one to four years in prison, to followed by five years of exile.

The affair has revealed how serious a oblem France has on her hands in the conciliation of the provinces she lost to rmany in 1871 and regained in 1918. that time the National Council of sace and Lorraine, formed after the rman Revolution, declared that the ople would return to France with joy, der conditions safeguarding their be- fs, traditions, and economic interests. might have been easy to win their en- usiastic and unqualified allegiance by nsiderate treatment at the start. The ench Government suppressed the Na- nal Council, and placed the adminis- ıtion of these two Catholic provinces der a notoriously anti-clerical Secre- ry of State. The question of language s made as much trouble as religion, r two-thirds to three-quarters of the ople of both Alsace and Lorraine eak German dialects which the Gov- nment has desired to supplant as rap- ly as possible. French became the lan- age of instruction in the schools. The icials put in public office were from her parts of France, and knew little or thing of these new territories. Finally, 1925, their administration was trans- rred to Paris, which was to the local sidents an unwelcome centralization.

So arose the irritations that led to the ovement which Ricklin headed. He clared that he never intended to sepa- te Alsace from France, but only to secure for Alsatians control of their own affairs. France naturally could not tolerate the autonomist agitation. But from it and from Germany's experiences in the provinces she can learn something to guide her future policy more wisely.

VENIZELOS, the statesman who more than any other one man was the architect of "Greater Greece," is back in Greek politics. Coming out of a retirement of over seven years, he has declared his intention to resume the leadership of the Liberal Party. And observers are predicting another stormy period for the Greek Republic.

Venizelos explained that he felt his guidance necessary to preserve order and prevent the country from drifting into disaster. He challenged the nominal head of the Liberals, Finance Minister Kafandaris. Venizelos has sought a reform law regarding elections to the Senate which the Finance Minister has opposed. At a special session of the party, Kafandaris announced his resignation from its chairmanship and from his Cabinet post. Five other Ministers followed his example, fearing trouble ahead. Premier Zaimis found himself forced to quit office. So President Kondouriotis faces the task of finding Greece a new Government that will not at once plunge the country into civil war.

Venizelos is the man who was responsible for the policy of attempting to redeem the Greeks of Asia Minor from Turkish rule. After he was defeated in the elections of 1920, the Turkish Nationalists drove out the Greek armies. Since then the main problem of Greece has been how to absorb the million and a half refugee compatriots whom the calamity drove to her shores.

Just what Venizelos is driving at now is not apparent. His royalist opponents assert that this old diplomatic friend of France is bent on blocking the policies of friendship with Italy which Foreign Minister Michalakopoulos has been developing to the point of a new Greek-Italian treaty. And it is not impossible that behind the play of local Hellenic politics is a larger strategy of European power aiming to prevent Mussolini from uncomfortably extending Fascist influence in the eastern Mediterranean.

FROM SOVIET RUSSIA have come denials of the report—repeated in these columns last week—that a Communist conference took place recently in Cassel, Germany, on means of agitation in armies and navies. The denial did not receive as much prominence in the newspapers as the original report, and I wish to give it equal emphasis here. The Soviet explanation is that the alleged news was a piece of anti-Bolshevik propaganda—probably British. There is, of course, no way of checking the accuracy of either statement. Anti-Bolshevik propagandists—British or others—would have obvious motives for circulating such a report, and Bolshevik apologists would have equally obvious motives for discrediting it. You can read both accounts and take your choice.

VILNA, according to the new Constitution just adopted for Lithuania, is the country's capital. The only inconvenience is that the city is in Polish hands. The Polish General Zeligowski seized it some seven years ago.

Poland and Lithuania were technically —though not actively—at war over the issue, until they agreed at the Council of the League of Nations last December to come to a pacific understanding. Since then all attempts to reach a real diplomatic agreement have broken down. And this fresh Lithuanian claim to a city that Poland holds is not likely to soothe the feelings of the Polish dictator, Marshal Pilsudski. For that matter, neither were Polish seizure and retention of the historic Lithuanian town calculated to captivate Lithuanian hearts and cement a lasting amity. In fact, Polish-Lithuanian relations are, as they have been ever since the war, quiet because there are so many more Poles than Lithuanians. Temporarily, which means indefinitely, the actual Lithuanian capital continues to be at Kovno.

McNary, Haugen, *et Al.*

By DIXON MERRITT

IT was written on the sky that President Coolidge would veto the McNary-Haugen Bill. Everybody had ample time to discount the impending fact; but nobody did. Everybody went feverishly along getting delegates and trading in them, marrying and giving in marriage, politically speaking, just as though the day of doom would never come.

Then when it came, as everybody knew that it would come, everybody was thrown into disorder and dismay.

Prophets who on the day before, with the certainty of what was to happen clearly in their minds, had said that the nomination of Hoover and Smith was as inevitable as daybreak and sunrise now proclaimed all of their old prophecies false and made new ones—extreme, many of them.

Here is, in substance, what not less than a score dependable political prophets of the National capital were saying on the day after the veto message went to Congress:

"Hoover cannot be nominated because, heir of the Coolidge policies in addition to having won the hatred of the revolting farmers in his own right, he would lose the Middle West. Lowden cannot be nominated, or Dawes, because they are outspoken advocates of McNary-Haugenism, and the party must at least make a show of standing by the record of its Administration. Curtis cannot be nominated because, no matter how reluctantly, he voted for the McNary-Haugen Bill.

"Who, then, can be nominated? Possibly Hughes. Coolidge himself. Or, if there is a good dark horse in the Coolidge stable, he can flash out to the position next the rail.

"Is not Dwight Morrow that dark horse? Why, certainly! Why had we not thought of him before? Former partner of the house of Morgan, certainly. But for that very reason heir to the Wall Street strength. And Wall Street is wider than Trinity Church. It is as wide as New York. And Dwight Morrow is the man who would have a very good chance—close to a certainty—of carrying New York against Al Smith. Certainly, Dwight Morrow.

"A member of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Company could not be elected President? Did not the Republicans make the next biggest banker to Morgan Secretary of the Treasury, and did it not make the country like it? Did it not make this same Morrow Ambassador to Mexico, the most important of our diplomats, and did it not make the country like that, too? The fact that the Democrats could not do much with a Morgan lawyer does not prove that the Republicans could not do a great deal with a Morgan partner.

"And, because the Republicans cannot afford to nominate Hoover, but must nominate Morrow, the Democrats cannot afford to nominate Smith, but must nominate Owen D. Young. He, too, has the support of large-scale finance. He can control at least one side of Wall Street, and up State he is stronger than Morrow. He, and not Smith, is the Democratic hope in New York State if Morrow is the Republican standard-bearer."

Other prophecies were made, equally fantastic—or equally plausible. The one most often repeated was that President Coolidge when he vetoed the McNary-Haugen Bill placed himself beyond the possibility of declining to serve when drafted as the Republican nominee. Though he, and not Hoover, wrote the veto, he is none the less stronger than Hoover in the revolting West. And in the East he can save at least Massachusetts, probably New Jersey, and possibly other States which would be lost to Smith by any other Republican. Coolidge might win with the West lost. Hoover could win only by winning the West, which is lost.

And so on.

There is agreement among them in just one point, or rather in two related points—that the veto of the McNary-Haugen Bill made impossible the nomination of a McNary-Haugenite and imperiled Republican success in the Middle West with an anti-McNary-Haugenite at the head of the ticket.

I agree with the opinion that Republican affairs are profoundly affected by the veto. I dissent from the opinion that Democratic affairs are much disturbed by it. It seems to me th Smith's chances for nomination as w as for election have been helped, and r hurt. But with the details of the h teria of prophecy which broke with t veto I am not much concerned. Th which is interesting is the fact th realization came so quickly after the ve when nothing could bring it home du ing the months and years before t veto.

There is substantially nothing in t situation now that was not in it on t day after President Coolidge made h speech before the American Farm B reau Federation in Chicago during t first days of December, 1925. It w apparent then that the wheat and co country demanded a subsidy, by wha ever name called, and without it wou revolt. There have been two consiste cies, and only two, ever since—the far ers' determination to have the equaliz tion fee and Coolidge's determinati that they should not have it.

The equalization fee is, of course, horrible makeshift. Personally, aft scrambling desperately for seven years get enough money elsewhere to keep farm going, I think that I should ha quit as a farmer if President Coolid had signed the McNary-Haugen Bi But why he and his responsible par leaders have maintained a negative att tude and done nothing positive towar bringing about sound agricultural reli —that I shall never understand.

And why it was made necessary f him, on the same day, to veto the M Nary-Haugen Bill and to sign the Jone White Shipping Bill—that can be a tributed only to bone-headedness. Th Shipping Bill, called by various swe names, is more a subsidy bill than th McNary-Haugen. Revolving fund a the lowest rate of interest ever estab lished, plain subsidy for carrying th mails, Government marine insuranc Government salaries to merchant office and crew on the pretext of naval reserv —parallelopipedon lying flat on that the McNary-Haugen Bill.

Up to now Al Smith has owed most t Senator J. Thomas Heflin and your Theodore Roosevelt. But now his su preme debt is to the bunglers in the re ular Republican organization in Wash ington.

A Mother Revolts

ON those fairly frequent occasions when, by rotogravure or royal manifesto, the father of some outlandish number of children is made to feel that he is a great nd worthy citizen of his country, we have always wondered hat the mother thinks about it. Now we know, in one inance at least.

Mrs. Ethel Cromwell, of Bridgeport, Connecticut, is thirtyve years old. She has been married ten years, and she has orne thirteen children. Only five are living.

Mr. Cromwell was not at all discouraged even though the ast born is a helpless cripple. But when his wife heard a ourteenth mentioned she went to the police. The police were uzzled but willing to oblige, and, after hunting around among heir stock of charges, decided that "technical breach of peace" ould do.

The city prosecutor thinks there must be "a law on the tatute-books that will protect a wife whose health, according o physicians, would be imperiled by further child bearing."

If we must add another law to our overloaded statute-books, e think it the best law we have heard of in years.

Germany "Safe for Democracy"

THE German Republic and the peace policies of Foreign Minister Stresemann won the elections in Germany. That is the reassuring fact that the rest of the world ees in the returns.

The Social Democrats swing the balance of parliamentary ower in the new Reichstag. They are a moderate constitutional Socialist party, favoring the Republican Constitution, he Locarno arbitration treaties with the Allies, the League of Nations, and fulfillment of the Dawes Plan for reparations. Gaining 21 seats, they have raised their representation to 152 —twelve short of a third of the total membership. Thus they ecome the decisive force for the next four years in German olitics.

At the same time the Nationalists—reactionaries opposed y conviction to the Republic, the Dawes Plan, and the pacific ettlements with the Allies—dropped from 111 to 73 places. Eighteen additional Deputies, elected by agrarian factions not fficially connected with the Nationalists but in sympathy vith them, will bring their strength to 91.

The elections were directly a rebuke to the Nationalists for he high cost of living that followed new taxes on foodstuffs nd tariffs they secured in favor of the large agrarian interests. This economic motive in the voting appeared most learly in gains made by the Communists. They won 54 seats nd moved from fifth to fourth place in the list of Reichstag arties, next to the Catholic Center Party. Even this solid onservative organization dropped from 69 to 61 seats. And elow the Communists now ranks the People's Party of the ig industrialists and business men, headed by Foreign Minister Stresemann, with 45 seats.

Dr. Otto Braun, the Social Democratic Chancellor of the tate of Prussia, apparently will head the new Government. Just what sort of coalition Cabinet he may form will depend on his conferences with Dr. Stresemann, who is still recovering from illness. The Social Democrats need the co-operation of the Catholic Centrists, the People's Party, and the Democrats to form a majority Cabinet. That fact, as usual, will modify the Socialistic features of their policy.

The voters have created a balance of forces that safeguards the progress of republican Germany. So France is welcoming the result as a reinforcement of the new program of Franco-German co-operation that has been inaugurated in recent years. It constitutes a fresh assurance of the secure recovery of Europe.

Creator of Criminals

UNLESS the thief steals because he likes nice things, it is reasonably certain that before he starts out with gun and jimmy he knows of another man who will pay cash for the loot he brings home. What is the status under the law, then, of the latter?

The Association of Grand Jurors of New York County has been asking that question, and has noted a variety of answers in these States. In Louisiana the "fence" is regarded as so little reprehensible that the maximum punishment is two years. Other States treat him as a principal; that is, if the goods were received through highway robbery, the penalty for the receiver is for that type of crime.

This latter theory seems logical and at first thought adequate; but the New York jurors have advanced to the position that the "fence" is more culpable than the thief. In their words, he is "the source of organized crime and the creator of criminals."

It is our belief that this is more than a theory; that it is a sound principle to be embodied in our law. Which is guiltier —Fagin or the child he trains to filch pennies?

But Fagin is an obsolete symbol. The United States produces annually goods valued at approximately $61,000,000,000. It has been estimated that merchandise frauds total $500,000,000 annually; that credit frauds cause a yearly loss of $265,000,000; and that robbery and hold-ups add another $100,000,000 to the bill. Which is merely another way of saying that the "fence" industry is a billion-dollar industry.

Modern crime is organized and interlocked, and the receiver of stolen goods is a member of the interlocking directorate. The loft burglaries in big cities, the fake bankruptcies, are planned and instigated by the men who will receive and dispose of the spoils. The crook, new style, often takes orders for the swag before he steals it.

One result of the studies of the New York jurors is a maximum punishment of twenty years for the "fence" convicted in that State. The law has also been strengthened in other respects. The thief is no longer held to be the accomplice of the receiver, and therefore may testify against him. Dealers and collectors who do not make reasonable inquiry when buying are presumed to have had guilty knowledge if it is proved that the purchase was stolen.

The report of the New York Association has just been published. A copy should be put in the hands of every member of every lawmaking body in the country. Its findings show that there is widespread ignorance as to the culpability of the "fence," and its recommendations strike at the heart of the organized criminal industry.

Boston's Bogy-Man

By HELENA HUNTINGTON SMITH

The censor in Boston today, Miss Smith finds, is the bookseller himself. In other words, while positive forces are still operating to keep the Hub's reading matter undefiled, "suggestion" is now doing the most effective work.

IT is hardly news any more when the one-time intellectual center of America bans a book. The publisher privately utters whoops of glee; the liberal newspapers print some stern editorials; but the majority of intelligent people have reached a point where they turn over the page and forget it, merely reflecting that poor, dear old Boston is making itself ridiculous again.

There is now a list of more than seventy works of recent vintage which good Bostonians are not supposed to read. Of these only two, "An American Tragedy" and "Oil," have been officially proscribed in the Massachusetts courts. The rest have been dealt with by the same informal censorship which has this month sheared the head off "Bad Girl," and people in places remote from Beacon Hill are again wondering who this mysterious censor is.

Conspicuous among several others, it is the New England Watch and Ward Society, Boston's purity league, whose whispers in the ear of certain booksellers cause the latter to blanch and burn up half their stock. But this isn't all. After a period of alarums and excursions last year, when books were being popped off in lots of ten upwards, somebody uncovered the activities of the Rev. Paul Stirling, Episcopal minister in a Boston suburb. The Rev. Mr. Stirling, seventy-five years of age and retired, had been devoting his time to contemporary literature in the pious hope of discovering obscenity, which he invariably did. He kept the police busy with his complaints, and the booksellers, under threat of arrest, withdrew the books. The rest of the slaughter was the unassisted work of the dealers themselves, who were seized with panic at about this time and stopped the sale of thirty or forty books without a word of complaint from anybody.

The black list built up in this manner in the space of a few years no doubt includes some really indecent books, but it also includes such specimens as "Circus Parade," by Jim Tully; "What I Believe," by Bertrand Russell; "Dark Laughter," by Sherwood Anderson; "Nigger Heaven," by Carl Van Vechten; "The Irishman," by St. John Ervine; "Power," by Lion Feuchtwanger; "Black April," by Julia Peterkin; "Manhattan Transfer," by John Dos Passos; "Young Men in Love," by Michael Arlen; "Doomsday," by Warwick Deeping; "The Sun Also Rises," by Ernest Hemingway; "The Allinghams," by May Sinclair.

The current case of "Bad Girl" illustrates the smooth efficiency of the system. Viña Delmar's novel is a desperately sincere piece of work based on the married life of one boy and girl among New York's multitudes. Boston is said to have been shocked, specifically, by the seduction scene, which occurs, however, between two young people who are very much in love and are married within twenty-four hours. In the only other questionable passage the bewildered young wife, thinking her husband doesn't want a baby, visits an abortionist and is so revolted that she backs out in a hurry; hardly an immoral outcome. The rest of the country has found this innocuous, as literature goes. But in Boston the Watch and Ward Society had only to hint to the dealers that, in its opinion, the book afforded grounds for prosecution, and the dealers promptly withdrew it.

IT is a curious psychological manifestation, this Boston censorship. Part of it arises, no doubt, from so-called Boston Puritanism, which in this day is no different from Puritanism anywhere in the country. More of it arises from Boston propriety, which is not quite the same thing. But by far the greater part springs from an epidemic of blue funk among the booksellers, who are organized more or less into something called the Boston Book Merchants' Board of Trade.

To an outsider there is something quaint in the spectacle of these acolytes of literature falling flat in their eagerness to outcensor the censor. But when asked about it they explain plaintively that they don't want to go to jail. Under the State law, it is the bookseller, not the publisher or the author, who is held responsible for the indecency of books. So these honest men who have gone into the book business to make a living, see always before them the horrid specter of unsought martyrdom and two years in the hoosegow.

It all goes back to the Massachusetts obscenity law, which is a marvel of armor-plated bigotry. With the help of a judicial opinion, this law enables any one so minded to suppress practically anything. Its application is not confined to books of genuinely vicious intent; it empowers complainants to pick out an isolated passage from a sincere literary work and demand a conviction on the strength of that; and experience has shown they will probably get it. The statute forbids the circulation of books "containing obscene, indecent or impure language or manifestly tending to corrupt the morals of youth;" a phrasing which invites the suppression of most classics from "Romeo and Juliet" to Walt Whitman's poems. Only the works of Eddie Guest are safe.

As further encouragement for the reformers, a justice of the Massachusetts Supreme Court in 1909 wrote an adverse opinion on Mrs. Glyn's faintly purple "Three Weeks;" the only book so far to be taken to the highest court. In his decision a passage was held to be obscene if it tended to incite, *in the minds of those susceptible to such influence* impure thoughts! A brighter person than I has pointed out that on the strength of this you could bar a furniture catalogue.

Another fear besets the harassed bookseller in this matter of selling dubious books (alas! they are all dubious), and that is the religio-racial complexion of his neighbors. Puritan Boston, of course, is now about two-thirds Irish; many of the lower court judges own Irish Catholic affiliations, and Suffolk County juries are largely composed of the same. Privately, some of the dealers confess uneasiness at the thought of being brought up on such a charge before this moral people. So far as I could learn, this is the first and last of the Church's influence on what Boston reads. Certainly Catholic dignitaries

ave not assisted in building up the fa-ous black list; possibly because they dn't have to.

The obscenity law was passed some venty-five years ago, and during the rst ten years of its existence practically very dealer in Boston was arrested on mplaint of the Watch and Ward So-ety and given the minimum sentence of hundred dollars fine. One book-store as convicted for selling Rabelais, and is seems to have been the only en-ance of a classical work in the whole urse of the controversy. The Society, owever militant for purity, is suffi-ently Bostonian to stand in awe of a cred literary name. However, after a cade the booksellers were goaded to e point of trying to amend the law, but e Watch and Ward beat them.

THEN, in desperation, they hoisted a white flag and approached the erst-hile enemy. This was fifteen years go. The Watch and Ward Society was en, as now, an organization of social well as moral excellence. Its vice-esidents and directors at present in-ude a sprinkling of Cabots, and there e the rector of a high Anglican church, e pastors of some fashionable Unita-an and Congregational churches, and e Episcopal Bishop of Massachusetts. here are two Catholics, with irre-oachable Anglo-Saxon names.

This organization and the merchants und a congenial solution in a joint mmittee composed of three booksellers, aded by Mr. Richard Fuller of the ld Corner Bookstore, and three mem-rs of the Society. The agreement was at the Watch and Ward would call for arrests on a book until it had been viewed by the committee; if it was rned down, the booksellers would send it notices to the trade to discontinue it, d they would have three days' grace. he Society exercised its veto powers th comparative moderation, and per-ps seventeen books were stopped dur-g fourteen years' activity of the com-ittee, up to the end of 1926.

As the arrangement worked out, it ve the booksellers and the Watch and ard Society the power of life and death er books in Boston. They even got o of the leading newspapers to refuse lvertising on books they had disap-oved, and the literary editors agreed t to run reviews of them. It was as ght a little ring as one could dream of. s to why the three booksellers on the mmittee assisted at cutting off their n noses, the answer is that they de-ed safety above all things, and also at the feel of power is pleasant. And the few books involved were hardly worth fighting for.

Two years ago the police intruded on the scene and arrested two women for selling a book which had been passed by the committee, and they were defended, not only by the dealers, but by the Watch and Ward Society. Meanwhile a diligent book merchant got the police into line, which meant agreeing not to make any arrests in future without consulting the committee. A similar arrangement had been entered into with the district attorney two years earlier.

In all these years no one had ever challenged the committee when it turned thumbs down. A few lesser booksellers had tried to evade the bar, and had been promptly convicted on the sale of "Simon Called Peter" and some other books. But in the spring of 1926 the Watch and Ward threatened action against an issue of the "American Mercury" containing the story "Hatrack," and H. L. Mencken took the first train to Boston and got himself arrested for selling a copy of the magazine to the secretary of the Society. Subsequently, in the municipal court, Mr. Mencken had the good fortune to come before a singularly intelligent judge, who acquitted him on the ground that that story would not give rise to lascivious thoughts in the mind of a person paying fifty cents for a magazine.

Afterwards Boni & Liveright went up to Boston to fight for Theodore Dreiser's novel "An American Tragedy," and got a hundred-dollar fine. The case is now on appeal. Still later a book-store clerk was fined a hundred dollars for selling Upton Sinclair's "Oil," but Mr. Sinclair was unable to get himself arrested. To the best of my knowledge, Mr. Mencken is the only person who has made a successful fight so far. And as a Cambridge judge fined a newsdealer for selling the "Mercury" about a week later, his success is somewhat offset. It looks to me as though Mr. Mencken were simply in luck and the Massachusetts system unbeatable.

EVERYTHING was thrown out of order in the autumn of 1926 by the death of J. Frank Chase, for years the faithful secretary of the Watch and Ward Society. For some weeks the purity of Boston went unprotected, until a semi-literate housewife in a suburb found her son reading "The Plastic Age" in the woodshed. This novel had been out three years and had gone unscotched. The mother spoke to the priest, who spoke to the police, who made arrests. Mr. Fuller galloped to the district attorney (a new one was in office by this time), and persuaded him to drop the prosecution, on the usual consideration: the book would be withdrawn.

But it was now anybody's ball, so to speak, and the response was terrific. People sent in the name of every book ever published. A Back Bay lady was shocked by Ernest Pascal's "The Marriage Bed," and complained. The Rev. Paul Stirling complained continually, and Michael Crowley, the Superintendent of Police, was swamped in reading matter. Meanwhile the booksellers became nervous and sent nine or ten books to the district attorney with a request to know if they were actionable. The latter, Mr. William J. Foley, turned the lot over to his assistant, Mr. William J. Sullivan, for perusal.

Mr. Sullivan is a charming if somewhat austere young man, with every appearance of intelligence and capacity in his own line—which is not, as he tersely puts it, "reading smutty novels." Still, he read them, and discerned in them just one thing: that they were all clearly contrary to the laws of Masachusetts—as they probably were. And he announced this to the dealers—*i. e.*, he banned them.

The number of books proscribed in a few weeks' action by the civic authorities had now mounted to seventeen, or the same number that had been condemned in fourteen years of more careful literary judgments by the Watch and Ward Society. Mr. Sullivan's batch included "The Marriage Bed;" "The Plastic Age;" Frances Newman's "The Hard-Boiled Virgin;" "The Ancient Hunger," by Edwin Granberry; "Antennæ," by Hulbert Footner; and four others. To wind up this phase of the action, a bright reporter on a Boston paper thought it would be interesting to find out what the district attorney would say about "Elmer Gantry," so he called his attention to it. He got, as the saying is, the story. The district attorney banned "Elmer Gantry."

In their confusion the booksellers made a flippant gesture, which was not, as it turned out, the thing to do. They prepared a bundle of fifty-seven volumes, which they sent to the district attorney, saying these books were just as bad as the ones he had condemned, and did he intend to prosecute them too? But it happened that the fifty-seven, instead of being delivered to the long-suffering Mr. Sullivan, were dumped in the office of Mr. Foley. That personage, in the current idiom, got sore, and slammed them back with the statement that he and his staff were sick of acting

as censors, and if the booksellers wanted to sell these books, they could take their chances. Also he would ask for jail sentences in future. The dealers decided that, all in all, perhaps they had better withdraw over half the lot.

That brings us about up to date as far as the black list is concerned. I am privately informed that the trade as a whole does not take this last prohibition very seriously. The books are quietly sold in a number of shops; and one or two sell what they please, anyway, in defiance even of the Watch and Ward. But nobody is courting trouble displaying officially disapproved books.

DIRECTLY after the flurry of a year ago, the Watch and Ward Society appointed another executive secretary, and the police were persuaded, after a struggle, to refer their complaints to him as of yore. "Bad Girl" is the first book of any consequence to be banned since. But in the interim a little comic relief was afforded by the case of "Dusty Answer."

This novel by a young Englishwoman, Rosamond Lehmann, contains, as is well known, a not too obvious reference to an abnormality. Dr. Stirling did not miss it. With the volume under one arm he hastened to Charles S. Bodwell, the current factotum of the Watch and Ward, demanding strong measures. Mr. Bodwell had already read it, and confessed himself unable to see anything objectionable. Dr. Stirling retorted, "If you can't see it you'd better go to your doctor and get him to tell you."

"If I have to go to my doctor to find out what's wrong with a book, I guess it won't hurt the general public," Mr. Bodwell is reported to have answered. Not content, Dr. Stirling took his prize to the police. They nearly wore out a copy trying to find out where the immorality lay, but were unable to make head or tail of it.

And that is why "Dusty Answer" wasn't banned in Boston.

With all this moral frenzy being directed against more or less honest literature, how is real obscenity flourishing in the virtuous town of Boston—nasty little magazines intended for circulation among high school students, stuff really designed to "corrupt the morals of youth"? The answer is that it is flourishing undisturbed. During a two days' visit to Boston I went to a newsdealer and bought five different "art" magazines, so called, filled with pictures of nude women. A member of the district attorney's staff assured me that if he had heard about them they would have been prosecuted without an instant's hesitation. But in the year and five months since he had taken office not a single complaint had been filed against this type of magazine. The evidence is fairly damning. The obscenity hunters of Boston, like their brethren everywhere, do not seem particularly interested in the genuine article.

It has long been apparent to everybody but the latter that Massachusetts needs a new law. And during the last session of the Legislature three bills were introduced. One merely called for the appointment of a commission to investigate the book situation, and is not important. At the same time the Book Merchants' Board of Trade secured the introduction of an ingenious bill which would solve their difficulties and let literature take care of itself.

First, this bill would write into the law the old arrangement whereby the book merchant was to receive warning before he was prosecuted. To do this, instead of penalizing the person selling a book "containing obscene, indecent, or impure language," etc., it would change the wording to "knowing it to contain" such matter.

Second, it would make the publisher or the holder of the copyright responsible for the obscenity of the book instead of the dealer. Third, for the present criminal action in the municipal court it would substitute elaborate equity proceedings in the Superior Court. The Attorney-General, the district attorney, or any two adult citizens would be empowered to file a complaint against a book with a Superior Court judge. If upon a "summary examination" he found "reasonable cause" to believe the book violated the law, he could issue a temporary injunction against its sale and order the publisher or the copyright owner. If no defense were made within sixty days, the injunction could be made permanent. And the bookseller would be safe unless he violated the injunction.

IN fact, the only thing this bill doesn't do is to change the basis of censorship. It would leave untouched the absurd provision of the present law that a book may be prosecuted on a single passage instead of on its whole purport.

To remedy this a second bill was introduced this year, which bears the name of Ellery Sedgwick, editor of the "Atlantic Monthly," and is supported by William Z. Ripley, of Harvard, Charles F. D. Belden, head of the Boston Public Library, and a flock of other librarians all over the State. It offers the only genuine solution of the mess, and that is to require that the alleged obscenity of a book be judged "in connection with its entire context and theme or with the context and theme of any complete component part thereof."

As to the reason why the Sedgwick group and the booksellers cannot get together on their bills, it is the same old specter of the Watch and Ward Society. The moving spirit of the Book Merchants' Board of Trade is Mr. Fuller, an attractive, keen, and enterprising gentleman of good old Boston connection. While he has anything but the reformer's type of mind, he has a weakness for the game of politics, and the true politician's gift for seeing spooks. His haunting demon is the mystic power of the reform element, against whose opposition he is convinced, no bill in Massachusetts can possibly pass. And this element is forever set against such a change as that embodied in the Sedgwick bill.

In campaigning for his bill Mr. Fuller enlisted such supporters as the Watch and Ward Society, the Federated Churches, and a Jewish rabbi or two which should have convinced him that it would be perfectly ineffective against the censorship problem, but didn't. The supporters of this measure have convinced themselves by a curious argument, namely, that the equity judges of the Superior Court are men of such highly intelligent type that they will be certain to judge the book as a whole anyway, whatever the law tells them!

At present a book which is barred in Boston may still be sold in other parts of the State, but the proposed injunction proceedings would make the prohibition State-wide. This sounds like an argument in favor, until you remember that when a judge proscribes a book upon "summary examination" it may not be bought in Massachusetts until its publisher or author has proved its innocence. And in New York State it took almost three years to clear "Jurgen" in the courts. The Book Merchants' attorney was perhaps just a little too frank when he pleaded in behalf of this bill. "The machinery," which it would set up, "lends itself to the quick and sweeping action which the organizations for purity need in their work." In other words, the book dealers have sold the interests of literature to the Watch and Ward Society.

Two book-shop owners, Bertha Mahony and H. R. Burgess, stayed out of the organization and supported the Sedgwick bill, which with its fellows has now been put over to the next session of the Legislature. But with these excep-

(*Please turn to continuation, page 233*)

Politics: The French National Sport

By GOLDA M. GOLDMAN

The writer, who is English director of broadcasting for the Radio Institute of the Sorbonne, characterizes French politics as "the sport substitute of men and boys, the plaything of the chosen few." This despite nine parties and a passionate general interest in their policies.

N coming out of the Church of Notre Dame des Champs, on the Boulevard Montparnasse, any bright Sunday morning, the anger to Paris is amazed at hearing Sabbath stillness shattered by a zen youths who fairly attack the urch-goers, thrusting newspapers in ir faces and shouting their wares. rely, thinks the visitor, it is at least other war, and buys a paper, through ich he struggles on a hunt for the est sensation, only to find that he has rchased an ordinary copy of the roy- t paper "L'Action Française." Or, coming up out of the subway at the rte Maillot at seven o'clock any Sat- lay evening, you find yourself be- en the barrages of opposing parties, h furiously endeavoring to save your itical morals by selling you his sheet. The average Frenchman, despite the tures drawn by a certain class of nch novel, is a home-loving person. spends his evenings in the bosom of family, or sits in the corner of his orite café, which has come to be a ond home to him, chatting or playing ds with his cronies. Theatres, espe- lly since the war, are too expensive his slim income. Sports and physical ture as the American knows them, as nething for every one to indulge in, not exist for him.

But what the Frenchman does have is politics. There he finds his intellec- l interest, his never-ending material discussion, his reason for buying the ning paper, and frequently for the s who sell them their opportunity to w off considerable quantities of am." And how indeed can he es- e politics? He is practically Govern- nt-owned. If his matches don't ke—and they seldom do—it is be- se of the Government monopoly. If telephone connection is poor—and sually is—it is because of the Gov- ment monopoly. If his father dies in country, and he cannot learn of the until twelve hours later, it is be- se the Government controls the tele- ms and doesn't work after eight in evening. And so on.

He is always of the opinion, therefore, t, no matter what his ills may be, arise from the malevolence or the mpetence of politicians. Like the citizens of all the countries of the world, he seldom counts his blessings. He is out to fight the Government, being convinced that his party, which is out, would do better were it in. This is many times easier than it would be in the United States, where at the most one must be, say, Democrat, Republican, or Socialist. Mildly speaking, there are at least nine divisions which are political groups of importance in the Senate and the House of Deputies, and the mass of voters, like their representatives, are similarly split up. These groups run as follows: Extreme Right, Royalists; Right, Republican Federation; Center Right, Democratic and Social Republicans; Radicals; Radical Socialists; Republican Socialists; Independent Socialists; Unified Socialists; Extreme Left, Communists.

Naturally, these parties overlap considerably, but to think that they have no definite points of debate is not to understand the French mind. The Frenchman is an ardent individualist, and likes to be different from his fellows. The wonder is that there are only nine parties! That they are considered also to have wide divergences of opinion is demonstrated by the huge number of newspapers in Paris, each of which has its politics, waiting for the wary and the unwary alike at the Porte Maillot. There is, to begin again at the Extreme Right, "L'Action Française," the lively, satirical organ of the royalists, headed by Léon Daudet, writer and son of Alphonse Daudet, and by Charles Maurras. Swinging across to the opposite side, is the paper of the Extreme Left, the Communist organ "L'Humanité," lurid with full-page, shrieking cartoons. In between these, we have the conservative sheet "Le Figaro;" the evening paper of the "Center" politicians, which is the very good "L'Intransigeant;" the Socialist journals, "Le Populaire" and the trades-union paper "Le Peuple;" and the organs of the Left Wing, which supported Léon Blum, Herriot, and Painlevé at the last elections, and foremost among which is the "Quotidien." There is the solid evening paper "Le Temps," always for the Government, conservative, and scrupulous; the "Journal des Débats," a little more Center, but very serious; "L'Œuvre," belonging to the Radical Socialists, against the Government, crying out for the dissatisfied masses. And so it goes, each Frenchman buying the paper whose policy pleases him.

Frequently these papers force action upon the Government, whether it be the Government they support or combat. For instance, "Le Matin," always against the Communists, practically forced the Government's hand when Briand would have temporized in the Rakovsky affair. Rakovsky, the Soviet Ambassador in Paris, signed the manifesto calling upon all soldiers to rally to the Red banner in case of war as against national banners. The Foreign Office *suggested* that he be recalled, and he wasn't. "Le Matin," guided by the alert Stéphane Lauzanne, talked until Briand had to *ask* that he be recalled. When Rakovsky finally went off one morning, without so much as a good-by, "Le Matin" put its victory in a nice little box on the first page: *"Au revoir, M. Rakovsky. Au plaisir de ne pas vous revoir!"* (So long, M. Rakovsky. Here's to the pleasure of not seeing you again!")

THE habit of placing political posters all about town shows the interest which the Parisian takes in this matter. Wherever a wooden fence can be found surrounding a building in the making or anything of the sort you will find it plastered thick with propaganda, both Communist and conservative. Perhaps on the same wall there will be one calling upon the Workers of the World to take action on some point, while next to it the Centerists have placed one telling about dreadful conditions in Russia due to Soviet tactics. There is one such

board on the Boulevard des Italiens, where thousands out for a pleasure stroll, or movie and café bound, must pass it on a Sunday afternoon. There is invariably a crowd, reading word for word the frequently long dissertations placed there. The average American would give it a glance, discover it was not news of a prize-fight or new picture, and pass on.

Another very interesting point is the interest which French youth takes in this question, and to appreciate this properly one must understand something of the difference between university life in America and university life in France. The University of Paris unites in its several faculties some thirty thousand students today, and one might reasonably expect a tremendous amount of extra-curricula activity. This is not the case, however. I have said that for the Frenchman sports as a pastime for every one do not yet exist. I once asked a Frenchman what he thought of American bankers and lawyers who went off in the afternoon to play golf, and he shrugged his shoulders and replied, "We simply wonder when they work."

Just as the older man has no sport life, so it is very rare with the young men and women. There is practically no athletic association at the University of Paris—no football team, no basketball team, no running, nothing which entices the mass of students. Indeed, there is no gymnasium within college walls, though the Cité Universitaire will have a large athletic field. The French have so far disregarded that side of life. Neither is there a dramatic association, a debating club, a newspaper or literary organ, or any of the other thousand and one groups in which the American college boy and girl find the joy of their four years. And so, just like their fathers, those boys who in our schools would be full of "college spirit" and the leaders in outside activities here in France are interested in politics. This is where their animal spirits are let loose. They are members of the big Nationalist group, *Jeunesses Patriotes,* or of the royalist clan.

IT may be as well to say a word here about this "Action Française" which presents so many unusual features. The only thoroughly well organized group in France, I should say, are the royalists, who make so much noise that an outsider like myself tends to overrate their numbers and importance. Since they are never in power, their allegiance to their chief cannot be shattered by seeing him make a fool of himself in trying to handle the affairs of state. They exist chiefly to bother the Government—any Government which is in power. There is no more amusing pen in the country than that of Léon Daudet, every one of any political conviction will admit so long as the pen is not turned against him. Just how much political enmity he has aroused was, of course, demonstrated in the case of his son's death. Two years ago young Philip Daudet was

Aristide Briand, France's Foreign Minister

found dead in a taxi. The chauffeur said that he had entered it alive and had committed suicide. The father said he had been murdered, and accused the chauffeur of conspiracy with his political enemies. At the sensational trial the verdict was returned for suicide. Then the chauffeur sued Daudet for libel, and the father was fined and sentenced to a suspended prison term for saying that his son had been murdered! Although all decently minded persons and practically every newspaper cried out against it, the conviction went through, and last year found Daudet barricaded in the office of his newspaper, while thousands of his youthful adherents patrolled the streets to prevent his being taken to prison to begin the term. Finally, one morning at five o'clock the Chief of Police arrived, with literally hundreds of police, and called upon Daudet from the street to surrender himself and save more bloodshed, which, after a little speech, he did.

It is perhaps because they do get so many theatrical effects out of their politics that the French love them so. When one lives in the constant suspen which accompanies frequent bloodle Cabinet revolutions, for example, it hard to grow disinterested. The Daud affair did not stop there, to the pleasu of the public, for the chief act in t tragi-comedy had not been played. became apparent that public opini was so strongly against the Governme action in imprisoning the royalist lead that he would shortly be pardoned, b his young friends would not wait for prosaic an event. One noontime th occupied all the telephone booths in t Ministry of the Interior, while one their number telephoned to the direct of the prison telling him to free Daud quickly and quietly, so as to avoid a scene. The director had been expecti such an order, but to make sure he te phoned back. The only free phone w that where the conspirator was placed, the prison chief talked to the same pe son, who reaffirmed the order. Wi tears of joy in his eyes, Léon Daud learned that he was free and that a c was waiting for him. And when he h been driven away he found he had be liberated by a trick, and was whisk away into hiding, from which he on emerged after crossing the Belgian bo der. You can have no idea of the d lighted enthusiasm with which t French populace followed the acts in th drama which was played at the exper of the authorities. Now Daudet co tinues to write for his paper and a dresses his assembled adherents by r dio!

It is easy to see, therefore, why yout which ever loves a thrill, swells the ran of the "Action Française" to battle wi the legions of the *Jeunesses Patriot* even though as, a matter of course, th would not know what to do with a ki if they had one. I know, since t young folks of all classes of society a attracted to this spirited organization, young man who delivers papers who also a *Camelot du Roi,* as they a called. He wears dirty linen and seldo washes his hands, but he wears a broa brimmed black hat and carries a sti with an air. Perhaps he is carrying ov some ideas from his evening job waiter and *chanteur* in an old cabar where he dresses in doublet and hose a sings songs of the forgotten centuri He probably thinks all life would be o sweet old song.

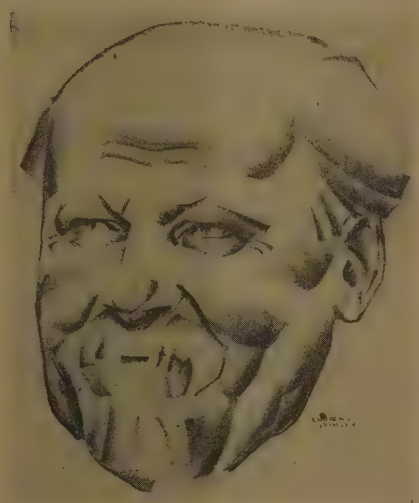
IS there any college in the Unit States where the student elections a based on the question of whether t

ndidates are Republicans or Demo-
ats? Yet all elections at the Sorbonne
epend upon that question rather than
pon, "Shall there be an honor system?"
"Shall the students own and operate
otor cars?" And again, like their
arents, the students are convinced that
l their ills come from the Government.
have seen hundreds of students waiting
r the results of the bachelors' exami-
ations crowding the streets about the
rbonne and shouting wildly, while po-
e reserves were called out. And be-
use the posting of the results was an
ur or two late they were shouting, not,
Where is the Dean?" or "Send out the
rofessors!" No, indeed. They were
outing: *"A bas Herriot! A bas Her-
ot!"* ("Down with Herriot!"—the
inister of Public Instruction.)

Despite all this show of interest, one
surprised to find that the Frenchman
tes very seldom and has comparatively
tle authority as a citizen. Elections
e not a yearly occurrence, as with us,
hen there is always some one to vote
r. They come every four years, and
l the important officials are appointive
ther than elective, or are elected indi-
ctly instead of by the people. As
iefly as I can make it, here is the out-
ne of the voting powers: The country
divided into departments, corre-
onding roughly to our States, and the
partments are subdivided into *arron-
ssements*, corresponding to our coun-
s. Then there are the cities, or com-
unes. The voter elects the municipal
uncilors, the *arrondissement* councilors,
e general councilors (department), and
e Deputies, or members of the lower
use of Parliament.

The commune is governed by a mayor
ected by the municipal council. The
rondissement is governed by a sub-
efect, and the department by a pre-
ct, both appointed by the Minister of
e Interior. The country is governed
the Chamber of Deputies, elected by
e people; by the Senate, elected by the
neral and *arrondissement* councilors
d by the Deputies; by a President,
ected by the Parliament; and by a
abinet, appointed by the President
parliamentary majority indications.
nce Parliament, disputing with the
inisters, can cause their being changed,
ce a change of Ministers can cause a
ange of prefects and sub-prefects, and
on all down the line, it is quickly
n that there are few civil officers who
e responsible to the people. It is even
ssible, for that matter, to remove a
esident, as was done in the startling Millerand case, which, although to all evidence unconstitutional, put a regularly elected President out of office. Not the least of the surprises is that he soon after presented himself as a candidate for the Senate in his home department and was elected.

The people have never had a direct chance to express themselves in regard to the Poincaré Government, which has admittedly pulled the country on to safe shores during these past two years. Poincaré is one of the few Frenchmen



Premier Poincaré

who have no politics. He presents himself as a candidate, not as a party candidate, and he governs France in the same way. He says he has no time for politics! Whether the French learned their lesson from two years ago—that fateful summer when their politicians played with the security of the country, each trying to get the power into his own hands instead of trying to stabilize the Government—remains to be seen. Although the foolish things done constantly by the mass of voters makes one question daily the wisdom of the democratic ideal, perhaps it would be better if the French elected more of their officials directly, and so had them in hand; for certain it is that with all his passion for the question of government, the French citizen has very little to say about how it shall be conducted, and the score of important men of the various parties can too easily jeopardize the country's security for their personal ends. There is a great mass of eligible French who never exercise their voting privilege, and it is largely because of this defect in their electoral system which causes them to feel that their votes are wasted and ineffective.

It would be hardly fair to conclude such a discussion without a word concerning the attitude of the Frenchwoman. Admittedly, France is the last country in Europe to consider woman's rights. I quote from an article in "Le Temps:" "We are, as far as concerns the legal status of women, the most backward people in Europe. The French woman is always a minor; she battles, without great hope so far, for the vote and eligibility; she cannot dispose of her goods without the consent of her husband, nor get a passport without authorization; her children do not belong to her, and she cannot, alone, assure them a regular situation. In short, one wonders at her patience in still supporting such subjection, and the indifference with which feminist propaganda is thrown at us. In truth, the French women hardly interest themselves in their rights, and scorn the question of their legality."

These words of M. Gaston Rageot sum up fairly well the present situation. There is a feminist organization that has accomplished much, with no resort to militaristic methods, but perhaps that has been facilitated by the fact that they are arguing for what has already been accomplished in other countries. As in other twentieth-century innovations, the French are slowly following in the wake of modern women's rights. M. Poincaré has declared himself frankly for the vote for women, but the men are much frightened by the idea that they may soon have women councilors seated side by side with them, and one Deputy has suggested that the women should elect a municipal council of the same size as the men's and do all their discussion therein —the only difficulty being that their decisions are to be considered if the gentlemen choose!

As a matter of fact, the average Frenchwoman takes the attitude that has made the French *salon* famous. She is interested and intelligent in political matters, and she understands perfectly that by exercising her charms she can control politics all she wishes without the trouble of going to the polls. She rebels against her subjection in financial matters, for example, but otherwise she is little disturbed.

Politics will undoubtedly remain as they are in France for a long while to come—the sport substitute of the men and boys, and the plaything of the chosen few.

Afield and Afloat

By HERBERT REED
(Right Wing)

THIS month of June on the Thames and the Hudson will be unusually trying for the college rowing coaches and for the oarsmen themselves, because of the double objective—the four-mile race and the short-distance try-out for the Olympic selection to be held on the Schuylkill course the first week in July. Massachusetts "Tech," having finished competitive rowing for the season, is out of the picture; but, in spite of the results of the early season, in which, for instance, Princeton was a severe disappointment, there is hardly one of the college Varsity eights that will admit the certainty of a closed door to the Amsterdam adventure. The reason for this is the fairly even spread of remarkable rowing material and the reasonably standardized methods employed in stroke and rigging.

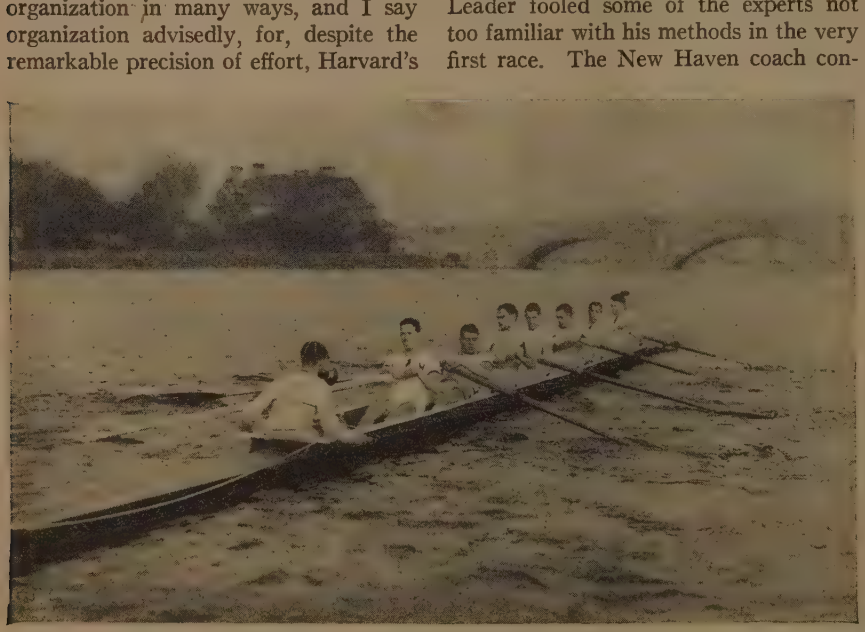
Yet there are certain eights that swing into this June stretch richer than others in possibilities and prospects. First comes Harvard, one of the heaviest and most powerful combinations that ever sat a race boat. The Crimson already has shown a terrific racing punch at the short distance, and will be favored for the four-mile affair, both because of that punch and the plainly evident power and experience. It is a precedent-breaking organization in many ways, and I say organization advisedly, for, despite the remarkable precision of effort, Harvard's Varsity is not to be considered as a mere machine. It has proved, too, that men above 190 pounds can "pull their weight" and more, when properly boated. It has proved that it can take some of the pulling burden off Jack Watts at stroke so that he can concentrate on racing generalship without worrying about the "pile in front of the oar," and it has been enriched by a string of victories as a "front-racing" crew, which is an inestimable advantage in the two-crew contest or contests to come. Further, it is in the hands of Ed Brown, a coach who has shown the rare ability to conserve that cherished individualistic tendency of all Harvard athletes, and at the same time produce a *team*. That is indeed a remarkable achievement. No doubt the Crimson coach will lengthen the stroke somewhat for the long pull without letting go of any of the spurting ability in the high thirties so extremely necessary this season. Certainly there is nothing left to be desired.

Next—Yale. Here is another unbeaten eight with a rather different history and background, but undoubtedly a smashing good one in the making. Ed Leader fooled some of the experts not too familiar with his methods in the very first race. The New Haven coach continued experimenting up to almost the last moment before the first public appearance of his crew. That always means that he knows he has something and will risk a lot of changes in order to put together as nearly perfect a combination as possible. It was a boat-load of blasé veterans that was beaten last year. It does not mean that he is in desperate mood. When his winning march was halted last year, it did not mean that he had a poor crew. He has never had such a thing since he took hold at Yale. And I think it will be found that he has something exceptional in hand this year.

The choice of Tappen at stroke turned out to be a happy one. Leader and his chief aide, Murphy, have a happy faculty of bringing out these last-minute wonders. The average follower of Yale eights is not prepared for their sudden advent because he has not been out with the coach day after day. If he had been he would have learned that these marvels had simply been cases of promising men who had the happy faculty of "taking coaching" and of suddenly realizing on it almost overnight. That is one of the secrets of Leader's success. I have no doubt that there is to be a great four-mile race at New London. There will be more to say about it on the eve of the event.

Let us turn now to the Hudson. Unless something unforeseen turns up in the meantime, there is not much doubt that young Dick Glendon's Varsity, experienced and well together behind the stroking of Eric Lambart, will be widely favored when it goes to the mark. Illnesses and other mishaps delayed the crew in striking its real gait, but once the Childs Cup was impressively won the crew began to show something of the qualities that made it famous a year ago. It is a big, strong, well-paced, fast crew and should be quite as good as a year ago. Because of the considerable "lay back" with plenty of shoulder on the sweeps at the finish of the stroke, it looks more like an English university crew than any of its American contemporaries. What it needs now is mostly mileage, which should be forthcoming in the period of preparation at Poughkeepsie if the weather is at all favorable.

At the beginning of the season it was expected that the elder Glendon would



Wide World

THE HARVARD VARSITY EIGHT

One of the heaviest and most powerful combinations that ever sat a race boat

de World

Launching the new Pennsylvania shell, the gift of one of the trustees of the University

tore the prestige of victory to Annap-
s. But there had been a hiatus in his
aching there, and there were various
shaps that made the revival even more
ficult, so that at this writing the make-
of the first Varsity is unsettled.
ithout disparaging the work of young
tler from Washington, who was in
arge a year ago, last year's eight had
ıybrid style—something left over from
endon, and something from the Wash-
gton school grafted on. It was there-
e disappointing, although the loss of
veteran No. 7 at the last moment
doubtedly upset the machinery consid-
ably. So the veteran coach has some-
ng of a task on his hands. If he man-
es to shake his boat-load down to his
n famous style, then it will be very
ich in the hunt over the Poughkeepsie-
ghland course, but not otherwise.
ere is a chance—that seems to be the
uation just now.

California and Washington, the latter
th stowed-away mileage of rowing on
e water, look like prospects for the
st division at Poughkeepsie, just as
y were a year ago. California beat
ashington under the new coach, Ul-
icksen, on home waters, and that was
impressive achievement for young
Ebright, the coach and former
ashington coxswain. Ebright now has
system working extremely well. The
st of material also is available. And
m inclined to think that Ebright is in
sition to offer his men a chance at the
ympic try-out, win or lose at Pough-
epsie. If that is so, he has golden bait
the Golden Bears. From what I have
n of his crews, Ebright has kept the
oke as close to the old Washington
ndards in the matter of detail as any
of the group that took up outside coach-
ing after their successes at Seattle. In
his case this should be an asset. If cer-
tain of the others have seen fit to make
alterations from time to time, there have
been sound reasons for them bound up
with experiences and contacts that have
not yet fallen to the lot of the young
man at California. I think he and his
men will be important factors in the
East this season, even if they do not
reach Amsterdam.

Washington as usual has excellent ma-
terial, but has lost Russell Callow from
the coaching launch, which may make a
difference. And, incidentally, Callow
has taken on at the University of Penn-
sylvania, probably the hardest coaching
job in the East. It is still too early to
tell much about his prospects at Pough-
keepsie. Pennsylvania fared none too
well in the early races, which may mean
much or nothing. It can at least be said
that his Varsity showed steady improve-
ment. Comment on other crews and the
American Henley must be reserved for
another issue.

ONE of the great runners of all time has captured the Long Beach Marathon and will undoubtedly head the selection for the American team that will travel the long route at the Olympics. For years Joie Ray was our greatest miler, and equally our most insufferable athletic personality. But the genius that changed almost overnight from a miler that seemed to have run his course to a sensational Marathon trial winner has also changed overnight to a superb egoist. A great racing head and a great racing heart have put him beyond all criticism. Should Joie come out tomorrow with the statement that he was the reincarnation of Pheidippides, there probably would be none to dispute him. If, which is more likely, he should inquire, "Who was this guy Pheidippides, anyhow?" the athletic world stands ready to assure him that he was no Joie Ray, no matter what else he might have been. In the course of chaffing, however, it might be wise to consider the wonder of the man's style. For myself, I prefer to think of him as a reincarnation of Willie Day. Only the very old-timers will remember this famous little star who covered the ground like a blown soap-bubble. To compare Joie's style with Day's is the greatest praise of which I am capable.

Underwood & Underwood

THE LONG BEACH MARATHON

Joie Ray is No. 3; Clarence De Mar, the New England runner, is No. 1

"Battles Long Ago"

By BERT ROLLER

NINE years ago, out somewhere on the Woevre Plains, ankle-deep in frozen mud, we lifted our heads to a twilight world where war was no more. I remember so little of that—nothing, in fact, of the romantic thrill which our fictionists have given to such hours. I was tired, and my wounded leg began to ache abominably. Soon a road kitchen supplied us with beefsteak and strong coffee, and the sun, hidden it seems throughout the war, shone for a few hours with ghostly dimness.

I do remember saying to myself, desperately, as we sloughed back from the front a few days later, that never, never, so long as I lived, never would I participate in any patriotic meetings, never would I say one word that would carry on the dreadful romanticism of war. To one who had seen how mangled children looked a few hours after the demolition of their home, had suddenly come on the body of a dead German boy with tears still on his waxy face and hands clasped as if in prayer, war was a thing to be forgotten. My fretful nerves found some release in the decision.

During the first years after the war I kept my resolution. I refused to join the American Legion, because I anticipated a constant revival of things best never mentioned. In my college, when called on to assist the program maker on Armistice Day, I evaded the job with brusque sarcasm. I refused applause when the orchestras played the war songs. I kept silent when my friends tried to make me talk.

There was no glory in war; we had been trapped and made, because of our youth and innocence, a wasted generation. The knowledge that every great war had created such a generation was only added bitterness. Only one thing was clear—the duty of the returned soldier was that of making thorough the disillusionment.

So I read only the realistic war literature for my inspiration. I scoffed openly at the pretty stuff that inevitably crept into the magazines—syrupy melodrama and "religious" essays written by sentimentalists who had never experienced the sight of the decaying body of a dead soldier or the divine torture of cooties by the hundreds. When our most famous revivalist toured the country with his most mushy sermon on the "praying soldier, fighting for God and country," I felt the limit had been reached.

The most gruesome of the Sassoon poems I read joyously. Here, I said, is a portrayal of real war, naked and grotesque as I myself had seen it. I prepared a lecture in which I hoped to show that all war poetry up to 1914, with the exception of that of Whitman, had been given us by men who had never heard a cannon shot; that the poets had been in league, unconsciously, with the fiction writers to prettify the most horrible tragedy of life. I predicted that Rupert Brooke would very soon have forgotten his fine idealism and have given us verse as bitter as that of Nichols and Sassoon had he actually seen war as a fighter. I followed the career of Laurence Stallings with interest, from "Plumes" to "The Big Parade."

Suddenly I realized with appalling clearness that he had exposed for us, in these few brief years, the swift changes that time makes in all of us who were participants in war. From the flaming, denunciatory "Plumes" he had mellowed into the rich splendor of the romantic "Big Parade." He had forgotten!

Then I began to know why the old Confederate veterans would never tell us the facts given by the honest historian—how the soldiers lived for weeks on small supplies of parched corn, of crime following in the footsteps of armies, of the suffering and cold and despair—but instead recalled only General Lee stopping to place his coat over a sleeping soldier, of a few moonlight nights on battlefields, of silly but tragic mistakes made by comrades. I knew too why they met, year after year, with such gusto of feeling, while we came together and parted hastily, inarticulately. Time had eased their pain. For them all life was dim except that one experience. Love, marriage, parenthood, work, and sin were but vague figures on a tapestry crowded with war experiences, all romanticized.

DURING the first year after my return from the front I dreamed often of the war. Night after night I was wandering through Paris. Every face I saw was the same—the face of the German boy whom I had seen dead on the side of the road, a boy who looked no older than an American high school freshman. Once in my dreams I entered a café. I noticed that all the occupants looked alike, that the faces were boyish and on each were tears. Each stared ahead, as if waiting for some one.

Now always, I believe, I have the same dream of the war. We have mobilized again. We are marching away. And I am dreadfully unhappy. I don't want to go. I can't see why I volunteered again. There is no music, no shouting, none of the rollicking cheer of the real experience, but instead the solemn and almost silent ring of soldiers' feet, belonging to men who know exactly what is coming. All that to be lived through again, I keep thinking—the cooties, the torture of wet clothes almost frozen on one's body, the hunger, the sickening smell of German dugouts when one is half starving, the detested ill-fitting uniform.

But in my waking hours it is all different now. A crisp, bright day, the muffled sound of an airplane against a faultless sky, a bit of the "Madelon," and I am away, wandering back to the glory of it all—back to the jolly nights when, in a deep dugout, we danced to the music of a jew's-harp; back to Paris when autumn had touched the chestnuts with its first color; to the French-fried potatoes given us by sweet-voiced peasant women; to the first night at the front, when we waited thrillingly and solemnly for the order to fire; to the time when I crept, snakelike, out of the trench to gather some plums left on the ground from a full-bearing tree.

I want to make extravagant promises to myself. Some day I'll go back and tramp and tramp until I'm exhausted, then receive the kindly welcome of the peasant family. I'll taste again those potatoes, eaten without bread. I'll see little Gustavus and his sister Marie and listen again to their morning greetings. Once more I'll hike through Luxembourg in a snow-storm and be enthralled by the sight of "Il Trovatore" castles jutting the hillsides and pretty girls dressed in "Student Prince" costumes watching us from their street windows. When this happens, I feel dead to all the interests of my every-day life. I am no longer

Underwood & Underwood

" A rough road to travel
And a long way from home."

cher, a parent, a friend, but a soldier essed with memories. Then I like to ggerate and say that I and all my npanions of war are as Browning's zarus, stupefied against the humdrum irs of this world because of that vis- of another place.

Once, when I felt that my battle was ely being lost, I broke my silence. I l been asked to talk on Armistice Day the junior high school boys where I s doing experimental teaching. I efully planned my talk before going the platform. Not one boy, when I s through with him, would leave the litorium with thoughts of war glory. tead, they would see war as only a ng of mud, of filth, loneliness, and tuous existence. Yet when the first ish question came to me all my plans re forgotten. I told them of the night sea when we first realized that we re in the submarine zone, of the ex- urating St. Mihiel drive, of a night Toul when we forgot war and held nival, of the swift race at the end en we tried to keep just behind the reating Germans, of a companion who hed into every vacant dugout possible l how once, while searching for sou- irs, he looked up and met the eyes of dead German, half hanging from an er bunk, looking at him. Even the y words of war came to me as et music—"bunk," "sector," "St. hiel," and "retreating enemy."

I knew then that I need not struggle re; that as the war recedes and becomes more and more a thing of the past, of "old, unhappy, far-off things, and battles long ago," the harsh realism of the experience will be lost; that soon only the glory of it will remain even for us. Last week I read again "Plumes," which I had admired so much when it first came to us. Now, although I know its truth, it seems but a dreary book, a thing almost of bad taste. At times now I even resent the over-realism of "What Price Glory?" The movies' recent efforts to burlesque the entire affair gives me no unhappiness. Once I would have been stirred to bitterness.

YET when a few days ago word came to me that the "ole Batt'ry" was being reorganized again and that I was urged to be present, I refused. I knew only too well that I would have to listen again to more of the captain's bull and the colonel's pompous lust for patriotic utterances. But I wanted to go. I wanted just one more time to hear the soldier's favorite epithet for every man hurled at one without any thought of the smile which, in my innocent days before the army experience, I had always thought must accompany it. I wanted my share of the memories.

No, I wouldn't go. That orgy of reminiscences would be too much. Some sentimental fool would be sure to begin talking of "our comrades, left on Flanders' fields." Then another, the colonel surely, or some preacher who had forgotten our glorious heathenism, would start on "breaking the Hindenburg Line in real life, just as we had done over there."

All the day I was restless and bitter. It was a day just like that one on which we entered St. Mihiel. (Strange that I remember nothing of that day except the sight of an old woman squatting in the mud, weeping silently.) I, who had had my body covered with lice and mud, had seen soldiers shoot craps up to the last hour of life, had known how degrading unrestrained lust can become, was forced to prepare a lecture on the "Æsthetics of Poetry."

The morning after the reunion I wandered over to the drug-store. There I met my old sergeant, who told me all about it. He told me how the food had been served in mess kits, how the old jokes had been revived and only army nicknames used for the roll-call, and how, by God, the "ole Batt'ry" was the best fighting organization in that land of frogs. How, too, at the end, "Old Kentucky," a skinny beardless boy from the mountains, possessing a high, treble voice, had sung once more for them the mountaineer song with which many a village and road of France must still ring —a song of disappointed love given in wailing lines, ending with the lines:

> A rough road to travel
> And a long way from home.

That night, for the first time in nine years, I donned again my army uniform —helmet, gas mask, and all. I showed my children how we saluted, how the mask was placed over the face, how we marched. Their interest made me happy; happier than I had been for years, as if some wearing burden had been dropped.

Later I lay awake for hours, thinking. If I could have just one more night of it! One more night of it, and I'd be happy forever! If I could have again that cold dawn when I joined for a few hours a Rainbow infantry bunch and ate with them the canned blackberries which they had stolen from the Red Cross. Or one more night of rapid firing. Any one night, I didn't care which.

I might as well face it. I'm becoming all "old soldier." Soon, when the chance comes, I too will do my perfect bit toward helping another generation of youngsters join the glorious adventure. If I reach old age, I'll probably be like an old Confederate friend of my father's, an aged man from his thirty-fifth birthday, who wanted only three things—a chair, the sunshine, and his "blessed memories."

Handel at Northampton

By EUGENE BONNER

A PERFORMANCE of an opera by Handel nowadays is not such a common occurrence that it would be apt to pass unnoticed, but when that composer's "Xerxes" (Serse) is given with a dramatic work of the great Monteverdi thrown in for good measure, musicians and music lovers most decidedly feel it incumbent upon themselves to sit up and take notice.

Having made a success last year with the production of the Handel "Julius Cæsar," Professor Werner Josten and his co-workers in the musical department of Smith College, Northampton, Massachusetts, decided to try the delightful old *opera buffa* "Xerxes" this season, and, as the leading feminine rôle calls for a singer of experience, Miss Mabel Garrison, well known to Metropolitan Opera House audiences, was engaged for the part of Romilda.

While the rest of the cast was drawn mostly from the amateur ranks, no allowance on that account had to be made for the quality of the performance, which equaled in smoothness and the general high standard of the singing and acting many performances we have seen done by dyed-in-the-wool professionals here and elsewhere.

The little Monteverdi work, "Il Combattimento di Tancredi e Clorinda," which preceded the Handel opera, is of unusual interest for many reasons. First, Claudio Monteverdi (1587–1643) is more or less considered the founder of modern opera, his use for the first time of the string tremolo in this opera establishing an entirely new convention which is even now one of the most effective devices of dramatic music.

The story is taken from Tasso's great poem "Jerusalem Delivered" and deals with that part of the story of Tancred and Clorinda where, after many adventures, Clorinda, the pagan warrior maiden beloved of Tancred, the Christian knight, finally meets the latter in mortal combat and, being disguised as a man and unrecognized by Tancred, is given her death blow by him. Revealing her identity, she asks him to baptize her, which, stricken with grief, he does, just before she expires in his arms.

As given the other evening the story was sung by a "Narrator" from a kind of pulpit at one side of the stage, being assisted by two other singers, who sang the few phrases allotted to Tancred and Clorinda, who were played in dumb-show, in the manner of marionettes.

The Narrator's part was taken by a woman, Marie Milliette, who sang with style and distinction, revealing a voice of lovely quality. George Meyer, Jr., and Ursula Toomey sang Tancred's and Clorinda's parts, while Samuel Eliot, Jr., and Edith Burnett did the rôles of these characters in the pantomime. The "puppet charger" on which Tancred rode was a thing of joy, and Mr. Eliot and Miss Burnett put on one of the best duels seen by us anywhere.

The piece, short as it is, reveals unmistakably the genius of the great Italian. The simplicity of the harmonic structure, the effectiveness of the rhythms combined with the beauty of the vocal parts, make this little cantata-opera a gem among music dramas. Especially beautiful is the Invocation to the night, which opens the work, and the really touching lament of the dying Clorinda.

In "Xerxes" we have one of the later operas of Handel, a work written about 1738, just preceding the composition of his great oratorios.

The version used by Professor Josten is an English translation of that of Dr. Oskar Hagen, of the University of Wisconsin. This version was the one used in the Göttingen revival of the work in 1924. Much is cut, and some of the many characters disappear, which is just as well, the story being sufficiently complicated as it is. The English translation was made by Bayard Quincy Morgan, also of the University of Wisconsin.

To many whose knowledge of the music of "Xerxes" is limited to the famous "Largo" it comes as a pleasant surprise to find that this opera, far from being the majestic, solemn affair conjured up by this well-known excerpt, is an amusing, rollicking farce-comedy with a few more or less serious moments. Also the "Largo," instead of being used as an accompaniment for some high and serious occasion, as many would imagine, is sung by the somewhat flighty monarch as he lies in the shade of a large tree in his garden musing upon Romilda, whom he wishes to wed, and the unsuccessful pursuit of whom constitutes the rath harum-scarum proceedings in which a these high-flown gentry manage to in volve themselves.

The plot briefly is as follows: Xerxe a young Oriental king, although alread betrothed to a royal lady, is deepl enamored of Romilda, the daughter o his general, Ario late. Romilda, howeve loves Arsamena, the brother of Xerxe and is loved by him. Xerxes, discover ing this, banishes his brother.

Amastris, the betrothed of Xerxe now takes a hand and, disguising herse as a warrior, with the somewhat doub ful help of Arsamena's bibulous ma servant Elviro, manages, after complica tions too numerous to recount, to regai the fickle monarch for herself, Romild is united to Arsamena, and all ends in "hymn of joy and praise of love."

Mabel Garrison, imported for thi occasion, sang the part of the long-suf fering Romilda. Music of this characte is none too easy to sing, and Miss Garri son's beautiful quality of voice and he splendid training stood her in good stead Charles Kullman, who sang the title rôle was the only other professional in th cast, which was composed entirely of th members of the Faculty and studen body of Smith College, with the additio of neighborhood talent. Mr. Kullma acquitted himself most creditably, both singing and acting with taste and discre tion.

Walter Marsh was very amusing i the rôle of Elviro, who scorned not th cup that cheers, and his entreaty, "If must die of moisture, let it be some othe thing than water," brought a most sym pathetic response from his hearers. Ruth Ekberg did fine work as Amastris, and George Meyer, Jr., was quite equal t the rôle of Arsamena, while the mino characters were efficiently and skillfully attended to.

The honors of the occasion, of course went to Professor Werner Josten, who in addition to organizing and successfully putting through such a venture conducted the little orchestra brilliantly extracting from it a richness and fullnes of tone that were amazing. He wa ably assisted by Irene Jacobi, who played the harpsichord—no small task in works of this period.

Altogether, Smith College and the town of Northampton may well be proud of this, their latest accomplishment.

More Drawing-Room Drama

ALL those who like urbane awing - room ama, wherein ality is dis- eetly kept be- ath the surface, ll be delighted hear that ere is a pale it pleasant new- mer to the nks. Particu- rly will those pleased who ant their cyni- sm well diluted, and are unable to and the bitter wit of such plays as merset Maugham's "Our Betters." For The Happy Husband" is precisely the rt of thing which A. E. Matthews was rn to play and Billie Burke made to lorn. And it has come to town for a n. It is ironically named, for the ppy husband in it is anything but ppy. He is a poor jealous fool with attractive wife. And most of the ama is built upon his absurd suspi- ons, none of which are well founded, d all of which would be perfectly rmless if it did not just happen that her people's wives were not quite so otless and careful as his.

In the particular instance with which e play deals, an unexpected burglar ppens to arouse a house party in the ad of night, and the resultant dis- osures promise to be very embarrassing r one of the ladies and Mr. Matthews, ho has chosen not to play bridge with e gentlemen, but to view the downs in e moonlight from a certain bedroom ith a southern view. Since Mr. Mat- ews has the presence of mind to allow is burglar to escape before any one in e house party can question him, all ould be well were it not for the jealous olt. But the dolt's fair wife's handker- ief has been found in the room in estion, and he at once pins his suspi- on on his wife and the unfortunate Mr. atthews, with the result that every e's actions are brought into question.

Plausible explanations are offered by l, and every one, scenting trouble, is xious to forget the entire affair, but e dolt is persistent—owing to the fact at he divorced his first wife with no ss than five corespondents. In fact, is so unpleasant, rather than see the lady who is his wife subjected to such ignominy, the real culprit (Billie Burke) confesses; with the rather astounding result that she is complimented by everybody upon being a good sport! Down to the last guest every one is convinced that she is shielding the wife of the dolt; and to her husband the idea that she might be having an affair is the best joke of the year! All of which, on reflection, enrages her a good deal. For she naturally considers her husband's attitude as a reflection upon her feminine attractions, and is angered beyond words by every one's unshakable belief in her purity. Which completely reverses the state of affairs, and nearly ends in the unfortunate Mr. Matthews being obliged to depart for London with her—much against his will. In the end, of course, all is brought right. The too amused husband is finally persuaded to play the part of the jealous, outraged spouse. His wife is delighted, Mr. Matthews released; and the dolt is left free to go on to other and, we suppose, more terrible house parties.

No, it doesn't amount to much, of course. It's frail and flimsy, and hasn't quite the brilliance it ought to have. But it is artistically done, and the tables are deftly turned; unexpected changes are rung, which give the rather ordinary story an unusual tang; so that, all in all, you are gently amused, entertained a good deal, and depart with a fairly tolerant and charitable view of humanity.

Billie Burke? Well, her mannerisms still irritate, and there are moments when she cannot act. But there is no doubt that she has personality and achieves some excellent effects. Perhaps to those who are delighted with her mannerisms she will seem more charming and effective than ever. As for us, our memories of drawing - room plays of this kind are too full of such performances as Constance Collier's and Ina Claire's to let us wax very enthusiastic. Let us say that Miss Burke is still more than excellent in her small unguarded moments, and that whenever she and Mr. Matthews hold the stage there is little left to be desired. As the weak, charming, and rather villainous admirer of women he cannot be equaled.

In fact, when "The Happy Husband" comes to town next winter—if you cannot see it in New York—we would say go see it. The maiden aunts may be a little offended—because, after all, the burglar *did* find them in the bedroom!—but gentility is predominant throughout, and the rather excessive highball drinking is always mixed with excellent drawing-room wit. There may even be some middle-aged husbands, whose wives still have their emotional moments, who will pause and think between the acts. And from the ladies' point of view, we suppose, this is never a bad thing.

Incidentally, compared with such things as "The Outsider," it is a triumph of the dramatist's art. If one is out for entertainment, it is to be preferred in about the same degree as lunch with Bernard Shaw compared to tea with Mr. Coolidge. There is just one bright moment in "The Outsider," and that is when one realizes that Isobel Elsom is in it—although even this is tempered by the inevitable sympathy aroused for any lady who is faced with carrying such a show in combination with Lionel Atwill.

It requires one of these so-called comedy dramas to make one realize the amount of genuine understanding of human beings which really hides behind the flimsiness and fluff of an absurdity such as "The Happy Husband." At least the latter play leaves you with the entertaining, if not new, query: Which does every woman prefer, in her heart, to be thought: good or attractive?

FRANCIS R. BELLAMY.

Miniatures from the Life

By IBBY HALL

Prison

ONE day last autumn, a prisoner stood in a New York court, awaiting his turn. He was accused of stealing a three-hundred-dollar ring, and whether he was guilty or not he had plenty on his mind while he waited for the attention of the court.

He was a family man. Over in Brooklyn he had a mother, a wife, and a little girl of seven. His family was the heaviest burden on his conscience, even heavier than the disquieting burden of his police record. For only his character was involved in that police record; and affections in this man were much stronger than character.

His first sentence had been for forgery. His second sentence had also been for forgery. His third sentence—for who could deny that almost any other name was more influential than his own?—was for attempted foregry.

The court-room clock moved slowly, but it would soon reach that minute which held, in all probability, the doom of his fourth conviction. He knew well enough that under the Baumes Law a fourth conviction would make him liable to life imprisonment. His mother would not live much longer; his little girl was only seven; his wife had been a good sport—she deserved better than this.

The prisoner's mind was out-ticking the clock, by a considerable distance. He cleared his throat, and spoke a few words to the guard. Humbly and politely, he had begged permission to visit the wash-room. An attendant accompanied him out of the court-room and up the stairs.

On the stairs was a window, a negligible way of escape; the attendant didn't even glance that way. Not even a desperate man would be tempted at such a height from the ground. But perhaps this man was not desperate—he merely wanted to see his family; and before the gasping attendant realized, the prisoner was out of the window.

Every day that prolonged the prisoner's absence sharpened the brains of his pursuers. Somehow the fact of his family affections had leaked out, and his home was watched. Thanksgiving Day came and went; Christmas followed not many weeks after; then New Year's, and the police knew not what family anniversaries after that, but the escaped man was wary. This was the biggest gamble yet. If he kept away from them now, there might be a chance for him later. How long could he keep away from them?

With the approach of spring, the prisoner's mother was ailing. He had always been fond of his mother. But for once even her illness was not enough to overcome his caution. A while later the police were more hopeful, for the prisoner's mother was dead.

It was a simple business now; they had only to station a detective or so to watch the funeral, and they would have their man. But the son was not present at his mother's funeral; and though his character had never been strong, he was strong enough to stay away from the scene of her grave. The police were depressed. Any man with proper feeling would certainly have attended his mother's funeral. What was to be counted on in human nature, if a man's affection for his mother was so light and fleeting as this? There was only one day to count on now.

Mother's Day came on Sunday. Two weeks after the burial of his mother the delinquent son could look nowhere without finding her name. He was reminded and reproached and cajoled from every shop window in every street. No stand was so small that it did not beseech trade in the name of love. Everybody had once had a mother. Everybody old enough to buy was old enough to spell and read one name.

The prisoner's character, never too strong, began to break. His affections had now become his hell. He could escape from stone fortresses and the iron law. But he could not escape America's favorite institution, Mother's Day.

It was a florist's shop that caught him at last, and justified the policemen's faith in human nature. They arrested their prisoner in triumph that bright Sunday, where they found him laying flowers on his mother's grave.

Vacation

IT was on Friday, and a warm spring evening in New York; an evening smoldering with hints of week-ends to come, with reminders of long roads leading from the crowded city to picnic woods and country lanes, and careless happy beaches.

Four young men of the city, in the full dignity of their teens, were taking a melancholy walk through the Maytime streets of Harlem. Miles of city street stretched to the north behind them; miles of city streets lay in front. Turn to the right or left, and the city pushed right to the edge of its black river, leaning over precariously to catch the sound of running water.

"Let's go to Coney," suggested one of the youths abruptly.

Coney Island lay beyond them by some two hours by subway, and it was no night to be underground.

"Swell idea!" came bitterly from the second youth.

"D'juh ever drive it?" asked the third. "Some drive—oh, boy!"

The fourth knew how to drive. There was a likely looking sedan standing unlocked by the curbstone, and with only one swift look around, the four acted as on a single impulse, and stepped inside. There was plenty of gas; they were off for Coney Island.

On the fifth mile they owned the city; they owned the right of way; they owned the traffic lights; they owned the police. They were rapidly gaining on Brooklyn Bridge when the police accepted the challenge. One of them at last overtook the reckless car, and ordered it to the nearest police station.

But the spirit of youth is not so easily quelled. The car was started obediently enough in the general direction it was told to take, when suddenly it swerved, cut down another street, and, despite the shouts and pistol fire behind it, made a last dash for refuge and adventure. Beyond them to the right the desperate young driver caught a glimpse of the hospitable open doorway of a garage. With bullets pinging past his ear, he headed straight for cover. Into the garage they swept.

"For God's sake give us a hand—the cops are after us! Save us from the cops!"

A number of bewildered men—quite a number for so quiet-looking a garage—approached the car, and surrounded it.

"Say," asked one of them, curiously, "where do you think you are? This is a police garage. Now be good boys, and take it quiet."

The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

"Tempest"

LL doubt as to whether John Barrymore is a great screen actor must be dispelled by a visit his new picture; for in "Tempest" . Barrymore reveals himself to filmrs for the artist he really is. Without k make-up or long, wavy locks, he at appears as a real flesh-and-blood racter, and with the event come nories of "The Fortune Hunter" and he Man from Mexico" to gladden his ner fans.

Granted that "Tempest" is not with- a flaw or two, its good points are on. Mr. Barrymore's newly found raint and validity make themselves at the very beginning, and grow r and firmer as the story develops, il finally a delighted audience is ited to the spectacle of John Barryre going partially crazy in a movie on cell—and *not overdoing it*. As watched him develop the masculine, h-spirited Sergeant Markov from a ng soldier to a power in the new So-, our defection to his brother Lionel ame a thing of the past, and we bly resolved never to miss another n Barrymore picture.

s to Camilla Horn, the Teutonic ng lady who is "Tempest's" heroine he grows on you. At first one thinks hard, but almost immediately her d looks and talent begin to fascinate, we, for one, have decided to miss no re Camilla Horn pictures either. lis Wolheim as Sergeant Bulba hasn't ch to do—but he does it to the Czar's taste. George Fawcett and Ullrich ipt also give excellent performances. Tempest" is a Russian story (as you e gathered), but beyond that we ll tell you nothing. You must see it yourself. We think you'll admire n Taylor's fine direction, the superb tography, and John Barrymore's resation of himself to the heights which rightfully his own.

"Steamboat Bill, Jr."

ND now for a further burst of enthusiasm: Buster Keaton has also n absent on a long trip to the dolms, and *he's* back, too. "Steamboat , Jr." is a genuinely funny picture Buster furnishes nearly all the fun; so well has he wrought that recollections of some recent Keaton comedies are happily erased and the mind left free to remember "Go West" and "The Navigator."

Buster Keaton's incredible proficiency as a tumbler is wisely capitalized in "Steamboat Bill, Jr." He makes hilarious use of it in his lone joust with a tornado; but there are also moments when he beats Harry Langdon at Harry's own game, and even challenges the eminent Mr. Chaplin.

Ernest Torrence is co-starred in this picture, and his wrinkling proboscis and baleful eye help a lot; but it's mostly Buster Keaton's own personal show, and we're happy to compliment him on it. To those persons who called it unfunny, or dismissed it with a shrug, we can only say, maybe it was something they'd eaten.

"Ramona"

No period, we think, in the history of North America is as picturesque as the Spanish occupation of California. "Ramona" mirrors this romantic, leisurely era with fidelity and presents some really beautiful scenery and groupings. Edwin Carewe (who used to be an Indian himself) directed, and on the visual phases of "Ramona" he and his cameraman are to be warmly congratulated.

Dolores del Rio, the star, certainly qualifies for her half-Spanish, half-Indian rôle as far as appearance goes, but we'll admit to lukewarm sentiments concerning her ability. Pictorial as she is, she does too many things with her face—a failing which the part of "Ramona" gives her ample opportunity to indulge. The shiny, smiling Indian of Warner Baxter struck us as being a first-rate piece of work, and Vera Lewis (an old-time Broadway trouper) made a good job of the acidulous Spanish dowager from whose guardianship Ramona takes Indian leave. Roland Drew in the sympathetic part of Felipe was rather terrible.

The scene showing a raid on an Indian village by white marauders deserves special mention, both for its vivid action and for the feeling of shame and horror it must evoke in an Aryan breast. The episode is declared to be authentic, and it's probable that such butchery was no uncommon thing. In any case, the incident provides at least one period in "Ramona" when you sit up and take a real interest in the picture.

As a spectacle "Ramona" is recommended to your notice; you are also cautioned, if you go, to avoid heavy, sweet, or sticky foods for a day or so afterwards. The combination might bring back that old liver trouble.

"Something Always Happens"

An empty house and a famous sapphire, a stormy night and a Chinese yegg—these are some of the ingredients of the creepy, amusing little picture in which Esther Ralston is now showing. Frank Tuttle wrote the story and directed it, and showed marked ingenuity in both capacities. Just as the female half of Mr. Tuttle's audience begins to scream at the horrifying situations he tastefully injects a comedy touch; no sooner has one decided that it's all a big joke than something of a highly disturbing nature is pulled off.

Miss Ralston is a blonde whose person fairly pleads for male protection, and when she gets herself left all alone in a great dark room, with innumerable horrors surrounding her, it's difficult for any true gentleman to stay in his seat. Neil Hamilton contributes his usual graceful performance to the pleasantly thrilling proceedings and the expert Sojin is cast as the Oriental miscreant who is resolved to get his hooks on that sapphire, cost what it may.

All in all, "Something Always Happens" is a picture not to be taken too seriously—just enjoyed.

Ivory Apes and Peacocks

By W. R. BROOKS

LITTLE do you reck of the contumely, ignominy, and insults that we daily undergo in your behalf. It is our duty—and more often than not our pleasure—to visit various stores, salesrooms, and factories to gather the news of new products which we spread before you with such a lavish hand. Most of the people we interview are polite and helpful—and deserve credit for it, even though it is to their advantage, since naturally they want to sell their goods. Yet occasionally we meet a man who has for sale, say, a lion cage. (Yes, there is such a man.) We tell him that we wish to describe his lion cage, that perhaps some reader of this magazine may be looking for just such a lion cage, and may be led through our description to order one. Immediately he becomes suspicious. Will he tell you anything about that lion cage? Not he! Are the bars of steel, you ask; are lions so confined happy? Only over his dead body will you get the answer. You bow yourself out. In vain do you try to comfort yourself with the knowledge that "suspicion always haunts the guilty mind." Your head, it is true, is bloody but unbowed. Just the same, your feelings are hurt.

Well, the other day some one told us of a number of foods from which various important ingredients were left out. Caffeinless coffee, wheatless bread, citric acid-less lemonade, and so on. We thought you'd like to know about them. So we went to a well-known store—a huge super-delicatessen shop—where such foods would certainly be found in abundance. We sought out the buyer. A hard-boiled gentleman, so hard-boiled that he was practically shell to the core. No good nourishment in him. Of course we didn't know that. We made a leg, pulled our forelock, and stated our errand. Could he inform us concerning such things?

Our question was met with a total lack of interest—such a lack of interest as you may see a mud turtle display under cross-questioning. He could not inform us.

We went on, stammering slightly, further to explain. Such things were undoubtedly in the store. Could we find out by going to the various departments?

No.

Did he know of such things?

No. Never heard of 'em. Kaffee Hag. Every one knew about Kaffee Hag. Only thing he knew about.

Well, it was evident that the bright light of publicity was not to be allowed to beat upon any of the edibles in this gentleman's charge. We withdrew, with tremulous politeness. And ever since we have been wondering, Why? Why was he so busily buying things he was ashamed or afraid to talk about? Was he going to eat them all himself? Obviously, he couldn't. His salary is paid out of the profit from the sales. Did he suspect us of wanting to sample everything? We may have looked hungry—we always feel hungry in that store. But you may believe us, we're going to be practically starving before we have the courage to enter it again.

Well, we regret having inflicted our sorrows upon you, but we did want you to know what dragons and monsters we challenge in our daily round—and shall continue to challenge, armored only with our native simplicity and a cheery smile.

WE had such a different reception at the next establishment, Lloyd's, which sells imported wall-papers. Th was a very pleasant and courteous g tleman there, and we learned about per from him. Particularly were pleased to learn that scenic papers coming back into favor—those with g big scenes that cover the whole side room. We saw a number, and speci liked a brightly colored old Eng hunting scene, with hounds and fo and horsemen in pink coats and fi and cottages and a ruined castle huntsmen with guns. Such scenes cheerful to live with.

The present vogue for early Ameri has stimulated the reproduction of colonial papers—block prints of li scenes repeated in one very soft t These are also seen in *toile de J* effects.

Generally there is more and m color all the time in wall-papers. So of the very modern designs, of cou are riotous, but even the flowered pa familiar to our youth are printed with soft-colored rather than white ba grounds, and the flowers themsel show the modern influence, being stiff and obtrusive. Very popular the star papers—gold or silver stars a colored background. For a childr room there is a very amusing patter the bubble paper—which shows ma iridescent bubbles, larger near the fl Elves are seated astride on some of th bubbles, or the child can cut out elves with scissors and paste them on paper wherever he wants them.

This paper is also used a good deal bathrooms, where it can be glazed a it is put up, so that water won't hurt This glazing, which consists of sizing a then lacquering, is done frequently. number of very good papers for ba rooms now come already glazed—only the old familiar tile designs, various imitations of chintz, with flow and so on.

IF you have a garden, and you like sit in it in a comfortable chair a read or smoke or sew or write letters twiddle your thumbs, and if the gar is some distance from the house, so t it takes several trips to get yourself s tled comfortably with all the materi for the above-mentioned activities. have seen the chaise longue that will j suit you. Made of wicker, cushion with two wheels instead of legs under t chair part, and handles extending fr the footrest part, so that it's rather l a wheelbarrow. You just put everyth in it and wheel it out. Or get whee out in it, if your family loves you w enough.

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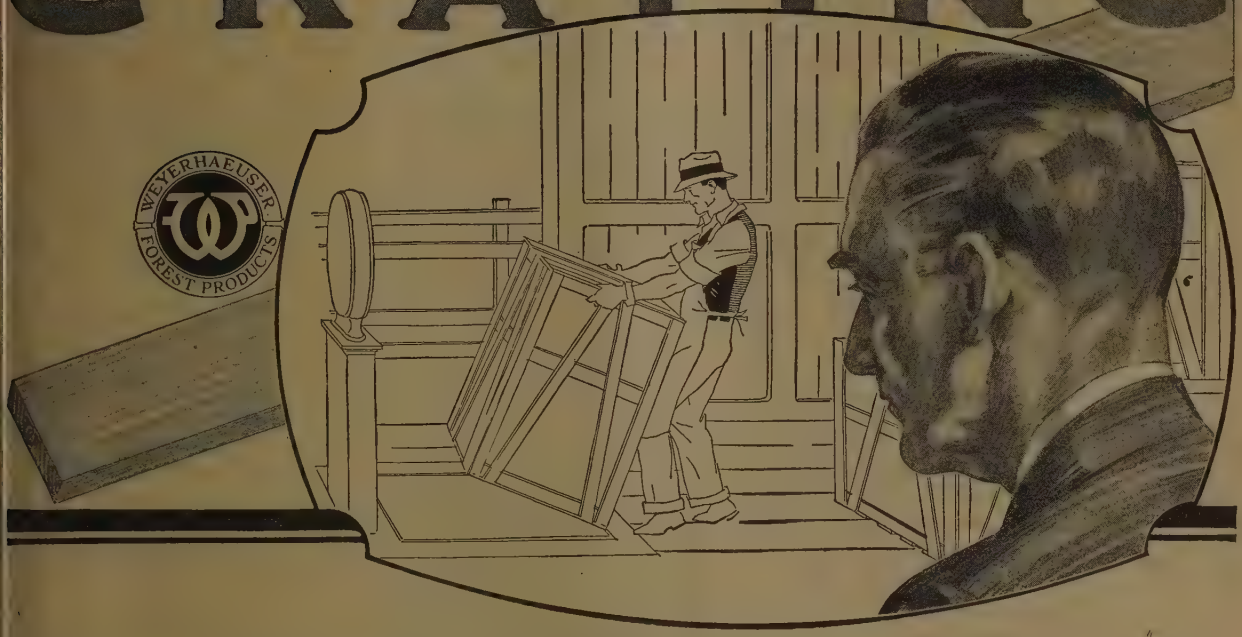

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Europe Cleans House

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

SEVERAL thousand columns of gratified editorial comment on the results of the French and German elections have been printed here, and they have been well justified. European politics are on a much healthier basis than they were before the two nations went to the polls. Most of the comment, though, has failed to emphasize sufficiently the support that was given directly to sound financial and economic principles or the financial and economic benefits that will result indirectly from the victory of the Locarnists in both countries.

The Outlook has given detailed accounts elsewhere of the numerical changes in the Chambre des Députés and in the Reichstag. Here it is sufficient to recall that the followers of Poincaré won an overwhelming victory over the extremists on both Right and Left and that the liberal parties in Germany gained strength at the expense of the militarists, monarchists, and other die-hards on the Right. The spirit of Locarno triumphed twice.

One of the first and most important results of Poincaré's success will be the stabilization of the franc. The currency has not really fluctuated for nearly a year, but its value has not yet been made official. The stage was set for the return to the gold basis at least six months ago, but Poincaré, for reasons that have never been entirely clear, refused to take the step until he had received a vote of confidence from the electorate. Indeed, if the approval had been less cordial, even though it had been decisive enough to retain him and his Government in power, *de jure* stabilization might have been delayed until well along in the autumn or until even later. As it is, the franc very probably will be on a gold basis again by the first of August, unless something unforeseen should intervene. Wall Street has heard rumors of an indefinite postponement, and some of these have crept into print, but they are unreliable.

De jure stabilization, an assurance that there will be no more fluctuations in the currency, is sure to invigorate French business and industry. There is always a reluctance to make forward commitments in terms of a currency whose value is not fixed. The Bourse, realizing what the effects of the change will be, has been busy recently bulling stock.

Abroad, moreover, the results will b decidedly beneficial. Stabilization mean letting down the bars to the export French capital. Since France was th second largest exporter of capital befor the war and is now the third largest p tential exporter, it is easy to see that th release of her resources for service i other countries will tend to depress inte est rates, now uncomfortably high else where in Europe.

The return to the gold basis must b considered also as a ratification of th tremendous reorganization of Frenc finances that has occurred since Poincar assumed office two years ago. Forcin an often reluctant Chamber to follow h orders, he increased revenues and cu expenditures until he had reduced th floating debt from forty-nine to thirty nine billion francs, forced the Treasury borrowing rate down from 6½ to 4 pe cent, and shifted the maturities about s skillfully that only three billions com due per month after the first of the yea instead of eight and a half, as was th case in the summer of 1926. No matur ties fall due between now and the end o the year. Some of Poincaré's method were severe and the deflation has no been a particularly pleasant proces His methods, though, were the righ ones, and France and the rest of Europ as well would have suffered if the Frenc voters had repudiated them.

The effects of the elections on Germa internal finances are less obvious. An one familiar with the political philos phies of the various parties, however will realize that the swing to the Le strengthens the Central Governmen The Right wants the powers of the fe eral states strengthened, or at least le unimpaired, while the Left wants the reduced. If the Left has its way, on great difficulty in the way of maintain ing the balance of the German Budg will have been overcome. One of th greatest handicaps in the path of econ omy has been the fact that the Centra Government has been supplying the states with funds over the expenditure which it had no control. S. Parker Gil bert, Agent-General for Reparations, ha criticised this practice sharply in his re ports.

But the most important benefits tha should result from the elections are les tangible than those already mentioned

relate to the fundamental problems
reparations and interallied debts,
lems that remain hopelessly inter-
ied despite the efforts to separate
made by American Presidents and
taries of State. The only answer to
problems is a fixing of the respec-
burdens at proportions which, in the
s of the bearers, are equable. In
arison with these problems even
an important detail as the control
penditures by the German federal
s is relatively unimportant.
ith the possible exception of the
win-Mellon agreement under which
t Britain is paying its debt to the
ed States, none of the present ar-
ements can be considered perma-
however often Washington insists
they are. France is paying England
sums called for in the Churchill-
aux agreement, and the United
s the sums demanded by the Mel-
Bérenger agreement. The agree-
s, however, remain unofficial, since
er has been ratified by the Chambre
Députés. The Dawes Plan is ob-
ly a makeshift, although a very
one, since no limit has been set to
luration of the payments.
st what the solution will be no one
now yet. The French and German
ions only give the reassurance that
final solution is nearer than it was
months ago. It is nearer because,
rally speaking, the assemblies cho-
by the people will be more willing
their predecessors to throw the
lems out of politics and put them in
ands of economists, where they be-

he first step in the solution may be
ratification by France of both the
on-Bérenger and the Churchill-Cail-
agreements, but it would be a mis-
to assume that this will be the final
Economists in all the countries
erned are more and more inclined to
an arrangement something like

rmany would sell a large block of
s all over the world and with the
eds make a cash settlement with
Allies at a figure far below any that
been hitherto mentioned seriously in
al discussions. The Allies then
d deliver at least most of these pro-
s to the United States, also securing
ge reduction in the capital debts as
id pro quo for cash payment.
either France, England, nor the
ed States are ready yet for such a
ic solution, but, whatever its de-
, it has this great virtue: it will be
fficult to revise that attempts to do
ould be rare.

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Our Own Theatre List

(See page 225)

"Coquette," Maxine Elliott.—Comedy, tragedy; youth in a small Southern town; Helen Hayes and excellent cast; first choice for tears and humor.

"The Ivory Door," Charles Hopkins.—Fantasy; mediæval fairy tale, telling the truth about human nature; one of the best things in town.

"The Shannons of Broadway," Martin Beck.—Comedy, melodrama; vaudeville actors running a small-town hotel; James and Lucile Gleason; good hard-boiled sentiment and some music.

"Trial of Mary Dugan," National.—Mystery, murder, melodrama; circumstantial evidence turned inside out before your eye, convincingly acted; you won't move.

"The Silent House," Morosco.—Humor and melodrama; impossible, hair-raising, yet extraordinarily amusing.

"Strange Interlude," John Golden.—A psychological novel put upon the stage; a new kind of drama; Tom Powers and Lynne Fontanne in O'Neill's finest.

"Our Betters," Henry Miller's Theatre.—Ina Claire in a drawing-room comedy by Somerset Maugham; entertaining, deft, and excellently acted.

Best Musical Shows

"Funny Face," Alvin.—The Astaires, Gershwin music; best on Broadway.

"Show Boat," Ziegfeld.—A gorgeous spectacle; romance, emotion, exquisite settings, and music.

"A Connecticut Yankee," Vanderbilt.—Good lyrics and music; not much Mark Twain.

"Rain or Shine," George M. Cohan.—Joe Cook in the show you mustn't miss.

The King and the Magician

A Tale for Children

By HARRIET EAGER DAVIS

Illustrated by Arnold Hall

MOST mothers are evidently too busy with "must-be-dones" for story-telling, for it is Father or Grandmother who figure most often in these childhood reminiscences. Frances's Grandmother was the real story-book kind—little and dear and humorous, with a head full of jokes and a trunk full of surprises for the busy household in which her room made an oasis of peace. She was always ready to tuck a small girl into bed with a story, and afterwards Frances lay awake, looking at the stars and wondering to herself. Nowadays Granddaughter in turn charms Grandmother by bringing her the curious surprises of the modern world.

The King and the Magician

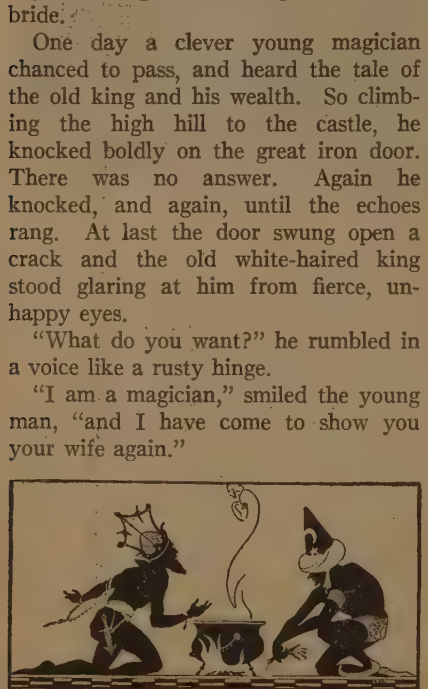
As remembered by Frances Ober, an Outlook reader

THERE was once a great black castle on a high mountain, where an old king lived alone. Once the halls had been gay with lords and ladies; every night lighted windows told of dancing and feasting and revelry, but that was before the death of the beautiful young queen. When she died, the king dismissed his court, locked the great iron door, and shut himself up with his grief. His cellars, people said, overflowed with gold and silver and jewels, but for that the king cared nothing, spending his days and nights mourning for his lost bride.

One day a clever young magician chanced to pass, and heard the tale of the old king and his wealth. So climbing the high hill to the castle, he knocked boldly on the great iron door. There was no answer. Again he knocked, and again, until the echoes rang. At last the door swung open a crack and the old white-haired king stood glaring at him from fierce, unhappy eyes.

"What do you want?" he rumbled in a voice like a rusty hinge.

"I am a magician," smiled the young man, "and I have come to show you your wife again."



The king's eyes lighted. He opened the door a crack wider.

"Ah," he rumbled, "show me my wife once more, and I will repay you with gold, but"— and he frowned blackly— "should you fail, I will cast you from the highest tower of this castle, till you roll down the mountainside into the river. Come!"

The magician entered the bleak old halls. In a vast room hung with gold and velvet, thick now with the dust of years, the king took his place on his golden throne, and waited.

From his knapsack the magician brought forth an iron pot, and under it he kindled a fire. Then from bottles of strange shapes he poured colored liquids, one by one, stirring them with a great silver spoon and muttering words of magic. Suddenly the pot began to boil. A puff of smoke arose, and gradually from the mist a woman took shape, until at last there stood the dead queen, smiling sadly at her husband.

Weeping, the old king fell on his knees.

"Wife, dear wife," he cried, "come back to me!" but the vision neither moved nor spoke, only smiled sadly, until slowly she and the cloud began to fade.

Beside himself with grief, the old king seized a coffer of jewels and threw it at her feet, imploring her to stay, but in another moment smoke, queen, and jewels had vanished, leaving only the empty room, with the smiling magician and his iron pot.

"Come again on the morrow," cried the king, giving him five bags of gold, "and you shall have the same reward."

So every night, for six months, the magician came, and every night the ki watched his dear wife appear, and eve night, in his grief, as she began to fa he threw more jewels at her feet, wh vanished mysteriously with the cloud smoke. And every night the magici pocketed his five bags of gold, and pro ised to return on the morrow.

But one day the king had no treas left but his crown and scepter.

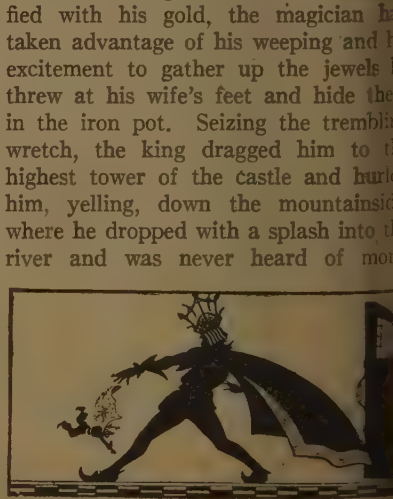
"My coffers are emptied of gold. have given you everything," he told t magician. "But will you not at le leave me your secret to comfort me?"

"That," smiled the young man, impossible, but promise me your cro and scepter, and I will show you yo wife once more." With crown and sce ter in his hands, he plotted to banish t king and rule in his stead.

But the heart-broken husband co sented, and next night, sick with gr and love, he mounted his golden thro and waited. As usual, the magici poured in the colored liquids, as usu the pot boiled, and from the cloud smoke appeared the form of the beau ful queen. But instead of smiling sad at her husband, the vision fixed her ey upon the young man with such fiery a ger that he began to tremble.

Suddenly the pot boiled over, and poured gold and jewels, piling about t floor in a great glittering mass. To t king's surprise, he recognized the ve treasures he had thrown at his queen feet and the same gold pieces the ma cian had carried away with him ea night. Under the fierce glare of t queen's eyes, the young man lay moa ing on the floor in terror.

Then the king understood. Not sat fied with his gold, the magician h taken advantage of his weeping and l excitement to gather up the jewels threw at his wife's feet and hide the in the iron pot. Seizing the trembli wretch, the king dragged him to t highest tower of the castle and hur him, yelling, down the mountainsi where he dropped with a splash into t river and was never heard of mo



gh people say that a frightened fish
n away at the same moment.
hen the king returned to his throne
n, his eyes were dazzled by a beauti-
glass statue of his wife, standing on
altar of gold inlaid with sparkling
ls. And ever after, at midnight in
old black castle, the statue comes to
and the old king takes comfort with
weet bride until morning.

Boston's Bogy-Man

(Continued from page 216)

s, the Boston booksellers are scared
eath. They are afraid of the Watch
Ward Society, afraid of antagoniz-
the more powerful booksellers, afraid
atholic sentiment, afraid of offend-
their customers, afraid some one will
"Boo!" Besides the dread of going
il, there is also a true Bostonian ter-
of that mysteriously awful thing
d a criminal record. This thing
ends on the victim even in the event
hundred-dollar fine. And in Boston
y people don't have criminal records,
o matter how good a cause. Poor
on! How it has changed!
he dealer, after a long dissertation
he impracticability of the Sedgwick
, finally admitted to me that he
ld be in favor of it if he thought it
anything approaching a chance of
age. But he added that to support
ould be to lose the friendship of the
ch and Ward Society, and then if
bill didn't pass where would he be?
he same man confessed a lively hor-
of being arrested, even though he
ld be acquitted or upheld in a
er court. All Boston, he complained,
ld know of his arrest; his exonera-
, if any, would receive brief notices
inside pages. He had a nightmare
n of all his customers departing in
dy, saying: "We will not buy any
e books of that horrid dealer who
arrested for selling obscene litera-
; we will buy our books of a good,
bookseller." Possibly that could
pen in the neighborhood of Back
, but I doubt if even Boston is as
rent from other cities as that.
fingled with these fears and tremors
he part of the book-handling gentry
little moral sentiment and a good
of simple, old-fashioned hypocrisy.
eral dealers assured me with varying
rees of conviction that they thought
e was lost by suppressing "that sort
ook," as it did nobody any good to
l it, anyway. Considering the range
"that sort of book" on the banks of
Charles, it is a little difficult to know
t was meant.
ne man assured me with pious hor-
that he had no desire to handle the
l of books that were banned, and he
delivered a long lecture on the alleged indecencies of "Bad Girl." At his shoulder as he talked was a whole shelf of Rabelais, in a new edition filled with ingeniously pornographic illustrations by Frank Pape.

The Movies

(See page 227)

"Abie's Irish Rose."—Just like the play. It's a system.
"Beau Sabreur."—Plenty of sand, but no ginger.
"The Big City."—Lon Chaney using his regular face.
"The Big Noise."—Chester Conklin and some pretty biting satire.
"Burning Daylight."—Won't set fire to anything.
"The Chaser."—Harry Langdon scores a miss.
"Chicago."—Just like the play—this is praise.
"The Circus."—If you don't like Chaplin, you're the funny one.
"The Count of Ten."—James Gleason and Charles Ray are good.
"The Crowd."—A sad story, beautifully directed.
"Doomsday."—Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear!
"Dressed to Kill."—The ace of the crook plays.
"Drums of Love."—Pomp, pathos, and Lionel Barrymore.
"Four Sons."—It's a fine film, but too long.
"The Gaucho."—No one is perfect—not even Douglas Fairbanks.
"Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."—Pretty girls and pretty vague.
"A Girl in Every Port."—Victor MacLaglen is in it.
"Glorious Betsy."—The second talking movie. Still not good enough.
"Hangman's House."—Swell photography, good direction, and good acting.
"The Jazz Singer."—Al Jolson sings, and that's all.
"Kentucky Courage."—A successor to "Tol'able David," with Richard Barthelmess.
"The Last Command."—The great Jannings. See it.
"The Last Moment."—Good photography, but little else.
"The Legion of the Condemned."—The so-called sequel to "Wings."
"Love."—Greta Garbo and John Gilbert. Recommended.
"The Man Who Laughs."—An impressive, entertaining picture.
"Mother Machree."—A nice, mushy Irish-American drama.
"A Night of Mystery."—Adolphe Menjou—just fair.
"The Noose."—A fairly absorbing film, with Richard Barthelmess, Alice Joyce, and Montagu Love.
"Partners in Crime."—Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton in a darned good comedy.
"The Patsy."—King Vidor directs Marion Davies, to the credit of neither.
"The Raider 'Emden.'"—The Germans can make bad pictures, too. This is one of them.
"Red Hair."—Clara Bow in her big disrobing act.
"Sadie Thompson."—Gloria Swanson trying hard.
"The Secret Hour."—Pola Negri in a good picture.
"Simba."—The Martin Johnson masterpiece.
"Skyscraper."—Thoroughly enjoyable.
"The Smart Set."—William Haines at his worst.
"Speedy."—You can't go wrong on Harold Lloyd.
"Stand and Deliver."—Rod La Rocque in one of those things.
"Street Angel."—A beautiful, tiresome picture.
"Sunrise."—Dr. Murnau's supreme achievement.
"Tenderloin."—The first (and worst) talking movie.
"Three Sinners."—Pola Negri in a bad picture.
"The Trail of '98."—The grandest scenes now on view.
"Two Lovers."—Last of the Colman-Bankys. Interesting.
"We Americans."—Mediocre melting-pot stuff.
"Wings."—The great epic of the war-birds.

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Speaking of Books

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

Spring Reading

UNDER the playful influence of spring we have invented a new way of selecting books. We shut our eyes, pick from the rows of new ones—

"Five Murders," by Edmund L. Pearson (Doubleday, Doran & Co.), who needs no introduction to Outlook readers or, indeed, to any one interested in books or in crime. As in other books of Mr. Pearson's, Lizzie Borden shines as the most intriguing of modern murderesses. We suspect Mr. Pearson of cherishing for her the same feeling which Elinor Wylie has for Shelley. If you like detective stories, you will like this book. For one thing, it is true. It is well, sometimes, to check up with the facts the ideas you get from fiction. The detectives of fiction are not the detectives of reality. We refuse to believe that Philo Vance, for instance, would be allowed by a long-suffering society to walk this earth for any length of time, in spite of the fact that he is the hero of some well-constructed yarns.

"The Innocents of Paris," by C. E. Andrews. D. Appleton & Co. If you have been to Paris and have loved it, you will find the same sort of homesick pleasure in reading this as you would in suddenly hearing, through the clamor of New York rivets, a hoarse voice singing, *"Ah, qu'il est beau mon village, mon Paris, mon paradis."* The Paris of the Innocents is not the city of the *grands boulevards*, or of the Sixteenth Arrondissement, or of the tourist's Montmartre. It is a Paris, indeed, which only the fortunate or very persistent foreigner can see. The Innocents are the dirty, happy-go-lucky people of the markets, the *quais*, the exterior boulevards. Mr. Andrews knows their ways and their language, and his illustrator knows their looks. He is a creator as well as a keen observer, so his book possesses both the color of fiction and the ring of truth.

"The Rise of the House of Rothschild," by Count Egon Caesar Corti, translated by Brian and Beatrix Lunn. The Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. This ably written and vivid story of the family which pulled the golden strings for kings and people to dance throughout one of the most stirring periods of modern history is fascinating and should please many readers.

"Dragons and Dragon Lore," by Ernest Ingersoll. Payson & Clarke. This is the sort of book we like. It is all about the ancestry, personal characteristics, and romantic careers of dragons from the models who posed for the first Chinese screens to the laidly wurrms of Scotland. You will learn nothing practical from it, but much that may be drawn upon for slightly esoteric dinner-table conversations.

"Black Democracy," by H. P. Davis. Lincoln MacVeagh, The Dial Press. In Haiti there is a square modeled a that French civic institution *la gra place*, and decorated with the statue Haiti's heroes. The heroes were bl mutinied slaves. The statues are th of elegant Spaniards, great men of eig eenth-century Peru, which were salva by the provident Haitians from a s bound from Barcelona to South Ame which was wrecked some years ago Port au Prince, and set up and labe Dessalines, Toussaint L'Ouverture, so forth. That atmosphere, as of musical comedy gone wrong, hangs most of us over the history of Ha And it is just and timely that an thentic and comprehensive story of past and present of that strange, island should be now available to th readers to whom Pan-Americanism more than a phrase.

"The Marsh Arab," by Fulana The J. B. Lippincott Company. L rence's Arabian adventures and Gertr Bell's letters are interestingly supp mented by this picturesque and curi story of the adventurous life of an A seer in Iraq. The scene is wild a desolate, and peopled with stra figures.

"Embattled Borders," by E. Alex der Powell. The Century Compa For a popular discussion of the comp problems of eastern Europe you mi look far and find no better book th this. The writer is an experienced jo nalist and traveler, and he spreads good bread of his observation and int gent comment liberally with the jam anecdote, picturesque incident, a amusing episode to make an entertain and informative sandwich of questi much discussed and generally little u derstood.

"THE Voyage of the Norman D.," Barbara Newhall Follett. A. Knopf. It is wise that the age of t author of this book (thirteen year should be explained on the jack Otherwise, so simple a response beauty as the writing displays would a nounce a talent which could find comfortable place in a literary wo rotten with cheap sophistication, wh nothing is so desirable as an epigra matic *cliché* and nothing so troublesom

THIS list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by the following book-shops each week:

New York—Brentano's;
Rochester—Scrantoms Inc.;
Cleveland—Korner & Wood;
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort, & Barney;
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Company;
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company;
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.;
Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company;
Kansas City—Emery Bird Thayer;
Atlanta—Miller's Book Store;
Los Angeles—Bullock's;
Chicago—Marshall Field & Co.;
Cincinnati—Stewart Kidd.

Fiction

"The Bridge of San Luis Rey," by Thornton Wilder. Albert & Charles Boni. This beautifully written and moving study in the working of God's providence, and of love, the bridge which joins the living and the dead, deserves its popularity. Reviewed January 4.

"The Greene Murder Case," by S. S. Van Dine. Charles Scribner's Sons. Plenty of bloodshed, and more than enough persiflage by Philo Vance. Van Dine enthusiasts like it.

"The Closed Garden," by Julian Green, translated by Henry Longan Stuart. Harper & Brothers. This insistently harrowing story of an hysterical French girl is interesting particularly because it brings to the general reader's attention a new talent in French letters. Reviewed last week.

"Behind That Curtain," by Earl Derr Biggers. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Further exploits of detective Charlie Chan. Reviewed May 16.

"Wintersmoon," by Hugh Walpole. Doubleday, Doran & Co. A social comedy in Walpole's best vein. Reviewed March 7.

Non-Fiction

"Disraeli," by André Maurois, translated by Hannish Miles. D. Appleton & Co. This strangely romantic figure is touched vividly into life by Maurois's hand. You will find this excellent reading. Reviewed February 22.

"Skyward," by Commander Richard E. Byrd. G. P. Putnam's Sons. This stirring story of achievement deserves a place beside "We" on the American book-shelf. Reviewed May 2.

"Strange Interlude," by Eugene O'Neill. Boni & Liveright. This play, in which the dramatist steals some of the novelist's best psychological thunder, is as good to read as to see; perhaps better. Reviewed in "Lights Down," February 22.

"Safari," by Martin Johnson. G. P. Putnam's Sons. The interesting and often exciting diary of four years spent in a wild-animal paradise; with wonderful pictures.

"Stonewall Jackson," by Allen Tate. Minton, Balch & Co. An excellent account of Jackson's campaigns and a poet's appreciation of the "good soldier." Reviewed May 16.

untutored sentiment. bara Follett took a to Nova Scotia on a ber schooner. What crew thought of it we 't imagine. But what thought of it is a de- t to read. It was ıtiful and strange. Her gination leapt to meet old ways of skies, s, and sailors, and the excitement of the The occasional self- sciousness of the writ- only serves to endear young author by mak- her so evidently a real d of thirteen.

Of Many Minds

By MARY SHIRLEY

this group of spring publications there is ious a wider latitude hoice of theme, a live- interest in the nuances human character, and subtler motives of ncerer effort to analyze duct than the legen- y jaded reviewer is ileged to find fre- ntly. The good old f of literature—love, ousy, and allied emo- ıs—while not elimi- ed, is noticeably less in foreground of the au- rs' fivefold conscious- s. All of us have surely wn an appreciable nber of persons not stantly and exclusively agitated by heroic or elemental passions, but racters in fiction have a way of being ıer monotonously absorbed in mat- biological.

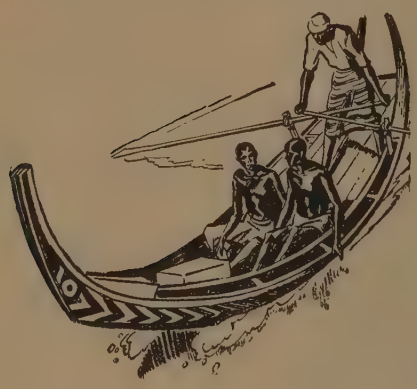
n J. D. Beresford's latest novel, "All Nothing" (the Bobbs-Merrill Com- y), a young English millionaire is nt upon the salvation of his soul and t of his persistently unfaithful wife. hout special sense of orthodox or vealed" religion, his experience is ul- ately that of the rich man who asked, aster, what good thing shall I do that ıay have eternal life?" and who re- ed the answer, "Go, sell what thou t and give to the poor, and thou shalt e treasure in heaven." Repeatedly it mphasized that creed plays little part ames Bledloe's dedication to Poverty. wife accuses him of a Christlike e, but the author makes us feel that dloe was simply moved to secure his peace of mind in the way that seemed necessary to him. Although Bledloe has no Messianic delusions, his relations with his wife forcibly suggest an analogy between Katherine and the Magdalen. Any dignified exposition of an attempt to live literally according to divine precept is sure to arouse discussion, and this book will doubtless not be an exception, for the idea, while not new to literature, is approached with sanity and reserve as well as the literary distinction familiar to Mr. Beresford's readers.

In sharpest contrast to the selflessness of James Bledloe is Sarah Gertrude Millin's brilliant study of the selfishness inherent in the artistic temperament, "An Artist in the Family" (Boni & Liveright). Presumably most of us agree that a great many mediocre personalities have to be sacrificed in the making of a genius. We are even content to have it so. Wagner was wont to say to his benefactors, who sometimes wearied in well-doing for him, that posterity would remember them only as the friends of Richard Wagner, and no one regrets that the sweat of some good German citizens was miraculously transubstantiated into the blood drops of the dying Tristan. But that is another story. What of the Theo Bissakers? The pseudo-great whose obscure families toil for ingrates who clutter the world with rubbish of clay and canvas? It is the superlative cleverness of Mrs. Millin that leaves us in a most uncomfortable doubt whether Theo was all impudence and bombast or whether he was destined for posthumous fame by work which seemed strange and unlovely to the simple folk about him. Whereas Somerset Maugham in "The Moon and Sixpence" showed a painter abandoning home and family for his Art, Mrs. Millin subjects the Bissakers to a rather more excruciating infliction. Her artist comes home, bag and baggage, with his wife and "her" child. The possessive pronoun was carefully chosen. "Your wife and your child!" exclaimed his father. "No," Theo corrected, "my wife and her child. The child is not mine." "You've married a widow," exclaimed the mother. "She was not a widow. She never had a husband. The child is illegitimate." Theo's catastrophic home-coming is only a preliminary to the difficulties in which he involves the Bissakers, until the final melodramatic, asinine, and bungling sacrifice which ends his career as a painter. Closing the book, we know Theo triumphant! With his mutilated hand he will always have an alibi. What pictures he could have painted! His masterpieces have joined the ghostly company of "largest fish" who "got away." And yet —Mrs. Millin would not be the authentic artist that she is if there were not room for an "and yet"—she makes us see that the egocentric artist has one thing in common with a saint like Jim Bledloe. Both are concerned with the life of the spirit and both make the people about them distinctly uncomfortable.

Published by the Cosmopolitan Book Corporation

From "The Rise of the House of Rothschild," by Count Egon Caesar Corti, translated by Brian and Beatrix Lunn.

South America-Africa CRUISE



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OTHER CRUISES, 1928-29

(All from New York)

Round the World, 136 days, Dec. 1, 1928, Empress of Australia. . . . Mediterranean, 72 days, Feb. 4, 1929, Empress of Scotland. . . . West Indies, 16 days, Dec. 22, 1928; 29 days, Jan. 10 and Feb. 11, 1929, Duchess of Bedford (new).

Canadian Pacific
WORLD'S GREATEST TRAVEL SYSTEM

Another artist in a gruesome way is Johnny Cregan—"Hanging Johnny," by Myrtle Johnston (D. Appleton & Co.). Such a character and such a tale would scarcely have been conceived out of Ireland. The lines of Johnny's life follow the old sea chantey which gives him his nickname—"They say I hangs for money." The imaginative, sensitive Johnny becomes the town executioner, like his father before him. He slides the bolt that swings his best friend into eternity. "Oh, first I hanged my mother, my sister, and my brother, away boys, away!" Shunned and loathed by his neighbors, he resigns his post and goes away, but later resumes his ghastly profession to provide for wife and child. With his strange, hysterical temperament, his work has a fantastic fascination for him. He weds his wife with a brass ring from the apparatus of his trade and teaches his child to play with a toy gibbet. "And then I hanged my Annie." The horror of the *dénouement* is almost unparalleled. Miss Johnston tells her macabre story with a directness reminiscent of the folk-tale, a style beautifully suited to this chronicle of the hangman, which is so like some ancient legend of one damned. She opposes a delicate, poetic nature to sinister circumstance. Johnny makes a futile gesture of protest and succumbs. We shall be haunted a long time by that final glimpse through the priest's doorway—"Johnny solemnly hanging a rag doll from a nail in the wall, with a piece of old charred rope." The character of Johnny is the creation of a genius that is utterly Celtic.

To consider two widely varying studies of the young girl, we could not find better foils than "A Girl Adoring," by Viola Meynell (E. P. Dutton & Co.), and Sydney, perverse and pitiful, in "The Hotel," by Elizabeth Bowen (Lincoln MacVeagh, The Dial Press). The gentle, shy Claire of the former book seems to signify a return to the pre-war heroine. Claire is content to live and have her being in the limited family circle, a good angel to her egoist brother and his wife, to her unhappy sister Gilda, and to the beautiful survivor of her dead brother's *mésalliance,* Louise. There is an old-fashioned hero, who thinks he is not good enough for Claire. This is such a simple little tale that one wonders if it is really a product of spring, 1928, but there are some subtleties of characterization and rather shy flashes of sophisticated wit to vary the prevailing mood of quiet tenderness and devotion.

The theme of "The Hotel" is the too emotional friendship of Sydney Warren for Mrs. Kerr, an exquisite, selfish *mondaine,* old enough to be the girl's mo who exploits the girl's attachment it bores her. Sydney is not an anno neurotic, but an oddly touching, s young thing whose organization is jangled by over-study. John Milton clergyman who loves Sydney, figh strange psychological duel with Kerr, literally for the possession of ney. "The Hotel" is striking for its mor, irony, and fine characterization was a recent choice of the Book-of Month Club.

A Spiritual Journey

By EDMUND B. CHAFFEE

"Religion and Social Justice," by Sherwood E Doubleday, Doran & Co.

Sherwood Eddy is an amazing fi in American religious life. For fif years a missionary in India and for eral college generations most succes in presenting the cause of world-w evangelization to young men and wo he justly achieved the reputation of ing one of the foremost exponents "the old-time religion." The war ca He ardently supported it, but it ra doubts in his mind as to the comp efficacy of the Gospel he had preaching. The message of personal vation which left untouched the field of international relations and injustices of our economic and social der seemed no longer sufficient. So thing was wrong with a Christia which could not prevent such fien slaughter. Sherwood Eddy, the preac of personal salvation, became the prop of the social gospel. It is a remarka change. Whatever opinion one m have of Mr. Eddy's present views, no with knowledge of the facts can fai admire the fearless honesty and the s itual energy which have enabled him change the mind set of a lifetime. not only has he changed his philosop he has done that which is much har but which is the real test of sincerit he has changed his manner of life make it square with his new-found p sion for social justice. It is an amaz achievement.

His recent book, "Religion and So Justice," is an outline of his spirit journey and an exposition of his pres views. It is an able presentation of religious standpoint of an increas number of men and women in the Ch tian Church. Mr. Eddy lays down basic principles which he believes implicit in Jesus' teaching of all-inclus love. He then takes up our baffling cial questions in the light of them. disciples of Jesus, Mr. Eddy believes, logically committed to the followi First, "to live simply and sacrificia avoiding waste and luxury." They m aim at making men rather than maki

y. Second, "to practice brother-
toward all," "to seek justice for
man without distinction of caste
lor." Third, "to make peace where
is strife," to seek to do away with
as "the world's chief collective sin."
h, "to redeem the social order; to
ts evils by the principle of love and
ssly to challenge them." Fifth, "to
a new discovery of God which will
e new springs of power such as men
e past have experienced when they
covered the religion of Jesus."
er marshaling an imposing array of
in regard to wealth concentration
luxury in the United States, the
r in the light of the principles just
d challenges Christians in these
s: "According to the teachings of
you must choose today . . . in the
ork you select, in the wages you
in the investments you make,
ner you are going to live the crea-
nd functional life of sharing or the
sitive life of money getting and
ling on yourself." Then applying
rinciples to the race question, he
asizes the worth of every man and
bligation which rests upon Chris-
to treat all men, no matter what
race, as they themselves would wish
treated. In the field of interna-
l relations Mr. Eddy states the con-
n to which he has been led, that
s "unchristian and morally wrong
e utter negation of Jesus' way of
However, he makes it perfectly
that each man must decide this
ion for himself. Next he deals with
ol and prohibition, and pleads for
time for this great social experi-
Fearlessly also he takes up the
ld question of sex and the move-
for birth control. Here, too, he
us back to the principle of rever-
for personality, the treating of
human being as an end in himself.
finally, in Chapter Five he deals
the problem of religion. This is the
chapter of all. In it he describes
leepening of his own religious ex-
nce; how from a "simple personal
ience" religion came to be "a uni-
l experience," and then "a satisfy-
xperience," and then "a rational
ience," and, finally, as a grand con-
nation, "a social experience" which
led out and completed them all.
ch in barest outline is the book. It
hly packed with facts. A reader is
ght proof if it does not make him
. It is thoroughly readable. But,
f all, for most of us it is an account
spiritual journey. It explains why
wood Eddy came to be among the
nets. For he is surely among them,
ne is one to whom it will be well for
ica to give some heed.

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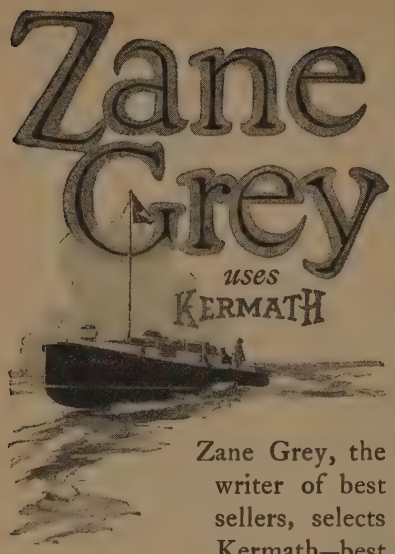

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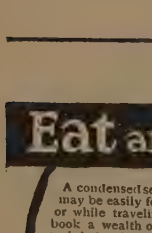

HEALTH EXTENSION BUREAU
294 Good Health Building, Battle Creek, Mich.

Picked at Random

By WALTER R. BROOKS

Anita Loos's
But—Gentlemen Marry Brunettes
Boni & Liveright

This is the story of Dorothy, told by her friend, Lorelei Lee—both of whom you will remember in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Lorelei, having married Henry, decided that all married girls should have a career. "Especially if a girl is married to a husband like Henry. Because Henry is quite a homebody, and if a girl was a homebody too, she would encounter him quite often." So she became literary and wrote the life of Dorothy, "to give girls a warning what they should stop doing." Dorothy has no "tack;" she never seems to like gentlemen unless they haven't any money, she gives them presents, and she doesn't know enough about etiquette "to know that any time a girl feels like she has nothing to say, the best thing to do is to ask for a glass of water." Consequently she has a hard time crashing through. But she does, and the account of her adventures is gorgeous. Miss Loos has rung the bell twice in succession.

Robert L. Grant's
Shorn
Dutton

This story is only basted together, and the comic relief is a little too Lancelot Gobbo, and not enough relief, but the efforts of the hero to run a street railway in a Mexican city with the aid of the local bad man were very amusing. There's treasure and a lady bull-fighter and a wicked oil baron and a full chorus of peons, vaqueros, and sombreros. We believe Mr. Grant could write a good story, but this isn't it.

Robert Irving Warshow's
Jay Gould
Greenberg

What an inferiority complex the ghosts of Captain Kidd and Jesse James and all the other famous pirates of history must have developed when Jay Gould commenced operations! How they must have moaned with envy at the ruthlessness with which he made both friends and enemies walk the plank! "His touch is death," said one of his former associates, and in certain cases it certainly was. He was probably the worst-hated man in the country in his day—yet nobody could do anything about it. He was always too clever for his enemies. His fight with Commodore Vanderbilt for the control of the Erie, his attempt to corner gold, his association with Tweed and with that colorful old ruffian, "Admiral" Jim Fisk, whose offices and private banquet room in the Grand Opera Building connected directly with the stage—all this makes a picturesque story. And you are quite unrea amazed to learn of the simplenes tastes, the quiet happiness of his life. There's something wrong, y It isn't what you have been led t from the Alger books.

Schlapp and Smith's
The New Criminology
Boni & Liveright

Statistics sh about one p of our popul directly de in one way or another on societ more than one-quarter of the to enue of our States is devoted t support. And these figures are i ing. What are we going to do ab Strike at the cause, or—as in the try to suppress the symptoms a arise?

To every man his own panacea writers of this book, one of whom neuropathologist of distinction, fi control of the secretions of the glands. For them, these glands are the governors of character. H plays no part in making a crimin vironment is only a contributing The criminal is no more responsi his crimes than he is for his hea

To us this seems about ninety p true. Undoubtedly our present m of dealing with crime are antiquat unsatisfactory. Dr. Schlapp pro many cases that proper diagnos treatment will cure the criminal— thing that neither the prison r electric chair has ever done. Th important, interesting, and r book. It will furnish you with flock of new ideas.

Nevertheless we do not quite l offhand way in which the authors of all human responsibility and f of choice. We do not like to thi our writing this review, for insta nothing but a complicated chem action. We believe that there is thing to be said on the other side question.

Dorothy Parker's
Sunset Gun
Boni & Liveright

It seems to v this gun wa on too slight cation. It m very mild bang in our ears, and it seem to reverberate within us f length of time. Mrs. Parker sh have fired it until she saw the wh our eyes, and unfortunately we yet lifted our eyes from our wo tattered copy of "Enough Rope," we have read ragged. This isn't that "The Sunset Gun" isn't goo verse, of the kind that nobody bu othy Parker can write. There ar of giggles in it. But only a couple bang-up good things that you fe sistibly impelled to read aloud t one who will listen.

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Francis Rufus Bellamy, Publisher Ernest Hamlin Abbott, Editor-in-Chief

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Malcolm Waters Davis Dixon Merritt Harold T. Pulsifer
Frances Lamont Robbins Parkhurst Whitney

William L. Ettinger, Jr., Advertising Manager

Walter Thalen, Circulation Manager

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IN this issue we print our views upon the coming political Conventions. To be brief, an independent journal like The Outlook, owing fealty to no party, can support only that Presidential candidate who makes the most honest analysis of the country's problems, who offers the clearest, most constructive solution; whose party management is most above reproach; who has within himself a clear conception of his guiding beliefs, and who possesses the proven ability to do what he proposes. Whether this be the Democratic candidate or the Republican, the events of the next few weeks will determine.

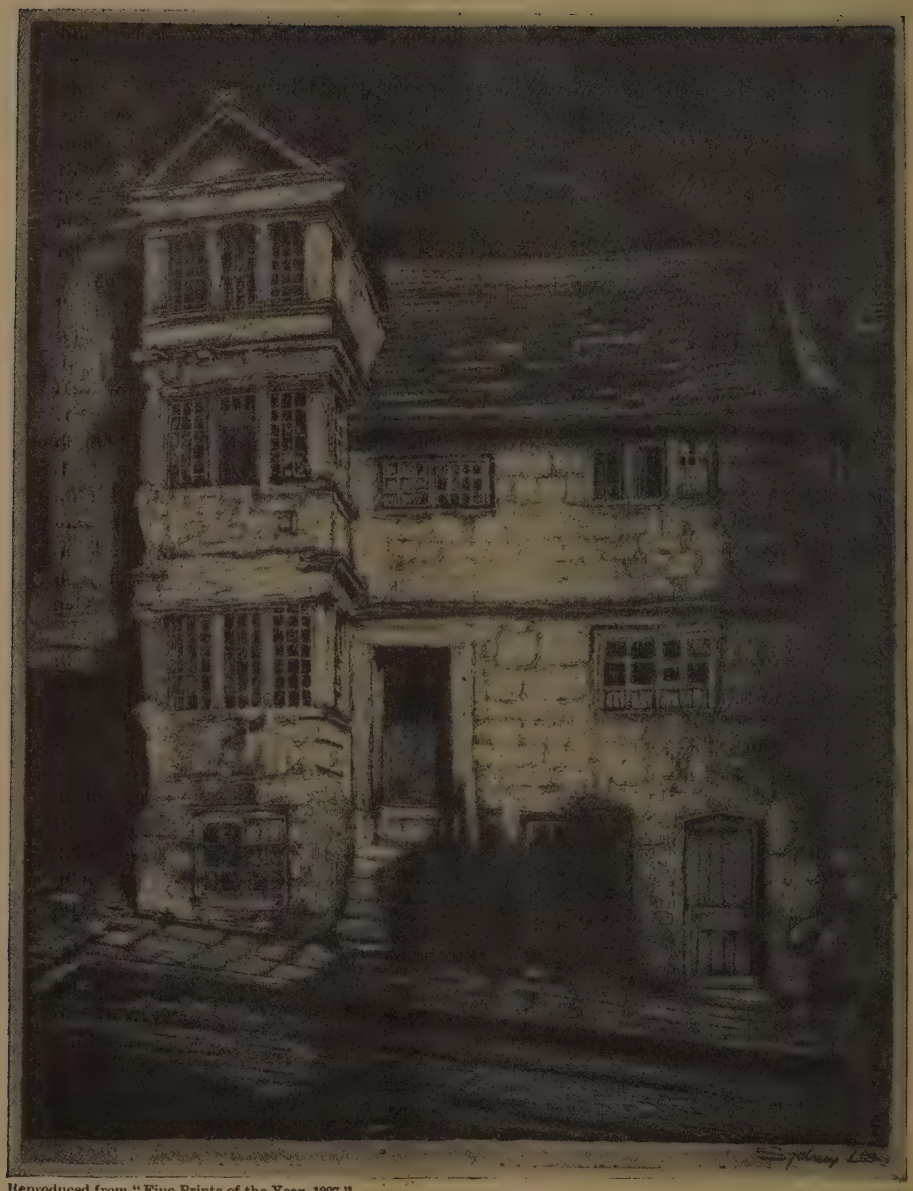
THE Republican Convention meets first. Will its leaders, before they tell us about the achievements of the last two Administrations, express any condemnation for the things that have been left undone? Will they voice any concern over those interests of the people which have been left undefended? Will they show any indignation over the scandal of Tea Pot Dome, the little green house on K Street, and the situation disclosed by the Will Hays-Sinclair mess?

WE believe that the majority of the people would like to ask the Republican leaders what guaranty they propose to furnish that their party management this time will be honest and zealous in protecting the people's interests? Have they any political beliefs beyond the camouflage and pussy-footing which have so far characterized the campaign? If they have such beliefs, do they dare to embody them in a plain statement (not a bombastic platform)? Finally, do they dare select a standard-bearer who will mean what he says, be not afraid to say it, and prove that he has a positive, constructive program which he will try to enact into law?

PROHIBITION, we remember, was brought about, not through either major party, but through outside efforts. Will it be the same with its modification or enforcement? With farm relief? With the disposition of the power resources of the country? Will all the vital things gradually become questions with which our political parties are afraid to deal?

Business and government are growing more complex every year. More and more Washington calls for men who possess the genius for making our problems simple and understandable. Are our political parties going to recognize this? Or are they going to dodge all realities and play politics again? And simply nominate some one they think can win?

Francis Rufus Bellamy



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THE HOUSE OF MYSTERY

Aquatint by Sydney Lee, A.R.A., R.E.

The Outlook

June 13, 1928

The World This Week

nsas City

E most highly charged Republican tional Convention since that of 1912 gathering in Kansas City as this issue The Outlook reaches its readers. The rcharge may flow harmlessly away ough a ground wire, but potentialities shock are many. Deadlock, bolt, fting of Coolidge, are among the spec-ular things regarded as possible.

Pre-convention activities in the open led with two questions uppermost and nswered: What is the effect of Hoo-'s defeat by Senator Goff in West ginia? and, Will the farm revolt ma-alize at Kansas City sufficiently to ct results or even to disturb proceed-s?

Mr. Hoover entered three favorite-son tes. He won in Ohio against Willis, d, and lost in Indiana and West Vir-a. Successive defeats at the hands of n" Watson and Guy Goff did not in-ase his prestige, though by how much y diminished it is not certain.

On the Democratic side in the last test, Smith swept uninterruptedly on, ning the preferential vote and about f of the delegates from West Virginia. wever, the close race given him by ator Reed in this most Northernly lined of the border States showed him ot quite the universal choice that he sometimes appeared.

As to the farm revolt, fourteen States h a combined delegate strength of 380 e in line to send marching clubs to nsas City to protest the Administra-n's treatment of the McNary-Haugen n and to demand what the farm or-izations want in platform and candi-e. Meanwhile, the Executive Com-tee of the Corn Belt Federation ved notice on the Republican Party that "it will not tolerate the selection of such a man as Hoover or Coolidge." A bolt of millions who voted for Coolidge in 1924 is threatened.

From private sources in the corn country, however, come reports that enthusiasm for the revolt is not great and predictions that the army of protest at Kansas City will not be large.

China Reunified

THE Chinese Nationalists, who started two years ago on their seemingly hopeless campaign from Canton, have brought under their sway all of China within the Great Wall and captured from the northern militarists the capital city of Peking. It is as if a band of reformers should start out from San Francisco to capture Washington—and succeed.

Chang Tso-lin, the northern dictator, has relinquished Peking, announced an end of the civil war, and acceded to the Japanese warning against any extension of disorder to Manchuria by retiring to his capital at Mukden without fighting. Thus he has saved his skin—but not his face—and becomes a negligible official dependent on Japanese protection for safety.

Japan declares that it has been her policy to open the way for the victory of the Nationalists and the unification of China. But the Nationalists challenge her assumption of a special position of authority in Manchuria, and in their territory anti-Japanese agitation and a movement for an anti-Japanese boycott are spreading.

One of the first moves of the triumphant Nationalists undoubtedly will be to move for a revision of all the old Chinese treaties with foreign Powers and for a completely new deal in the relations between China and the rest of the world. They have indicated that by demanding, in April, revision of Portugal's treaty of 1888 on a basis of entire equality. And one of the first tests of the Nationalists will be whether they themselves can hold together. They have three military leaders—General Chiang Kai-shek of Canton, General Feng Yu-hsiang of Chili, and General Yen Hsi-shan of Shansi—the first two of whom may be particularly eager of power. But the civil administration of the Nationalists at Nanking, directed by the long-headed Tan Yen-kai, seems likely to be able to hold control.

Colombia—Dry Off and On

THE Republic of Colombia is trying out a new liquor law. On June 1 the legal sale of liquor was barred between the hours of 4 P.M. and 8 A.M. Colombia will therefore be under a dry régime for sixteen hours out of every twenty-four, and in addition will be entirely dry on Sundays and holidays.

That a Latin country should attempt to enforce a Sunday closing law is a fact worthy of notice. We hope that Bogota will have better luck with its Sunday closing law than did New York before the passage of the Volstead Act.

America to Australia by Air

MIDWAY between Hawaii and the Fiji Islands, as we write, the Southern Cross seems quite likely (barring disaster) to finish within a few hours its astounding flight of 3,200 miles over the Pacific. She will then face the last of her three steps from California to Australia. From Oakland to Brisbane the distance is 7,288 miles.

If careful planning and study of prob-

FOUR MORE FLIERS

attempt to conquer the Pacific in a flight from Oakland, California, to Australia. From left to right, they are Harry W. Lyon, navigator; Captain Kingsford-Smith, pilot; Charles Ulm, relief pilot; and James Warner, radio operator

lems may assure success, this American-Australian flight should gain victory. The Southern Cross is a three-motor Fokker with Wright Whirlwind engines. One of the requisites laid down by Commander Byrd in his just-published article of warning entitled "Don't Let Them Die" is that long over-ocean flights should be made only in multi-engine planes; another is equipment for landing on water with ability to keep afloat; a third is thorough knowledge of navigation. To the ignoring of these conditions Byrd attributes many of the fatalities of last summer. The Southern Cross meets these requirements; of her four adventurers, two are skilled pilots, one is a navigator, one is a radio operator, and all are experienced aviators; the fact that two (Lieutenant Lyon and James Warden) are Americans and two (Captain Kingsford-Smith and Captain Ulm) are Australians with fine war records gives an international quality to their joint undertaking.

The steady, assured voyage of the Southern Cross from Oakland to Wheeler Field, Hawaii (2,400 miles in 27½ hours), was an evidence of skill and coolness. On June 3 the plane took off easily from the Kauai field, and six hours later was reported by radio as having made 600 miles of the long trip to Suva Island. The fliers seemed confident that they had fuel enough to last, but admitted that it was possible that they might have to descend at Canton, a mere sand-spit, 1,270 miles north of Suva; even so, fuel, it is thought, could be obtained by radio message in three days.

Meanwhile search for Nobile's party is slowly getting under way. They may quite possibly be subsisting on their extra supplies and on hunting somewhere in the ice-fields beyond Spitsbergen, and they may be found by airplane search. Men have been lost in the Arctic region for years, and still have been found. A French explorer, Dr. Charcot, comments: "So long as a man lost in the Arctic has a jacknife and matches, never despair."

Overlords of Vice

In Chicago, that always interesting city, they have been surveying crime and are finding it in a healthy state, well organized and deftly interlocked. They have also been probing into the 1926 killing of William McSwiggin, Assistant State's Attorney, who was murdered by machine-gun fire while in the company of gangsters and beer-runners. Students of crime in this afflicted section of the country believe that this unsolved murder is the missing link in making the connection between politics and crime in Chicago.

The survey was conducted by the American Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology, with funds supplied by the Carnegie Foundation.

"On the whole," says Judge Andrew A. Bruce, President of the Institute, "the survey gives to the public an amazing story of interlocking interests of gambling, bootlegging, vice, and politics; and the use of gangsters by certain lines of legitimate business as a means of destroying competition.

"Administrations come and go, but the overlord of vice continues in power. Gambling, prostitution, and liquor selling can only exist on a profitable basis by the consent of officials. But the bootleggers, gamblers, and operators of commercialized vice houses cannot dep upon the regularly constituted agen of law for protection from competitor their own class. The courts are cl to them."

Here, Judge Bruce points out, ther more work for the gunmen.

"The syndicate having the lar force of gunmen is best able to enf its claims to supremacy, and in tur most likely to be favored by the po cians who engineer official protection.

This exposé of the rule of vice may one of the reasons why the church pe are continuing to pray, as they did fore the April primaries, for their didates in the judicial elections that pending at this writing. It may be, that certain of Judge Bruce's rem were taken to heart by Mr. Mo Becker, proprietor of the Sanitary Cl ing Shops, Inc.

For ten years, despatches say, Becker's shops have been burned, employees assaulted, robbed, and thr ened by the gunmen of his rivals. N it is announced, Mr. Becker's princ partner is Mr. Al (Scarface) Capon

"I now have no need of the Sta Attorney or the Police Departme Mr. Becker says. "I have the best tection in the world."

Mr. Capone is one of Chicago's o lords of vice. He was a suspect in McSwiggin case, and his name appe frequently in the survey of crime.

Nearer a Pledge Against War

Secretary Kellogg's plan for a gen agreement by the Powers to renou war as an instrument of national po and settle all disputes by pacific meth continues to make progress.

Acting on a suggestion from Sir A ten Chamberlain, British Secretary Foreign Affairs, Mr. Kellogg sent an vitation to all the British Dominions join in the agreement. Canada, the I Free State, Australia, and New Zeal have sent their acceptances. Only So Africa and India are to be heard fr and the expectation is that their rep will be favorable.

Meanwhile President Coolidge, spe ing on Memorial Day at Gettysburg, added his approval publicly, and ta occasion to indicate that Mr. Kello draft for a treaty is only to be taken a means to facilitate discussion by i cating what our Government would ag to. In other words, the phraseology provisions may be modified within son to meet the views of all the Pow concerned and make possible a final cord.

Acme

THE LINE-UP

of balloons ready to take the air in the National Elimination Balloon Race in Pittsburgh on Memorial Day. Only three finished, and the pilots of two were killed and others injured in a thunder-storm

France has shown that she now believes it practicable to work out a form that all can sign. But the thorny question has been raised whether Soviet Russia shall be asked to adhere to the treaty, and whether any understanding would be effective and satisfactory with Russia out of it. Both the United States and Great Britain are known to oppose an invitation to Russia now and to discount the good faith of any Soviet promise. In any event, when matters have progressed so far, it does not seem likely that this consideration would block the negotiation of a treaty which all the other Powers would be willing to sign.

When Religion Slips

In a recent sermon the Rev. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick had this to say about the current concern with religion:

"Multitudes of people are trying to save religion. Sometimes they are trying to save their own religion; they feel it slipping; they have not much left of the original capital with which their childhood homes endowed them; they are somewhat desperately clinging to as much religion as they have left and hope that they can save it.

"Many other folk are sure about their own religion, but they are trying to save the religion of the churches. They go about steadying the ark; they are deeply in earnest, often militant, sometimes hysterical. They are sure that religion somehow must be saved.

"For my part, I am through trying to save religion. That seems to me a fallacious method of approach. The proposition upon which we are to put our minds . . . is that the only successful way to save religion is to get a religion that will save us. That distinction is profoundly important. If we are trying to save our religion, we are on the wrong track; the right track is the discovery of a religion that will save us."

To what Dr. Fosdick says we add that when we cease to try to save our religion we begin to think honestly about it. Professor Leuba's article in this issue may not compel agreement in the mind of the reader, but it will impel to honest and fearless thinking. A religion we cannot think fearlessly about is not worth saving.

Harvard Wins

Harvard has been declared the winner of the recent "brain tilt"—as the headline writers put it—with Yale. Two teams of ten men from each University, men chosen for their intellectual abilities, took an examination in English literature on April 30. The papers were graded by a committee of neutral professors, a long and arduous task.

A Harvard-Yale football game is treated with solemnity and dignity. Special writers are assigned to write thousands of words about its various features. Their treatment of the contest is reverential, as befits a contest of international importance.

But the recent innovation at Yale and Harvard, based on intelligence rather than brawn, becomes a "brain tilt," "grind battle," a "gray matter Derby." The whole thing seems to be very humorous. As a matter of fact, the undergraduates of both Yale and Harvard have given the contest definite indorsement. There were many applicants for the two teams. The prize was $5,000 worth of books, paid for through an endowment provided by Mrs. William Lowell Putnam in memory of her husband. The books will be given to the Harvard English Department.

Country Doctors

Last summer the members of the National Grange appealed to the American Medical Association to "avert a general breakdown in rural medical service" and cited statistics to show that the average age of country doctors was fifty-two. Since the average doctor dies at sixty-two, it was pointed out, something must be done within a decade.

The problem of medical care for the rural resident has been a troublesome one for many years. Doctors, in the great majority of cases, no longer train themselves for general practice. Instead, they become specialists, and must live in the cities to make a living. In addition, the country dweller is beginning to go to the city for expert assistance. He does this, that is, if he can afford to do so. And what it means is that the country doctors treat an increasing number of people unable to pay any fees at all.

The Albany Medical College is now undertaking to remedy this really grave situation. With an endowment of $2,000,000, about to be raised, the College intends to train doctors for general practice and to form an alliance with graduates in the field which will help them in the struggle for existence. Graduate courses will be offered for the rural physician. The people of the country districts will be urged to go to their local physicians.

But the Albany Medical College can hardly accomplish a great deal outside of New York State. A similar program is needed in nearly every State in the Union.

Miss Tarbell Is Troubled

In this issue The Outlook publishes the story of a woman who used to believe that prohibition would prohibit; and, picking up the current "Delineator," we find that Miss Ida M. Tarbell is similarly disillusioned.

The historian of Standard Oil wonders if prohibition is not actually becoming a menace to temperance; if it "is any longer serving as a guaranty of temperance, whether it may not be that, having accomplished its revolutionary purpose—the destruction of the saloon—it is not actually becoming a hindrance to further progress and may not in a few years, if things go on as they are, become a menace to the degree of temperance by choice which the country had achieved before the Eighteenth Amendment was adopted."

The trouble seems to be that Miss Tarbell, as a traveling lecturer, can't escape contact with actualities. She sees liquor in the Pullmans, smells it on the porter's breath, and is kept awake by the carousers in hotels and staterooms.

"Over-Sunday drinking parties in Western and Southern towns—I have never run across them elsewhere—are sometimes of dreadful proportion."

Mrs. Sabin, in The Outlook, asks for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. Miss Tarbell believing, as do so many, that it is fixed, is inclined toward modification of the Volstead Act—the light wine and beer theory.

"Modification would at least give a firmer ground on which to fight law violations," she says. "It would put us in a better case to use the appeal to self-respect, and to try to win the co-operation of dissenters in working out a society of men self-controlled from choice. Is any other form of temperance worth the name? Can prohibition as we now have it make any further contribution to this goal?"

Miss Tarbell refers her question—Is prohibition a menace to temperance?—to the Conventions about to open.

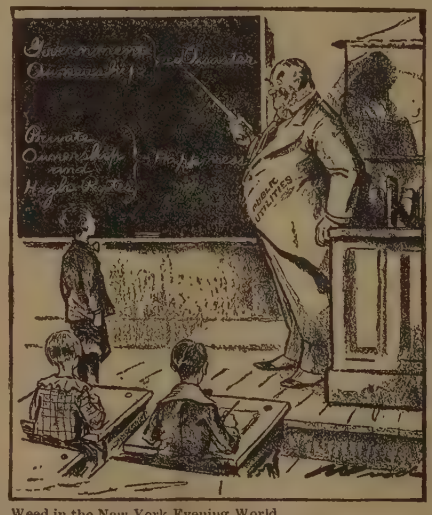
"It must be considered," she says, "by the gentlemen who gather in Kansas City and in Houston . . . if they are to frame platforms on which candid Democrats and Republicans can support with some degree of self-respect the candidates for the Presidency which they nominate."

Miss Tarbell's suggestion may have no effect on politicians scheming for victory; but as the discussion of prohibition gradually comes out into the open it becomes apparent that there is a "wet" as well as a "dry" argument.

Mr. Raskob to Colonel Callahan

Mr. John J. Raskob, Chairman of the Finance Committee of General Motors, came back from Europe the other day and found a letter on his desk. It was from Colonel Patrick H. Callahan, of Louisville, and in it the Colonel took Mr. Raskob to task for his connection with the National Association Opposed to Prohibition.

Colonel Callahan is the same Colonel who two years ago wrote a letter to the Pope asking him to help enforce prohibition in this country. The Pope's answer, if any, has not been made public, but



Weed in the New York Evening World
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Teaching the Young Idea—to pay

Mr. Raskob's reply overran a newspaper column. Said he:

"I am not a drinking man (this does not mean that I never take a drink), am a director in corporations employing over 300,000 men, and have a family of twelve children ranging in ages from five to twenty-one. . . .

"My experience is that children like to be with older folks, are quick, alert, and particularly keen in listening to what their elders say and do. What impressions are registering on the minds of my sons and daughters when they see thoroughly reputable and successful men and women drinking, talking about their bootleggers, the good 'stuff' they get, expressing contempt for the Volstead Law?

"The menace of prohibitory laws is the spirit of intolerance underlying their adoption, and this is bound to result in rebellion. . . . A large number of peop feel that a majority in this country hav no more right to curtail their freedo with respect to drinking beer, wines, even spirits, than they have to deny fr religious worship. These people feel tha they do no wrong in the eyes of Go when they buy and consume beer, wine and liquors, in spite of the law. The feel that those who have the money t pay for such beverages and have the analyzed can drink without risk t health, while those who cannot mus either do without or take great risks t being poisoned.

"It is for this reason that the grea mass of our workmen and poor peopl feel that prohibition does not prohibi but is a scheme to deny them somethin which their more fortunate brothers wit money can have almost at will. Is any wonder they should rebel? . . .

"Mr. Hoover thinks and many othe did at one time think prohibition a grea and noble social experiment. But it ha failed, and I personally cannot conceiv of any experiment founded on intoler ance and not on good morals being ne ble."

Mr. Raskob resents the charge that h and others who are working for the re peal of the Amendment are "in any wa lawbreakers or show any lack of respec for our great Constitution."

"On the contrary, we are engaged i a noble effort to restore to our people feeling of independence and liberty an the right to the pursuit of happiness s earnestly sought, prayed for, and finall secured after the Revolutionary War."

Modify Divorce Rules

Divorce became an issue in the closin hour of the Conference of the Methodis Episcopal Church, in session twenty-nin days at Kansas City, and victory reste with those who would liberalize the rules

Heretofore ministers of that large an influential denomination have been for bidden to marry a divorced person, ex cept the innocent partner in a divorc resulting from adultery.

The amended Methodist Disciplin now reads:

"A minister shall not solemnize a mar riage of a divorced person whose hus band or wife is still living, except for th innocent person, when it is clearly estab lished in his own mind that the tru cause of divorce was adultery or it moral equivalent."

The concession to the liberalizers is in the last three words. Dr. Daniel L Marsh, President of Boston University made the argument for that faction.

Shall we admit into our Church some eless drunkard who has not been orced, and refuse admittance to some e woman who divorced a similarly tal drunkard for cruelty?" he asked. Dr. George Elliott, church editor, re- d for the bitter-enders.

We would let down the bars and ke our laws as weak as the worst te laws now are," he declared. "What person does suffer in marriage by elty or brutality? Christians have ned they must suffer. Marriage is a civil contract, and it is not for us provide an easy escape."

There followed what the reporters call spirited debate," but the liberalizers vailed over Dr. Elliott's views by ut two to one. The Conference also ided to recognize divorces granted by State, to receive divorced persons in Church, to trust the decision of their nisters on the eligibility of divorced sons to remarry; and, finally, ordered rses on marriage to be prepared for in church schools.

bbyism and the Ladies

BBYISM, fore and aft, seems to have nestly exercised the San Antonio nvention of the General Federation of omen's Clubs. Charges were initi- ted that the ladies had been doing too ch lobbying for various legislative grams at Washington; and charges re definitely pressed that Federation icials had exposed themselves to the les, if not the corrupting influences, of tain manufacturers interested in the commendations of the Federation's me survey. Both charges were dis- ssed with zeal and occasional flashes of dignation, so it is reasonable to assume at both rankled some.

The first charge has been politely in- uated in magazine articles these past o or three years. It was insinuated in e Convention when Kentucky delegates quested the Federation to abandon its cial and legislative activities and get ck to its original specialty of cultural lift. The Federation treated the re- est respectfully, but met the issue by greeing to withdraw from a joint wo- an's lobby in Washington.

This does not mean that the Federa- on will cease to put pressure on Con- ess; but the lobbyists will at least be ore strictly representative of the Fed- ation, and can be held more strictly countable for their behavior.

The charge that the Federation was en more lobbied against than lobbying rought forth more in the way of verbal fenses. These made it reasonably

Darling in the New York Herald Tribune
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The host's dilemma—whether to pass it around to the whole party or just call a few chosen spirits out to the pantry

clear, as sensible people have always supposed, that no Federation member has taken graft to recommend in the home survey this or that brand of bathtub or bird cage. The worst that has happened seems to have been that contact men of certain domestic equipment industries were perfectly lovely about showing visiting home surveyors around the plant, and even about giving financial aid to the home survey work.

Such complaisance to the "interests" might prove damaging to a Congressman investigating oil stock transactions, but the clubwomen were only investigating drains and washboards in behalf of the home. So they took the position that only a pharisaical discretion would

Darling in the New York Herald Tribune
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Long past his bedtime

prompt sensible women to decline such favors.

As proof of their faith in their integrity, the ladies agreed to ask a Congressional investigation of all their activities, preliminary to granting them an enlarged charter.

From Washington

A Weary Congress Quits

CONGRESS has resolved itself into individual men, gone home to cut some slash atop their fences to stop the gaps until after the Conventions. They were weary men as they packed their bags and prepared to depart. Since December they had introduced 19,770 bills, had reported 1,323 of them out of Committee and had got 923 of them past the President as completed laws. But they had worked hardest, perhaps, on thirteen which the President disapproved. In addition, they had investigated many things, some deeply, some less so. And, finally, they had, as usual, been worn out by filibustering at the end of the session.

On two successive nights, until the dawn painted the east, the Senate sat—enough of it to make an auditor or so for the man who had the floor, the rest reclining in the cloak-rooms—while California tried to cram Boulder Dam down the throat of Nevada. Neither won. Nevada held out to the last against swallowing. But the morsel is in its mouth—unfinished business to be jammed down at the beginning of the next session in December.

This was the second filibuster. The first was different, and similar. Tennessee tried unsuccessfully to keep from swallowing Muscle Shoals, which, with Cove Creek added, Alabama jammed down her throat.

But the President had a button-hook ready, in the form of a pocket veto. Tennessee will not choke on Cove Creek—at least not until the next session.

The Wilderness and Kansas City

So, with Muscle Shoals in his pocket, President Coolidge prepared for his summer vacation in a birch-pole lodge on an island in the Brule River which, though it belongs to Wisconsin, empties into Duluth's neck of Superior.

It is a great, rugged, sparse country into which he goes. Lakes are numberless and hogback ridges between them twice so. Canoeing is strenuous and portaging desperate. He who carries an Oldtown and an eighty-pound duffle-bag over the inevitable eleven portages and six beaver-dam lifts a day will harden his muscles. But the President may not

find such exercise necessary. He has chosen to be at that stage of life from which one looks back, and meditates, and fishes—from shore.

But a man, even a President, may not always have his choice. There are those who say that the Kansas City Convention will nominate Mr. Coolidge for President. His schedule is so arranged that on the day when that Convention nominates him, if it does, he will be either on the train or lost among the beaver ponds and rock ridges. It will be most unfortunate for his choice if he should be nominated and cannot decline the nomination because he cannot be reached.

On the other hand, the Convention may deadlock and seek Mr. Coolidge to break the hasp. Then will it be, indeed, fortunate for his retrospective fishing if he is so inaccessible that he cannot be forced to take sides with this contender or that.

Whatever is in Mr. Coolidge's mind in that regard is in Mr. Coolidge's mind and not elsewhere.

Investigators Go on Forever

ALL have gone, then, except the weary investigators. They through the sweltering summer, out of the political scramble but exerting pressure upon it, will stay in Washington and dig. Almost a dozen investigations will thus go forward between sessions.

The Committee investigating campaign funds and related subjects, though probably not the most important, is likely to be the most interesting, because its work is most closely related to the Presidential campaign.

This Committee, at about the time of the adjournment of Congress, was engaged upon the terrifying task of examining Senator J. Thomas Heflin, of Alabama. Its efforts revealed the fact that concerning the financing of Governor Smith's pre-convention campaign Senator Heflin knows nothing but believes a great deal. Seeing the situation through a mottled maze of red hats and white caps, Senator Heflin fumed and raged—and added nothing to the Committee's store of information. One thing he was sure of—that he received pay from the Ku Klux Klan for talking about the Pope and Al Smith. He thought, however, that what he said was lecturing, not speaking.

Later on the Committee will concern itself with even more explosive things. Among them is the report, which has persisted for ten years, that during the World War Mr. Hoover, as Food Administrator, bought Cuban and Porto Rican sugar for 5½ cents a pound and held it off the market, while American consumers were paying 28 cents a pound. The size of the headlines under which this story will be printed depends upon whether Mr. Hoover is or is not nominated at Kansas City.

Oil Afire!

THE Oil Committee will continue at work, though it has finished with Elk Hills and Teapot Dome and filed a scathing report upon them. During the last hour of the session of Congress Chairman Nye and Prosecutor Walsh disagreed on the floor as to what, politically, the investigation had shown. Nye said it had shown that Harry F. Sinclair contributed to Democratic as well as to Republican campaign funds. Walsh called for citations from the record, and Nye was not quite able to give them.

As to the report filed with the Senate, however, there was no disagreement. All members of the Committee approved it. The profits of the Continental Trading Company deal were characterized as "ill-gotten gains of a contemptible private steal, the peculations of trusted officials of great industrial houses pilfering from their own companies, robbing their own stockholders, the share of the boodle coming to one of the freebooters serving in part as the price of the perfidy of a member of the President's Cabinet."

The rest of the report is hardly less hot.

No Sanctuary in Retirement

THOSE who have been Government officials but now have retired to pleasanter if not more profitable pastures—even they are not safe from the investigators.

Before the Campaign Funds Committee came Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt, Assistant Attorney-General in charge of prohibition enforcement, and testified concerning the activities as a prohibition agent of Frank J. Hale, now owner of the periodical "Politics"—a sheet whose object in life appears to be the defeat of Hoover for President. It loses $500 a week, which Hale testified he meets out of his own pocket.

Mrs. Willebrandt testified that Hale and his associates grew affluent while he was a prohibition agent. She identified J. N. Chamberlain, of Atlantic City, as a pal of both Hale and General Lincoln C. Andrews, then Assistant Secretary of the Treasury in charge of prohibition. This Chamberlain, she said, increased his bank deposits from $300 a month to $5,000 a month and in less than a year had deposited $90,000 in one bank and $65,000 in another. She said C Chamberlain, after one all-night vi with Hale, exhibited twenty $1,000 bi

Mrs. Willebrandt said that she tw worked up cases against Hale, but th each time, when they had reached t point "when the truth probably wou come out," they were halted. Final despairing of getting results from G eral Andrews, whom she described Hale's close personal friend, she went Secretary of the Treasury Mellon. M Mellon ordered an inquiry, out of wh came the information that Hale had a cepted $5 a case from rum-runners permitting the landing of liquor. B the statute of limitations had run and could not be prosecuted.

It is Investigator James A. Reed w claims to have brought about the moval of General Andrews as Assista Secretary of the Treasury in charge prohibition. As soon as Dr. Doran s his hand on the helm Hale lost his j as prohibition agent, and shortly the after became a publisher.

Utilities Omnipresent

FROM the low gray building on B Str where the Federal Trade Commiss sits investigating "utilities" strange s ries continue to come and to get wi publicity than at first. Reversing Jaco deathbed scene, the voice is the voice the F. T. C. but the hand is Wals hand. The Montanan, defeated in t effort to conduct the investigation hi self, is still the star investigator.

Testimony shows that through New York State public and priv schools were saturated with public ut ties texts, while at the same time utilit were spending $25,000,000 a year in a vertising with the newspapers. Here may be, is partial explanation of t reluctance of some newspapers to pr the news of the investigation. T school texts were designed largely to c feat Governor Smith's water-power c velopment plans. In Rochester, pub utilities interests paid $15,000 to und write "The Story of Public Utilities," book introduced to the public school

University courses favorable to t utilities were substantially backed, cording to testimony recently adduc in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Colora Wyoming, and New Mexico. In so cases the professors who prepared t courses were not paid for that work, b were paid for making public speech favorable to the utilities. Some receiv pay for acting as members of Pub Utilities Information Committees.

Western committee activities were,

Ireland in the Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch

The President breaks the long kick record

e part, directed specifically at the posal for Government construction control of Boulder Canyon Dam. important utilities official said on the ness-stand that it was "a matter of mon knowledge" that power utilities panies had spent millions to combat lic ownership.

Utilities officials believe, or did believe il quite recently, that these efforts e successful. There was placed in the ord a letter written by George E. vis, Executive Manager of the Rocky untain Public Utilities Information mmittee, in which he said:

"Had the utilities industry not started its public relations work when it did; had it not inaugurated systematic newspaper advertising, educational activities in the high schools, colleges, universities, and grade schools; had it not undertaken widespread speaking activities—in short, had it not done the things that it has done within the past three years, we'd all be in a hell of a shape today." Mr. Lewis defined what "a hell of a shape" means to him by saying that "State, municipal, and Government ownership would have been one hundred per cent ahead of what it is today."

Windows on the World

By Malcolm W. Davis

WAR DEBTS to America should cause no undue strain, argue Secretary Hoo- and the Department of Commerce, Europe's capacity to pay. Facts and ures on this disputed cause of so much nerican unpopularity abroad are mar- aled, in a report on "The Balance of ternational Payments of the United ates in 1927," in impressive fashion. Mr. Hoover shows, in a foreword hich may be taken to embody his atti- le on this issue, that various American yments abroad more than offset the ounts paid by European countries in interest and principal on their debts. In 1927 the United States received from Europe a little over $200,000,000 in such payments—nearly half of the maximum annual payments for which the war debt agreements would ever call. American tourists spent abroad in the same time about $617,000,000—largely in countries that have the heaviest debts to the United States. Immigrants sent to relatives in their old homes $218,000,000, while charitable funds and charges for American freight carried in foreign vessels brought the total of such "invisible payments" to $900,000,000.

Further, while European Governments were paying about $200,000,000 on war debts to the United States Government, foreign Governments and individuals were able to pay over $977,000,000 on other American private loans or on investments in this country. And, finally, Americans received from foreigners during the year in all about $9,000,000,000—a total volume of business beside which the war-debt payments are insignificant.

From all this the Department experts conclude that the program of debt payments will not result, as has been feared, in seriously affecting American commerce and creating an unfavorable balance of trade.

The whole question of war debts is, of course, not so much one of economics as of emotions. Europe admits that she owes them technically, but does not feel that she owes them morally. The United States holds that the obligation is as clearly one of justice as of legality. Why, it asks, should American citizens pay in taxes for the expenditures of European nations in a war, in addition to paying for the expenditures of their own nation? There is the rub—and there is the value of the proposal which has been advanced to remove the entire controversial issue from the sphere of politics to the sphere of finance, by a plan to fund both payment of war damages and war debts in one final settlement through a sale of bonds.

FRANCE seems surely on the road to a more prosperous condition after the elections in which Premier Poincaré and his Cabinet of national union triumphed. As the new Parliament meets, fixing the French franc at a final definite value after all the years since the war during which it has fallen and risen and fallen, is one of the first tasks he is expected to take up. Already there has been a rush to buy francs in anticipation that their worth will be set at a higher level than has prevailed in the exchange markets. Meanwhile, the Ministry of Finance has announced a subscription of about 18,000,000,000 francs to the recent Government loan floated to transform short-term obligations into long-term bonds. And Louis Loucheur, one of the leading French industrialists and financiers and formerly Minister of Munitions, of Reconstruction, and of Commerce and Finance, has joined the Poincaré Cabinet as Minister of Labor. Altogether the prospect in France is more encouraging than at any time since the war.

"Pure accident," was the conclusion of the German Government in its investigation into the cause of the leakage of phosgene gas at Hamburg that cost eleven lives and chronically injured over twenty of the 200-odd people harmed. The gas was found to be of war-time origin, and the question whether or not the Interallied Military Control Commission allowed it to be retained for industrial purposes remained unsettled. The supply of some 15,000 gallons in storage at the plant where one of the containers burst is to be transferred to old torpedoes and sunk at sea. So ends another sequel to the story of the World War.

No intimation has been heard of any serious inquiry by the former Allies. Perhaps one reason is to be found in the changed relations between France and Germany reflected in an interview given in Paris by the High Commander of the German Fleet during the war, Admiral von Tirpitz. He said that there was a sincere German desire for friendship with France, and that, while he questioned the warmth of French desires for an accord with Germany, such an understanding is the principal condition on which the peace of Europe depends. What has become of the traditional enmity? Happily, so far as Germany is concerned, according to the author of the policy of unrestricted submarine warfare, *spurlos versenkt*—sunk without a trace.

Underwood & Underwood

BOTTOMS UP

The German battle-cruiser Moltke, bottom up, being towed from Scapa Flow to the Firth of Forth to be scrapped. The ship was one of those scuttled by the Germans themselves in the English Channel during the war

Lithuania has got the League of Nations again on her trail. The League Council is to take up at its present session the settlement of the boundary dispute between Lithuania and Poland. In particular, it is to consider the situation created by the new Constitution just voted by Lithuania, declaring the capital to be the city of Vilna. That city and the territory around it, which Lithuania claimed on historic grounds, the Polish General Zeligowski seized seven years ago. And the League, after an inquiry, formally awarded it to Poland. Consequently, in the opinion of the delegates of France, the ally of Poland, Lithuania's action is an affront and defiance to the League.

Poland charges that Lithuania has been blocking peace negotiations begun under the agreement made at Geneva last December, and Lithuania retorts that Poland will give her no satisfaction. Two dictators—the Lithuanian, Premier Valdemaras, and the Pole, Marshal Pilsudski—face each other across the borders of the embroiled nations. And their quarrel makes one of the most troublesome and dangerous situations in which the League has to try to play the part of peacemaker.

Things have been happening in the Near East that presage a new period there of closer relations between the Oriental nations and perhaps of new problems for the Western Powers.

In the first place, the Turkish Nationalists have rejected the idea of a triple accord between Italy, Greece, and Turkey which Italy is said to have advanced. Mussolini has signed a separate treaty of arbitration and conciliation with Turkey. It includes promises by each nation not to enter into political combinations likely to menace the other and of neutrality in case of war with another nation. But the broader scheme for an extension of the influence of Fascist diplomacy in the eastern Mediterranean fell through.

At the same time Amir Amanullah of Afghanistan, on his way home from his tour of Europe, stopped in Angora to exchange courtesies and pledges of friendship with the Turkish dictator, Mustapha Kemal. At a banquet Kemal declared:

"Our nations are sisters in suffering for liberty's sake. We two will never forget the creators of those sufferings. Turkey stands ready to perform her ties toward Afghanistan."

The Amir, in a eulogistic address, plied:

"Afghanistan, too, stands ready accomplish all brotherly duties tov Turkey."

His movement to modernize Afgha tan is traced to the influence of M tapha Kemal. Even while the T were driving the Greeks out of Asia nor, the Turkish President responde a request from the Amir to send a kish military mission to his capita reorganize the Afghan army.

Before the Amir left Angora he si a new treaty of alliance with Turke

Meanwhile Persia, under her dict Shah Riza Pahlavi, has made a new forward toward independence. G Britain has signed a series of con tions recognizing Persian tariff au omy and looking toward a treat commerce which would include p sions for the British airways that wishes to extend to India. France already accepted in principle the a tion of the Persian capitulations gra special privileges to citizens of the W ern Powers.

The spirit of nationalism in the East is steadily making its way.

The Conventions

PARTY delegates, whether at Kansas City or Houston, have been summoned to consult the interests of the entire country. Most of them, perhaps, have been lected by bosses. Some of them are bosses. They like to ay the game of party politics, or they would not be there. heir fellow-countrymen, who will listen to their shoutings ver the radio, have no illusions on that score. Nevertheless ese delegates are their countrymen's agents. They repre- nt their interests.

What are these interests? Certainly not religious prejudice. is often the tool of the scheming politician; but it is one of e most devastating forces in the world, and it has been used y schemers and honest bigots alike in attacks on Governor mith as a Roman Catholic.

It is the business of the delegates, as they love their coun- y, to bar religious prejudice out. If they regard their party uty as a public trust, they will apply that issue to Protestant s well as Catholic, and will regard as an enemy of America ny one who would make political capital out of bias for or gainst any faith. Bigoted Americans alone make religious ifferences dangerous. America has no more to fear from the ed hat of the Cardinal than from the pillow slip of the Im- erial Kludd.

Another devastating force is provincial prejudice, of the ind that has been directed against Mr. Hoover because of his ervice abroad as engineer for alien interests. This is almost oo absurd to notice; but it has made its appearance in certain arts of the country, and it may make its appearance at the onvention.

In selecting a candidate for the Presidency party dele- ates are supposed to seek the man with the highest quali- ications for the office. Their greatest failures in the past have esulted from their failure to do so. This year we have had preliminary campaign based on anything and everything xcept the obvious question of the candidates' qualifications to e our Chief Executive. Now, as in the past, delegates can ind no safe refuge in ignoring the candidate's qualifications y hiding behind his "political availability." They cannot fford to let their judgment be clouded by a smoke-filled room. The Conventions that did so in 1920 stand today disgraced. Teapot Dome with all that it symbolizes was possible because neither party selected a man supremely qualified.

From each Convention the country looks for the selection of a man who can not only make his own platform, but be his own platform. He needs the courage and the ability to say what he stands for and what he proposes to do; and he needs the character and executive ability to do what he pro- poses. Neither of the two leading candidates of their respec- tive parties has so far divulged a program. Each has a record which has drawn to him a following; but a record is not enough. It will not answer the questions of the future. And there are questions waiting to be answered—questions of cor- ruption (local, State, National), of lawlessness, of bureau- cracy, of prohibition, of agriculture, of super-power and public utilities, of our waterways, of National defense, of international arrangements for peace, of relations with Latin America, of trade rivalry with Europe, of obligations in the Far East, perhaps questions of unemployment, and of the relation between our political democracy and the growing giant of industrial democracy—a veritable chaos of questions. The country wants each Convention to choose some one who has a coherent answer to give, and can make it heard beyond his shirt-front.

Delegates represent, however, not merely the interests of their country, but also the organization of their party. When they ask votes for their candidate, they ask also votes for their party.

What kind of party? That will depend chiefly on the men they put in control. The voters have seen the man- agement of each party in turn go on the rocks of dissension, folly, incompetence, and corruption. They have seen party managers as peddlers of political funds and traffickers in politi- cal offices. They have heard the story of Will Hays. They have learned how to unbuckle their party harness. The suc- cess of each Convention will largely depend on the thorough- ness with which the delegates reorganize their party's manage- ment.

That in turn will depend upon what they make their parties stand for. So far the campaign has been against Hoover, against Smith, against prohibition, against nullification of prohibition, against a big navy, against the water-power trust, against Government ownership, against the McNary-Haugen Bill, against Coolidge because he has been against the Mc- Nary-Haugen Bill. What party is "for" something? In 1896 Bryan shook the Democratic Party out of its lethargy with a proposal of the free coinage of silver at 16 to 1; and he drove the Republican Party into the specific advocacy of the gold standard. There followed a campaign of education that was unparalleled since the Civil War. Roosevelt formulated the policy that renewed the Republican Party and made it lead in that progressivism which is the surest conservator of the best. Wilson established his leadership in and through the Democratic Party by a positive political philosophy and pro- gram. So far this year no policy-shaper has appeared. On the delegates of each Convention rests the responsibility of deciding in what direction their party shall move—or of de- ciding that it shall not move at all.

A vast and growing body of voters who do not wear party labels will await the delegates' deliberations and decisions. As the delegates shirk their duty these independent voters will surely call them to account. As these delegates make good use of their power these same voters will voice approval. The Outlook, an independent journal, owing no party allegiance, is of the same mind with these voters, and, like them, will voice approval or disapproval as in its judgment the Conventions succeed or fail. It will reserve its judgment as to the choices made until it can make a fair comparison between them. The decision rendered at the polls next November will be made by those whose judgment is now held in reserve. These voters of independent mind, not the party bosses, will judge the work of the Convention, and they will render the verdict of success or failure.

What of the Religions?

By JAMES H. LEUBA

The author of this provocative contribution to the current discussion of religion is Professor of Psychology at Bryn Mawr. The Rev. Dr. Karl Reiland, rector of St. George's Episcopal Church in New York, says of Professor Leuba's statement: "He has put his finger upon a very important thing. Religion, religion and science, truth—what do we really mean by them? When we examine these terms in the light of modern knowledge, we find the necessity of restatement all along the line. . . . This is the sort of statement which will bring into the open arena this very great question now being so pitifully side-stepped by responsible people."

CERTAIN attempts to "reconcile" science and religion have all the appearance of brazen-faced perversions of the truth. A Roman Catholic priest was recently deploring in public the emphasis often placed upon alleged antagonisms between science and religion. He affirmed that they have much in common; that, for instance, they both seek the truth. Of what was he speaking? Not of his Church, for it claims to *possess* the truth in matters of religion.

When free-minded persons speak of "religion," they usually mean, not any one of the existing religions, but an ideal one—the "true," the "pure" religion. And we all know in what wonderful variety of ways "true" religion has been defined. There are, for instance, grave doctors who make it synonymous with an attitude of brotherly love. In this view any person devoted to the welfare of humanity—whatever his transcendental beliefs—is religious, and Lenine, even though he regarded the religions as enemies of mankind, is an admirable illustration of a religious person. We are told, also, that religion is concerned with the values of life, that its business is the discovery and preservation of what is best in life. There is no need of long speeches to establish the point that "religion" so understood is an altogether admirable thing and that all talk of antagonism between it and science is absurd.

But when, instead of speaking of an ideal religion and defining it to suit ourselves, we speak of *the* religions—*i. e.*, of the historical institutions called Buddhism, Mohammedanism, Christianism, etc.; when we have in mind, for instance, the Christian churches which we are expected to support financially and morally, urgent practical questions of a most disquieting nature arise. The most fundamental of these refers to the efficacy of the method they use in order to attain their ends.

Each one of the historical religions constitutes a system of beliefs and practices for achieving certain results: salvation in another life, protection in this life from physical and moral harm, assistance in striving toward moral and spiritual perfection. And they all agree upon the method by which the desired blessings are to be produced. That method consists in entering in a social relation with one or several gods by the offering of gifts, of praise, of prayer, and the like. That is the characteristic feature of the religions, old and new; it is the distinctive feature of the worship of the most liberal Protestantism as well as of the most conservative Catholicism. Give up that method, and the historical religions, one and all, disappear.

REGARDING the religions in general and the Christian religion in particular, I say that the fundamental problem is that of the efficacy of their method of doing work: the efficacy of praise or glorification, and of prayer for improvement in the weather, for protection against accident, for recovery from disease, for moral enlightenment and strength, etc.

One of the most remarkable social phenomena of this essentially practical America is that this problem has not been brought into the open, definitely and systematically. The churches are still fighting in trenches passed long ago by the advancing opponent. Instead of defending their fundamental belief in the God of the religions, a God in intellectual and effective communication with man, able and, under certain conditions, willing to respond to man's desires and supplications, they fight about what they (for instance, the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, in 1923) call doctrinal essentials: the Virg Birth, the bodily Resurrection of Chri salvation through the death upon t Cross, and the divine inspiration of t Holy Scriptures. Why talk of the V gin Birth and of the Resurrection of t body of Christ when every scrap of fast-increasing knowledge points to t futility of the traditional worship of t God of the religions? If the intellectu leaders were in the habit of speaki with more candor and of concerni themselves more earnestly with the di fusion of knowledge, the chasm betwe them and the rank and file of the pop lation would not be so appalling.

The present status of the question r garding the efficacy of the method the religions may be summed up as fo lows:

The development of the physical s ences has led to the conviction that t religious method is ineffective in t physical realm; it is, for instance, us less to pray for rain.

The biological sciences have led or a leading to the conviction that the divi personal Cause, supposed by the reli ions to be active in the cure of diseas is ineffective; it is, for instance, futile seek to stop the action of microbes the human organism by praises or su plications addressed to the God of t religions. An attitude of humility or r pentance for having disobeyed God will avails just as little to arrest t activity of microbes. But cheerfulne and other mental states, *however i duced*—whether by confidence in a va cine, or by faith in the Last Sacramen or by simple prayer—may have a ben ficial effect.

The psychological and social scienc have produced or are producing the co viction that the God of the religions equally ineffective in the formation an reformation of character as he is in ma ters physical and biological; the intel gent and informed person relies less an less on the method of the religions an more and more on methods of charact formation and transformation deriv from a knowledge of human natur Neither parents, as educators of the children, nor the directors of institutio for the morally warped place their tru in God; they rely instead on the acti of natural laws, physical, biological, an mental.

so far as action in the physical and biological spheres is concerned, and n though prayers for the weather and the sick have been allowed to remain our books of worship, the religious hod is in high discredit. With re- d to the building up of character and reformation and the vast problems of rnational relations, the prestige of traditional worship has suffered less. even here the widespread replace- nt of the traditional faith by reliance knowledge of human nature and of economic conditions of existence— omplete as it is—stares us in the face. is true that Congress has kept its aplain, but what is the degree of re- nce placed by the managers of our itical parties on praise and prayer to d when compared with their trust in ney, in machine organization, and in diffusion of information? The cus- n of opening Congress with prayer ceased to be venerable; it has be- me grotesque.

The high plenipotentiaries who formu- ed the Treaty of Vienna after the poleonic wars thought it fit to open h this preamble: "Their Majesties, e Emperor of Austria, the King of ussia, and the Emperor of Russia, as consequence of the great events which ve signalized, in Europe, the course of e last three years, and principally of e benefits which it has pleased Divine ovidence to spread over *the States ose governments have placed their ust and hope in Him alone,*" etc.! At rsailles, in 1918, pious phrases were nitted. By that time it seemed to ve become known that the peace of e world depended, not upon a Provi- nce-God, but upon man and the situ- ion in which he found himself.

If all educated persons know that ience is transforming the physical con- tions of life and acknowledge its hievements in matters of health and sease, it is not equally widely known at a similar situation obtains, if in a ore limited degree, with regard to roblems of character. The physiologi- l and psychological sciences are little little making it possible for us to con- ol human nature, to shape personality nd character according to our ideal. sychotherapy, in the forms assumed by s several schools (some of them—for nstance, psychoanalysis—still a combi- ation of science and blood-and-thunder ction), is daily demonstrating its fficacy.

The practice of modern reformatories another tacit acknowledgment of the inefficiency of the method of the religions. The detailed account presented in 1927 in the "Report of the Departmental Commission on the Treatment of Young Offenders," by the English Secretary of State for Home Affairs, has not a word to say about the religious method. The proposed aim is to restore these warped young people to a life of useful citizenship; and the method employed is "a combination of mental, moral, physical, and industrial training of a strenuous kind," fully described in the report.

THE denial of the efficacy of traditional worship is usually and promptly met by passionate affirmations to this effect: "I know that there is a God, because when I have been weak he has strengthened me, when I have been in sorrow he has comforted me, when I have been in perplexity he has counseled me." What is challenged is, of course, not the claim that worship has been followed by beneficial results, but the cause ascribed to those results. Just as the physicist explains that when the rain prayed for comes, it is not in response to the will of a God who has been moved by offerings and supplications, but as a consequence of definite conditions of temperature, moisture, etc., so the psychologist explains, equally satisfactorily, that the peace, the mental unification, the moral energy following upon "communion with God" is the result of natural psycho-physiological forces operating according to definite laws. So that what is needed is not a knowledge of God but a knowledge of man.

There is no room here for a psychological explanation of any one of the alleged divine actions. I refer the inquiring reader to a book on the "Psychology of Religious Mysticism," where I have attempted to account on scientific grounds for some of the most remarkable experiences traditionally regarded as providential. The outcome of the recently acquired knowledge of man is that worship consists in certain mental and bodily activities which themselves determine the observed results. The method of the religions (the practice of prayer, together with the rest of traditional worship) turns out to be a disguised and misunderstood psychotherapy, developed in advance of any exact knowledge of human nature.

This method, like most empirically established methods, works on the whole and to some extent, but at the same time it does a considerable amount of serious harm. Its tragic deficiency finds a demonstration in the pathetic and often heroic efforts of great mystics to set themselves right with God and man. The best of today's psychotherapists and psychiatrists would have been able not only to enlighten these interesting cases of social maladjustment regarding that which ailed them, but also to offer them methods far more effective for the satisfaction of their fundamental physiological and spiritual needs. The religious ways of the extravagant mystics—extreme asceticism, love-trance, etc.—is hardly superior to the way of the drug addicts. Drugs also yield certain deep satisfactions and remedy certain evils. Richepin, that keen observer of human nature, describes in "Braves Gens" occasional drunken bouts as "good baths of forgetfulness out of which one arises done up and yet renewed; a great purge of alcohol which scours, as with fire, body and soul." It is because of effects of that sort—impression of liberation, of power, of exaltation—that drugs are extensively used in the religious ceremonies of the non-civilized. But the yearnings of the non-civilized and those of the Christian mystics are best satisfied neither by drugs nor by the so-called mystical approach to God through meditation, contemplation, the sleep of the powers, ecstasy, etc.

THE claim that the method of the religions has been found wanting is confirmed by the neglect into which it is falling in the churches themselves. One of the most significant and promising features of their activity is precisely the incorporation, in what they continue to call "religious" education, of methods independent of the action of the God of the religions. The present campaign for "religious" education, conducted in this country by the liberals, is more and more a tacit repudiation of the method characteristic of all the religions, and a utilization, within a more or less vague spiritualistic or idealistic philosophy, of the art and science of education. It is a smuggling in of a non-religious method under the flag of the religions. Let this be made quite clear.

When a preacher imparts to his audience information regarding any aspect of life, under the conviction that it is not possible to behave for the best if one is ignorant of the world in which one lives, he is not using a religious, but a secular method of advancing the coming of the kingdom of God.

(*Please turn to continuation, page 273*)

I Change My Mind on Prohibition

By

PAULINE MORTON SABIN

A former advocate of prohibition finds that she made a mistake and has the rare courage to admit it. Mrs. Sabin is the wife of Charles H. Sabin, Chairman of the Board of the Guaranty Trust Company and a member of the Republican National Committee.

WE have a Prohibition Law. It is embedded in the Constitution. We have had it for eight years. If it means anything and is to be taken seriously, it means that no person in the United States shall be able to obtain anything to drink that may be intoxicating. Millions of people are discussing it. It is the prevailing topic of conversation in every walk of life. Every one is analyzing and estimating the effect of this effort to compel all Americans to be total abstainers. I have watched its workings during the years, commencing in a sympathetic frame of mind. I have reached certain conclusions and am willing to set them down here, conscious of my fallibility but anxious to contribute my little bit toward a wise solution.

It is true that we no longer see the corner saloon; but in many cases has it not merely moved to the back of a store or up one flight under the name of a "speak-easy"?

It is true that in our universities groups of boys can no longer go together to a *Rathskeller* and drink their beer genially and in the open. Is it not true that they are making their own gin and drinking it furtively in their rooms? Indeed, the authorities of certain colleges have instituted the practice of searching the students' rooms, without their consent and during their absence.

It is against the law to sell alcoholic beverages, but hundreds of thousands of respected citizens are daily conniving at the breaking of that law by buying it. And most of them realize that the beverage reaches them through channels extending through a long line of law violation and corruption down to the consumer.

In my opinion, the majority of women with young children favored prohibition because they felt that when the Eighteenth Amendment was enacted drinking to excess would never be a problem in their children's lives, that temptation would be completely eliminated. But now they are wondering and troubled about the result. They have found that their children are growing up with a total lack of respect for the Constitution and for the law.

We must admit that many of the parents are responsible for this attitude among the young, owing to the example they set in breaking this particular law. In connection with the attitude of the youth of the Nation today towards the Constitution, I want to cite two incidents which have been brought to my attention recently.

The first is the case of six boys between the ages of fifteen and eighteen, who were students at one of the oldest and most respected private schools in the country. An older person asked these boys a few questions regarding the Constitution of the United States. Not one of them had any knowledge of the Constitution nor its Amendments, with the exception of the Eighteenth, and in chorus they shouted they knew about that. The manner in which they said it proved that they held that Amendment in great derision.

To my mind, this was a shocking revelation. I do not deny that this situation was largely the fault of both the school and the parents of the boys for not having taught them about the most sacred of our political documents. How unfortunate that the Eighteenth Amendment should typify the Constitution to our children—the one Amendment which they are conscious is not being upheld, and the one Amendment which many of us feel is contrary to the spirit of the rest of the Constitution, as it is the only Amendment which curtails personal liberty, the only one which attempts to control the habits of a human being.

THE other incident I have in mind occurred at the conference which was called last year by one of the colleges, and to which the various preparatory schools were asked to send a representative boy, to discuss the "transition period between school and college." A boy I know was selected to represent his school. He has since told me that one of the subjects discussed was the p and cons of drinking at college. discussion lasted for over an hour, e boy having something to contribute the subject. It was approached fr various angles—the effect of drinking athletics, on scholastic standing, and a boy's reputation as a good fellow. once during the discussion did any b mention the fact that prohibition the law of the land. In other wo that phase of the situation was c pletely ignored, just as though Eighteenth Amendment had never b enacted. In my opinion, this is an quent commentary on the status of p hibition among the younger generatio

I was one of the women who favo prohibition when I heard it discusse the abstract, but I am now convin that it has been proved a failure. effect upon the coming generation is grave and so serious that all women v have come to this conclusion (and I lieve there are many thousands of the should organize and work for a repea the Eighteenth Amendment and in place a substitution of some law that bring about true temperance and resp for law.

The adoption of the Eightee Amendment was due, to a great ext to the influence and efforts of wom They conscientiously believed that result would be beneficial, but I th there has been a tremendous change the sentiment of women during rec years.

The Women's National Republi Club sent out a questionnaire on pro bition to 3,000 Republican women thirty-eight States, to which they ceived 1,500 replies—which is an am ingly high percentage to receive on questionnaire, and which proved t the women of the country felt seriousness of this situation and v comed an opportunity to express th selves. Of the 1,500 women, only voted to retain the present law; other 1,393 voted for either modificat of the Volstead Act, permitting li wines and beers; Government cont or repeal of the Eighteenth Amendm with a substitution of local option in various States.

As far as I know, this is the g questionnaire of its kind that has b

(*Please turn to continuation, page 27.*

Why the West Will Not Revolt

By CHARLES MOREAU HARGER

There are two opinions, both quite positive and both widely held, as to whether the Middle West is in political revolt. Mr. Harger, a newspaper publisher in the critical country, believes that it is not, and gives here the reasons for the faith that is in him. Since he wrote the McNary-Haugen Bill has been vetoed and an army of protesting farmers has been recruited from fourteen States to march upon Kansas City.

The question is still open, though perhaps in need of redefinition.

FINANCIAL distress in an agricultural section, according to the best political tradition, is the forerunner of an organized uprising intended to bring about prosperity. The eloquent agitator who presents an alleged panacea to be won at the polls finds eager listeners. The movement may take the form of a new party, an action fraught with danger to all existing political organizations; or it may mean only an upheaval within established lines. In the '90's farm depression was translated into new party action, landing in Western State Legislatures and in Congress sockless statesmen long on soul-thrilling perorations but short on constructive economics.

Remembrance of that era is vivid.

Politicians have been watching the horizon for signs of another organized revolt since the autumn of 1921, when sudden deflation in the price of products, quickly reflected in land values, paralyzed war-stimulated affluence. It was threatened in 1924, but did not come. Leaders of the major parties analyzed State elections, seeking signs and portents, and anxiously waited for 1928. What might happen if there arose a Bryanesque Moses who could crystallize the widespread agrarian dejection into political action was calculated to induce headaches and nervous chills.

If you consider the tier of States reaching from Oklahoma to North Dakota, adding Minnesota, Iowa, and Missouri on the east and Montana on the northwest, you include the area where for seven years has existed the most severe depression of the farm country. Here, since 1920, 1,782 banks have failed, each with its own contribution of local disturbance; of its 1,354,843 farms the Census of 1925 reported 410,072 owner-operator farms mortgaged—23,034 more than in 1910. Loaning companies have hundreds of farms taken under foreclosure. The "farmer's dollar," a term not exactly clear to the agriculturist, worth only 62 cents in purchasing power in 1921, had barely reached 85 cents in the winter of 1928. "Frozen loans," meaning notes uncollectable, have burdened financial institutions.

All these seven years the farmer has experienced what was in effect an unbalanced relation between agriculture and industry. The price of things he had to buy did not come down as rapidly as the things he had to sell. When he had met his necessary expenses, he had little left for his debts. Most farmers were borrowers either at their bank or in long-term loans on their land. The latter class is less numerous than is generally supposed. The Census shows that nearly one-half million farms in the States named are clear of incumbrance. Naturally, there was a demand that something be done for "farm relief," a popular phrase term embracing every kind of legislation claiming to ameliorate undesirable conditions.

For a time the Non-Partisan League gave cause for alarm. It had started some years earlier, gained control of North Dakota, and aggressively was pushing its propaganda southward as far as Kansas. From more than 100,000 members it garnered a full war chest—and thereby came its fall. Its leaders, gorged with importance and expense accounts, centered their drive on dues rather than on relief for the producer. Its financial schemes collapsed, and this political cloud vanished into thin air. No other political movement attained enough prominence to bring uneasiness.

WHY has history failed to repeat itself?

Primarily, it is due to lack of a definite, widely accepted program that promised betterment. True, a gifted leader in a period of disaffection frequently rides to power on a patently weak creation; and it is conceivable that

Underwood & Underwood

Harvesting with the "combine," which cuts and threshes as it moves over the field

Underwood & Underwood

"Power farming is taking the place of the mule and the horse"

a forceful crusader or a plausible platform might even yet gain followers. But the Western farmer has progressed far in understanding since the days of Populism. The daily paper delivered every morning at his home, the radio broadcasting the utterances of sound economists, the telephone, and the motor car have broadened his horizon. He may be led only after he is convinced.

This altered mental attitude has come not only from the producer's wider vision, but from his greater familiarity with the financial operations of everyday life. For instance, he became a stockholder in a farmers' store, fondly believing that it would absorb the business of the town. Mostly he found that business had its own troubles, and failure resulted. He was a stockholder in his rural bank, seeing therein much prestige and probable profits. Frequently the bank, lacking real banker management, could not collect its loans, and he gained an understanding of the difficulties of financial institutions. He voted for public improvements — schoolhouses, hard-surfaced roads, a new court-house. When his tax bill came, he could understand why tax increases had become burdensome. Farmers elected to the State Assemblies found that even with working majorities the task of legislating prosperity had difficulties far more serious than had been imagined. To be sure, some yet think it possible to create wealth by statute, but generally it is a well-defined opinion that the ultimate solution of the farmer's problem must come through gradual operation of economic law.

Another thing. The failure of radical experiments undertaken in some of the States are familiar to the farmer. He knows the history of North Dakota's State-owned mills, elevators, bank, and elaborate farm loan system; of South Dakota's land loan plan by which some $45,000,000 was loaned so recklessly that the State has hundreds of farms taken under foreclosure; of the collapsed bank guaranty schemes of Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas, and the Dakotas, all abandoned with losses reaching into millions of dollars. His faith in the potency of State ownership and State management of business has been shattered by the experience of commonwealths led into that path by eager theorists. He may be disposed to blame somebody for his own bad fortune—a most natural tendency—but he is chary of inviting trouble by launching radical experiments for which, if unsuccessful, he will have to pay.

THIS psychological change has been intensified by the experience of war-time investing. The average farmer —and most small business men, for that matter—of the interior had never bought a bond or similar security until the Liberty Loan campaigns. So generous was the response from the rural sections that in practically every home—town and country—there was some evidence of sound investment. Not all were paid for at the time, but eventually was taught the lesson of thrift—that money can be made to work for the individual as well as for the banker. Following that experience came the expansion of public utilities. Local and municipal ownership of light plants, telephone companies, etc., because of the rising cost of operation, gave way to extensive systems each serving hundreds of communities and disposing of stocks and other securities under the customer-ownership plan. When a corporation scatters its securities among thousands of small investors, it thereby establishes a state of mind conducive to political conservatism.

Generally overlooked in discussion of the farm problem is the substitution of constructive agriculture for tireless debate on theoretical economics. The producer has been given something to think about. The group meeting in the rural schoolhouse or in the town hall thirty years ago was political—there was no other subject available. Largely it was devoted to denunciation of Wall Street and the machinations of the capitalists. If any plan for betterment of conditions was proposed, it took the form of advocacy of changes in the currency, confiscation of wealth through some form of special taxation, elaborate plans for postponing the payment of debts, or similar suggestion. The producer held the view that if he were to advance it must be by means of some agency outside himself which was to do something for him.

Today the farmer meeting has to do with better crop methods, with improved live stock, with seed purity, greater yields, and elimination of costs. In 2,084 counties of the Nation there are farm agents, paid partly by the Government, partly by the State, and partly by local members of the farm bureau. The agent is not an apostle with a message but an educated analyst who assists the farmer to determine what is most efficient in practice and marketing. He gives the producer subject for thought and in his itinerancy visits the farm for personal inspection. Power farming is taking the place of the mule and horse. A harvesting machine, the "combine," cuts and threshes as it moves over the field, doing the work of ten men—the producer tills in comfort and harvests with efficiency. He has more conveniences and pleasanter surroundings

any farmer in the history of the
d.
ne one-crop farmer—the wheat
er, for instance—can plant and har-
his season's crop in eight weeks of
labor. When he had ten months in
h to meditate on his grievances, he
rally turned to discussion of govern-
t. The effort to turn the farm into
elve-month factory, sponsored and
arded by the farm agent and the
cultural colleges, leads him to put
faith in legislation and more in
tific agriculture. To be sure, there
long way yet to go. The one-crop
ier still exists; the abiding confi-
e in the ability of lawmakers to
te some mysterious financial ma-
ery that automatically will dispense
perity lurks in some minds.

ASSING of the rambling political talk-
fest does not mean that community
blems are not discussed when farm-
foregather. For instance, co-opera-
marketing—held by most progress-
producers as the next forward step to
e in agriculture. Stabilization of
es would, they declare, cure most of
present ills—or at least set a clear
for returning to normal conditions.
he McNary-Haugen Bill, recently
ed, probably comes nearer being an
e for the producers than any measure
ecent years. While its provisions are
aps not clearly visualized by the
rage Western producer, it is pictured
aving a promise of a stabilized mar-
; hence its appeal to the man in debt
sees each year his meager profits
nt in necessities, with little left to
idate his obligations. Around this
problem of debt-paying has centered
discouragement of those who bor-
ed unwisely. The fact that they had
ity of company in business and in
ustry does not mitigate the individual
ation.

Perfectly rational explanations are given of the financial debacles of the past seven years. State banking departments point out that 8,675 banks in the area described have passed through the period of deflation with their strength unimpaired. Most of the banks that failed did so because there were too many banks for a community's support, or they were managed by men who were not experienced in banking. The farmer who in war times, dazzled by high prices for products, coveted all the land that adjoined his farm, regardless of its inflated value, was the one who suffered most when came a lowered price level.

The promoter of a political revolt finds himself confronted by several definite obstacles. First is the inertia of those who have kept out of debt and have laid aside some savings in sound securities. They are not disposed to rock the boat. Then he must convince a large percentage of those who have met with financial difficulties but through economy and improved methods are steadily gaining ground. This class has learned lessons that it believes eventually will establish its feet on firm financial ground. Unconsciously, the farmer has absorbed a philosophy of successful procedure that does not include legislation or extraneous aid. Next is the younger generation, which must be taken into account. Western universities and agricultural colleges have more than doubled their enrollments in the past seven years; higher education has become a fashion for the farm boy and farm girl as well as for those of the towns. The thousands of young men and young women graduated from college are not to be swept off their feet by the political agitator. They may be—and many of them are—independent in politics, but they have too broad a vision to accept a doctrine of sectionalism.

The old-time theory that the West can prosper without National prosperity receives small credence from the better-informed citizen of the farm country. Further, he includes in his vision a world outlook, something to which in settlement days he gave no thought.

Western Legislatures usually have had a preponderance of farmers in one house or both; farmer governors have been elected frequently. Yet all these seven years the trend of legislation has been conservative. Education, good roads, welfare, have been the dominant issues, and liberal has been their treatment. While rail rates have come under discussion and the producer is apt to feel that he pays too much freight, he realizes that never before has he had so complete a service, and he wants this to continue. His looking at affairs from the business rather than from the political angle considerably modifies tradition, for building a revolt when a large part of the citizenry is imbued with hope is a most baffling task.

Nor is the lesser eruption much more likely. The Coolidge doctrine of economy has fitted perfectly into the new financial structure of the farm country; it is the sort of thing it has itself been trying to do. Regardless of the veto of the only farm relief measure evolved by the West, confidence in the businesslike management of Government is unshaken. Influenced by personalities or local complications, minor upsets may occur at the approaching election; but as a whole the interior, confident that it is gaining ground financially and socially, is disposed toward things as they are.

With so great established possessions at stake, with betterment apparent as each year goes by, with its intelligent grasp on the principles of sound business, the West—barring some cataclysm that changes the political landscape materially—is not going to revolt.

Arctic Danger Spots and Seasons

By
VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON

The author of this discussion of General Nobile's ill-fated expedition and the problems faced by him and others who have attempted to conquer the Arctic speaks with authority. Mr. Stefansson has made numerous trips of exploration to the North and has spent much time among the Eskimos.

This is the first of the monthly papers he will write for us on varied subjects.

UNTIL concern suddenly developed for the safety of Nobile and his comrades we had almost grown to feel that the Arctic was immune from the tragedies that beset flying nearer home. There had been 300,000 miles of commercial flights in Alaska, a good deal of it north of the Arctic Circle, and not one serious accident. The Wilkins-Eielson expeditions alone had flown more than 10,000 miles over American Arctic mountains and Arctic prairies, and their only mishap was one broken arm. On the European side, Amundsen and Ellsworth had flown 1,400 miles, and their only difficulty had been after landing with two planes in a lead in the Arctic pack, when they were able to take off with only one of them. But that one carried the full personnel safely home. Byrd had flown over 5,000 miles around northwest Greenland with no mishap of consequence, and then he and Bennett had flown to the North Pole and back, 1,600 miles of perfect performance, both human and mechanical.

These flights had all been by planes mounted on wheels, floats, or skis. By dirigible Amundsen, Ellsworth, and Nobile had flown from Rome in Italy to Nome in Alaska, with some moderately serious difficulties in Europe before they entered the Arctic and in Alaska after they left the Arctic, but without troubles in the Arctic itself.

In spite of the complete safety of all past flights, we were bound to have an uneasy feeling whenever a new flier took wing through the polar skies. For such freedom from tragedy in an occupation dangerous in every other part of the world could not last forever in the Arctic, granting even that the flying conditions there are, on the average, a good deal simpler and safer than in our so-called temperate zone.

The great advantage of Arctic lands for flying is the comparatively large number of good natural landing-places. These result from the permanently frozen subsoil that permits no underground drainage and produces innumerable lakes, great and small, on which a flying-boat can always land in summer when there is water, and an airplane on skids in winter when they are frozen over.

The polar sea, too, has corresponding advantages. On no other ocean is there a reasonable chance that an airplane can take off again if it once comes down. In the Pacific or the Atlantic, after a forced landing, you are either rescued or you are drowned. There are vague plans for anchoring a few artificial landing-floats along a line crossing the ocean between Newfoundland and Ireland. That trouble and expense are not necessary on the Arctic Sea, where nature has provided millions of ice-field landing-places scattered everywhere. They are not as level as the artificial floats will be, but they are a marvelous safety device for fliers, nevertheless, when compared with any provision that nature has made in any of the other seas of the world.

A test of the natural landing-floats of the Arctic came on March 29, 1927, when Wilkins and Eielson took off from Point Barrow, the north tip of Alaska, 300 miles inside the Arctic Circle, and flew northwest. They had flown more than 500 miles from land and more than 400 miles beyond the limit of previous exploration when their engine stopped. Gliding, with only a few moments in which to choose a spot, they came down to the first landing ever made on the Arctic pack, and it was a perfect landing. They repaired the engine, took a sounding which showed the ocean to be three miles deep beneath the three-foot thickness of ice they had landed on.

The first take-off from Arctic pack ice proved easy. So did the second forced landing; but not the second take-off, for soft snow had begun to fall. But they got into the air at the fourth attempt, flew till darkness settled, and, their fuel exhausted, came down for a third forced landing in the combined dark of snowstorm and night. Then they waited five days for the weather to settle, and walked ashore thereafter 100 miles in eighteen days. That performance g us such faith in the Arctic as we have no other ocean.

BUT even with its superiority o other flying areas, the Arctic i frontier territory with no machine sh or rescue stations, and is not as safe n as it will be hereafter. The world wo have thrilled with suspense, therefo had it known on April 15, 1928, t Wilkins and Eielson had taken off fr Point Barrow for a 2,200-mile flig most of it across territory never seen man and with their goal a treacher little group of islands, Spitsbergen, infinitesimally small target at a 2,0 mile range, and a dangerous landi place even if it could be found.

Spitsbergen has become a flying c ter, and will remain so. But only cause of one qualification: It is strate cally located with regard to Europe a with regard to the most cultivated of oceans, the North Atlantic.

In several ways Spitsbergen is ab as dangerous a flying center as any the world. To begin with, it is not the Arctic physically, but only mat matically. It has few of the Arctic vantages. Because of the Gulf Strea it is really in the North Atlantic, a subject to every type of Atlantic dan and drawback. Because of mountai and because there are glaciers in mountains, fogs are created whenever warm sea wind blows across them. Th fogs are likely to cover the adjac waters, too. Another source of fog is meeting of the southward drifting Arc ice and the northward flowing wa waters that come from the Gulf Strea

A forced landing on the Spitsberg Islands themselves, therefore, frequen means a landing in fog or storm, as w the case when Wilkins and Eielson ca from Alaska and were able to disco a safe patch of deserted island, throu a combination of rare luck and their o uncommon skill. Had their fuel fai them just before reaching land, th might have come down in water, to drowned almost at once. Or they mig have landed on a cake of ice that w drifting south to meet the Gulf Strea where it would melt away, such a la ing therefore merely postponing a dea by drowning. Had they been flying ca lessly at only a moderate altitude, th

have crashed into a mountain hidden by fog. Wilkins tells us flew high as they approached the on of the islands, fearing that very e.

itsbergen, therefore, is a suitable gh starting-point for a voyage like of Amundsen, Ellsworth, and Nobile

of several days, quite long enough for weather conditions to arise which no modern forecasting methods can predict.

THOSE who value human life, and those who have at heart the progress of aviation, were therefore much concerned a year ago when Nobile announced his plan to use Spitsbergen as a base to which he would try to return repeatedly after journeys each several days long. These worries steadily increased as time passed, with accidents and other causes delaying the start from Rome and impeding the Italia's progress north. For it is generally agreed that the Arctic as a whole is well suited to dirigible navigation from November till late in April, during which time the skies are clear, the weather cold, with no precipitation except feathery dry snow that clings to nothing and can interfere with no craft while it is in power-driven flight, producing its own rush of air to blow the snowflakes off. But late in April sleet becomes possible, and in May it becomes probable, with all the attendant dangers and difficulties. Late May and early June are the worst part of the Arctic flying year. Midsummer would not be quite so bad, for, although foggy over the polar sea, rains are more likely then than sleet, and rain drips off without weighing the aircraft down too much.

(*Please turn to continuation, page 278*)

WHAT IS THE GOOD OF ARCTIC EXPLORATION?

This map of the Northern Hemisphere shows that the Arctic Ocean is really a mediterranean sea on which much of the land in the world borders. Mr. Stefansson believes that flying conditions are as good, on the average, over the Arctic as over the Atlantic. The map reveals the immense saving in distance. When navigation of the air by airplanes and dirigibles becomes common, the now uninhabited Arctic will be like a lake in the center of the inhabited world. The Arctic islands will then be important both as way stations and for their intrinsic value

Alaska in 1926. It is comparatively for a brief non-stop flight, such as t of Byrd and Bennett to the North e and back, but safe even there only ase the Weather Bureau does not fail when it predicts good weather that to last long enough for the flight. tsbergen is the most dangerous of es for such flights as Nobile was carng out, which contemplated absences

Tuning Up for the Olympics

By HERBERT REED
(Right Wing)

TRACK athletes were not merely afield but in many cases afloat at the Intercollegiates held in the Harvard Stadium the other day. It was just as well, since the shadow of the Olympics was over this meet, as it will be over all others until such time as the wearers of the United States shield sail for Amsterdam on the Roosevelt, and it was important to learn how well the collegians, who probably will make up at least seventy per cent of the American Olympic team, could perform under conditions that might possibly be encountered in Holland. With rare exceptions the Olympic tracks abroad, being new, are apt to be heavy, which puts a premium on rugged running, all other things being equal. Had it not been for the Olympic objective, there would have been more of the intersectional speculation as to just why the Eastern track and field men have not a better defense against the invasion of the men from the Pacific coast, but with the Olympics in the offing, the usual intersectional aftermath was not much in evidence. Lawson Robertson, the head coach of our Olympic expedition, cares not whence he recruits his American invasion of the Low Countries, so long as the recruiting is satisfactory.

As for Dink Templeton, who dug up, coached, and brought along his devastating Stanford team, his opinion was that, while it was a shame that he could not trot along some of his own climate and general atmosphere, he could stand the conditions if the Easterners could. However, some day the Olympics will be held out in Dink's own climate, which will be fair enough. As for the general atmosphere of track athletics at Stanford, I may say from experience that it makes very good basking. They have made a very real game out of track and field at Palo Alto, and in the very simplest and most effective way. It is the only place I know where it was considered an adequate Saturday afternoon pastime to choose up sides for a track meet. The very casual air of the thing was the corner-stone, in my opinion, of the subsequent string of Stanford achievements. Your Stanford athlete is a natural competitor, in consequence. And this is the basic principle of track and field athletics, often called "the poor man's sport," and admittedly one of the most democratic of all sports. That democratic aspect applies also to the East. But in the East there are a great many distractions. Observe, for instance, Launcelot Ross, of Yale, the runner, who feels that he simply *must* g abroad with his glee club, whether not he makes the Olympic track tea But the Stanford track team is one the most compact units in sport, a because of its background always will in my estimation. These men are go sportsmen and realize some of the di culties facing the Eastern coaches a athletes.

Mike Ryan, the coach at Colby, co tell you, if he would, of some of th difficulties. Inasmuch as he will not shall. At the same time that the w coast men are abroad on the tra Mike's team is snowed in, and there times, when, in order to give his men necessary work, he is obliged to have distance men run "mark time" agains buffer at the end wall of the gymnasi At other times he has to dig up a fo to shovel the snow off the board trac And yet Mike, together with some of other devoted New England coach working under climatic difficulties, succeeded in keeping up the democra of the track game, and has made p out of what otherwise would be con ered hard work. But to return to sc features of the Intercollegiates: great sensation of the gathering, course, was Eric Krenz, of Stanfo Here is the very model of a big m Build, poundage, technique—the last course a tribute to Templeton, who, the way, is one of the Olympic coache were all in his favor, and he made most of them. His performances in shot and the discus were sufficie superb to mark him one of the m stays of our Olympic team. Give s to a man of this type, and you h splendid performance under the best c ditions coupled with extreme deper bility under all conditions. Krenz w foregone conclusion.

SECOND individual honors belonged Ray Barbuti, the 200-pound S cuse runner, who was nothing like a clusion until the end of the meet. W due respect to Tom Keane, the Syra coach, I like to feel that Barbuti's ning has gained a great deal from football experience. You see, Bar has been running against men as we against air. The experience of havin bowl over men in the fall undoubt helps in bowling over nothing but ai

Acme

TRACK ATHLETES AFLOAT

The start of the mile run in the Intercollegiates at Harvard Stadium

Acme

WITH INCHES TO SPARE

Sabin Carr, of Yale, winning the pole vault

he spring. Before the big Syracuse man ook the track he was not a favorite for ither of the events in which he subse-quently turned up as champion. But he ıad, in addition to his experience as a rashing football back, the added burden f running as anchor man on the Syra-use relay team. Rather of an all-around reparation, that. So far as the track vents were concerned, therefore, Bar-uti was a dominant figure. He had cut ut for him two extremely difficult as-ignments. These were the Furlong and he Half. To get the full measure of Barbuti's victory in both events one nust return for the moment to Barbuti's ootball training. In the gridiron game ıe was what is known as a "climax" run-ıer—that is, he passed the line of scrim-nage at his fastest and hardest. What nore natural, therefore, than that such a nan should make his best running from ehind, coming up to his climax against nen who were running in the same direc-ion rather than against men who were reparing to meet him for the tackle? And a man who has kept his feet under sloppy conditions on the football field can do the same on a sloppy track.

Of his two races the 440 was unmistakably the better. Here he faced the keenest of opposition. Emerson Spencer had come East with a record of 47 seconds flat for the distance. He may have done it, though I doubt it. Maxey Long, of Columbia, did it in the long ago under conditions not likely to be equaled for a long time to come. Spencer is a great quarter-miler beyond the shade of a doubt, but there were other men in the old days just as good who never hoped to make any such time as that. One of them was Dixon Boardman, whom old Yale men may remember, and there were others on the list undoubtedly as good as Spencer who never believed they could make any such figures as Long's or those claimed for Spencer. Spencer is quite good enough as it is. Barbuti passed the turn in the Quarter in third place, with Ross and Spencer just ahead. Thereafter it was a matter of picking lanes. It is a peculiarity of the Harvard track that the leaders are apt to swing wide going into the stretch, and the man in third place is really in the strategic position. This was the case of Barbuti. He was able to cut through on the inside, and with his smashing finishing power come through to victory. That, even with the burden of the track generalship on his mind, he was able to make the exactly proper use of his rush to the tape and break 49 seconds on a sloppy track in the rain is sufficient evidence of his value to any American team. The Furlong championship was an easier affair, but victory in either one marked the real champion.

THE pole vault is one of the most fascinating of the field events. I think the original credit for making it just that belongs to Hugh Baxter, of the New York Athletic Club. And the fascination is being carried on apace by Lee Barnes, from the Pacific coast, and Sabin Carr, of Yale, both of whom are certainties if ever there were any for the Olympic team. To say anything pleasant about either of them is to gild the lily. But, being the sportsmen they are, they do not mind, I think, the expression of a preference. In the immediate future, I think, therefore, that Carr has greater heights in his system than has Barnes. Either one can clear up anything in sight in Europe, since the menace of Charlie Hoff, of Norway, has been removed, and Hoff himself believed that Carr had the greatest future of all the pole-vaulters. So do I. Let's put it this way: Carr has more room between himself and the bar both in his successes and his failures than any other man vaulting. That means added inches some day or other. If conditions are right at Amsterdam, I feel that Carr has it in him to come through to as smashing a victory at Amsterdam as Frank Foss did at Antwerp in 1920. The reasons are about the same. There is more margin between the actual performance and the possible performance under international stimulus in Carr's case than in that of any other American. That was the situation with Foss.

In the meantime the Intercollegiates showed this country that the collegians will be equipped to take care of the field events in excellent shape. There will be some and valuable additions from the club ranks, and from the club ranks will have to come most of our bids on the track from and including the sprints up. Which (and it was said before Kipling's time) is another story.

Miniatures from the Life

By IBBY HALL

Escape

A SMALL town in up-State New York has boasted until quite recently a mysterious sheik. The handsome stranger reached town with the spring. He had an air with him that kept step with the season; an even mixture of charm, affluence, and mystery.

The town was not so big that it was unimpressed. It hoped anxiously that it was big enough to impress the newcomer, who was a true cosmopolitan. His clothes, bearing the look of the big city and the labels of Fifth Avenue shops, well became his slim and muscular figure. His hair was a beautiful auburn, carefully brushed into an entrancing wave. His features were regular and handsome, and he wore a mustache.

The newcomer had plenty of money, and he believed in spending it. He lived in an excellent boarding-house, bought himself a roadster, got himself an automobile license, and took the girls driving. He was deservedly popular.

But as the days lengthened into weeks, without losing any of his popularity, the sheik became a shade more reserved. It was said that he slept a good deal in the daytime, and observed that he went driving not so often at night. More and more he drove alone. But he was well liked, just the same—a companionable fellow who read the newspapers, discussed affairs of the day, and on one occasion showed no little education on the history of bygone but famous gangsters.

So recently as to be only the other day, the mysterious sheik announced his intention of taking an automobile trip. He said good-by to his new-found friends, promising that they would see him again before another week was out.

In his New York clothes, in his New York roadster, the handsome fellow departed. The week wanted one day of being out when he was seen again; far from New York, in the rear of a house out in Chicago, lying murdered beside his automobile.

Here was a mystery for the police. The photographs at headquarters offered nothing in the way of resemblance to the lifeless sheik. The police turned from photographs to fingerprints. Here they found another mystery. This man was wanted; not only wanted, but hunted, with his photographs broadcast over the country by postal authorities. But the man wanted had been stout. His hair had been straight and black; his nose had been another shape entirely; and the man wanted wore no mustache.

The man of the fingerprints was wanted by the police because of his connection with a daring and outrageous mail robbery pulled off recently near Chicago, involving $133,000 loot. But he had not been wanted badly enough by the police. He had been more desperately wanted in the underworld itself by vengeance that ferrets quickly and strikes sharply. He had dyed and marcelled his hair; he had resorted to plastic surgery and changed his face; he had managed in a time so brief as to be miraculous to lose thirty-five pounds. He had fooled the police. But this man had not been struggling to escape the law. Whatever it was he fled from is an unsolved mystery—a mystery of hate.

Loss

THERE is a river that flows between two large cities, bearing upon its bank an obscure and motley street known as Boathouse Row. The structures that rise and lurch along the uneven ground can scarcely be dignified by the name of houses. They are shacks, but their sprawling walls and uncertain roofs shelter the days and nights, the secrets and loneliness of human existence.

In one of these shacks there lived until lately a man who was almost sufficient to himself. If he ever had a family, it had disappeared into the shadows of forgetfulness. If he ever had a human being or a dog or a cat for companion, these also belonged in a dim past. At one time in his life he had had an accident. No one knows through what tragic mishap it happened, but the man had lost an arm.

The loss of an arm is serious enough for any one; but for a man who lives through the efforts of his own body, to whom lifting and shoving are the equipment for existence, the loss of an arm is the loss, in part, of his life. If he were not to be seriously hampered in life, he must find a substitute for the muscle and efficiency that were gone.

He managed to secure somehow the dubious makeshift of a wooden arm—something to be strapped on to the useless stump of a shoulder, and that ended, in the place of wrist and fingers, with an ungainly iron hook. It was an ugly and awkward contrivance enough, but through it, miraculously, life presented a new and provocative challenge. Could he subdue this thing of wood and iron to the needs of flesh and blood?

In his two-room shack on Boathouse Row, the man with the wooden arm found a new exultancy in living. None but himself knew the pride of his long and tedious accomplishment—himself and his new companion. For here was a companion all his own, helpless without him, alive through his superior power and dexterity. A woman, or even a dog, could never serve him as this strange creature served him, or be loyal with this complete submission to his superiority. For he had discovered that a wooden arm with an iron hook has powers and uses far beyond those of limited nerves and flesh. He was not one-armed; he was super-armed, and his wooden companion became the pride and solace of his isolation. By night it lay unstrapped and separate, a thing apart. By day it was joined to his body, and became one with the current of his strength.

One night there was a fire along the bank of the river. A mysterious spark had found the shack of the one-armed man, and against the blackness of the night became suddenly a blaze. The alarm spread quickly. A fire-house was notified. The one-armed man awoke to find himself surrounded by flames. In terror and bewilderment, he leaped through them to safety, and the firemen were about to congratulate him on his lucky escape; but under their very eyes he dashed back into the burning house.

Was there some one in there—some one that meant more to him than his own life? A fireman dashed into the burning mass after the one-armed man, and found him bewildered and groping, half overcome with smoke. They dragged him out and looked him over. The man was badly burned, and all but done for, so they carted him to a hospital. But not until he was in the hands of doctors and nurses did he submit, with moans, to his loss. For he had left behind him all that made life worth living—a useless stick of wood on its way to ashes.

McMullin Whisky Drama

'T was bound to come to Broadway, of urse: the hon- Irish family ıt made the st whisky in e State of Ken- cky and was ned by the ıorant prohibi- nists. In the se of "Bottled Bond," now in second month the Klaw ıeatre, it's the cMullin family, and they came from land, and they made honest whisky. d they grew up in the business, and e success of it brought the railroad and ve work to the countryside—and when cMullin died, his widow carried it on, lding the distillery in trust for the ee members of the next generation, d meanwhile building up the business ar by year.

No; we won't give away the whole ot, because there's a bare chance that u might go and not guess how it was ing to end. Personally, we did guess but nevertheless we sat on the edge our chair most of the time, and nearly d of anxiety watching the three in- mpetents of the new generation trying play amateur bootleggers without the owledge of their grandmother, old rs. McMullin. Practically all the time e stage was filled with whisky bottles. the desk, in the bookcase, even inside e old clock. And it seemed certain at some one was going to find one of ese bottles at any moment; whereupon, cording to the rules of the play, the deral officers would have arrested the mily. Such a situation is excitement ough for any one.

We must confess (meanly) that we re a little upset in the beginning be- use, while Mrs. McMullin was as rthright and awe-inspring an old lady ever thumped a cane, nevertheless her ogue was from the west of Ireland (or we suppose—we've never been to the st of Ireland), whereas the younger nerations of her family spoke a South- n dialect that was put on much as an nateur puts paint on his house. In ct, it was so thick that it made the butler, who was a genuine Southern Negro, sound almost like a denizen of Avenue A. Just how this terrific change of speech had come about in the McMullin household was not explained.

Once this defect was overlooked, nevertheless—and perhaps it isn't fair to expect Thomas Hardy realism in farce burlesque—the play became plausible, entertaining, and increasingly interesting with every act, until we found ourselves actually believing that the honest old lady who made the whisky was perfectly justified in her resentment against the young scion of the drys; who, of course, was in love with her granddaughter.

There is hokum in it, of course; the half-honest kind Winchell Smith might have written before Broadway really made him an expert. But the Misses Anne Collins and Alice Timoney, who were down on the script as the authoresses, have rested their case on reality mostly, and when they do depart from it they depart in the direction of whimsy and burlesque, so that the play is almost believable. In fact, their characterization of the gentleman who waited seventeen years to propose to one of the McMullins, and then decided to combine his honeymoon in Louisville with an undertaking course, offered us as much amusement as we've had in a long time. Moreover, the characterization ran true to form in that the people did what they probably would have done in every instance, and the play rose steadily to the proper if absurd climax.

In fact, the only fault that really mattered to us was the complete granite inhumanity of the grandmother, who apparently desired nothing so much as an opportunity to kick her brood into the street and yet was blandly represented as carrying on the distillery through thick and thin in order to create a trust fund that might take care of them when they finally reached their incompetent maturity. They certainly were incompetent, and one sympathized with the grandmother's view of them as amateur bootleggers. But the lack of emotion in the family made the whole thing just a shade hard to believe.

Meanwhile, the play is interesting as an instance of how the ideas that float around in people's minds are finally formulated and brought to life on the Broadway stage. We doubt if there was any one in the audience who didn't take an altogether childish delight in the spectacle of the life of wickedness on which the two fair lady bootleggers and the one gentleman embarked. The onlookers appeared to enjoy the whisky-bottle antics with the precise shade of appreciation which nowadays greets the gin bottle and the cocktail glasses when they appear and the party rubs its collective hands and says, "Ah!" Furthermore, it seemed to us that the authors shared this same delight and were themselves hugely entertained by the ideas they had chosen to present and, particularly, by the characters they had selected to embody them.

As another instance of the varied and complex state we are in on the subject of prohibition the play is a queer exhibit. As an entertainment it is very fair—and could be exceedingly good if a little more professional coaching were given several members of the cast, including a revision (preferably by the butler himself) of the prevailing Southern dialect which afflicts the particular trio who do most of the work.

Humorous, easy comedy is very rare—and this is very close to one. To our mind, it's worth making into a bang-up show.

Francis R. Bellamy.

The Season in Retrospect

By EUGENE BONNER

THE musical season of 1927–8 has to all intents and purposes come to a close after a winter of perhaps more than usual activity. Operas, orchestral performances, and recitals without number have followed fast on one another's heels, leaving critics and music lovers a little wearied and in many cases not a little bewildered.

Statistics, except as a matter of record, are apt to be dull reading, no matter how great their importance; besides which our limited space precludes our indulging ourself in any such luxuries even if so inclined, which, we may add, we most emphatically are not.

However, some items of a statistical order may not be altogether amiss, such as, for instance, the fact that musical entertainments up to the moment of writing number considerably over one thousand, which, estimating the season roughly at seven months, would give us an average of five concerts every day.

As a matter of fact, these lyric outpourings were not divided up in anything like so orderly or logical a manner, some days being almost empty of sweet sounds, while on a certain Sunday the outlandish number of musical events mounted up to eighteen, which left the gallant little army of music critics a distracted and well-nigh gibbering crew to face the early hours of Monday morning. Small wonder it would have been had the unfortunate fiddlers, yodelers, or thumpers who appeared that Monday afternoon got short shrift for their pains!

And there we are again up against the very difficult and almost insoluble situation where sincere and unbiased musical criticism is concerned. When an individual or group of individuals, after long and arduous preparations and expenditure of money (often in the case of débutantes the last few dollars available), gives a concert, that individual or group deserves the whole and undivided attention of the critic who attends that particular affair. Often an artist may be far from his best in the earlier part of the recital, and prove himself well worthy of attention in the latter part, and *vice versa.*

Now, when the chief critic and his first assistant have five or six events to cover in the course of a single evening—no uncommon occurrence—it's a physical impossibility to be present during more than half the concert at best, which is, of course, brutally unfair to the poor victim who is trying to market his or her wares, so to speak; but what to do—what to do?

We have in mind at the moment the case of a certain brilliant young critic who, conscientiously endeavoring to cover four concerts in the space of one evening (his associate being indisposed that special day), found himself arriving at each concert just in time for an intermission, with the result that after two and one-half hours' scrambling from the Metropolitan Opera House to the Town Hall, Town Hall to Carnegie, Carnegie to Steinway, and so on, he found that he had heard about twenty minutes of music all told!

About the only solution of the situation possible would be for the papers to send the principal critic and his assistant to the two concerts they think most worthy of note that afternoon or evening, and let all the other musical affairs be covered by reporters who would simply print the program, state the size of the audience and the reception accorded the artist. It would be hard on those particular artists not to have one of the critics present, but it would be far better than having some of the very unjust write-ups that they receive under the present system of reviewing. While they might not have got much "forrader" in the eyes of the public, they would at least not have got a damaging notice from some poor overworked critic who was conscientiously doing his best to be fair both to the artist and the reading public.

Perhaps the most important feature of the season was the appearance of the new operatic organization, "The American Opera Company," who gave mostly old favorites, their biggest drawing card proving, strangely enough, to be "Faust." Done by a cast of young people making up in looks and enthusiasm what they lacked in *finesse,* with costumes and settings in the modern manner by no less an artist than Robert Edmond Jones, this old operatic war-horse proved there was plenty of life in him yet.

An outstanding event in the orchestral world was the first performance in this city of the "Œdipus Rex" of Stravinsky by the Boston Symphony under the direction of Serge Koussivitsky. He was assisted by the Harvard Glee Club and a number of distinguished soloists.

Mr. Ossip Gabrilowitsch brought over his organization from Detroit and gave us a beautiful performance of Bach's "St. Matthew Passion" on Maundy Thursday, while the Friends of Music under Arthur Bodansky gave us the "St. John Passion" and the "Trauer Ode," so there was no neglect of the great Johann Sebastian.

A matter for regret was the disbanding, after a long career, of the New York Symphony Orchestra. However, it's not called that, but, instead, we're told that it's to be "merged" with the Philharmonic Society under the leadership of Arthur Toscanini, with William Mengelberg as associate and Walter Damrosch as guest conductor.

American composers were represented on the local orchestral programs as follows: The Boston Symphony played "A Pagan Poem," by C. M. Loeffler, and E. B. Hill's Symphony in B Flat. The New York Symphony gave us "New York Days and Nights" and "Poem" for piano and orchestra by Emerson Whithorne, and Theodore Stearn's "Suite Capresa."

Charles Griffes's "Kubla Khan," a "Overture on Negro Themes" by J. J. Dunn, Schelling's "Morocco" and "The Victory Ball," and a "Negro Rhapsody" by Goldmark were given by the Philharmonic. None of these, needless to say, were conducted by Mr. Toscanini.

The Beethoven Symphony played "Bord de l'Etoile Matutinale," by Evelyn Berckman, Dunn's "We," "Cortège Macabre" by Aaron Copland, an overture by Philip James, "Imagery" by Horace Johnson, Whithorne's "Days and Nights," and "My Country" by Mortimer Wilson.

Aaron Copland's "Scherzo" was done by the Philadelphia Orchestra and Victor Herbert's "American Fantasy" and "Irish Rhapsody" were played by the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra.

Taken in all, twenty performances of native orchestral compositions during the concert season which numbered between 190 and 200 concerts, which is not so bad but that it might be worse, but not so good that it mightn't be very much better.

The Big Shiny Car and the Little Tin Car

A Tale for Children

By HARRIET EAGER DAVIS[1]

Illustrated by Luxor Price

NLY out of America could this fable have come. Mrs. Teague found that to her up-to-date ngsters such characters as Old Dob- Mooly Cow, and Brer Rabbit had me almost fairy-tale myths, and that beloved family flivver furnished a e fascinating hero than the unfa- ar domestic animals of a bygone age. n the good old-fashioned way around family fireside she spun this modern with an ancient moral.

Fable for Modern Children

As told by Mrs. Helen W. Teague

NCE upon a time a Big Shiny Car came purring out of the West and ped solemnly at a red filling station gas.

Howdy, friend?" rattled a cheerful e, and a Little Tin Car drew up gside and began to drink, a broad friendly smile on its radiator.

ut the Big Shiny Car made no an- .

How'd you find the roads?" wheezed Little Tin Car, cocking its spot-light ne side.

he Big Shiny Car rolled its two t lamps haughtily.

Roads," it purred, "never concern I can go anywhere."

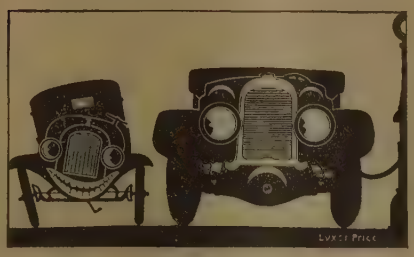
So can I—if you give me time," ckled the Little Tin Car hoarsely. gine O. K.?"

Certainly!"' The Big Shiny Car's e was smooth but scornful.

I suppose," teased the Little Tin Car, ding its one good lamp, "that you d even run without gas!"

I never try," answered the Big Shiny , staring haughtily ahead.

ut the Little Tin Car had made too y bad hills to grow so easily discour- l.



" How's roads ?"

"Where are you going?" it rattled, hitching a rusty, dusty fender close to the other's long, glistening one.

"My driver and I," the Big Shiny Car condescended to answer, "are bound for the Great City. We shall reach there tomorrow night."

"Bless my headlights!" laughed the Little Tin Car hoarsely. "So are we. But we won't get there tomorrow night, nor the next, nor the next." And it gave a jovial rattle.

But with a disagreeable flash of its name plate, the Big Shiny Car had already glided away without so much as a backward glance.

"Pests, those little tin cars!" muttered its driver, and the Big Shiny Car shrugged its fenders in silent agreement.

Whistling cheerfully, the driver of the Little Tin Car busied himself putting in a new timer, fixing the carbureter, and changing the left rear tire, for he was a careful workman. Then climbing in, he slammed the door, and the Little Tin Car chugged off, rattling happily to itself: "Well, anyway, I make as much dust as anybody."

Meantime, purring and proud, the Big Shiny Car sped swiftly on its way, smooth mile after smooth mile, until all other cars were left far behind, and it entered into a desert region where there were no more filling stations. Glancing carelessly at the gas gauge, its driver went on.

But presently the Big Shiny Car began to feel very queer. It had never had such an uncomfortable sensation. Hard as it tried to go ahead, something seemed wrong with its insides. At last, with a little desperate cough, it trembled and stood still. Surprised, the driver got out and looked over his engine carefully, then climbing back into his seat, he tried again to start. With all its might the Big Shiny Car made a desperate effort to obey. It moved a few feet, coughed again, and stopped dead. Its master coaxed and swore, but there it stood, silent and ashamed, in the middle of the road.

The driver sat down on the fender to think. This was serious trouble. Few cars passed on that road, and even if one came, it might not have enough gas to tow them to the nearest garage. Like many drivers of big cars, he did not understand his engine very well. There was nothing to do but wait.

Late that afternoon the Big Shiny Car heard a familiar rattle in the distance. The rattle drew closer and closer, until at last, just at sundown, the Little Tin Car came chugging cheerfully into sight.

"What's the trouble?" Its driver gave a friendly hail and drew up alongside.

"Don't know." The other shook his head crossly. "I've looked it all over, and I can't find anything wrong."

"How's your gas?"

To this the master of the Big Shiny Car did not even answer, but the other driver got out and strolled around to the back.

"You're all out of gas," he announced, trying not to smile.

The driver of the Big Shiny Car gasped.

"What?" he cried. "Why, I get sixteen miles to the gallon, and I filled up

(*Please turn to continuation, page 278*)

[1] The stories in this department are the favorite tales of various families which have been handed down to each succeeding younger generation. The Outlook will be glad to receive and to pay for any such stories which our readers remember from their own childhood and which are found available. They should be told as simply as possible in the language one would use in talking to a child. We should also be glad of suggestions from older and younger readers as to well-known people whom they would be especially interested to have Mrs. Davis interview for stories remembered from childhood.

Ivory Apes and Peacocks

By W. R. BROOKS

JUST as every one of us has the secret conviction that he could write pretty good stories if he only had a little time to devote to it, so we all feel sure that we could produce good movies. The various small motion-picture cameras and projectors for home use now on the market have made it possible for us to test out this latter theory. But, judging by the results which we, personally, have so far seen, there is only the slightest foundation for it. Unquestionably, a lot of bad pictures are shown in the movie houses—stupid, trivial, silly, banal pictures which even the mentality of twelve years rejects as boring and untrue to life. Just the same, we'd rather watch the modern movie producer's idea of a Long Island house party than see father changing a tire or mother cutting flowers in the garden or little George turning somersaults.

Not long ago at an evening party our host was urged to bring out his screen and projector and show some ten guests a few reels of the pictures he had taken. We remember with bitterness how we added our voice to the general roar of entreaty. Chairs were arranged, the necessary paraphernalia set up, and one guest stationed at the light switch. The first picture showed dim stone buildings doing a sort of slow waltz. "Pictures of Junior's graduation," said our host. "That's the college library. Most of these were taken in the rain, so they aren't as clear as we'd have liked to have them." The buildings became violently agitated, then slid downhill into oblivion, and after an interval of plain gray, which we supposed was the rain, a procession of figures in cap and gown was visible about eight miles away. "There's Junior," exclaimed our hostess, excitedly. "The fifth one on the other side." Then the procession turned upside down and vanished. But why go on? It was all like that. Later, it is true, there were close-ups of Junior smiling, of Junior making faces, of Junior a long way off, on top of a hill, looking his last on a campus invisible to the camera. Of father shaking hands with Junior, of father (taken by mother) apparently having St. Vitus's Dance, of mother, with Junior's arm about her, looking—well, we like her, so let's say she was looking radiant. And there were many, many pictures of the rain, made more interesting occasionally by the introduction of odd, unrecognizable shapes, some of which, we learned, were part of the college faculty. We have known college faculties that were rather like that.

Well, we sat through several reels of this, then several more of men either going into or coming out of a doorway, lighting cigars. These latter, we believe, were taken at a convention of some sort our host had recently attended. Occasionally the men would come up to the camera and look arch and make a wisecrack before lighting the cigar. Sometimes they lit the cigar first. But they always lit it. And they always looked arch, and then our host would say: "That's John Delaney. He's a great card." And those of us who were still awake would laugh, feebly appr tive.

Now we have endeavored to be lutely fair about this. We don't be we have overdrawn the picture. fair sample of what the amateur is like. It is true, some of them are ter, immeasurably better. But amateur movie man must have things—some knowledge of what camera will and won't do, and some crimination in a choice of subjects, sense of news values. Probably any could take interesting pictures in So land. But in a setting every det which is familiar to us selection mu carefully done.

We recommend, therefore, to who have invested in home movie fits that they keep their first effor family consumption. Do not be by the encomiums of friends. friends will be polite even in the gasps of *ennui* and disgust. The critical politeness of even our d friends is one of the saddest thin life. And if you must entertain a ning party with movies, rent a cou good films from your dealer—a C Chaplin, or a slow-motion golf fi Bobby Jones, or a tennis film of Bi den. There are an amazing numb good films that can now be rented. mated cartoons, Lindbergh, the War, Lawrence in Arabia, travel tures, some selections from "Grass, mal pictures, to say nothing of re short photoplays.

Also, you can buy films. Very s after the west-bound transatlantic of the Bremen several stores were a tising for sale reels of 16-mm. film ing the take-off in Ireland, scen Greenly Island, in Montreal, and t ception and parade in New York. is a film news service that will u tionably increase in quality and v with the wider distribution of hom jectors. Eventually, no doubt, w be able to see all important and int ing events within a few hours of occurrence. And already the coll of a film library is becoming some of a fad. We don't see why so these libraries mightn't, in the futu very interesting and valuable posses

As for the outfits themselves, the a number on the market, and if yo template investing in one, you will to go more thoroughly into the a tages of the different makes than w here. We wish merely to recom something which we believe should a fascinating hobby—a hobby for at-homes as well as for travelers.

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The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

"The Street of Sin"

TWO great stars have come to grief on religion in the past few months. The first was Douglas Fairbanks, with "The Gaucho," and the second is Emil Jannings, whose "The Street of Sin" is so bad that his own fine performance fails to redeem it.

The story was filmed in Hollywood, with an all-Teutonic staff in charge, and the scene is laid in Whitechapel; in addition to Jannings, the cast contains such performers as Fay Wray and Olga Baklanova. One would have thought something faintly worth while might have come of all this—but it hasn't. The account of Basher Bill's (Mr. Jannings) flop from crime to piety is so clumsily handled that it's pathetic.

Admirers of the screen's chief character actor are advised to avoid this picture, and those who have never seen him would do well to wait until he has something better to offer.

"The End of St. Petersburg"

DESPERATELY earnest and crammed with feeling and imagination is this new Soviet picture which Arthur Hammerstein is sponsoring on our shores. It deals with the events leading up to the Bolshevist uprising, beginning in 1914 and ending, tastefully enough, with the downfall of Kerensky's Government; no attempt is made to dilate on the present advantages enjoyed by the former slaves of the Czar.

Every actor and every actress in the big production gives an extraordinary performance. Please don't ask us for a list of their names, but accept our assurrance that, as types and as artists, they're good beyond belief. Alexis Davor, the young giant who has the most important male rôle, bears a curiously distorted resemblance to our own Colonel Lindbergh, and his transition from insensate peasant to soldier and thinker is thoroughly impressive.

As in "The Cruiser Potemkin" and "Czar Ivan the Terrible," the continuity is subordinated to the camera, with the result that no little confusion ensues; the film gets worse in this respect as it goes along.

Regarding the picture's authenticity some better authority than the present chronicler must be consulted. No real

people are shown, excepting Kerensky, whose portrayer appears only briefly. The other characters are all unknown workers, soldiers, and sailors; and any one who expects to see such episodes as the deaths of the royal family or orgies at Court will be disappointed. To all who are interested in the new Russia, or in the trend of the modern motion picture, or both, this film is warmly recommended. The deadly seriousness of the picture is enhanced by the way in which Mr. Pudowkin, the director, has concentrated on these factory toilers and the industrial profiteers who ground them down both in the munitions plant and on the battlefield. "And why?" as the subtitles repeatedly inquire; "For what?"

A modernistic score has been arranged by Herbert Stothart, a musician of ability, but we must say that its horrible dissonances grew well-nigh unbearable before the evening was over. Even when Mr. Stothart introduced passages from Tschaikovsky he had them played out of tune—which seems to us to be carrying harshness to unnecessary lengths.

"The News Parade"

WE went to "The News Parade" filled with pleasant memories of "The High School Hero," that grand picture which Davd Butler also directed and in which Nick Stuart and Sally Phipps also appeared.

Of Mr. Butler's new film it can be said that the direction is on a par with "The High School Hero" and that the young stars have lost none of their freshness. The story (also written by William Conselman) doesn't come up to the first pr duction by quite a good deal. It's skil fully done, and full of action, but comes far from getting the maximu quota of thrills and laughs out of th colorful adventurer, the newsreel camer man.

It presents him, on the contrary, the least palatable of all his aspects—t invader of privacy. In action and subtitle the film seeks to show that t newsreel photographer is unjustly barr from places where his duty to the publ should be sufficient invitation, and th those who exclude him are thus perso of mean spirit and indefensible snobber With this tenet we don't happen agree, so the picture lacked appeal f us.

If you don't think this point is wor bothering about, see the picture and e joy its scenic variety, spontaneity, a breeziness; these qualities are all there abundance, and Miss Phipps and you Stuart are just as cute as they can be both of them.

"The Triumph of The Rat"

THIS picture seems to be a sequel another British production call (we think) "The Rat." Perhaps, if o had seen the mother film, this one wou appear less meaningless, but since never saw "The Rat," we can only mark that its sequel is pretty hopele Seeking, in fact for some means of lab ing this British cinema, one is irresistil drawn toward that quaint American jective, "cheesy."

Ivor Novello and Isabel Jeans, t leading English stars of both screen a legitimate, are to be seen in "The T umph of The Rat," but they are han capped so by the silly story, the outr geous lighting, and indifferent directi that their salaries might as well ha been thrown down the rat-hole.

We admired "The Battles of Coron and Falkland Islands," and we wish o blood brothers over the water all possi success with their film-making. If th curtail the incomes of a few big clo and suit men in Hollywood by their tivities, it's something we can face wi amazing fortitude.

But they'll have to get up a lit earlier, and study a lot harder, if they going to do it.

Sunset Trail" of Padre and Conquistador is the Sunset Route of today

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A Third Giant

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

AT a luncheon table in a New York club, one of the most picturesque adventures in American financial history came to an end and another began. Clarence Dillon sold the Dodge Company to Walter P. Chrysler, or, to be more exact, these two gentlemen arranged for the acquisition of Dodge by the Chrysler Corporation.

The Dodge Company will retain its individuality as a manufacturing organization, but its days as a separate financial unit are numbered. Before the summer is over it will be a part of the third largest automobile producing company in the world, second only to General Motors and Ford.

A little more than three years ago Clarence Dillon, who had spent some of his youthful years as an art student in Paris, literally dazzled not only the financial community but the whole Nation by purchasing, for Dillon, Read & Co., the Dodge Brothers automobile properties for $146,000,000, and then, after taking $14,000,000 in cash from the company's treasury, reselling these properties to the public for $160,000,000 plus a commission in stock. Many Conservative bankers had estimated that the properties were worth not more than $120,000,000 at the outside, but the public disagreed, and the common stock shot up from its offering price of about $20 a share to nearly $50 within a few months.

But the Dodge stock turned out to be something of a "morning glory," as sporting writers call a young baseball player who is a Ty Cobb in April and a third-rater in June. Less than a year after it was offered its holders realized that they had been over-eager. Earnings began to shrink, and the price of the stock headed downward. Early this year it sold as low as $16 a share.

In the meantime the old Maxwell Corporation, rechristened Chrysler, was making and selling cars in increasingly large numbers. In 1923 it stood twenty-seventh among American manufacturers in volume of production. At the time of Dillon, Read's acquisition of Dodge it stood fifth. In 1927 it moved up to third place.

The majority of automobile mergers are between companies whose products supplement each other. General Motors, whose success has been legendary, long ago adopted the slogan "A Car for Every Purse and Purpose." All t cars are in different price fields. Si many of the Dodge and Chrysler c compete directly, the merger came a complete surprise, and many financ and manufacturers cannot yet see logic of the combination. They though, have the profoundest respect the wizardry of Walter P. Chrysler, started his business career as a railr mechanic and who is now not only of the great American mechanics bu marvelous financier, salesman, and ganizer as well. They are waiting him to show them the solution for problem which they cannot see th selves.

Mr. Dillon was the target for a g deal of criticism at the time he p chased Dodge. (There were cries "Water—water.") But the terms of merger indicate that he did not cha an exorbitant price for the Dodge sec ties. The preferred and common sh were offered, as a unit, at $100 a sh The holder of one of these units will ceive one and one-fifth shares of Ch ler common, which were worth on day the amalgamation was annou something more than $100. Conside the fact that the company has been ing ground fairly steadily, the p which Mr. Dillon set on his securiti 1925 does not seem excessive. If D had even approximated its promis three years ago, they would have distinctly under-priced. As it was, Dillon might have felt that he had a little over-generous when he Dodge common selling on the Stock change at a price nearly 150 per above what he had charged the pub

With that chapter ended, interest ters now on the Chrysler Corpora and its founder. No one doubts the organization will retain its pos in the van of automobile manufactu The question asked is—Will Chr become another General Motors, seven or eight makes of cars, coverin the price fields? Such a developme far from impossible. Right now Chr is putting out a new car, the De It is conceivable that the new Dodge be so changed as to put it into a diff class from all the present Chrysler p ucts. The building of another Ge Motors would be an adventure inde

Mr. Chrysler has been Presider

e Buick Company, one of the General lotors subsidiaries, and if any man in e business is qualified to build another ally comprehensive horizontal combi-ation in the automobile business, it is . Ten years ago it was the conven-onal opinion that a combination that en approached General Motors in size ould prove unwieldy. Now, of course, e business world scans the horizon for nother General Motors with the same pectancy that it watches for "the great merican novel."

General Motors units have derived any benefits from their combination. mong the most valuable are the pool-g of engineering skill and the efficiency the dealer organization. General Motors, for instance, is the only company with a complete proving ground, on which not only G. M. C. products but those of competitors as well are tested exhaustively. Probably no other company except Ford could afford such an expenditure. As for the dealers, it is obvious that, in small communities, they will usually be more satisfied and more alert with a wide variety of cars than with only one make.

Members of the Chrysler organization have denied casually that any more acquisitions are being considered for the moment. Probably the absorption of Dodge will require all the company's attention for some time to come. Mr. Chrysler, though, has never denied any of the many published predictions that it will not be many months before some other company, perhaps a body concern or an accessory builder, will come under his banner. And he has never set any limit for the growth of his company.

Three groups—General Motors, Ford, and Chrysler—now control about eighty per cent of the country's automobile production. The last five years have seen the number of automobile makes reduced from 650 to less than sixty. The rich manufacturers have been getting richer and the poor poorer. Sociologists may regret the elimination of the smaller manufacturers, but the automobilist, who has profited so greatly by the efficiency of the big units, is well satisfied.

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I Change My Mind on Prohibition

(*Continued from page 254*)

sent to women, and I cannot help but feel that when the result was published in the press it surprised the majority of the people who read it. I can understand this, because the women who favor prohibition are organized—such as the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and the Law Enforcement League. They have tremendous publicity; they appear before hearings of the various Legislatures and Congress and do not hesitate to state that "they speak for the women of America." This, I know, is not the fact. It may be that they speak for a great many, but their number is steadily diminishing, and, in my opinion, as soon as the women who are opposed to prohibition organize and become articulate they will be able to do more towards bringing about a change in the conditions which exist today than any organization composed solely of men.

IT is interesting to note that those who favor prohibition put that issue ahead of all others. I find this particularly true among women. In almost every instance the woman who is a so-called "dry" judges a candidate entirely upon his stand on that one issue; she will support a man who is a so-called "dry" without even taking enough interest to question his stand on other matters, such as National defense, immigration, tariff, and taxation, all of which are of vital importance to our country. She has what some of us call a "one-plank mind." Some men and women even go so far as to accuse those who have the courage of their convictions and are willing to jeopardize their political future by advocating a change of seeking to nullify the Constitution. They forget that the Bill of Rights assures to every person in the land the enjoyment of freedom of speech, that the right of free and open discussion is essential if we are to solve our problems, that if one citizen is justified in urging the enactment of a law, another citizen is equally justified in urging its repeal if he has reached the honest conviction that the law is evil.

On the other hand, I have never seen a woman who was opposed to prohibition refuse to support a candidate who favored prohibition if his record on other issues was commendable.

Another curious thing about some women who favor prohibition is that they sometimes support men who they know personally break the Prohibition Law but who they feel they can count upon to vote to sustain it.

At this time a serious burden rests on the men and women who have political responsibility. I believe the time has come to state frankly one's attitude in regard to the Prohibition Law. The whole question is befogged in insincerity. Men and women who know in their hearts that prohibition has not been and cannot be enforced, who know that it is breeding contempt for our Constitution, making hypocrites of many people, and costing our Government millions of dollars, are unwilling to commit themselves publicly because they are fearful of antagonizing or afraid of offending some element of public opinion.

I have a wholesome respect for the consistent "dry" who believes in the Volstead Act, and lives up to it.

I have little respect for the person who believes prohibition to be a failure and is afraid to express his honest convictions.

I have no respect for the person who votes one way and lives another. Unfortunately, I know this practice exists among many of our public officials.

I have little respect for the person who, because he is able to purchase any of the alcoholic beverages he may need for his personal use, is too lazy or too indifferent to make it possible for others less fortunate financially to obtain the same product at a reasonable figure.

I am convinced that, eventually, there will have to be a meeting of minds so that the Prohibition Law may be amended in some manner so as to bring about the temperance which is desired by every one. And this can only be accomplished by complete tolerance of one another's point of view.

What of the Religions?

(*Continued from page 253*)

hen a church organization estab-s a settlement and provides workers each the denizens of the slums the ments of housekeeping, of thrift, of nliness, it is not, in so far, making of a religious method. It would be g so only if the workers were in-cted to point to faith in God and st and to reliance on prayer as the ns of achieving the desired transfor-ion of individual and of social hab-So-called social work and education, h constitute an increasingly large of the activity of the churches d progressive, is a non-religious nod.

he teaching in Sunday schools of al principles and ideals by means of lives of great and good men, or even the help of the beautiful parables he Gospel, is no more a religious hod than any of those in current use ne secular schools. Only in so far as virtues are presented as of transcen-al nature and in so far as it is ht to implant them in man by the ct action of a social God, can one k of the method of the religions.

ne cannot very well refuse to admit the churches usually regarded as gressive and effective are those which e the widest use of the secular and least use of the religious method.

HE problem before the disabused world is not to find out what re-n really is or should be; that is a statement. The problem is how best ve; it has two main parts:

. The determination of the goal to reached, of the *summum bonum*, as ethical philosophers say. To be ade-te the goal should satisfy both the d and the heart; it should call forth nusiastic allegiance. This part of the blem is one of the foremost tasks of osophy. A perfect solution of it ld come only with perfect knowledge wisdom; but solutions sufficient to ct and sustain human effort may be at a lower level.

. The determination of the way, the hod, or technique for reaching the . This part of the problem concerns sciences; the physical sciences tell us to control the physical universe; the biological, psychological, and so-sciences how to control the forces nifested in man so that he may move ards the desired goal.

he religions claim to have solved e two vital problems; they have set h goals and they have offered a hod of attaining them. Their solu-, fruit of alleged revelations in times of ignorance, is no longer acceptable. What may take their place is a question beyond the scope of this paper. Many signs point to the application of the term to something very different from the traditional religions. Whether or not the word shall remain when the present form of worship shall have passed away, matters extraordinarily little. What matters is that, instead of letting ourselves be bewitched by the magic of ancient words, formulæ, and institutions, we should face with an open mind the great double problem: Where shall we go? What method of progression shall we adopt?

IN order to check a clamor of mistaken objections, I beg permission to repeat that I have not spoken of everything which may be included under "religion," but exclusively of the method characteristic of the religions—*i. e.*, of the attempt to enter into a social relation with transcendental beings in order to secure their assistance.

GALLEY SLAVES

WITH ACHING BODIES, stung by a whip-lash, the galley slaves forced their clumsy boats along. A tragic picture!

And today, by contrast, the electric motors of one American electric ship have the combined energy of a million men and drive thousands of tons of steel through the water at amazing speed.

Three hundred galley slaves, pulling hard on the oars, could generate power. Yet one G-E thirty-horsepower motor would have moved the ship faster. There are General Electric motors that wash and iron clothes; that sweep floors; that turn tiny lathes or mighty machinery. Look for the G-E emblem on electric equipment—it is a guarantee of service.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Speaking of Books

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

Bad Girl Yourself

WE have had the distinction of causing the cancellation of one subscription to The Outlook. It is a dubious pleasure, as we are by nature conciliatory and like to be liked; but it is one which provides an opportunity for a few plain words on the whole duty of a reviewer. Plainly, then, his duty is to give a brief outline of the subject-matter of the book in hand and to make such critical comment as he is capable of upon its setting, characterization, treatment, and manner of presentation. It is no part of his duty to recommend books. We agree. Our comment on "Bad Girl," by Viña Delmar, was ill received in one quarter. Because we praised this book and recommended it to young men and women we were found unfit to review books at all.

There is some mistake here. Most people when they say of a novel that it is good or bad speak actually of the subject-matter—that it is or is not acceptable to them. In no other field of literature is this so. If you do not like books on Arabian adventure or Finnish statesmen, you do not read them. If you do, you read and say it is well done, or it is not. But you read a novel, no matter what it is about, and then proceed to criticise it on its subject-matter, thereby choosing the one entirely illegitimate basis for criticism. Of a novel you may say, as of any other book: The author attempted to do this or that; he did or did not succeed. Or you may say: It is a story of young love; I do not like young love, so that story is no good. The first is the foundation of all proper reviewing. The second is the foundation of most chat about novels and is nonsense. However, you may eschew criticism and still recommend. You may say: Read this because it deals truthfully with something about which it is useful for you to know. This has nothing to do with reviewing. It partakes of the irresistible impulse to guide, direct, or lead. When we wrote about "Bad Girl," we obeyed that impulse.

THIS list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by the following book-shops each week:

New York—Brentano's;
Rochester—Scrantoms Inc.;
Cleveland—Korner & Wood;
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort, & Barney;
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Company;
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company;
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.;
Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company;
Kansas City—Emery Bird Thayer;
Atlanta—Miller's Book Store;
Los Angeles—Bullock's;
Chicago—Marshall Field & Co.;
Cincinnati—Stewart Kidd.

Fiction

"The Bridge of San Luis Rey," by Thornton Wilder. Albert & Charles Boni. This beautifully written and moving study in the working of God's providence, and of love, the bridge which joins the living and the dead, deserves its popularity. Reviewed January 4.

"The Closed Garden," by Julian Green, translated by Henry Longan Stuart. Harper & Brothers. This insistently harrowing story of an hysterical French girl is interesting particularly because it brings to the general reader's attention a new talent in French letters. Reviewed May 30.

"The Greene Murder Case," by S. S. Van Dine. Charles Scribner's Sons. Plenty of bloodshed, and more than enough persiflage by Philo Vance. Van Dine enthusiasts like it.

"But—Gentlemen Marry Brunettes," by Anita Loos. Boni & Liveright. Lorelei Lee turns authoress and writes to warn girls "what they should stop doing." Funny; and if you enjoyed the first one, you will like this—almost as well. Reviewed last week.

"Bad Girl," by Viña Delmar. Harcourt, Brace & Co. This is the story of the courtship, first married year, and baby of a boy and girl, earnest, anxious to "be good," "dumb," and foolish—the well-known backbone of America. It is truthful and moving, distinguished by honesty of purpose rather than by beauty of style. Reviewed herewith.

Non-Fiction

"Disraeli," by André Maurois, translated by Hamish Miles. D. Appleton & Co. This strangely romantic figure is touched vividly into life by Maurois's hand. You will find this excellent reading. Reviewed February 22.

"Strange Interlude," by Eugene O'Neill. Boni & Liveright. This play, in which the dramatist steals some of the novelist's best psychological thunder, is as good to read as to see; perhaps better. Reviewed in "Lights Down," February 22.

"Safari," by Martin Johnson. G. P. Putnam's Sons. The interesting and often exciting diary of four years spent in a wild-animal paradise; with wonderful pictures.

"Poems in Praise of Practically Nothing," by Samuel Hoffenstein. Boni & Liveright. If you appreciate light verse, you will find this the very best.

"Mother India," by Katherine Mayo. Harcourt, Brace & Co. This account of some aspects of Indian society is furnishing Americans with lively, if not accurate, information. Reviewed June 22, 1927.

We should like to give the story "Bad Girl" in greater detail than have in these columns, but it has alrea been allowed more space than its litera value warrants. We do not find it no ble in literary quality. Viña Delmar h a retentive memory; her book be strongly the mark of autobiography. S has a fine selective sense which enab her to choose the universal elements her particular experience, forthright ho esty, and a warm humanity which riches her simple story. We do not that her creative talent is greater th that of plenty of other young people ticulate and impelled to write. We qu frankly recommended her book on su ject-matter, and touched only lightly its literary worth. We believed, and s believe, that it is a good book for you people to read. It deals honestly, hop fully, and purely with what will, if th are fortunate, be the greatest thing their lives. Our angry client would ha been entirely right if she had said th we, as a reviewer, had no business recommend any book. And she is mo than right in rejecting our recommen tion.

We are always urging readers take no one's say-so for books; and were recently enraged by a kind frie who recommended Temple Baile books to our daughter. But our er while client, not approving our reco mendation, damned us as a review She told us, furthermore, that five out seven members of the Literary Guil board of judges had resigned when "B Girl" was chosen for the subscribers. that we know nothing. Being obstinat determined to choose our own books, have no traffic with guilds-of-the-mon But if they did, how should that affe our judgment? We have disagreed w judges before now. If the judges h resigned in a body and left the job selling books to the booksellers, should still maintain that "Bad Girl" not a Bad Book. So we repeat, "B Girl" is average in form, admirable content. But we do not recommend Hereafter we review only, we ne

mend (well, hardly
Hereafter we shall
ever, sweet friends,
t who will be public-
d.

here Is Science and Science

By

MOS N. WILDER

le' Worlds," by J. B. S. ldane. Harper & Brothers.
isbehaviorists," by Harvey ckham. Lincoln MacVeagh, Dial Press.

ow little true science ve!" exclaims Harvey ham, as he surveys the gs of Freud, Watson, ugall, and the many arizers of today. h that goes by the of science is but semi- ce, pseudo-science, cience, or no science ." He thinks it time we call a halt on the sions of the scientists, now what little ground have for banishing nd the soul from their hypotheses. ssumptions of mechanism that un- psychology today he diagnoses as evitable echo in the laboratories of e "self-deprived of conscious com- n with God."

ve are on the eve of a reaction to aims of science, such a book as this ldane will serve to temper it. In fascinating papers we find, indeed, over-confidence we all have in our specialties. The author betrays of the provincialism and arrogance expert. But the book is a testi- to the victories of the intelligence rk among the "ills that flesh is heir It is true that Wickham does not his raid far into the territory of emistry and biology that concerns ne. But, in any case, Haldane is d a scientist in keeping to his facts Wickham would probably not place mong those who misbehave. The acrid polemic and negation that rs in Haldane is directed against scurantists, not against those who a faith.

entists like Haldane are doing a deal of good in jarring the Funda- lists. We who have a spiritual of life can permit them a little ex- gance. They like to shock their es. Haldane is willing that men l believe, but in the spirit of true e he asks that they believe with more circumspection. "Blake," he reminds us, "asked somewhat doubtfully of the tiger,

> 'Did he who made the lamb make thee?' "

and then adds, "The same question applies with equal force to the tapeworm." Such shrewd thrusts will help our back-numbers to enlarge their conception of God. Haldane is not concerned with the theological issue, but with the human results. "As long as people thought that cholera epidemics were a punishment for the people's sins, they continued. When it was found that they were due to a microbe, they stopped." Today, he thinks, "morality" and "orthodoxy" are opposing sensible and humane legislation and attitudes at other points. A note of stern prophecy, even, creeps into the pages of this devotee of brains, as when he says that "if civilization perishes from the overproduction of 'undermen' it will be because the governing classes cared more for wealth than for justice."

But there *are* scientists who have misbehaved. Science with a big "S" has been swollen with effrontery and has practiced a wholesale intimidation. A superficial age has applauded, and scientists and their popularizers have become just a little dizzy. At this point appears Wickham with some very relevant remarks, especially about the pampered favorites of an age that turns to Endor and Vienna for its self-knowledge. The book market has been full of best-sellers by lay preachers of Science, Bishops of Main Street, gladiators of Huxleyism, who are not aware that important areas of human experience are a sealed book to them. Their raw assurance has added to the confusion of today. So Wickham takes these Misbehaviorists one by one and has a good time with them. He kindly but firmly leads them back from the pulpit and rostrum to the laboratory and suggests that they stay within their own precincts.

But he is not the man to write this book. It needs to be written, indeed. But we feel that Wickham is not the equal of all his protagonists. To take on Dorsey, Wiggam, Durant, and Browne is all right; but to meet Freud or Watson on their own ground is ambitious. It is easy to make any writer look ridiculous by the methods which Wickham adopts. But we suspect he does not understand these latter gentlemen, really. We happen to know that he is unfit to deal with Lewis Browne and "This Believing World," much as Browne needs to be dealt with. For Wickham is evidently unconversant with Biblical studies. Let him give some attention to these, and he will find, for example, that it was by no means "gross

Courtesy Brooklyn Museum

FOREST POOL

A block print by Rockwell Kent

The Greene Murder Case

a Philo Vance Novel

by **S. S. Van Dine**

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—*The Forum.*

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FRENCH SUMMER SCHOOL, McGill University, Montreal, Que.

inadvertence" that led Browne to speak of Jesus' birth "in Nazareth."

The fact is, Wickham has not the key to the whole business. For all his brilliancy, he is a Fundamentalist. He has never felt that fine curiosity that characterizes the "modern temper" (his *bête noire*) for the understanding of second causes. You, Mr. Wickham, may be satisfied that Paul had a revelation from God. We want to know how! and we have to study psychology, dreams, hysteria, and other things to approach that knowledge. We not only want to know how apples fall and pendulums swing, but why men dream, why they misbehave, and how saints grow.

Four Recent Novels

By KATHLEEN KELEMEN

"AMBITION," by Arthur Train. Charles Scribner's Sons. Woman as go-getter is the theme of Mr. Train's latest novel: the more or less familiar type who uses mere man as the tool of her own strong purposes. Mr. Train begins with a man as principal character, to be sure, but when Clarice Hungerford makes her appearance she steps to the center of the stage and holds it to the end.

Simon Kent's father was a freethinking professor who taught his son always to do and say the things he felt he should. While at Harvard Simon finds himself. He resolves to "dedicate his life to Truth, Reason, and Justice—through the medium of the legal career." He does, but Clarice makes this noble resolution very difficult of achievement for a time.

She is beautiful, clever, and ambitious, but her ambitions are only for wealth and social prestige. The way she forces her friends into cheerful subservience to her wishes is fascinating in its ruthlessness. She does not go timidly, but strides bravely forth. There are times when she errs, but she is quick to realize it. She never makes the same mistake twice. Mr. Train has painted her boldly yet in detail. The other woman enters the story and she is charming, but Clarice dwarfs her in interest.

It is obvious that Mr. Train knows just what he wants to say, and he knows how to say it. The plot is conventional, but the author shows his usual ability in making a slight story entertaining. In "Ambition," as in most of the things that Mr. Train has written, the reader is taken behind the scenes in a lawyer's office and is shown intimately, and sometimes amusingly, how legal technicalities can affect one's every-day life. Here there is humor and not a little satire.

Through the book Clarice moves, self-possessed, serene, sure of herself, a combination of Becky Sharp and Zu Dobson. She is a splendid anim magnificent tiger most of the time. Mr. Train depicts her with symp Despite her vanity and selfish rut ness, the reader is astonished to that he does not dislike her.

The book only *threatens* to beco tragedy. Mr. Train's characters d go very deeply into life. Like lav they know that a compromise or a peal is always possible. Problems up, are solved. To Mr. Train beautiful if it is interesting. It nee be sweet.

"Scabby Dichson," by Richard ker (Doubleday, Doran & Co.) powerful and illuminating story growing boy's heart and mind. Sca nickname was not a reflection upo person, but is derived from his epi petite for the crusty tops of pud The author introduces his charac the age of nine and takes him th school days in India. It is a story lonely and inhibited boy whose lif fate were determined by the fact th was an orphan and virtually a c pupil. Lacking the normal backg of a boy, he was unable to cope w experience which reflected on his He has his Gethesemane upon a ro a moonlit night with a pet mon He determined to kill himself an pet. He kills the mongoose. The of the pet snapped the boy's psych cal tension and brought him ba sanity. The experience, however him emotionally maimed.

Mr. Blaker has created in this b character almost as enthralling as Dickens's famous schoolboys. The reveals a deep understanding o psychology of boyhood.

"Once More Ye Laurels," by Cort (the John Day Company, is not strictly speaking a novel. series of vignettes. The book star Camilla Weymouth, back in 1790. was a talented musician. Befor could make a career for herself sh ried. Six daughters resulted fro marriage. The mother wanted e her children to find the beauty sh sought. The last daughter, Camill not musically talented, but she flair for making wax miniature writing poetry. Her mother chose make the career she had meant to But Camilla missed a career. She fell by the wayside and side-track art in domesticity. So the story g of the following descendants who h ward stirrings that were frustrated each parent felt that his offspring reach the goal he had sought in Then we reach young Dorney D Peters. His father, a university

, was going some day to write a great
el or play. But he, too, passed the
on to his son. Dorney Dorney-
ers had been taught from infancy
t he was a genius; that his destiny
a high one. His failure led to sui-
e.

The author has achieved a book that
f special interest because its roots are
irely American. He has attempted to
what Glenway Wescott did so ad-
ably in "The Grandmothers."

The Son," by Hildur Direlius, trans-
d by Anna C. Settergren (E. P. Dut-
& Co.), is a story of life in northern
eden a hundred years ago. The story
ters around Erik Anton, son of Sara
lia. It is a drama of intense mysti-
n among a people who are always
ditating on God's love and its signifi-
ce to them as individuals. The story
imple enough. It is life, love, and
th as they come to Erik Anton. The
gnancy of the drama is deepened by
reticence with which it is handled.
e people of the novel, living in a
sh, ungracious environment, have
ned their Christianity into an almost
ental fatalism. Their philosophy is
unconscious pessimism summarized in
phrase, "God's will be done." The
y concerns a whole people rather
n a number of individuals, their bare
nse lives, their aching sincerities,
ir immersion in superstition, the su-
natural, and such occult things as
ond sight. Their life is a simple for-
la: Love God, and if things go wrong
in his infinite wisdom, eventually
make them right again. Their faith
er wavers. It is continually being
stered up by visions, premonitions,
"portents."

How implicitly these people trust in
d is shown when Erik Anton's young
ghter is betrothed to a lecherous old
n. Her father and her grandmother
to make her see the man as he is.
ling, they make the preparations for
wedding, trusting that God will pre-
t it. He does by paralyzing the girl
her wedding day. Modern science
uld explain the paralysis in psycho-
ical terms, but they called it God's
ervention.

t is a simple tale about a simple peo-

THE editor of this department will be glad to help readers with advice and suggestions in buying current books, whether noticed in these pages or not. If you wish guidance in selecting books for yourself or to give away, we shall do the best we can for you if you will write us, giving some suggestions, preferably with examples, of the taste which is to be satisfied. We shall confine ourselves to books published within the last year or so, so that you will have no trouble in buying them through your own bookshop.

Picked at Random

By WALTER R. BROOKS

Robert Ormond Case's
Riders of the Grande Ronde
Doubleday, Doran

It wasn't until we reached page 304 that we discovered that this windy, wordy, wild Western tale was a piece of very subtle publicity for Cornell University. For what is it that finally tips the heroine into the hero's arms? He has proved himself brave, modest, resourceful, everything a hero should be. And then she makes the tremendous discovery: "He was a Cornell man. Even in matters of culture he was her equal, her superior." The villain is also a Cornell man, so it is a battle of giants. The villain is eloquent, too. He always addresses her as "My queen." We thought that charming. But not so charming as the hero's modesty. "I was an ace overseas," he says simply, when at the end the only escape from the blazing canyon is by the airplane which they have found. And he'd never even mentioned it before in all the 365 preceding pages. We call that grand.

Agnes Danforth Hewes's
Swords on the Sea
Knopf

The romance of trade in the days when Tiepolo was Doge of Venice. The adventures of a boy who wants to be a merchant rather than enter the navy, who sails for Acre with the Oriental Caravan, visits Damascus, wins the favor of the Queen of a Bedouin tribe, and, as a result of becoming involved in a complicated deal in perfume, pepper, and wheat, finally saves the Republic twice over, once by land and once by sea, from the domination of its bitter rival, Genoa. A fast-moving story of a picturesque time, written, we judge, for boys. But grown-ups, if they don't insist on character drawing or wit or depth of subtlety, will pass a pleasant enough hour or two with it.

C. J. S. Thompson's
Mysteries and Secrets of Magic
Lippincott

A hodgepodge of facts dealing with the practice of magic from the earliest times up to the present. There is no general theory, no connecting thread running through the book, and some of the facts are so lightly treated as to be almost unintelligible. Nevertheless it is a very entertaining book to dip into, and there are a lot of interesting illustrations. Also, if you want to practice a little magic in your spare time, there are complete directions. Some of the materials, of course, are difficult to get. Lion's gall, for instance. That would be a hard one.

THESE CHARACTERS HAVE FASCINATED A MILLION READERS

LA PERICHOLE

"She had never realized any love save love as a passion. Many who have spent a life in it can tell us less of love than the child that lost a dog yesterday."

UNCLE PIO

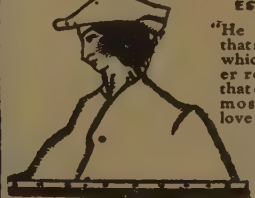
"He possessed the attributes of the adventurer, a memory for names and faces, with the aptitude for altering his own. His eyes are as sad as those of a cow that has been separated from its tenth calf."

THE MARQUESA DE MONTEMAYOR

"All she could ask of a god, or of immortality, was the gift of a place where daughters love their mothers; the other attributes of Heaven you could have for a song."

BROTHER JUNIPER

"It seemed to brother Juniper that it was high time for Theology to take its place among the exact sciences. Coming from anyone but Brother Juniper, this plan would be the flower of a perfect scepticism."



ESTEBAN

"He discovered that secret from which one never recovered, that even in the most perfect love one person loves less profoundly than the other."

YOU WILL FIND THEM ALL IN

THE BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY

BY THORNTON WILDER

After you have read the "Bridge", you will want Thornton Wilder's first novel—"The Cabala"—called by Professor William Lyon Phelps "a work of art."

ALBERT & CHARLES BONI
66 Fifth Ave., New York

But if you suffer from unrequited love, or wish to slay an enemy or to observe at first hand the habits of demons, there is nothing simpler. Indeed, we don't know why magic wouldn't be a nice hobby. Perhaps we will start a correspondence course in it. Just to whet your curiosity, we know two signs. One, written on a plate of tin, will drive away flies. The other, written on virgin parchment with the blood of a bat, will gain the love of the lady you desire. All you have to do is show it to her. "But take heed that thou showest to none but she whom thou desirest, for if thou do she will go mad and die." We will gladly send you either of these, but don't for goodness' sake leave the second one lying around the house.

The Big Shiny Car and the Little Tin Car

(*Continued from page 265*)

less than a hundred and fifty miles back."

"Don't know what you get on a gallon," said the other, "but you're all out now."

Silently the Big Shiny Car and the Little Tin Car stood, listening to the words of their masters.

"I think," wheezed the Little Tin Car kindly, "I could tow you to a filling station. I'll try, anyhow!"

The Big Shiny Car tried to laugh scornfully, but it only managed a sickly smile.

"You'll do well," it breathed weakly, "to get your own self to a filling station."

But the driver of the Little Tin Car was already fastening a tow rope to the Big Shiny Car. He climbed in, slammed the door, started his engine, and off they went. The Little Tin Car barked and struggled, chugged and panted, but little by little it moved ahead, the Big Shiny Car rolling helplessly behind. It was a long, hard pull, and by the time they reached the end of the desert the Little Tin Car was boiling tremendously and all out of breath, but very pleased and proud. At the red filling station both cars drank thirstily till they could drink no more, then with a leap and a roar the Big Shiny Car sped on its way. But this time its driver called, "Thanks, old man," and the car itself waved its taillight in friendly farewell as it disappeared over the hill.

"Hm-m-m!" the Little Tin Car chuckled to its speedometer, as it rattled off the miles to the Great City; "you can't always tell by a car's looks how much it gets to a gallon."

Our Own Theatre List

(*See page 263*)

"Coquette," Maxine Elliott.—Comedy, tragedy; youth in a small Southern town; Helen Hayes and excellent cast; first choice for tears and humor.

"Trial of Mary Dugan," National.—Mystery, murder, melodrama; circumstantial evidence turned inside out before your eye, convincingly acted; you won't move.

"The Silent House," Morosco.—Humor and melodrama; impossible, hair-raising, yet extraordinarily amusing.

"Strange Interlude," John Golden.—A psychological novel put upon the stage; a new kind of drama; Tom Powers and Lynne Fontanne in O'Neill's finest.

"The Happy Husband," Empire.—Billie Burke in a gently amusing drawing-room comedy.

"Porgy," Republic.—Folk-play; Negro life along Charleston water-front; real Negroes; a gorgeous thing, if simply for its pastel colors and primitive music.

"The Royal Family," Selwyn.—Comedy; home hubbub of a family of famous theatrical stars; fairly well acted; so funny that it sometimes isn't real enough to be as good as it should be.

"Our Betters," Henry Miller's Theatre.—Ina Claire in a drawing-room comedy by Somerset Maugham; entertaining, deft, and excellently acted.

Best Musical Shows

"Funny Face," Alvin.—The Astaires, Gershwin music; best on Broadway.

"Show Boat," Ziegfeld.—A gorgeous spectacle; romance, emotion, exquisite settings, and music.

"A Connecticut Yankee," Vanderbilt.—Good lyrics and music; not much Mark Twain.

"Rain or Shine," George M. Cohan.—Joe Cook in the show you mustn't miss.

"Present Arms," Lew Fields.—A very entertaining summer musical show.

The Movies

(*See page 263*)

"Abie's Irish Rose."—Just like the play. It's a system.

"The Big City."—Lon Chaney using his regular face.

"The Big Noise."—Chester Conklin and some pretty biting satire.

"Burning Daylight."—Won't set fire to anything.

"The Chaser."—Harry Langdon scores a miss.

"Chicago."—Just like the play—this is praise.

"The Circus."—If you don't like Chaplin, you're the funny one.

"The Crowd."—A sad story, beautifully directed.

"Doomsday."—Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear!

"Dressed to Kill."—The ace of the crook plays.

"Drums of Love."—Pomp, pathos, and Lionel Barrymore.

"Four Sons."—It's a fine film, but too long.

"The Gaucho."—No one is perfect—not even Douglas Fairbanks.

"Glorious Betsy."—The second talking movie. Still not good enough.

"Hangman's House."—Swell photography, good direction, and good acting.

"The Jazz Singer."—Al Jolson sings, and that's all.

"Kentucky Courage."—A successor to "Tol'able David," with Richard Barthelmess.

"The Last Command."—The great Jannings. See it.

"The Last Moment."—Good photography, but little else.

"The Legion of the Condemned."—The so-called sequel to "Wings."

"Love."—Greta Garbo and John Gilbert. Recommended.

"The Man Who Laughs."—An impressive, entertaining picture.

"Mother Machree."—A nice, mushy Irish-American drama.

"A Night of Mystery."—Adolphe Menjou—just fair.

"The Noose."—A moderately absorbing film, with Richard Barthelmess, Alice Joyce, and Montague Love.

"Partners in Crime."—Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton in a darned good comedy.

"The Patsy."—King Vidor directs Marion Davies, to the credit of neither.

"The Raider 'Emden.'"—The Germans can make bad pictures, too. This is one of them.

"Ramona."—Scenically beautiful, but pretty syrupy.

"Red Hair."—Clara Bow in her big disrobing act.

"Sadie Thompson."—Gloria Swanson trying hard.

"The Secret Hour."—Pola Negri in a good picture.

"Simba."—The Martin Johnson masterpiece.

"Skyscraper."—Thoroughly enjoyable.

"The Smart Set."—William Haines at his worst.

"Something Always Happens."—An amusing little thriller, with the ornamental Esther Ralston.

"Speedy."—You can't go wrong on Harold Lloyd.

"Stand and Deliver."—Rod La Rocque in one of those things.

"Steamboat Bill, Jr."—Buster Keaton in a really funny one.

"Street Angel."—A beautiful, tiresome picture.

"Sunrise."—Dr. Murnau's supreme achievement.

"Tempest."—John Barrymore comes into his own. Cheers!

"Tenderloin."—The first (and worst) talking movie.

"Three Sinners."—Pola Negri in a bad picture.

"The Trail of '98."—The grandest scenes now on view.

"Two Lovers."—Last of the Colman-Bankys. Interesting.

"We Americans."—Mediocre melting-pot stuff.

"Wings."—The great epic of the war-birds.

Arctic Danger Spots an Seasons

(*Continued from page 259*)

September and October again be bad, though not so dangerous as M

Nobile was, then, using as a bas the most dangerous month of the a group of islands really situated i North Atlantic, with every safety fe missing which nature provides in Arctic. Indeed, the conditions more dangerous than among st Atlantic islands (such as the Fa for instance). The combinatio mountains, glaciers, Gulf Stream, southward flowing fragments of dis grating Arctic pack made the na situation even worse than if Spitsb lay on the Newfoundland Banks, tr erous as the Banks are.

As I write the whole world is in pense for Nobile and his comr Brave men, doing the most dang thing possible in the Arctic, they luck with them for a while. They a voyage of several days and did ma to return to the improbable safet Spitsbergen. But now we fear the in direst straits, and it is hidden where that is, so we cannot well their rescue. The balloon may kept the air for some time after he gave out, and she may have drift the Siberian coast. There safety is sible, both through the efforts of crew itself and through the kindne natives. If a landing was made in w the story is doubtless over now. I Italia crashed into a mountain through the fog, as Wilkins and Ei might have done, there is no telling happened. Possibly some or all o crew were saved. They may yet a at one of the Spitsbergen settlemen may be rescued by search expeditio

If the Italia crew landed on south floating ice, they could probabl picked up if they were able to send messages giving their latitude and l tude. Failing that, a watch migh kept by a cordon of ships trying t amine every gradually melting cake drifts into the Gulf Stream or swerv a more westerly course and is gat into the maelstrom of ice that south along the Greenland coast. either of such cases, the chance of s is small.

While we wait in suspense for news we have two hopes—that N and his comrades may have miracul escaped, and that (until airplanes dirigibles are more perfect) treach Spitsbergen shall be little used flying base either to arrive at fro mote places or to return to from an the briefest excursions.

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ancis Rufus Bellamy, Publisher Ernest Hamlin Abbott, Editor-in-Chief

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
Malcolm Waters Davis Dixon Merritt Harold T. Pulsifer
Frances Lamont Robbins Parkhurst Whitney

William L. Ettinger, Jr., Advertising Manager

Walter Thalen, Circulation Manager

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From Publisher—To You

TWO things in this issue have made us reflect. One is William Allen White's remarks about the Republican Convention at Kansas City. The other is Claude Bragdon's paraphrase of the philosophy of the Hindu, Krishnamurti.

"Do not shun life, therefore, nor be afraid to adventure and experiment. . . . For if you trust life, instead of fearing it, you will find that life will itself sustain you. . . . Self-mastery and the understanding of life are necessary for spiritual enlightenment, and these can be gained best by living."

SO says Krishnamurti. And we imagine that most of our younger generation will agree with him. Katherine Mansfield has recorded in her diary, written only for herself, how she looked at the mountains, and prayed to God—and thought of something clever. Leonard Bacon in a recent review says: "To be jocular with the tangled psychological and physiological passions of men and women, to view them as at once comic and of no importance, is a spiritual giveaway. It proves deadness of soul."

CERTAINLY, arrival at some method of understanding ourselves seems to be the thing that most people nowadays are after. Increasingly it is taking some such form as Krishnamurti suggests—a desire to live fully, in order that we may understand what manner of beings we are; and then positively to mold ourselves and our world after what we have discovered.

AND meanwhile, what of William Allen White? Says Mr. White: "When a great party like the Republican Party resolves to keep business out of politics and politics out of business, when it abandons the purpose of its founders to make the Government an agency of human welfare, the best minds of the country go into business and party politics are conducted by a lot of animated rubber stamps."

SO far have we gone from the men of 1776, the Continental Congress, and a generation that knew what it believed and carried its personal beliefs into public action, politically, and on the field of battle.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

Courtesy of Messrs. E. Weyhe & Co.

BROOKLYN BRIDGE

A wood engraving, by R. Ruzicka

The Outlook

June 20, 1928

The World This Week

e, Flat, Unprofitable

as we were about to pronounce long-distance judgments on the ıblican gathering at Kansas City we across some first-hand comment by am Allen White. Mr. White likens Convention to the funeral of William Kinley. This is worse than anything ad in mind; but he is on the ground, we are going to let him speak for us. Typically Republican Conventions alm," he says in his correspondence. s is one without spirit, without spar- almost without interest. . . .

The reason for this political atrophy n the lack of powerful and interest- eaders. Not only are the Presiden- candidates on the whole colorless but the Convention is without ing leadership. There is not an epi- in a car-load of these leaders, and, usly, no public questions are dis- d except the McNary-Haugen Bill, that in a desultory way."

oncerning that much-touted stick of ical dynamite the sage of Emporia rks ironically:

There is no more interest here in the Nary-Haugen Bill than there is in the ouri Valley."

e supports that opinion with the re- of a poll conducted by his paper. response to post-cards was less than per cent; of the votes tabulated, to one were against the measure.

This same weariness of the flesh is ifest in the delegates. No one is ng prohibition. The New York gates have made no impression. No is voicing opinions on the World rt, Nicaragua, or anything. . . . Ru- s are not rife. No one is excited. Hoover will control the Committee Credentials, but no one cares. At Chicago in 1912 the control of the Committee on Credentials was as vital as the capture of Verdun.

"I talked to a man who had read the keynote speech. He could not remember a syllable of it. The Convention will meet because it is probably easier to meet than to wrangle in a hotel. It will name a candidate because of the pressure of the order of business. But it is without spontaneity, without ginger, stale, flat, and unprofitable.

"When a great party like the Republican Party resolves to keep business out of politics and politics out of business, when it abandons the purpose of its founders to make government an agency of human welfare, the best minds of the country go into business and party conventions are conducted by a lot of animated rubber stamps debating solemnly whether to bow down in worship to an adding machine like Mr. Hoover, a cream separator like Mr. Lowden, or a back-firing tractor like General Dawes."

The Vice-Presidency

Four or five days before the Republican National Convention opened at Kansas City on Tuesday some friends of Representative John Q. Tilson, of Connecticut, engaged a room at one of the smaller hotels to advance his candidacy for the Vice-Presidential nomination. Two or three newspaper correspondents drifted in during the day, their curiosity aroused by the news that some one was actively seeking this office, and even was spending money in the cause. They found a virtually deserted headquarters, not far from the Convention Hall, with an amiable and earnest young man in charge. He explained that Mr. Tilson, who is the Republican Floor Leader in the House, was not really anxious for the nomination. He was, in fact, not a candidate at all. But his friends felt that he was eminently qualified, and were therefore ready to start his boom. "Mr. Tilson's most important qualification," the young man said, "is that he comes from a doubtful State. Next in importance is the fact that he hasn't much money. Thirdly, he was born in Tennessee, and therefore would be popular with the border State Republicans who may bolt the Democratic Party if Al Smith is nominated." Mr. Tilson's supporter has summed up fairly completely the standard qualifications for the Vice-Presidency.

The Slogan Man

One of the important personages who arrived early in Kansas City was J. Henry Smythe, Jr., of New York, generally known as "the Slogan Man," but sometimes called "the Grand Old Party Megaphone Man."

Mr. Smythe arrived in town bristling with slogans. It made no difference to him who was nominated; he had an apothegm for any eventuality. For instance: "Who's for Hoover? Everybody. Curtis Can't Hurt Us. Keep Coolidge, He Keeps the Faith. Choose a Man Like Dawes to Protect Our Laws."

Mr. Smythe is actually taken seriously at National Conventions. He has been working at his strange profession for years, and did heroic service during the World War writing slogans booming Liberty Bonds, the A. E. F., and France. He has attended most of the Republican Conventions since 1900, and admits responsibility for "Republicans Have Used Axes on Our Taxes." Mr. Smythe's

conscience does not permit him to write Democratic slogans, despite his versatility, so his rôle at Houston will have to be played by some one else.

Those Who Are Not Present

THE impartial observer at the Republican Convention cannot avoid a sensation of surprise that so many important movements in the United States, so many causes that are of the first importance, seem to be represented either not at all or only very casually. Doubtless there are plenty of professional lobbyists working behind the scenes. They are familiar with the places where the important committee work is going on. They know that it is better to influence one member of the platform or resolutions committee than to harangue a thousand delegates.

As far as the outward scene is concerned, however, labor has no interest in the proceedings. No one is handing out bills demanding the closed shop. No voice is being raised against the coal situation in Pennsylvania.

The anti-prohibitionists, knowing it to be useless, are making no appearances. Even the usually militant National Woman's Party seems to be contented with a small table in a hotel lobby. An occasional handbill is distributed, but that is all.

The Derby

THE costers' carts were missing, and the famous old coaches, and a new colt was crowned; otherwise the Derby was as it has been and as it likely will be when we are dead—the greatest spectacle in the world of sport.

For 364 days Epsom Downs is a bare and unsightly strip of roughly undulating land, interspersed with stretches of rugged gorse; the next day it is a spectacle without equal. The King and the Queen are there, and the Prince of Wales, and the lords and their ladies, and 'Enery and Lizer and the nipper. And all have a shilling or a quid or a fortune on the 3-year-olds. So it was this time, and so it will be in years to come.

There is nothing like the Derby, for it is a feature of natural growth and inception. One hundred and forty years have gone into its making. It is so much of an institution that the World War could not crowd it off the Downs. It is beyond the power of the Rickards to create a national holiday, promote an event that lifts cobblers and clerks into the moneyed classes.

The winner was Felstead, an almost unknown outsider, owned by Sir Hugo

Kirby in the New York World

"Here comes Mellon. I wonder if he will give me a lift?"

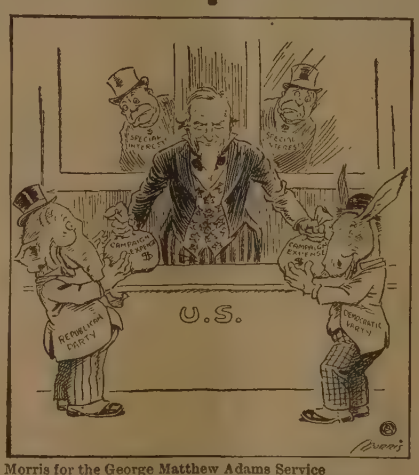
Cunliffe-Owen, and those who backed him got 33 to 1 for their money. His win was characterized as the most amazing racing upset in recent years. Only one of the first seven favorites, Flamingo, finished in the money. Fairway, the favorite, was near the tail of the procession.

And of course fortunes were made and lost. The owner of the Felstead ticket in the Calcutta Sweepstakes, once a sailor, is now a millionaire. He won approximately $1,255,000.

A Glasgow woman, drawing a ticket on Black Watch, is richer by about $300,000. A cobbler who had the same horse in the Stock Exchange Sweepstake is worth today about $100,000.

America to Australia by Air

THE conquest of the Pacific is the outstanding air feat of this year, and bids fair to remain so. It is also a model of



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The way to end National election scandals

sound planning, equipment fitted for purpose in view, and proper heed navigation, security, and joint effort.

From California to Hawaii, 2. miles; from Hawaii to Suva in the F 3,138 miles; from Suva to Brisb 1,762 miles—in all, 7,300 miles, with two stops, and those on mid-oc islands! This is a feat of the first m nitude. Twenty years ago we sh have called any man crazy who sh predict that by any means what man could go from California to tralia in a week and a day; yet tha just about the full elapsed time of Southern Cross, and out of that sh be taken about four and a half day get the actual flying time—eighty- hours. Across the wide Pacific in t and a half days of actual flying is a ord that will take some beating, a English sportsmen say.

Captain Kingsford-Smith, his Aus lian comrade and co-pilot, Ulm, and t two American friends, Lyon and War made up a notable flying quartet. T encountered heavy weather on every of the three legs of their great voy Skill, knowledge, and courage pla equal parts in their success. They ar deserved the rousing greetings they at Brisbane and at their final go Sydney, just a step away from Brisb say 500 miles!

Is Nobile Found?

THE mystery of the Italia contin There had been half-heard message the air, but up to June 9 none of t were authenticated as from the It On the date just mentioned, howeve newspaper agency in Rome annou that the Citta di Milano, base ship Spitsbergen for Nobile's expedition, maintained radio communication twenty minutes with the Italia. dirigible gave her bearings, it was st which corresponded to a place tw miles north of Cape Leigh Smith, northeasterly extremity of North Land, which is between Spitsbergen Franz Josef Land.

Later reports from Spitsbergen serted that beyond doubt communica had been held between Nobile's p and the base ship; that the lost men all alive on pack-ice 80° 30′ north 28° east; and that they are divided two parties. Every effort is being rected as we write (June 11) to r and rescue Nobile and his crew, by breaking ship, planes, and sleds. latest report at that date was that L tenant Holm in a seaplane had fo two of the crew injured and that

a had been broken up by a storm the crew separated into two parties.

hibition in Pittsburgh

Pittsburgh, in the Hon. Andrew D. on's bailiwick, the prohibition agents heir dander up and the city's rum is broken in 167 places. A Federal d Jury has returned indictments ist that many violators and con- tors; and among them are the es of the Superintendent of Police, police inspectors, five ward chair- of the Republican Party, twelve po- ieutenants, minor politicians, patrol- "fixers," "go-betweens," and, as musical comedy programs say, vil- s.

ch satisfaction as is not monopo- by the enforcement officers will be essed by the professional bondsmen. ll take, it is estimated, $835,000 to se these notables and their hench- on bail.

Smith as Financier

, after all, should Governor Alfred mith talk politics when he can talk nistrative achievement? His annual rt, recently made public, shows a cash surplus of $13,505,327 in the ury; sinking funds of $100,120,027, taxation increments assured suffi- to meet all obligations at maturity; $3,742,000 of bonds redeemed dur- he fiscal year. In addition, tax re- ions on real property have saved, in ockets of the taxpayers, $12,500,-

a State Government, at least, it ars not impossible to reduce taxes, e bonds, and build up a surplus at ame time.

solini Loves Us All

has flamed from the Fascist For- Office in Rome, threatening Italy's bors, more than once since Musso- and his "Black Shirts" made them- s masters of the Imperial City. But the flame-throwers are retired, and ad doves are fluttering over the es of the dictator.

Duce—"the Chief"—has told the an Senate that he wants to live at e with all the world.

e emphasized the power of the ed States and the importance of relations with America, and took sion to say that "naturalized Amer- s of Italian origin" are foreigners so as Italy is concerned. That removes estion regarding claims of dual citi- hip which has from time to time dis- ed American minds.

With France, he admitted, relations have veered "from bad to indifferent." But now, with an agreement regarding the rights of Italy at the international port of Tangier, the status of Italians in the French colony of Tunisia, and the adjustment of the western frontier of Tripolitania, there is a bright prospect of happier relations. Not a word about Italian desires to regain a section of the now French Riviera.

Of Yugoslavia, where student rioters have been demonstrating against Italy and tearing down Italian flags, Mussolini declared: "We decided that our policy toward Yugoslavia must be friendly."

"Our relations with Austria are diplomatically correct," he continued, "but it depends on Austria to reach a degree of greater cordiality." And he expressed a hope for a return of amity with Germany. Austrian and German students

Kirby in the New York World

The millstone around his neck

have assailed Italian consulates and torn down Italian flags, in sympathy with the Yugoslav demonstrators and in protest against Italian treatment of Austrians in the former South Tyrol, which Italy annexed and made the Upper Adige.

As to armament, Mussolini remarked that he merely desired that Italy be the equal of the best-armed nation on the Continent. An innocent-sounding policy, which Paris will study with attention. The Fascist spokesman must have been reading somebody's speeches about speaking gently and carrying a big stick.

The Upshot of Hearsay

WILLIAM SULZER, sometime Governor of New York, is a picturesque person, unique enough to admit that he is politically dead. He made that admission to the Senate Campaign Funds Committee in response to a question as to his occupation. He said that he was a statesman, and added, "Tom Reed defined a statesman as a dead politician."

The trail leading to Mr. Sulzer as a likely witness was devious, not to say dubious. Senator J. Thomas Heflin told the Committee that the Rev. Olaf R. Miller told him (Heflin) that Governor Sulzer told him (Miller) that a friend of his (Sulzer's) in a Western State had received $25,000 for doing certain things to advance the Presidential candidacy of Al Smith. That is what brought Sulzer to the witness-stand.

On the stand, Mr. Sulzer said that he knew nothing of anybody's having received $25,000 or any other sum, that he was trying to educate the Rev. Mr. Miller in the methods of conducting political campaigns, and had stated a hypothetical case showing how a politician "might be rewarded with wampum in Wampumville, a good-sized town just across the river from Hoboken."

Thus went up in smoke, or other gaseous substance, the only bit of concrete evidence that Senator Heflin had to offer in substantiation of his repeated charges of huge slush funds used in Governor Smith's behalf.

What Is Adjournment?

DID President Coolidge pocket veto the bill for Government operation of Muscle Shoals? He meant to. He held it for ten days without signing it, which is the method of pocket vetoing a bill when the ten days has not run before adjournment of Congress. The same procedure while Congress is in session makes a bill a law. That is, failure to sign while Congress is in session is equivalent to approval, but failure to sign after Congress has adjourned is equivalent to disapproval.

None the less, Senator Norris, joint author with Representative Morin, of the Muscle Shoals Bill, contends that the bill is now a law. He says that Congress has not adjourned but merely recessed, that a particular Congress actually adjourns only at its last session, and not at its first. There is in the record a ruling by Speaker Longworth which sustains Senator Norris's contention. The question, however, is one for the Supreme Court of the United States to decide, and that Court will shortly decide it in a case pending involving a treaty with the Shawnee Indians. The decision in that case—the bill involved was passed last year—will doubtless be accepted in the Muscle Shoals case.

Whatever the legal decision may be, the case presents an argument for revision of certain Congressional proce-

dure, at least in the Senate. The motion which dispersed that body at 5:30 o'clock on a Tuesday afternoon, made by Senator Johnson, of California, was that "the Senate do now adjourn *sine die.*" Whether the action was mere recessing or actual adjournment, it was not adjournment *sine die.* Congress recesses—or adjourns—at the end of a session very definitely *with day,* a day known to every Senator and Representative and to every informed American.

The Pope and Mexico

THE Roman Catholic Church has taken the first step to find a way of return to Mexico. The Pope has instructed his Congregation on Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs to study and report to him the minimum conditions that the Mexican Government should grant to permit the Church to resume its ministry there. And General Obregon, who is the Government candidate for re-election as successor to President Calles, is reported from Rome to have indicated to Archbishop Ruiz y Flores, of Michoacan, a readiness to reconsider the Mexican laws which most severely hamper the Church.

The Archbishop is in Rome as the emissary of the Mexican bishops in exile, who have been assembled at San Antonio, Texas. The substance of their report, presented by him, is that there never has been a more favorable time than now to settle the difficulties between the Catholic Church and the Mexican Government. The trouble arose out of the feeling among the Mexican officials that the activities of the Catholic clergy were political as well as religious. In consequence of the conflict that developed, the Government issued a decree of July 19, 1926, forbidding priests to exercise religious offices unless registered as citizens. Following this action, a Papal order stopped all sacred offices and the churches have been without masses. Bishop Pascual Diaz, of Tabasco, is now understood to be negotiating for permission to all priests of Mexican origin to return to Mexico. A possibility seems to exist that the Vatican will acquiesce in the exclusion of foreign priests who do not become registered as Mexican citizens.

Church property has been nationalized in Mexico since 1857, and the new Constitution of 1917 reaffirmed and strengthened the provisions disestablishing the Church. Mexican officials have repeatedly declared that they have no quarrel with the Catholic Church as a religious institution, but merely insist that its clergy shall obey the laws which apply to other religious institutions. They would welcome a settlement which would end the unrest stirred up by the controversy.

Whether or not a solution of the dispute is in sight, it is evident that it will require time and will be a question for the next administration in Mexico.

Carolina Justice

STRANGER crime stories get into the news than into the novels. Consider, for instance, the fate of Ben Bess, Negro, confined in a South Carolina jail for thirteen years. Convicted for assault on a white woman, whose name was long chivalrously kept out of the papers, he was considered lucky narrowly to have escaped lynching. Recently the woman signed an affidavit denying her testimony and asserting her desire to undo the great wrong. So Bess is set free—penniless and helpless.

A startling story! But what reporters call the follow-up story is more startling still. By this it appears that the white woman and her husband were tenants on the Negro's farm, and are described as "ignorant, illiterate, and without principle," associating freely with Bess and his family, while the woman, it is alleged, had "had an affair" with Bess. It is further alleged that the accusations against Bess grew out of the Negro's refusal to renew his white tenants' lease.

"Guilt always doubted" is one of the headlines of the newspaper account. But no one seems to have tried very hard to establish the facts, although a plea to the Governor asserted that "not a lawyer in the court believed the Negro guilty and that a juror said he believed the relationship had been voluntary, but that 'the black scoundrel should serve time for having relations with a white woman.' "

Taxing the Apocrypha

Is the Apocrypha a part of the Bible and therefore not subject to the tariff? Or is it "a work of foreign authorship" which must pay fifteen per cent ad valorem tax?

The latter is the opinion of a United States customs court. An American publisher proposed to import an edition of the Apocrypha, issued as a separate book in England. Every one, we presume, is willing to admit that this strange and interesting collection of legend, prophecy, and teaching is not an American production, and therefore in a sense is "a work of foreign authorship."

Modern Protestant Bibles do not contain the Apocrypha, although we have before us as we write a copy of the Bible published in 1769 which contains the very books now in dispute. On t other hand, the Roman Catholic Chur and some of the Greek and Orien Churches hold these books to be "i spired and canonical" as declared by t Council of Trent in the sixteenth ce tury, and many thousands of Bibles the Douai Version are imported du free despite the fact that they conta the Apocrypha.

One hopes that the discussion will le a good many people to read these Apo ryphal books, not so much for religio instruction and inspiration, as becau they are in themselves good story-tellir It is impossible to doubt also that so of the writers told their stories with distinct sense of humor. Take, for i stance, "Bel and the Dragon." This w clipped from the end of the story Daniel as it originally appeared in t ancient Hebrew writings, and it giv further and lively incidents in the e sode of Daniel in the lions' den. "I and the Dragon" takes exactly one pa in the Apocrypha, and would make capital "short short story."

The Protest of the Porters

THE delegates to the National politi Conventions did not have to make their own sleeping-car berths. T threatened strike of the Pullman port has been called off on the advice of President of the American Federation Labor, William Green, who urges inste a campaign of public enlightenment.

There was something comic in the ic that the press first gave of this ind trial quarrel; it portrayed the typi "Georges" as striking against tips. fact, what they are trying to get is su an adjustment of wages and tips as w give them fair pay and hours.

There are some 15,000 "Georges," a they say that they average $132.50 month (including tips), but pay out $ a month for occupational expenses, fo uniforms, and so on. They ask for $7 a month wages. President Green quoted as saying that "these people ha been pitiably exploited."

An Unwelcome Guest

THE British Government doesn't care "immigrants" who have escaped hang on the plea of insanity—not even if immigrant arrives in the palatial suite a British liner. Harry Thaw has tw run up against this prejudice—o fifteen years ago when Canada ejec him after he had fled from Matteaw the other day when English officials fused to let him step on shore from

tania at Southampton. In vain
declared such treatment amazing,
especially so as applied to a friend
cretary Mellon's. The stolid offi-
remarked that the matter was
l. They give the Home Secretary
powers in England.
rhaps a suggestion toward improve-
in American dealing with the ques-
of murder and insanity may be
l in the statement of an English
spondent: "If the murder for which
passed years in a hospital for the
e had been committed in England,
ould have been sent to the Broad-
Criminal Insane Asylum for life.
e the feeling that he is not wanted

der Dam's By-Product

Boulder Dam controversy seems to
assured fairly well the return of
n Johnson to the Senate from Cali-
a. In the elections of two and four
ago it was evident that this slightly
Progressive was losing his grip,
ially in the southern part of the
. There has been discontent against
son in that section, in fact, ever
he was a chronic and somewhat
ssionally abused Presidential possi-

t the Boulder debates have given
chance to fight for southern Cali-
a throughout the long session.
gh he could not defeat the filibuster
ie Arizonans and their allies, he
d to the South's satisfaction that
ancient fighting mettle has not
d. He has scored, in short, not as
tional protester against evils, but as
gging Senator devoted to the sec-
l interests within his own State,
while he may have opposition, its
nt prospects are about ninety-seven
ent lugubrious.

t We?

ERSKINE, novelist, musician, and
e professor, has made the interest-
bservation that we Americans like
, but can't join in the chorus.
efore we can make progress in mu-
education in America," he was say-
recently, "we must recognize the
rs in the situation which constitute
pecial problem. There is great tal-
this country—as great, probably,
ywhere else. There is a great love
usic. Audiences everywhere are
to enjoy the art. In certain parts
country there are great teachers,
ially since the war.
he difficulty, however, is that the
ers are not in touch with the talent.
Some of the gifted youngsters live in remote parts of the land, and in whole sections of the country there is no adequate provision for music teaching. A problem equally urgent is the lack of contact between talent after it is trained and the audiences waiting to hear it. Both teachers and pupils show a disposition to cling to the large cities of the East and a panicky fear to launch out into those parts of the country which most need them.

Wide World

NO WONDER THEY CALL HER LADY LINDY

Amelia Earhart, the Boston flier, who with Wilmer Stultz and Lou Gordon, is awaiting favorable weather for a transatlantic hop before taking off from Trepassey, Newfoundland

"When we are speaking of the natural aptitude of America for music, we must admit that this is not at present a singing country. It is hard to think of a musical nation which does not employ that most natural of all instruments, the voice. This silence is connected, I suppose, with a certain indifference on our part to melody. Our characteristic contribution to music is rhythm. The voice needs a tune, and we are rather tuneless."

Dr. Erskine thinks that this peculiar state of affairs might be improved if high schools placed music on a par with history, mathematics, and literature.

Spoken Like a Man and a Sailor

THIRTEEN centenarians in England and Scotland were offered a chance to have an operation performed by Dr. Serge Voronoff which he promised would give them forty more years to live.

Ten of the thirteen promptly decided that they had lived long enough and that they were looking forward to the long sleep. One man expressed a willingness to live if he could have good grub and a contented mind. One woman said she would be willing to go on with life if she "were not a nuisance to any one."

The only man who manifested enthusiasm for a prolonged existence was a seaman, 102 years of age.

"Lordy, lordy, what a queer idea! I wouldn't mind so long as I was made really strong again. I remember when steamships were things to be laughed at and there were slaves on the seas. I would like to be back in the old Excelsior."

Spoken like a man and a sailor! If Voronoff fails him, may he at least find awaiting him on the shores of the Styx the shadowy bulk of the old Excelsior.

Shaw Forever

INTO a sober English discussion of "Where are the dead?" came George Bernard Shaw, words flying, wit sparkling.

"What I propose," proposed Mr. Shaw, "is that your next few contributors shall discuss, not whether we are immortal, or whether the soul is immortal, or whether the dead are still seeking lodgings in infinite space, but whether I, Bernard Shaw, am going to persist to all eternity in a universe utterly unable to get rid of me, no matter how desperately tired it may become of the Shavianismus, or how intolerably bored I may be myself.

"Can there never be enough of me? Never too much of me? Also am I myself to have no say in the matter? Am I or am I not to be allowed to hand myself back to my Creator and say, 'Will you be so kind as to pulp this worn-out article and remanufacture it, if possible, without any of the glaring defects which have made it so troublesome to myself and others?' "

He asks readers to try to picture an eternity with "millions upon millions of

Shaw plays, billions upon billions of letters to the press, intensely irritating to many worthy citizens," an eternity of Chesterton "bombinating forever and ever, world without end," and "Wells and Belloc in semi-paternal controversy."

"Let no controversialist try to evade the point by assuring me that I shall survive, not by myself, but as the just man made perfect. He might as well tell me the chariot of Pharaoh survives in the Rolls-Royce. When I use the word 'I' as I frequently do, I mean myself with all my imperfections, if any, on my head.

"I mean the celebrated G. B. S. almost unbearably individualized, with his consciousness and his memories, his tricks and his manners, complete and exact in his G. B. essence. Otherwise the controversy is about nothing."

The English call it an excellent piece of clowning; Shavians will say that it contains the master's soberest reflections on death and the hereafter.

Wide World

THE LATEST ADDITION TO GERMANY'S NAVY

The Koeln, named for a war-time cruiser, being launched at Wilhelmshaven

Fevers to Order

A LARGE proportion of the most precious advances in science have been hit upon wholly by accident. Of this kind of discovery, radioactivity is perhaps the most striking example, because the whole of the new physics of the atom, totally recasting our conception of matter and the universe, came as a result of this single find.

Equally unexpected has been a peculiar discovery of the same accidental type, made not long ago in the research laboratories of the General Electric Company. It was observed that those who worked experimentally with short radio waves approximating six meters in length felt ill and ran a temperature. The coincidence was too high to permit any interpretation other than the existence of some mysterious connection between the two—the ether waves and the fever. The men's temperature invariably rose quite shortly after proximity to the apparatus; it subsided upon removal. To trace the connection did not take long. It was found that a dilute solution of salt and water comparable in this respect to the salt percentage in the blood was equally well heated by the waves—the solution was given an artificial fever.

Others, notably Professor W. T. Richards and Mr. Alfred T. Loomis, Director of the Loomis Bio-physical Laboratory at Tuxedo, New York, have gone further with the research. They appear to have found a tentative application for it. To cure certain types of paresis it has been customary to inoculate with malaria germs. These cause fever; the high temperature of the fever kills the temperature-sensitive paresis germs; then an effort is made to cure the malaria. In the short-wave radiation it is hoped that a germless substitute for the malaria has been found. The oddest thing is that the radio waves used in the original experiments happened to coincide with the one wave-length which appears to have a marked selectivity for the human blood composition.

The Zest to Persecute

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER finished a six-day all-water diet, left the hospital, mounted the rostrum at Morningside Heights, and told the departing seniors:

". . . it appears that liberalism is a hard lesson to learn. Liberty as a personal possession may be highly acclaimed, while liberty for the protection of all men may at the same moment be violently, even passionately attacked. Much more than we realize, the various outbreaks, legal or other, which aim at uniformities or conformities, at compulsions and prohibitions, rest upon the lingering zest to persecute. Other reasons and other excuses, quasi-moral or quasi-religious, may be offered, but the real reason is the determination on the part of organized groups to compel their fellow-countrymen to act, and, if possible, to speak and to think, in accordance with their own particular practices preferences.

"It would be an interesting hit scientific inquiry to ascertain whe that hypocrisy which is just now widespread is an act, an achievement a habit. Perhaps some experimenta would be needed to settle those q tions, but it would be well worth un taking. A crusade on behalf of tem ance which begins by making temper a crime is, to say the least, a puzz phenomenon."

The President of Columbia speaks mind very regularly these days; per in time some of our inarticulate ca dates for public office will catch the tagion.

Justice Outspeeds the Law

FIVE women claimed that they had poisoned by radium paint in the co of their work for the United States dium Corporation of New Jersey. T sued for damages, but the crowded dition of the court calendar and the structionist policy of the Radium poration made it seem probable that settlement they could obtain might post-mortem one.

Acting outside his judicial capa Judge William Clark, of Newark, Jersey, a Federal District judge, vo teered as a mediator, and brought attorneys for the Radium Corpora and the five women together. At hi stigation, the radium company agre

each of the women $10,000 in cash and clear, and to pay them a $600 ar pension as long as they live. The oration also agreed to pay for all medical treatment and for all fu- medical treatment. The Corpora- also settled the fees of their lawyer. dge Clark is to be congratulated on ervice, not only to the women, but ie public as well. Such settlements of court greatly enhance the reputa- of the legal profession by serving e that justice can get the right of over the slow progress of ordinary procedure.

the news of this settlement was unced the fact was also made public Dr. von Sochocky, formerly an offi- of the United States Radium Cor- tion and the chemist who evolved luminous paint which poisoned the women, was himself a victim of ra- necrosis.

r. von Sochocky has continued to with radium, even though the ex- re means grave additional risk. It id that he finds some relief from the se that afflicts him by occasional so- ns at high altitudes.

Locusts Are Here

seventeen-year locusts are above nd. They are every year—some- e. It seems odd to many people the newspapers can provide a crop seventeen-year insects practically y year, but here the newspapers are t right. The secret of the paradox is: though the locusts require sev- en years for their life cycle, there is ifferent brood for every year, and brood has its own bailiwick.

ntomologists have the seventeen ds all numbered by classes, like ch boys coming up annually for r period of army service. This year's is Brood II, occupying a thickly ulated section in the East.

o complicate the situation, there is a thirteen-year locust. Queerly gh, there are thirteen broods of the een-year tribe, as there are seventeen ds of the seventeen-year tribe. These ds, too, are numbered.

hy some broods should have a sev- en-year and some a thirteen-year e, entomologists have not clearly de- ined. Most of the seventeen-year ds occupy Northern territory and t of the thirteen-year broods South- territory. But the two largest ds, one of each tribe, overlap ughout a wide area. It was the co- lence of the emergence of these two ds—a thing which can occur only once in several centuries—that brought the devastating locust hordes to the mid-section of the United States in the seventies. Tales of that year's destruction are partially responsible for the fear with which the insect is regarded. In an ordinary emergence periodical cicadas (the real name of this insect) do little permanent damage.

There are those who insist that seventeen-year locusts appear at the same place every year. This is due to a confusion of the periodical cicada with the *Cicada tibicen,* or harvest fly. It is this latter cicada, a larger and more showy insect than the seventeen-year and thirteen-year kinds, which we all know for its reaping song in midsummer. *Tibicen* has a two-year life cycle, while the periodical kind really has a cycle of seventeen or thirteen years.

The periodical cicada spends all but about five weeks of its life under ground. For something more than sixteen years it sucks its food from roots. Then it goes into the cocoon stage, and the next May or June emerges as an adult fly, mating and laying eggs before it dies.

Windows on the World

By Malcolm W. Davis

NO longer is Peking to be the capital of China. The Nationalists, who set out on their campaign from Canton in the far south two years ago and have ended by occupying the historic city of the Emperors in the north, have decided that. They plan to reorganize North China, with a provincial capital at Tientsin, as one of several regional government areas to be federated under the central administration in the older capital at Nanking. So the stronghold of the Mongols and the Manchus follows the fate of the imperial city of the Russian Czars, that was St. Petersburg and is now Leningrad; and just as the Russian revolutionists transferred their Government to an earlier seat of power in Moscow, the Chinese victors reject the capital of the war lords to make their base in a more central location from which it is easier to keep in touch with the whole country.

Peking, temporarily, is to continue to serve as the home of the foreign legations, with a Commissioner for Foreign Affairs in residence. Later, it may very probably become a sort of historical show-place for sightseers, with guides leading tourists through the marble-paved courtyards and red-walled, orange-tiled palaces of the once Forbidden City.

Already regional organizations are set up and functioning in Canton, in Wuhan on the Yangtze, and in Kaifeng in Honan Province. And the Nanking leaders appear to hope for a similar arrangement in Manchuria, now that their chief adversary, the former dictator, Chang Tso-lin, is defeated and discredited. Chang's train was bombed as he returned to his Manchurian capital at Mukden, and he suffered severe injuries. There has been great uncertainty about his life, with conflicting rumors both of his death and his recovery. In any event, the collapse of his power has eliminated him; and the only question is whether the Nationalists will have to deal with his son or his Chief of Staff as the next more or less strong man in Manchuria.

NOT ONLY a troublesome Central American controversy, but also the relations of the United States generally with Latin America should be favorably affected by the proposal of Secretary Kellogg in the long-standing boundary dispute between Guatemala and Honduras. He has sent notes to the Governments of both countries urging a settlement by arbitration. And, what is of equal importance, he has suggested—not the good offices of the United States—a decision by the International Central American Tribunal. This panel of judges, provided by the Central American Convention of 1923, is similar to the tribunal which the Hague Convention set up to afford a permanent arbitration agency.

The reasons for the deadlock between Guatemala and Honduras have been examined by Roy T. Davis, Minister from the United States to Costa Rica and neutral member of the Mixed Boundary Commission. One representative each for Guatemala and Honduras made up the Commission, which tried unsuccessfully to draw a provisional boundary line. The question became an active issue in the Presidential campaign in Honduras. The other two Commissioners then asked Mr. Davis to draw the boundary line. He came to Washington to advise with the Department of State, and the notes recommending arbi-

tration followed. It is a statesmanlike treatment of a situation that, handled otherwise, might easily have involved the United States in another Central American quarrel.

YOUTH on a rampage in Belgrade has shown just how hot is the suppressed feeling in Yugoslavia against Italy. The trouble started over the question of ratification of a group of treaties with Italy, concluded three years ago, dealing with commercial and property rights. Particularly it concerned a provision to allow foreigners—that is to say, Italians—to hold land up to within thirty miles of the frontier.

Urged by the Fascists, the Yugoslav Government promulgated the land law in February, as an interim measure, and proceeded with plans for ratification. The result has been riots led by students in Belgrade and elsewhere, in which Italian consulates have been attacked, portraits of Mussolini burned, and Italian flags torn down. The demonstrators have demanded the resignation of the Government, and the Government forces have responded by dispersing them with volleys and bayonets, charging their barricades and killing one and wounding others. The loose dynamite in the situation in southeastern Europe has been disclosed also in sympathetic demonstrations against Italy by students in Germany and Austria. And in Italy there have been outbreaks against the Austrians and Yugoslavs.

The Yugoslav Government has tendered expressions of its regret and complied with demands from Italy for restitution of damages and punishment of offenders. Neither Government desires any break. But the feelings involved are deep-seated, running back beyond the Italian seizure of Fiume and the peace settlement to the World War and Italian aspirations to command the Dalmatian coast that Yugoslavia now holds. This storm has blown over without serious harm, but the air is still sultry.

POINCARÉ was characteristically circumspect in his declaration of policy to Parliament, after his triumph in the French elections, regarding a restoration of the gold standard for the currency. He contented himself with a reaffirmation of the desirability, to which every one agrees, of a return to the gold basis, and warnings of the probable higher cost of living and the adjustments in the nation's economic life that must follow stabilization of the franc. He gave no hint of the level at which he might propose to set its value. Rumors have had it that the intention of the Government is to make the rate five paper francs to one gold franc—which would be equivalent to fixing the depreciated worth of the inflated paper currency at one-fifth of the value at parity before the war. But they got no confirmation from the canny "Square-Fist." He kept his hands free to act when and as he thinks it advantageous.

Wide World

KEEPING THE FAITH IN A STRANGE LAND

Hundreds of English Moslems gathered at the Woking Mosque in London to celebrate the festival of Eid ul Azha

DEFIANCE, downright and forthright, was the answer of Premier Voldemaras of Lithuania to the arguments of the Council of the League of Nations that he should establish peaceful relations with Poland. The occasion was the passage of the new Lithuanian Constitution declaring that the capital is the city of Vilna which Poland annexed and holds. Marshal Pilsudski, dictator of Poland, does not admit that contention; in fact, he is hardly inclined to discuss it.

Last December, when hostilities between Poland and Lithuania seemed imminent, the League Council called Pilsudski and Voldemaras before it and got them to promise to go home and try to patch up matters peaceably. They went home; but peace negotiations did not progress much beyond arrangements about meetings. Then the Lithuanian Constitution plastered the issue on a billboard for all the world to read again.

Both Sir Austen Chamberlain, of Great Britain, and Paul Boncour, of France, spoke regretfully and severely to M. Voldemaras. His response was a refusal to do anything. The result was a postponement of the discussion until the next session of the Council at the time when the full Assembly of the Lea meets in September. A lot, one way the other, can happen before then.

The Council disposed in equally c venient fashion of the notorious case the smuggling of machine guns fr Italy into Hungary in violation of t peace treaties. Apparently the ju ment was that Hungary was technica at fault, but not guilty of an intent break the peace. The spokesmen of t Powers spoke sternly to the Hungari representative, General Tanczos, as th had to M. Voldemaras. A resolution the Council admonished Hungary not let anything of the sort happen aga General Tanczos looked undismay which is not difficult for a man weari a monocle.

Similarly, the Council washed hands of the dispute between Hunga and Rumania, on its agenda for f years, concerning Hungarian lands Transylvania sequestered by Ruman The League resolution told the cont tants to settle the quarrel themselves.

Viscount Grey, the former Briti Secretary for Foreign Affairs, said cently in London that Secretary K logg's plan for a general treaty renou ing war will be a great reinforcement the League. And Eduard Benes, astute Foreign Minister of Czechoslo kia and organizer of the "Little E tente" of his nation with Rumania a Yugoslavia, is reported to view Mr. K logg's proposal in the same way and desire its adoption by the eastern Eu pean and Balkan nations. If matters on in the same way at Geneva, t League and Europe at large will need

A New Dred Scott Decision

THE Supreme Court of the United States has delivered the severest blow ever dealt prohibition.

It is not too much to say that the decision in the tapping case will probably become the Dred Scott de- of prohibition.

is astounding decision might have come in a counterfeit- ase, a tax-dodging case, any one of a score of kinds of But it did actually come in a prohibition enforcement and many will believe that it could not have come in any way. The popular mind is not adjusted to sift out its act significance, but will regard it as an infringement of y growing out of prohibition.

e case is this:

me men in the State of Washington were suspected, justly gh, of conspiracy to carry on large-scale bootlegging ations. Prohibition agents tapped the wires of the tele- es leading into these men's homes and, by listening in, ed conclusive evidence of the conspiracy.

ire-tapping is, and was at the time, a crime under the of the State of Washington. None the less, the evidence obtained was admitted by the trial court. Convictions obtained. The defendants appealed to the Supreme t of the United States on the ground that wire-tapping is olation of the Fourth Amendment to the Constitution of United States, one of the articles of our Bill of Rights. article provides that "the right of the people to be secure eir persons, houses, papers, and effects against unreason- searches and seizures shall not be violated."

ve of the nine Justices of the Supreme Court held that the of privacy, within the meaning of the Fourth Amend- was not violated by the prohibition agents. The re- ing four Justices dissented, three of them in remarkably ous and even scathing written opinions. But the opin- of the five has all the legal weight, that of the four no ht whatever—except in the scales of public opinion.

ief Justice Taft, writing the majority opinion, held that n's telephone is no part of his house or of his effects, that guaranty of the Constitution cannot be made to cover es extending to the whole world"—in effect, that the ns of communication by which, in large measure, the con- tial affairs of human beings are conducted is a voice in air. Letters, physical things with which the framers of Amendment were familiar, he held protected, but not the gible though more intimate telephone conversation.

oncurring with the Chief Justice were Justices Van Devan- Sutherland, McReynolds, and Sanford. Dissenting were ices Holmes, Brandeis, Butler, and Stone. All of the dis- ers except the last named wrote opinions.

stice Butler, writing calmly, said that the Fourth Amend- t "safeguards against all evils that are like and equivalent hose embraced in the ordinary meaning of the words."

ice Brandeis, writing apparently under a sense of indigna- said that, "as a means of espionage, writs of assistance general warrants are but puny instruments of tyranny oppression when compared with wire-tapping." He said h more in like tenor. Justice Holmes, in language even e vigorous, if possible, agreed with what Justice Brandeis written. He called wire-tapping "dirty business." He d attention to the fact that the United States violating the laws of a State in an effort to uphold its own is a sorry figure.

"It invites to anarchy."

There is the most significant and most alarming phrase in the dissenting opinions, the most appalling fact in the situation created by this decision.

Yet the opinion of these four dissenting Justices is of no effect. Wire-tapping, even when in violation of law, yields evidence declared competent by the highest court in our land.

In only one way, apparently, may we be rid of such snooping. Congress, Chief Justice Taft pointed out, may pass a law making such evidence incompetent.

Until Congress does pass such a law, if ever it does, we must weather the devastating effects of a decision that outrages a people's sense of a security which they thought they had under their Constitution.

Platforms and Realities

PARTY platforms in the United States rarely recognize real issues.

We have never had a political party that could not straddle a river or a range of mountains with all ease. Whigs and Democrats alike straddled slavery through several campaigns. The Whig Party by 1856 had thus split itself to splinters, but the Democratic Party was as determined as ever not to recognize the issue.

The Democratic platform of 1856 declared slavery not an issue and that "the Democratic Party will resist all attempts at renewing, in Congress or out of it, the agitation of the slavery question, under whatever shape or color the attempt may be made."

The Republican Party was born that year—born, it is almost universally believed, of the slavery issue. Yet the Republican platform builders of 1856 contented themselves with resolving "that it is both the right and the imperative duty of Congress to prohibit in the Territories those twin relics of barbarism, polygamy and slavery," and with saying some things about abuses in enforcement of the Fugitive Slave Law.

In the Conventions of 1860, less than a year before the breaking out of the Civil War, the Democratic platform had no more to say of slavery than that enactments of State Legislatures to defeat enforcement of the Fugitive Slave Law were subversive of the Constitution, and the Republican platform had little more to say of slavery than that the Territories had the right to enter the Union as free States and that the law against traffic in slaves should be enforced.

Thus, in the very year when abolition of slavery was the sole substantial issue before the American people, neither platform had one clear and direct word to say about it.

Over the platforms of both parties since 1860 one must ply a magnet in order to pick out any filings of the real issues.

We may, of course, expect more from the Democratic and Republican Parties this year than we ever received from them. Human beings always expect more than they get. But we should not be surprised if the party voices are as far behind the real issues as the whine of a cannon ball is behind the projectile.

Ballyhoo at Kansas City

By HENRY F. PRINGLE

THE visitor who is being escorted on a tour of Kansas City may chance to rest, for a moment, on a promontory high above the dirty railroad yards. Out beyond, the yellow Missouri flows lazily eastward, with never a boat to shake its stupor and with old levees and wharfs fast crumbling into dust. Farther still, if he turns ever so slightly, he can gaze on the very place where the West begins.

Hardly more than a hundred years ago men started out in covered wagons to deepen the first faint wheel-ruts that marked the Santa Fé Trail. They fought and died or they lived and bred families; and when they lived their children sometimes retraced their steps to increase the population of the town that was first called Westport Landing, then the City of Kansas, and, later still, Kansas City, in the new State of Missouri. They mingled with others who had come from the East, and soon, in the growing inland metropolis, service clubs were being started, chambers of commerce organized, and lo!—in no time at all, as time goes, they were ready for a National Convention.

In the year 1928 Kansas City can hardly be a quiet place at any time. But with a National Convention getting into full swing the confusion and the noise are almost indescribable. Street cars battle and bang across intersecting tracks. Traffic policemen swear at unsuspecting visitors who are not aware that jay-walking is forbidden by law. The streets are jammed with automobiles, all of them sounding their raucous horns, impatient at traffic snarls.

All of the leading hotels, and many of the clubs, are located within a comparatively small area. Delegates, resplendent with their badges, stroll about importantly. Local citizens—"Kansas Cityans," as they are called in the newspapers—are on hand to see the excitement. Members of the Convention Committee, wearing buttons announcing, "Ask Me, I Live Here," are stationed at strategic points. Hawkers are peddling souvenirs, official programs, G. O. P. emblems, and are making the air hideous with their yells. Newsboys are screaming extras, and every one rushes to see whether Calvin Coolidge, the Mysterious Man at Washington, has announced anything or whether Andrew Mellon has arrived in town with his enigmatic Pennsylvania delegation. Blare, noise, jostling, crowds, and confusion—such are the externals of a gathering National Convention.

A calliope rushes through the street calling attention to the fact that an obscure dark horse is to speak that night. An extraordinary mounted band, riding pinto ponies and dressed in cowboys' costumes, parades by in the van of an arriving delegation.

IT was not until Saturday and Sunday, though, that Kansas City began to take on all the aspects of a convention city. By then the delegations were beginning to arrive. All of the important leaders had come. The Convention Hall was ready and the ballyhoo was in full swing. It would be a captious critic, and certainly an unfair one, who would intimate that the committees in charge of the Convention arrangements had failed in their task. Their most astonishing achievement, perhaps, was the weather. Kansas City in June, despite reassuring statistics of the Weather Bureau, is likely to be suffocatingly hot. But during the three or four days before the Convention assembled the air was cool and clear and there was a delightful breeze. Banners that hung from every lamp-post snapped and tore. Bunting and flags on all the buildings added to the air of gayety. The delegates who had purchased light-weight tropical suits found it rather chilly at night, and it was necessary, remarkable as this may seem, to use blankets.

Nor was there, at least as far as I could see, the usual orgy of profiteering on the part of the hotels, restaurants, and merchants. Only in the case of

rooms were the rates unusually high, and this may have been due to irritation on the part of the hotel-keepers over a demand that they refuse to accommodate any guests except those in town for the Convention. If this were so, they successfully assuaged their wrath by doubling and tripling the prices. One newspaper correspondent, paying $8 a day for a room hardly worth $3.50, attempted to turn on the electric fan in his room, and found that it did not work. Complaining to the clerk at the desk, he was informed that it was a nickel-in-the-slot machine and that a coin would give him a breeze. Such incidents were, however, the exception.

While the social leaders of Kansas City entertained the distinguished guests, the committees took care of those who were less well known. There were golf tournaments, concerts, dinners, and automobile rides. Determined efforts were made to see that every one had a delightful time.

Undoubtedly, in the past there have been National Conventions where sincere men gathered to name the leader of a cause. Then there may well have been real enthusiasm. Men may have sung campaign songs from their hearts, have cheered, and have burned red fire in the exuberance of victory. But if this is to be true of the Republican Convention of 1928, there was no sign of it on the eve of the first session.

Let us look, for a moment, at the scene in the lobby of the Hotel Muehlebach, the largest hotel in Kansas City, and therefore the scene of greatest activity.

It is Sunday night, and the first session is less than thirty-six hours away. The lobby is identical with that in any first-class hotel. A man standing in it could not tell, to save his life, whether he was in St. Louis or Buffalo or Detroit. There is the usual lounge in the center, the coffee-room off one corridor, the dining-room off another. The place is swarming with men and women. They are delegates and their wives, hangers-on, ward politicians, telegraph messengers, committeemen. They are milling around without visible enthusiasm, are shaking hands, are talking, are asking whether "Coolidge is going to say anything," whether "Hoover can be stopped." They know little or nothing of what is going on. In front of the lobby, toward the desk, a bellboy with a megaphone bellows constantly, "Call for Governor this—call for Senator that —Mr. So-and-So on the telephone, please." Wives who have come with their husbands attempt, without great success, to hide the fact that they are exceedingly tired and exceedingly bored. A brass band, hired by some candidate seeking good will, takes up a position in the lobby and begins to blare out martial music. This brings a measure of relief. A few men whistle. One or two beat time with their feet.

Forced optimism, forced defiance, forced enthusiasm—such usually make up the keynote of the crowd gathering for a political Convention. This year, at Kansas City, there has been very little real enthusiasm of any kind—even among the Hoover adherents. And Hoover has at least ten devoted followers to every one in the camp of the other aspirants for the nomination.

For three days before the Convention was called to order the scene in the Muehlebach lobby was very much the same: Lonely Negro members of Southern delegations attempting to appear important and feeling very disconsolate; a man from an Iowa farm wearing a hayseed farmer's hat and a badge urging "Equality for the Farmer;" an English novelist, sent as a "trained seal" by a newspaper syndicate to record his impressions and trying to find some one who will explain it all to him; the newspaper correspondents, rather blasé and very self-assured, twirling their canes and interviewing one another for the morning's paper; a huge fat man in a crumpled white pongee suit wearing a badge, "We Want a Real Republican," and handing out Lowden or Curtis or Watson cigars; Lafayette B. Gleason, New York Republican veteran, who wears a different color eyeglass ribbon for each suit in his extensive wardrobe; Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick, slender, gray-haired, calm, and efficient, acting as spokesman for the anti-Hoover forces; members of the National Woman's Party, seated at a small table, with placards announcing their demand for a Federal Amendment abolishing all legislation discriminating against women; Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia University, on hand, with a hopeless mission, to ask that the G. O. P. face the prohibition issue; two strange gentlemen, one looking like a Jew from the lower East Side of New York, working for Curtis, of Kansas; a tottering veteran of the G. A. R., last relic of a clan once powerful at National Conventions; a Vice-Presidential dark horse jovially telling a newspaper correspondent that he comes "from a doubtful State" and is therefore qualified, beyond all other men, to receive the nomination; an attractive girl reporter approaching a dignified lady in white and asking her if she is the National Committeewoman from California; the lady in white looking with disgust at the girl reporter and replying, "My dear young lady, have you *seen* the National Committeewoman from California"?

There is certainly nothing inspiring about any of this. Nor is the scene greatly different at the various headquarters. Those of Hoover, Lowden, and Curtis are at the Hotel Baltimore, just across the street. The Hoover headquarters, as is proper for the man who is the leading candidate and who has spent the most money for the nomination, is the largest. It swarms with Hoover people, some of them honest, sincere followers who worked with the Secretary of Commerce in Belgium or the Near East and who see in his integrity, intelligence, and ability the hope of a new era at Washington. Others are practical, cynical, hard-boiled politicians. For Hoover, regarded by the Nation as a man without interest in politics, has gathered around him for this campaign a number of men who received their training in the coldly selfish school of partisan politics, who advanced to high places because they realized that political preferment usually comes through compromise with honor. The Hoover headquarters at the 1928 Convention is not greatly different from those of any of the other candidates—except that it is more efficient, is better organized, and is permeated, as the Convention assembles, with an air of optimism. All Presidential candidates and their managers pretend optimism, of course.

"Hoover is stopped, definitely and finally stopped," said Mrs. McCormick on Friday or Saturday. "If I had any doubts of it before, I have none now."

"I am for myself, first and last," boomed Senator Guy D. Goff, of West Virginia, one of the most ebony of the dark horses, who defeated Hoover in his State's primary, "I am here to be nominated."

"We think Curtis will be the compromise candidate," said a spokesman for the Kansas candidate.

"We have twenty votes in Ohio which will be cast for Watson, Lowden, or Curtis," said a Watson spellbinder, "but which will never be cast for Herbert Hoover from the beginning to the end of the Convention."

Two movements center around the Lowden headquarters. Here is welcomed the farmer boiling with wrath

over the defeat of the McNary-Haugen Bill. He is assured that if Lowden is nominated the farmer will be given his rights. He is handed a yellow ribbon demanding "equality for the farmer" and another ribbon, a patriotic one done in red, white, and blue, stating that "we want a real American." This, of course, is a dig at Hoover, whose residence in England and other countries is a chief talking point of the anti-Hoover forces.

The other movement at the Lowden

Senator Goff, of West Virginia

stronghold is the alliance to defeat Hoover. Mrs. McCormick, candidate for Congresswoman-at-Large from Illinois and always referred to as "that wonderful woman," talks with the correspondents and predicts, as I have indicated, the certainty of victory. The actual strategy, such as it is, is being managed by Louis L. Emerson, a serious gentleman with large ears who defeated "Big Bill" Thompson in the recent Illinois fight, and who is the Republican candidate for Governor of that State.

BEHIND the barrage of confident statements from the anti-Hoover forces it became apparent, as the Convention drew near, that they had no definite plans and that they did not, actually, know whether Hoover could be stopped or not. They were waiting, prayerfully, for the arrival of Secretary Mellon in the hope that the aged statesman and financial senior would, in the end, throw his influence against the Secretary of Commerce. They were waiting, too, for the New York delegation, convinced that hope might lie in that direction.

The "beat Hoover" alliance was waiting chiefly, of course, for the arrival of the "farm caravan," outwardly predicting that at least 100,000 farmers would be at the gates of Kansas City by Saturday or Sunday morning, angry farmers armed with rakes and pitchforks and breathing wrath and defiance. The coalition began to be shaken by doubts when, on Sunday evening, the caravan had failed to materialize. Elaborate preparations had been made for their reception. An entire building in the heart of the city had been rented, and it was announced that when hotel and boarding-houses could no longer accommodate the multitude cots would be placed on the three floors of the structure. On Sunday night, however, only two or three men lounged on the first floor of the building, no farmers had yet appeared, and gloom was everywhere. They may still come, of course, and it is possible that they will strike terror into the hearts of all who opposed the McNary-Haugen Bill or who, because of loyalty to the Coolidge Administration, did not protest against its veto.

Meanwhile, however, United States Senator Reed Smoot, of Utah, has been quietly at work, in some remote and guarded hotel room, drafting the platform. This will declare once again the firm determination of the Republican Party to assist the farmer. It will so declare in very general terms, and the farmer will again turn to an agency other than political parties in his search for relief.

It was on Friday night that the first signs of old-fashioned political activity developed. Handbills were distributed early in the evening calling attention to a mass-meeting to be held that night in one of the hotels. The speaker of the evening, it was set forth, would be Colonel Ralph D. Cole, delegate from the Eighth Ohio Congressional District and "Ohio's eloquent orator." The evening would be, it was promised, "an intellectual treat of oratory." A large crowd assembled for this intellectual orgy and listened to Colonel Cole, who was a worker for the late Senator Willis in Ohio, launch a fiery attack against Herbert Hoover. He spoke with horror of the fact that in 1920 Mr. Hoover had considered accepting the Democratic nomination for President, that he had favored the League of Nations, that he had not voted until he was forty-five years old, that in 1918 he called for

Ex-Governor Lowden, of Illinois

the election of a Democratic Congress pledged to the principles of Woodrow Wilson, that he had betrayed the farmer by fixing the price of wheat during the war.

"We challenge," shouted Colonel Cole while his audience pounded their delight, "the Republicanism of Herbert Hoover. He claims to be a Republican, but his record belies his word. . . . The American people will never select for their President a man who voluntarily left his native land at the age of twenty-three and never returned until he was forty-five. For twenty years Herbert Hoover lived at Red House, London. The man who

lived that length of time at "Red House" will never live four years at "White House," Washington. Better an Americanized alien than an alienized American for President of the United States."

The Hoover adherents could not permit so enthusiastic and boisterous a rally to go unchallenged, and the next night, at one of the local assembly halls, a mass-meeting for the leading candidate was held. A brass band led a little procession of Hoover men from the hotel to the meeting, which was attended by four or five hundred people. The feature of the evening, aside from frequent predic-

Keystone

William M. Butler, Chairman of the Republican National Committee

tions that Hoover would certainly carry both Alabama and Florida in November, was the appearance of Sandy Sinclair, a local song leader. Mr. Sinclair, an energetic little man who might have learned his art in the dear, dead days when the American Army was taught to sing by Y. M. C. A. secretaries, offered a number of specially composed Hoover songs. One of these, to the tune of "Boola Boola," the Yale melody, ran: "Sing for Hoover, boost for Hoover, shout for Hoover, yell for Hoover, don't forsake him, nominate him, and be happy all your life." Despite frantic efforts on the part of Mr. Sinclair, the singing and cheering were less than fervent. It was not until a young man from Florida, a member of the delegation from that State, had insisted, that the applause was prolonged, and the speaker was wildly cheered when, just before concluding, he said: "Herbert Hoover is the greatest humanitarian since Jesus Christ."

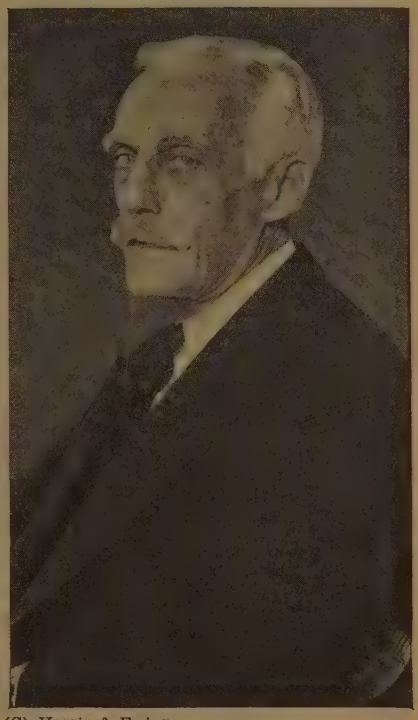
But as this appreciation of the 1928 Republican Convention is being written the real ballyhoo is still to begin. The party orators who will place the names of the G. O. P. great in nomination have polished and repolished their documents. The keynote speaker, the Honorable Simeon D. Fess, United States Senator from Ohio and an ardent dry, is getting ready to compare, once again, President Coolidge to Abraham Lincoln. It would be crude for Mr. Fess to say anything regarding the Ohio gang, and he will doubtless be silent regarding those gentlemen; regarding the eminent Will Hays, whose face is sadly absent these days; regarding the little green house on K Street; regarding Messrs. Sinclair, Doheny, and the rest.

But I grow prophetic and I am obviously out of order, for by the time this article is in the hands of the reader it is likely that the Republican ballyhoo of 1928 will be over, the Republican leader will have been named, and the attention of the Nation will be turning southward to Texas, where, on June 26, the curtain of another spectacle will have been rung up.

Kansas City has her Convention, the second since 1900, when the Democrats convened in the same hall and nominated the silver-tongued Bryan. Her boosters are happy as the show begins. One wonders a little whether they will be as joyful when it all is over and only the bills remain to be paid. It must be costing a good deal of money—far more than the $150,000 pledged to the National Committee at the meeting in December. It has meant long hours of arduous, tiresome, exacting work on the part of a large committee of distinguished citizens, men whose time is worth a good deal of money.

Cities gripped by booster enthusiasms always vastly overestimate the crowds that will attend their affairs. It was freely predicted that from 75,000 to 100,000 people would be present in Kansas City for the five days of the Convention; actually, reservations for hardly 10,000 have been made through the official housing committee. It is mere guesswork to predict the number of people who may come into town to see the sights; but it is hardly probable that there will be more than ten or fifteen thousand each day.

Nor is every one entirely happy regarding the arrangements. Only 750 of the several thousand loyal Kansas Cityans who contributed to the expenses will receive tickets, for the hall is a good deal smaller than in some other cities where National Conventions have been held. What will Kansas City get out of it all? Publicity, advertising, world renown? The boosters assure themselves that they will be repaid many times over. "You



(C) Harris & Ewing

Secretary Andrew Mellon, head of the Pennsylvania delegation

see," one of them told me, with great confidence, "it's a chance for K. C. to put all her goods in the window and have every important man in the country look at them. I don't mean only the politicians—I mean the big industrialists and business men. Each one of them has an oar in this thing somewhere. He's got something he wants from the party, and he'll be on hand. Didn't you see that General W. W. Atterbury, of the Pennsylvania, was on his way here? It's fellows like that, who'll always be found at a Republican Convention, who count."

And perhaps, in view of recent events in the G. O. P., he was right.

The G. O. P. Lines Up

By

ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT

A BAND was blaring in the lobby of the Muehlebach.

Behind the bass horn I met a Democratic friend.

"What hotel are you staying at?" I shouted in his ear.

"The President," he yelled in reply. "Don't you think they had better change its name to Hoover?"

THIRTY-SIX hours before the Convention opens and four or five days before the balloting begins that is the way it looks. I am not predicting something that will be known by the time this is read; I am simply reporting the appearance of things before some of the most important delegations arrive. And what gives the appearance of success to the Hoover boom is the fear of him that is the only thing his opponents have in common.

But even in that fear of him they are not all at one. They fear him for different reasons. Some of them prefer to fear him on the ground that, if nominated, he could not carry several normally Republican agricultural States. How genuine this fear is I cannot be sure. Dissatisfaction with President Coolidge's veto of the McNary-Haugen Bill is widespread and genuine enough, and it extends to Hoover because he is known to share the President's feeling about the main feature of that bill—the equalization fee. Yet one man from Nebraska who was savage in his comments on Hoover said to me that his State would support Coolidge. The Farm Bureau Federation had just passed a resolution for farm aid without mentioning either the McNary-Haugen Bill or the equalization fee; and this man said that now, therefore, the party could nominate Lowden, who is committed to the equalization fee, without repudiating the Administration. Yet he was implacable in his criticism of Hoover for standing with the President. I could not follow his logic.

Others, who are candidates for local offices, fear Hoover because farmer dissatisfaction, which may not be enough to affect the State-wide result, may locally be enough to cost them their offices. Still others fear Hoover because he is not an organization man. They want a regular. They remember bitterly that Hoover supported President Wilson's peace proposals and asked the country to support them. They want nobody that has not an orthodox record in the G. O. P.

One speaker at a "pep" meeting for Hoover remarked that Hoover was enough of a Republican to be chosen in the Cabinets of two Republican Presidents; but that does not satisfy the priests and Levites of the grand old hierarchy. And some at the very opposite end of the scale from the radical farm group fear Hoover for what they suspect he might do to big business. They do not know what he might do to the railroads with his ideas about waterways and freight rates. They are not easy in their minds when they imagine what he might consider best in dealing with giant power and public utilities. They are Wall Street influences that do not think he is safe—so it is reported. These conflicting fears combine in a common fear that has brought together those that are known here as the "allies."

All the open bitterness here—and some of it is bitter enough to furnish medicine that may be later administered by the Democrats—is against Hoover.

But if there is an alliance here against Hoover, it is so far a loose alliance and not very efficient. It may be strengthened and tightened up in hotel suites later. What happened in a smoke-filled room in 1920 may be attempted this year. It worked then, and it may work now. The Nation's memory is not long; but it has been refreshed from time to time during these eight years and the G. O. P. cannot take the Nation's confidence for granted. There is Al Smith in the offing, and the elephant will have to watch its step here.

One of the candidates, Senator Curtis, of Kansas, I have been told on trustworthy authority, will not be a party to any combination. Of the others I have no information. The idea that the Administration, represented here prominently by Secretary Work and Secretary Jardine as supporters of Hoover, can be used to defeat Hoover by stampeding the Convention for the renomination of President Coolidge, still survives and proves that among ideas it is not always the fittest that survives. Secretary Mellon, who at least will know what the Pennsylvania delegation will do, Charles D. Hilles, the former Taft lieutenant, who will say what most of the New York delegates will do, and Chairman Butler, of the National Committee, may be holding on the eve of the Convention the balance of power between Hoover and the "allies."

Those who see in this contest a likeness to that of 1912 must have dim memories of that historic Convention. It is true that here a popular candidate seems pitted mainly against politicians and that there have been some delegation contests; but there the likeness ends. There is here, so far at least, no massed emotion, no battle formation of two armies, no challenge to the death. Even the contests between rival delegations for membership in the Convention but distantly resemble those that ripped the Convention of 1912 in two. All of the contests this year were from the South, where the Republican Party is weak—unless two district contests from Kentucky and Tennessee be excepted. In those from Texas the principle that the law of a State should be observed, which was violated in 1912, was this year upheld; but that was because the rules of the Convention had meantime been changed. There was no case involving the disregard of a popular primary. The Hoover delegates won because their cases were ably presented against a weak opposition. How they will fare in the Credentials Committee and the Convention itself will be known after this is in print. The spirit of 1912 seems far off from this dull and confused Convention among the Kansas Cityans.

So far the Hooverites are dignified and self-restrained. They show their unity, not by any outward emotion, but by their intelligent organization. They apparently have a well-oiled machine, as becomes an engineer. Those who have been closest to the chief exhibit a quiet fervor that is devotional. They are like the disciples of Roosevelt rather than like the disciples of Wilson. Their ideals are those not so much of moral or social or political reform as of efficiency and humanitarianism. They believe in Hoover for what he has done in feeding the Belgians, in employing food as a weapon for peace, in making his Department an instrument of economic order, in doing human things on a great scale. They do not present a program, but a man.

Acme

THE ANTI-HOOVER GROUP

Left to right, seated : A. A. Lilly, of Charleston, S. C. ; Ruth Hanna McCormick, of Illinois ; Senator James Watson, of Indiana ; Dorothy Cunningham, of Indiana. Standing : Michael J. Tobin, of Iowa ; Senator-elect Otis F. Glenn, of Illinois ; Henry W. Marshall, of Indiana ; Lewis L. Emerson, of Illinois ; William H. Miller, of Ohio

But these disciples are not the only ones in the Hoover organization. There are also skilled politicians. Secretary Work is as politically minded a gentleman as ever ran a caucus. And serving in this cause of social engineering are some who were in that precious coterie with which Will H. Hays is probably sorry he was ever associated. They bring no prestige to any cause they serve. Some of the shrewdest politicians of the Republican Party—honest and less honest, to put it mildly—attached themselves to Roosevelt. Men like them in the Democratic Party guessed that Wilson was the right man to back. How far Hoover's present political position, in contrast to the wreckage of eight years ago, is due to his political associates and how far to his own extraordinary and undenied organizing ability I do not know. But I do know that he has been damned for not being a politician and that he is now damned for being one. His political acumen is going to be tested in the days that are to come. A Presidential candidate must appear publicly free if he is in reality to be free. Mr. Hoover is already under some obligation to Mr. Mellon, and may become more so. I understand that Mr. Hoover believes in Mr. Mellon's fiscal policies. In view of those facts, Mr. Hoover may find himself in the embarrassing position of choosing between his convictions and the avoidance of appearing to pay a political debt. Nothing that has yet happened may so test Mr. Hoover's political sagacity.

If Mr. Hoover is not nominated I cannot guess, and I believe no one can guess, who will be. If Mr. Coolidge would say that word that would eat the words he has already said, everybody here seems to believe that he could have the nomination without question. Even those here who are most outraged by the Coolidge way seem to think that the party would have to accept Mr. Coolidge himself. But no one has yet explained how he could say that word without self-stultification except possibly to prevent a nomination that would be equivalent to a repudiation of his Administration. No friend of the President could attribute to him the intention of saying that word at the expense of his Secretary of Commerce. Who else, then, could be the candidate? It is anybody's guess as the Convention is about to assemble.

DURING these days of preparations no issues are discussed. There is no program, no leadership. It is a fight of personalities. Those behind Hoover are for him because of what they believe to be his supreme qualifications for the Presidency—not for any program he has laid down. So far as he represents anything, he nominally represents the Coolidge policies. Those behind Lowden are for him because he is for the farmer. Curtis and Watson and Goff are favorite sons. And so it goes.

I say there is no issue in spite of all the talk about the state of agriculture. The so-called farm issue, here at least, is not an issue, but a grievance. There is no starving peasantry, but there is discontent among many who work on the farms because they feel the Government does not protect their means of livelihood as it protects industry. But when they talk about means of protection they are at odds with one another. Some think that the party will give them a lot of words and then trust to their party fealty or to their dislike of the Democrats. No one asks that the Government really put farming on an equality with industry with its highly organized division of labor and with its mass production, standardization, and all the rest that goes with the factory. All agree that the task is to preserve the individualism of the farmer and yet raise the returns to agriculture to the level of those of our complex industrial order. Everything beyond that is a dispute about ways and means.

Prohibition as an issue has not come to life. I have yet to hear of a candidate that is out and out for modification of prohibition. Hoover is for the continuance of the prohibition experiment. Lowden has said nothing.

THIS promises to be a genuine G. O. P. Convention. The Grand Old Party is not ashamed of its *clichés*. Its elephantine feet are firmly on the ground. It is now the party of those who have—not of those who have not. Its greatest pride is that under its benign rule there are more of those who have than ever before. Its discernible aspirations are not much above material prosperity. Even the farm problem is one of satisfying higher standards of living that have come about under Republican rule.

But honesty in Government, the curbing of special privilege (which becomes a new job with every generation), the determination to do away with the partnership between party politics and favored interests—all that seems to be as far removed from the mood of those here as if the kingdom of heaven had already arrived.

It can hardly be expected of a party that it will arraign itself; but will this party meet in advance its opponents' arraignment and repudiate the acts of those who have brought it to dishonor?

These are first impressions of a party gathering in convention—a party that has lost its Old Guard but not all of its Old Guard traditions, whose Senate cabal is discredited but not all of its remnants disposed of, and whose confidence in the midst of confusion seems just now to rest on the belief that it is normally in the majority. What it becomes will depend on whether it wants and finds a leader.

IN the background of this Republican Convention is the figure of Al Smith. It seems to be assumed that he will be the opponent to meet. Perhaps he will have a program. If he forces the fight, it will not be the first time that a Democrat has driven the Republican Party to espouse a cause.

It's Hitchcock's Job Now

By HERBERT REED
(Right Wing)

DEVEREUX MILBURN, the mighty galloper, having laid down the mantle of American polo leadership, partly because of a crash over the jumps, and partly, I suspect, to give the younger men a chance, the burden is assumed by one of the ablest and most picturesque characters in sport, young Tommy Hitchcock. The burden will be a heavy one, for there is to be met this year in defense of this country's polo supremacy probably the most dangerous team of two-legged and four-footed players that ever came to these shores, the splendid sportsmen from the Argentine. There will have to be a new Big Four built around Hitchcock, and while, of course, there is a selection committee, there is little doubt that the new defenders will be molded close to Tommy's heart's desire. And that heart's desire is the best Big Four that ever took the field for the United States. A large order that—but the young Hitchcock is accustomed to large orders. The testing is already under way, and will continue until the eve of the big matches in September. So there is plenty of time in which to solve the problem both of men and mounts. No man at this writing has the remotest idea of what the final selection will be, but there is much to be said about the known candidates, all of whom have reputations only slightly less distinguished than those of their great predecessors. It is possible, too, that a young collegian of the type of Forrester Clark, of Harvard, will make a great bid such as that of Winston Guest a year ago.

If you get a close-up of Tommy Hitchcock, you will be looking into a somewhat whimsical face—a face that sometimes, and even in the stress of terrific action, can assume the bland and inscrutable expression of whichever happens to be your own favorite Buddha. Even at the full gallop there is nothing in that face to furnish the slightest clue to the intentions or ultimate destination of its wearer. In which respect it is utterly unlike the countenance of Milburn, his great predecessor. Milburn's face in action is expressive to the last degree; Tommy's face expresses absolutely nothing. From which one might get the false impression that Hitchcock, Junior, was not a born leader. He is *just* that. The fact that in most of his public appearances in this country he has been under the direction of either Milburn or, another veteran, Louis E. Stoddard, one of the craftiest Backs in the game, has caused the average observer to lose sight of the fact that he once led a team in the Olympics in excellent fashion, and that he has occasionally turned in a very fine performance at Back himself. It is perhaps improbable, but quite possible that he might care to run the new Big Four from Back.

OF the old team there remain in addition to Tommy himself at No. 2, Watson Webb at No. 1, and Malcolm Stevenson at No. 3. Whether Webb and Stevenson will seek places and win them with the new combination remains to be seen, but it is quite possible that Stevenson and Webb will step down. The combination of Stevenson at No. 3 and Milburn at Back was the greatest defense the game has seen, and Stevenson was particularly clever in covering Milburn when the latter chose to storm through to the attack. It may be decided that better results can be gained by building up a new pair for the second line *as a pair*. In the front line it may be recalled that Hitchcock has been very effective with Averell Harriman, Elmer Boeseke, Eric Pedley, James C. Cooley, Winston Guest, or Captain Wilkinson out for-

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J. Watson Webb about to hit the ball. Hitchcock is directly behind him

ward. The No. 1 in front of the hard-hitting Hitchcock needs to be finely mounted, so that he can get away out on the end of Tommy's feeding shots, which means speed, and must be an extremely accurate short-distance shot both fore and back. When it comes to riding off the opposing Back, Guest's size and weight make him quite a factor. But in the modern game, American style, and realizing on Hitchcock's feeding strokes, the No. 1 usually is more concerned with "slipping" the opposing Back than with riding him off. Should Tommy decide to place himself elsewhere, Winston Guest is unmistakably a No. 2 of international caliber. There are also available at No. 1 "Laddy" Sanford and Captain Charley Gerhardt.

If "Mike" Stevenson decides to abandon a trial for No. 3, there is Cheever Cowdin on whom to rely. Cowdin showed last year that he was at the top of his game after years of effort, and after a long setback because of serious injury. He is a splendid horseman and a master of deft strokes all around his mount. I must say I am one of those who are greatly taken with Cowdin's play. Captain Peter Rodes is a coming No. 3 of the hard-riding, hard-hitting type, with a cold head and a fiery heart.

The No. 4 or Back position is a very real problem. By tradition, an American international Back is a tremendous hitter and a fine field general. It is possible, of course, to handle the generalship from No. 3, as was the case when Harry Payne Whitney put together the first and, in the opinion of the veterans, the "only" Big Four. In view of this, the statement I am about to make may appear rather startling, since it is about a young man who does not impress the average polo follower except in flashes. This was Bobby Strawbridge. However, I studied his play carefully last year, especially his dependability and range, working now and then with diagrams, with the result that, in my judgment at least, and on the full season's play, he was the most *consistent* Back in action, not even excepting Milburn. Milburn's genius, of course, led him to many moments of play that no other man has equaled in my experience, but the very fury of his attack occasionally led him into errors. Strawbridge has had splendid coaching by his father, who was a severe taskmaster, and later by Milburn, who can teach as well as he can play. Furthermore, he filled in successfully, even brilliantly, at No. 3 when Stevenson was hurt in a match against Great Britain. This ability to play a fine No. 3 would be an added asset, making it possible for him to go up into the fracas readily when covered by his own No. 3. If Strawbridge puts on another season like the last, I believe that he will get into at least one of the international matches.

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THE SPLENDID SPORTSMEN FROM THE ARGENTINE

The 1926 team, from left to right: A. M. Peva, M. M. Andrada, Jack Nelson, Captain Lewis Lacey, and J. Rensel. Three of these—Andrada, Nelson, and Lacey—will return this year

I HAVE spoken of Forrester Clark. Here is a possibility, to be sure, at least as a substitute. He is a tremendous hitter, a fine horseman, strong at riding off, and a keen student of the American generalship. Certainly he is a great future prospect, even if he does not make it this year. With his six feet seven inches of height, and 200 pounds when down to riding weight—he rows in the Harvard crew at 205—he is a great smotherer of the opposing No. 1. Among the other candidates of whom we shall see a great deal are Harold Talbott, Jr., steadily improving; Frederick H. Prince, Jr., a high-class veteran Back; Rodman Wanamaker, who has turned in some fine backfield play; and Morgan Belmont, who, when in the mood, plays tremendously at Back or at No. 1. If he decides this season to make a real effort, rather than an obliging appearance in the Open championship, he will be hard to stop. It is in him to be one of our greatest. This is not the whole list, but will do for the time being.

A great deal of credit is due the Sands Point club for putting on on Sundays on the splendid field at Port Washington polo matches in the course of which every aspirant for the Big Four will be seen in action. This is to go on all summer, and, of course, soon after they arrive the men from the Argentine will also be seen there. They will furnish color enough in their own right to fill out anybody's Sunday afternoon. The real polo devotee who misses his Port Washington Sunday afternoon misses both a game and a picture.

ARGENTINA'S string of mounts, another gorgeous assemblage from the Pampas, is already here, and the players will be along in July. American polo followers will be glad to know that "Jack" Nelson and Lewis Lacey are both coming, together with A. H. Kenny, a new visitor from Buenos Aires, John Miles, and the massive Manuel Andrada. For the benefit of Jerseyites and Philadelphians, I may say that they will have an opportunity to see the invaders in their home territory. There's a possibility of Narragansett, too. I am giving away no secrets, either, when I say that the men who learned their horsemanship as boys chasing ostriches are quite determined to win the big matches, whatever they do prior to that time. About that ostrich experience (and the birds were not sticking their heads in the sand at the time) and the consequent phantom touch on the reins—ah, another time.

Mrs. Herbert Hoover

By CHARLOTTE KELLOGG

SOME one asked me recently: "Does Mrs. Hoover want her husband to be President? Is she working with him? for him?" And it seemed a strange question to one who has seen how completely, despite the independence and variety of their days, she shares her husband's life. I do not know what she may feel personally about the possibility of going into the White House, but I doubt if she allows herself to think about it. If fate seems to be carrying her husband in that direction, then that is her direction.

There is nothing extraordinary about this. It simply means that the Hoovers are happily mated. Their marriage, in February, 1899, one year after her own graduation from Stanford University and four years after his, is one of the best arguments for co-education that I know.

They had found themselves there in the same geology classes, Lou Henry having come up from Monterey, the old Spanish capital of California, to which her banker father had brought his young family from Iowa, and Herbert Hoover having come from another Iowa town by way of the Quaker relatives in Oregon with whom he had lived after having been left an orphan when only eight.

They found themselves in the same classroom, and there *was* something unusual in this, for at that time Lou Henry was about the only girl in the University determined to discover through such scientific study more about the inside of the earth whose surface in that romantically beautiful Monterey territory she so adored. There was more too than classroom association; for often week-ends and holidays were given to explorations under the chaperonage of the geologist, John Caspar Branner, and other professors of science, into the Santa Cruz Mountains or by virgin trails along the Pacific shore beyond the mountains.

HERBERT HOOVER was graduated in 1895. He had earned most of his way through college, and would begin using the knowledge he had acquired there at once, and in California. So he started with a pick in his hand, and for many months worked literally in the mines to learn a man's work. After that for a year or two his friends saw him as a rapidly advancing engineer in our West.

Then came Australia for another two years, while Lou Henry was finishing her University course. Herbert Hoover expected that in June of 1899 he would return to the old Spanish capital for their wedding. Instead, he cabled in the winter that he had accepted an alluring position under the Chinese Government, and asked if she would be married in February and go to China, instead of in June to go to Australia.

And so it was—they were married on February 10, 1899. And they sailed for China the next day.

I have not known any one more devoted to father and mother and sister than Lou Henry, but she sailed with the young engineer.

She left her father and mother and her sister Jean, and Monterey, for China, not suspecting, of course, that she was heading for the Boxer Rebellion. Little it would have mattered had she known. Some one spoke with impatience once of Mrs. Hoover's optimism: "Everything is always going to work out beautifully with her. She doesn't seem to see the other possibilities in a situation." Quite true, she may not seem to. Nothing must halt or hinder her husband or herself, once a course has been chosen. Her fearlessness is an outstanding trait.

The Hoovers had been less than two years in China before the Boxer Rebellion broke, and they took their part in the foreigners' civilian defense of the besieged city of Tientsin. In the light of late happenings in that country, it is easier for us to imagine what living through that one of 1900 was like.

That was the beginning of the kind of world adventure known to American mining engineers and their wives. This particular engineer had so early demonstrated special capacities that their work involved from the first large undertakings, often much more than the construction or reconstruction of mining properties—care, for instance, of the human groups connected with those widely varying enterprises, even, at times, the creation of an entirely new village, or living center, for one of them, affording better shelter, better sanitation, better food.

Before Lou Henry's first son was four years old he had been around the world three times. She has been, like her husband, at home on various parts of the earth, while remaining intensely local in her loyalties. I remember her once saying that she had gone many times around the world with her eyes open for the best place to bring up boys, but could never find any spot better for that purpose than the place from which she started, the campus of Stanford University.

THESE early experiences, during which she was constantly seeing human struggle and misery, may partly explain why Mrs. Hoover's chief interest, outside that in her family, is in work for social and economic betterment, and with the emphasis placed on better homes and better schools, a better chance to enjoy out-of-doors.

Quite recently, on her own Stanford campus, realizing the difficulty younger faculty families had to find houses that were small and of moderate rental and yet offered quiet and comfort and a certain degree of beauty, she selected a convenient stretch of land on which she set up a group of such small houses with embellishing courts and gardens. One sees no "For Rent" signs on that area.

Indeed, my most vivid memories of Mrs. Hoover (outside her own house) are those of her as she welcomed some group of American women somewhere in a house they had at last achieved. At one time it was in the American Women's Club in London, at another in the Stanford University Women's Club House—it is part of her belief that women should be able to meet together in pleasant surroundings for the purposes of friendship and work—and again in the three houses in overcrowded war-time Washington which she rehabilitated and placed at the service of the young women assisting in the Food Administration, and in the Women's University Club of that same city. I might go on with the list.

Incidentally, I believe that if Mrs. Hoover were asked what "career" she would now choose were she free to embark on one, she would answer, "The architect's." She enjoys tremendously planning and building, and always she attempts an independent, an individual

Mrs. Herbert Hoover

solution of a problem. Practically every room in her California house, for instance, opens on a sun-bathed terrace. One has the feeling, as one does in the Indian pueblos, of being able to walk straight out from them upon planes of air.

Her house leads me to her garden, whose beginnings at Stanford University I well remember. She had brought back Butler, the old colored gardener of Washington Food Administration days. After attention to the immediate house surroundings, seeing a good-sized hitherto unproductive stretch of land, she had said: "Why can't we all enjoy seeing something more than black soil there? And what better than vegetables?" She has always had particular pleasure in vegetables, as witness the beautiful dinner-table center-pieces that have been so much admired. So she took the lease of that strip and gave Butler *carte blanche*, warning him, however, that California adobe was not Southern sand or clay.

Despite the warning, in no time watermelons, sweet potatoes, rows upon rows of sweet corn, and other vegetables dear to the South began thrusting from the lower acre. Then even the gardener of unlimited faith was amazed, for his bordering sunflowers kept on growing taller and taller and their California yellow suns bigger and bigger, until he doubted his simple old eyes.

During the entire summer and fall Butler, who always put on a gay tie for his round of visits, appeared at our doorsteps with dewy baskets of melons and lettuce. On our Western campus, where servants were rarely to have and as rarely to hold, Butler and his garden were a happy experience.

This garden at Stanford, the undisturbed forest garden which is unique in Washington, their houses, possessions, and opportunities, the Hoovers share with their friends and neighbors to an extent which made one of them say the other day, "They make it necessary for us to defend them against our sense of possession!" This sharing, this hospitality, has no kinship with conventional social expression. It is allied to that direct and simple sharing and intercourse known to the pioneer. It includes under one roof people who have won world distinction and just plain people.

And here we are again touching what I believe has been the motivating influence in Mrs. Hoover's life. She is rooted in the West, and in that part of the West where still lives the attitude of those who engaged in the magnificent adventure of "opening up" California—the gold above and the gold below. The spirit of comradeship abroad in a new country, a wide country—that spirit strong and sure of itself often limps in a long-settled, narrower one.

Recently friends have seen her engaged in after-dinner hours on the tapestry work of revived popularity. But while it was natural to most of us to work on the customary stamped patterns of French or other design, it was quite as natural for Mrs. Hoover to trace one of her own. She had seen a beautiful composition—cherry blossoms along the Potomac, fleecy clouds and a blue sky overhead, and as focal point the soaring shaft of the Washington monument. She would transpose this in needle-point. Nor does the fact that she may not produce a *chef d'œuvre* weaken my point. Ready-made solutions are tame to the person who knows the thrill in the challenge to wit or endurance in the making of ways.

Her roots are in the pioneering West. They flower in a passionate love of out-of-doors, of camping under pines or redwoods or in some cove by the blue Pacific (she sleeps under a roof only when obliged to), in a serenity born only of such companionship with skies and seas, in independence and daring, in neighborliness and in great kindliness, in the desire to co-operate in the building up of a community, and especially through encouragement of its schools. The fact that one often meets the teachers of her children in her house is suggestive. Once in an educational meeting I heard her say:

"The greatest problem of our country today, the determining of the quality of our citizenship twenty years hence, is the problem of our teaching force. The most important thing we have to do is to insist on an adequate standard of preparation in the teachers now training, and to lure to their ranks the right type of men and women by making adequate provision for them. We should consider this profession in the light of great national service."

Her absorbing interest at this time is the Girl Scout movement. She is a retired President and now Vice-President of the National organization and

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The Spiritual Adventure

By CLAUDE BRAGDON

Krishnamurti is the young Hindu Brahmin believed by Mrs. Annie Besant and others to be an *avatara*, or world teacher.

At the age of twelve he wrote his first book, "At the Feet of the Master," which has had a circulation of three hundred thousand, and he has written five others since. He is the sponsor of an international magazine, "The Star," published simultaneously in twenty-one countries and fourteen languages.

His message of Happiness through Liberation has already met with an extraordinary response from that younger generation of which he is so fine a representative.

This is a free paraphrase of Krishnamurti's philosophy as Mr. Bragdon heard him expound it.

IN times past the seeker after spiritual freedom and enlightenment went to the monastery, the forest, or the mountain, there to lead the secluded life of the ascetic. Today it must be otherwise, for no place is any longer secure from some sort of invasion; nor is such withdrawal from the world necessary or even advisable. You must find *within yourselves* the cell, the cave, the jungle, to which to withdraw in consecrated moments while living the ordinary life of every day under the conditions imposed by duty or necessity.

Self-mastery and the understanding of life are necessary for spiritual enlightenment, and these can be gained best by living. Do not shun life, therefore, nor be afraid to adventure and experiment, even to court danger, if need be, overcoming your fears by facing them. For if you trust life, instead of fearing it, you will find that life will itself sustain you. The swimmer who fears the water, and frantically struggles to escape from it, is likely to drown; but having confidence in the water's power to sustain him, the more he immerses himself, the more he is buoyed up.

Religion is a refuge from these human fears and a consolation against life's disappointments and indignities; but you should be fearless, and when you come to understand life truly you will no longer be disappointed and will have no need for consolation. Religion gives the support that a crutch gives to a cripple; but it is not, after all, man's natural condition to be lame! Philosophy is a game of the mind which may keep you playing with ideas about life instead of adventuring into action toward liberation. Religion and philosophy may therefore sometimes hinder more than they help, for they are crystallizations, formalizations, inherited from the past. The sectarian is like a man who blocks up every window in his house but one, and therefore sees only what happens to pass by that particular window. Look no longer through one or another window; come into the open; build no more houses to confine your spirit; found no new religions, formulate no new philosophies—*live!*

Knowledge is the harvest of the mind, but not wisdom, which is true understanding. This comes through the education of the heart, by the development of the affections. Love all you can and every one you can, and as disinterestedly as possible, for the highest and most potent form of love is dispassionate—or call it passionate kindness. If you ask a return for love, it is like asking payment for a gift; if you are jealous and possessive, you drape the one you love with invisible chains. These are the ways in which your self-love disguises itself, even from yourself. Do not decry love, therefore, because of your own self-inflicted torment, nor forswear love because you yourself have failed in magnanimity. Purify your mind and emotions as a protection against the wolves of your own passions. Regulate your thoughts, transmute your feelings, seek for them some beautiful expression, harmful neither to yourselves or others, even beneficent. For suppressed desires generate psychic and organic poisons, while action and expression keep clear the waters of the sacred fountain, and wisdom and mastery are gained from the experiences and reactions which a life of intelligently directed action brings.

Krishnamurti

LIVING openly, fearlessly, blamelessly—and, so far as possi-

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Summer Musical Shows

FOR some time we have been considerably worried by what we thought was a symptom of approaching unromantic middle age. Whenever we went to a musical comedy and the big emotional romantic scene came on, emotion fled from us. Instead of being properly touched, we felt inclined to sneer in a rather mild manner and be cynical. Alas! we sighed, the days of "The Red Mill" and "San Toy" are gone forever, and the musical comedy stage no longer holds any romance for us. Only youth, we decided, feels any real emotion over rose-light scenes.

Well, either we are descending once more into our childhood or else we were completely wrong in our diagnosis. Because we sat in the Broadhurst Theater the other evening, seeing a new summer musical show, "Here's Howe," and to our great joy found a slight tear on our cheek as the curtain descended upon the first act. Allen Kearns as the poor young man in the automobile factory had just come—as he expressed it, "faded out"—from a triangle situation in order to give the girl he loved the opportunity to get the things she wanted most in life, and which she felt unable to take because she was, as she thought, tied to him. He had just made the great sacrifice, and it touched us! Absurd, isn't it? But if you go see the show, we will wager that you experience as genuine a moment of emotion—although it may not be soul-racking—as at "Coquette" or any other of our approved dramas.

Indeed, to our mind, "Here's Howe" is what a musical show should be. It isn't filled with college drills by chorus girls, nor a lot of marching by chorus men. There's very little gathering of the company at the footlights to shout at you and make you doubtful of their sanity. Also, the best tune is not blared out at some time or other with seventy-four large brasses. All these things are left out.

What is put in is a very cleverly knit, entertaining story which naturally blossoms into all the different playlets and "acts" and specialties that every musical show nowadays needs. Added is some very pleasing music—much of it, we gather, by our young friend Roger Wolfe Kahn—and a colorful, varied, always tasteful production. The net outcome is a musical show that has more humor in it, to our mind, than any such show in town. It actually combines a story which runs true to the human emotions, with some very subtle humor, and the acting of such people as Ben Bernie, Allen Kearns, and Walter Catlett.

In fact, we feel like registering here a great huzzah for Ben Bernie, who seems to us to have become as original, artistic, and subtle a comedian as the stage possesses. Also, he actually can act.

Do we need to say that the story concerns itself with a Detroit automobile company (they stage the first scene in the community hall in order to justify the presence of the chorus girls), and deals with the poor stenographer and the poor mechanic whose dream is to have a gas station on the Boston Post Road, a fairly attractive and not at all villainous automobile manufacturer who is in love with the secretary, and the complications that follow upon the hero "fading out," leaving his sweetheart to go round the world with the automobile manufacturer?

As is usual in the musical comedy world, the round-the-world trip affords the excuse necessary to take the audience to more romantic places than Detroit motor buildings, and results, this time, in a view of Havana. So everybody goes to southern climes—in particular, the motor-car manufacturer and the secretary, accompanied by the manufacturer's absurd brother-in-law—who, of course, is Walter Catlett—and followed by a trio of professional murderers, who are very fond of the society of the aforesaid Catlett and who are so engaged by his personality that they change from being about to murder him, in the first act, to doing bag-kidnapping for him throughout the last act, whenever he needs it; which he does need very often, because of his soft-hearted attitude toward the ladies.

All these absurdities culminate in the dramatic meeting of Howe (the hero) with the automobile manufacturer in a card-cutting duel for each other's fortunes. (We forgot to say that the hero went to Havana and made a lot of money in six months, but didn't quite tell us how, at which we were rather disappointed.) The upshot is that the hero is ruined again, of course, but manages to build his gas station on the Boston Post Road only to find, as a final kick, that he is on a detour. How this situation is solved is one of those secrets of musical comedy which it never does to reveal. Anyway, from the foregoing, fragmentary as it may be, it ought to be easy for you to imagine that for once a musical show has appeared which doesn't lose its head completely in the second act, never to recover its sanity. Instead, "Here's Howe," in our estimation, becomes better and better as the evening draws on, until it ends by being completely satisfactory.

Yes, you are right. We like it, recommend it, and consider it the third best musical show produced this year, the other two being "Showboat" and "Funny Face." We hereby accord it that place, and think summer visitors to New York will agree with us.

Francis R. Bellamy.

Miniatures from the Life

By IBBY HALL

At Two

A LITTLE girl of two was very fond of dolls. She was so little that life was quite new to her and simple. The world was made up of her mother, her father, her big sister—who was eight and nearly grown up—and these small creatures who depended on her.

They were quite helpless, these dolls. Without her they could do nothing but lie awkwardly on their backs and stare fixedly at nothing. But the little girl of two knew what went on inside the unmoving heads and hard bosoms. She knew the secret of coming alive; they came alive through her. The little girl dressed and undressed her dolls; she rocked them to sleep; she took them up and fed them—she carried them out of doors for air and exercise.

But she was troubled and anxious about them, for, after all, she was only two. Her little fingers could hardly manage the pins and buttons, her arms were scarcely long enough to encircle her children, and her greatest steps could never take her far enough to show them much of life.

She made it up to them with promises. Some day she would be as big as her sister—as her mother; how much she could do for them then! That would be a long time from now. How many of her babies would be broken?

Then a strange thing happened in the little girl's world. The grown people, who thought it was all right for her to be so little, began to worry because the eight-year sister was not big enough. A doctor came and looked at the big girl of eight and shook his head without ever noticing how small and useless was the little girl of two.

That evening at supper the father took out from his pocket a strange box. What was in the box? The small mother of dolls leaned close to see. New things to eat, like little pebbles. Were they to eat?

But the father shook his head. They were not for two, it seemed; they were for eight years old. These were pills, said the father, to make her sister big and strong—magic pills to make her grow up quickly.

"I would like to grow up quickly," said the little girl of two. "I would like to grow up and be a big mother for my dolls."

But the pills were not for her.

When the meal was over, the big sister was given a pill. The box was left upon the table. The next morning there it was.

But the little girl of two was no bigger than she had been the day before—or the day before that. Her heart began to ache. She remembered her dolls. Soon the dining-room was empty. The morning was quiet. There was nothing on the table now, there above her head, but the magic box. She reached and staggered, and reached again.

The first little pebble had a bitter taste—they were not nice to eat. Was she growing bigger? She swallowed the second one quickly. Soon she would be tall enough to sit upon the big chairs and show them the exciting street. Another, and another—and tomorrow she could stand above the big stove and cook delicious things for them to eat. The room, the whole dining-room was changing around her. She was growing up!

Hurry now—so bitter—only a few left. Grown up—at the big sewing-machine—lovely dresses—all the dolls smiling at her—come alive—

The strychnine box was empty. Not only the room but the house and the great world outside were strange and different now. By nightfall she had stopped quite still—but at two. The dolls would never come alive again.

The Beggar

STANDING at the entrance of one of the New York subway stations the other day was a white and pathetic looking boy of nineteen. As people hurried past him, intent on catching the next train and making the next appointment, he made timid efforts to stop them, asking anxiously for alms. It was not long before the boy found himself under the special patronage of a police officer, who hauled him along with little ceremony to the nearest court, so that he might learn the penalty New York imposes upon its beggars.

The boy was brought before the magistrate and was looked over by the eyes of the law. Here was a truly pitiful spectacle—little more than a boy, not yet a man. What neglect of civilization, the magistrate wondered, had trained the boy to this trade?

The prisoner was asked to tell his story, and, pale and halting, he went through with it. When he was four, his mother had died. The people he was left to, he related simply, had not liked him. It was years since he had seen his father, who had never cared what might become of him. But, despite these drawbacks, he had found a job for himself. He had been mess-boy on board a steamship. It was only lately that he had lost the job. He could find no other, and he had been forced to beg, unless he would starve.

The crowd and the officers standing about were affected, and somewhat ashamed. They felt vaguely that they themselves might be somewhat to blame for the state of a society that first starved, and then punished the starvation. There was some whispering about the court-room, and some nodding, and a fund for the young beggar was begun, and mounted rapidly.

But there was a hard-boiled probation officer who was more uneasy even than his fellows. He was not so uneasy about the boy as about the story. That was a good story. That story was too good. While the collection was being taken up the probation officer slipped out of the room and hastily looked up some records—finger prints, and a few details like that.

To the dismay of the kind-hearted court, the probation officer submitted his own story. This boy was a liar. He came of a good, respectable family, living right here in New York—a family that he had disgraced by being guilty of the same offense a year ago. Moreover, the boy had then been put upon probation, and had never had the good faith to reappear. This boy belonged with the sob sisters. He had discovered too young that humanity enjoys its easy emotions, to the extent of being willing to pay high for them.

The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

"Fazil"

IF they had made a comedy of "Fazil," it would have been a big success, for most of the situations in the story lend themselves considerably better to comedy than to tragedy. But "Fazil" is a tragedy, and it will be a big success anyway, we suppose.

Charles Farrell and Greta Nissen are in it, and the publicity gentlemen are able to exploit the results of their participation under the general heading of red-hot love scenes. So, even though we didn't think they were so hot, there will be plenty of others who will think so.

Howard Hawks, who directed "Fazil," has made determined and generally successful efforts to invest the picture with beauty. Most of the scenes are glamourous and all are well photographed and lighted. But his attempts at burning passion, resistless infatuation, and that sort of thing are checkmated by the general silliness of the story. It's getting so that love, with a great big flaming L, has to be artfully dealt with on the screen or modern audiences will fail to be thrilled and will even go so far as to bust right out laughing in the wrong places.

After having seen Charles Farrell in some recent releases, it's hard to believe that this is the sturdy, unassuming sailor-boy of "Old Ironsides." He has been beauty-parlored into a Great Lover by his employers, and a Great Lover he now is; your reaction to his performance will therefore be in proportion to your regard for this particular brand of screen actor. We, personally, suggest to Mr. Farrell that, if he's going in permanently for this incandescent papa business, he take an afternoon off some time and watch Don Alvarado at work. In the case of Greta Nissen, all she needs to do is pray for a better part in a better picture.

"The Strange Case of Captain Ramper"

BASED on a genuinely interesting idea and worked out with intelligence, "The Strange Case of Captain Ramper" is rather an unusual picture. Unusual, indeed, in more respects than one, for, in addition to dealing with a new subject, it reverses a common fault in film-making.

It is the exception nowadays to find

a consistent, well-developed scenario with a continuity able to withstand analysis. Rarely, too, does one find an American or a German motion picture that isn't well photographed.

"The Strange Case of Captain Ramper" is an American film made in Germany; it has remarkably good continuity and is atrociously photographed. It's all very puzzling.

This is a picture in which the spectator's interest will be heightened, we believe, if he knows in advance what's going to happen. We shall attempt, then, a brief synopsis of the plot: Captain Ramper, an aviator, and Herr Ippling, his co-pilot, leave Germany in a huge replica of the transatlantic plane Bremen on a non-stop flight to the New World. They are lost in the Arctic regions, and given up for dead. But they are not dead—just as many other lost fliers are perhaps not dead; they have kept alive for three years on the supplies of a former Arctic expedition.

At the end of this period Ippling dies by his own revolver, and Ramper, his brain gone, begins an animal existence, living as the polar beasts live and sustained only by his great physical strength. For twelve years he roams the ice-fields until a fishing boat finally captures him and brings him back to Germany. In the minds of the ignorant sailors, Ramper is a new kind of Arctic animal—half monkey and half bear; on reaching their home port, they sell him to a side-show, and here he is seen by a scientist, who succeeds in getting him into the hands of a great brain specialist.

Ramper's consciousness, so long dormant, is restored to him, and he finds himself plunged into the vortex of modern life, for which he immediately develops such a strong distaste that he returns to the Arctic, presumably to renew his animal existence.

There is a subdued love interest in the person of a girl of the side-show and her boy friend, who runs the merry-go-round. This girl is played by a certain Mary Johnson, presumably a German actress; she is something like Greta Garbo and something like Janet Gaynor—very interesting, indeed. As Captain Ramper, the widely known Paul Wegener gives a stolid but competent turn to his difficult rôle.

In spite of the fact that it's so hard to watch, "The Strange Case of Captain Ramper" is suggested as worthy to be put on your list.

"The Drag Net"

AN exaggerated, impossible, trite, and thrillingly entertaining picture is "The Drag Net," from the pen of O. H. P. Garrett, a former New York reporter, and acted to the very nines by George Bancroft, Evelyn Brent, William Powell, Francis Macdonald, Fred Kohler, and Leslie Fenton.

It's hard to picture the type of film-goer who could fail to enjoy this picture, but if any one does so fail, he will be the sort who (*a*) hates all crook plays, (*b*) dislikes the contemplation of sudden death in all its branches, or (*c*) insists on utter logic with his thrills.

We wouldn't for the world tell you the plot of "The Drag Net"—it's too crazy. But we will say that it's crammed full of original action and supplies the actors with opportunities to do the best work of their respective careers. Josef von Sternburg's direction is so good that you are not aware of it, and this is intended as a compliment.

But, above all, "The Drag Net" has got something which balks analysis and defies criticism—a wallop. If Mr. O. H. P. Garrett can deliver another one like it, he can start right now deciding whether he'll have jade or onyx baths on his new yacht—and, whichever he gets, he will have earned them. For Mr. Garrett can apparently take old material and hackneyed types and infuse them with something-or-other, and if he can do it once, perhaps he can do it again, and yet again.

A Distinguished Collaboration

By EUGENE BONNER

INSTANCES of collaboration between a great composer and a dramatist of the first rank are so very rare that when such a partnership extends over a period of twenty years it becomes a matter of more than usual importance.

As a rule, when a composer wishes to write an opera, it is because he has been struck with the possibility of some play which he has either seen performed or has read. In either case, even when the play in question is in verse, numerous difficulties have to be met and overcome —not the least being the question of "rights," which many an eager young composer has found to his sorrow is a business to be entered into with prayer and fasting, to say nothing of a good lawyer or two.

Once having got the matter of rights to the piece settled, comes the even greater difficulty of having a short and more compact version made—another nice, easy proposition, as the average dramatist does not write verse, and a truly first-rate rhyme-monger can't be bothered with doing over the work of another. All of which explains the truly delectable concoctions yclept libretti which the average composer has to put up with.

On the other hand, many dramas in verse can be found which are skillfully written and have a certain dramatic value but which from the operatic point of view are not satisfactory, as, although to the uninitiated an opera does not seem to have any definite musical form, like a symphony, for instance, it has, as a matter of fact, a very definite form if the opera is a really good one. A good dramatic composer soon learns the value of contrasts, balance of thematic material and orchestral color, and, most important of all in music drama, the knowledge of dramatic technique. A composer may have the finest possible libretto, but if he hasn't the flair for dramatic values and a certain practical knowledge of stagecraft, no matter how fine his work may be from a musical point of view, he will not produce a good opera.

When, however, two such great artists, each unsurpassed in his own line, as Richard Strauss and Hugo von Hofmannsthal form a partnership that lasts over twenty years, and when in addition a large portion of their correspondence during that period has been preserved, edited, and published, the resulting book should be of unusual interest to the lay public as well as to musicians.

It was after the sensational success of "Salome," the one-act piece of Oscar Wilde which Strauss had set to music, that the composer and the dramatist first joined forces. In his preface to the "Correspondence between Richard Strauss and Hugo von Hofmannsthal," brought out this winter by Alfred A. Knopf, Dr. Franz Strauss, the composer's son, writes:

> At this critical moment he found the ideal collaborator in Hugo von Hofmannsthal, a man who to all the qualities of a heaven-sent poet united the happiest powers of invention, the true dramatic impulse, the highest culture and the rarest and most delicate appreciation of my father's peculiar endowment. . . . I offer this book to the public in the belief that this glimpse into the workshop of two artists working together with such extraordinary conscientiousness and so weighty a sense of their responsibilities will awaken the sympathy of and at the same time act as an inspiration and a challenge to all who are interested in the problem of opera.

The opening letters, beginning at the end of 1907, are concerned with the plan of making an opera on the subject of Semiramis (a scheme which after a great deal of discussion finally came to naught) and details concerning "Elektra," their first opera written together. Already we begin to get an insight into their manner of working together, their mutual give-and-take policy, which has resulted in such really superb works for the lyric stage.

The next scheme, discussed at length, concerns the dramatist's "Casanova," another project that fell by the wayside, for which we should be devoutly thankful when we realize what masterpiece it was that took its place. Hofmannsthal writes from Weimar early in 1909:

> Since I came here, I have spent three peaceful afternoons in writing the complete scenario for an absolutely new and original libretto. The situations are broadly comic, the action is as varied and almost as obvious as a pantomime—there are opportunities for lyric passages, fun, humor, even for a short ballet. There are two big rôles, one for baritone, the other for a shapely wench in man's clothes—à la Farrar or Mary Garden. The place and period, Vienna in the time of Maria Theresa.

Thus was conceived "Der Rosenkavalier." Strauss's letter a few weeks later makes an interesting pendant to the above:

> Act I arrived yesterday. I am simply ravished by it; it really is extraordinarily charming, and so subtle—a little too subtle, perhaps, for the general public, but that doesn't matter. The middle part (the levee scene) is not easy to put into shape, but I shall manage it all right. I have the whole summer before me. The concluding scene is splendid—I have already had a shot at it—I only wish I had already got so far. But in order to preserve the symphonic unity I shall have to compose it all in the order in which it is written—so I must have patience. Yes, it is certainly a delicious "curtain"—what a wonderful fellow you are! When shall I have the rest of it?

The correspondence which follows concerning "Rosenkavalier" (originally called "Ochs," by the way) covers a period of nearly two years, and is altogether fascinating. After the "Rosenkavalier" letters come the long and very complicated discussions of their next opera, "Ariadne auf Naxos." This work, consisting of a play of Molière's with incidental music ("Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme"), followed by the opera proper, was never a complete success, owing to its hybrid character.

The remainder of the letters, dealing with the "Joseph's Legend" and "Die Frauhne Schatten" are equally absorbing, not only as to subject-matter, but in the case of those of von Hofmannsthal from the point of view of literary style.

The correspondence has been well translated by Paul England, and we advise those who are interested in matters operatic to lose no time getting hold of the book, which is doubly interesting in view of the *première* of their new opera, "Die Ægyptische Helena," which just took place at the Staatsoper, in Dresden.

The Gypsy Baby

A Tale for Children

By HARRIET EAGER DAVIS

Illustrated by Frank W. Peers

TALES of gypsies and their thievings and kidnappings fascinated little Lois from the time she was a tiny girl. Sometimes the wandering folk did camp in the neighborhood, and once a baby boy was really found at a neighbor's door, in a basket, so rumor said, filled with money and beautiful clothes. Though he grew up in their midst, his true history Lois never learned, so to amuse herself on her long trudge from home to school, she invented a solution of her own, casually changing the boy into the girl she and her five sisters felt he should have been. Indeed, so ardent were these young feminists that they vowed if ever they grew up and married and had a boy baby, they would kill him and make him over into a girl!

So the gypsy tale grew, later told and retold to Mrs. Holterman's own children, and now again to her dozen grandchildren.

The Gypsy Baby

As told by Mrs. Lois Holterman, an Outlook reader

IT was late in December, and Phœbe and the other boys and girls of the neighborhood felt very much excited. Not only was Christmas coming, but a family of gypsies had taken up their quarters in an old deserted barn on the road to school, where every day the children tiptoed fearfully past, for they had all heard how gypsies kidnapped little children. There was a baby in the barn, for Phœbe had heard it crying, and a pale sad young girl who must be the mother had been seen coming and going with an ugly wrinkled old man and woman.

Though Phœbe loved babies, she did not dare go near this one, but always

hurried home to the comfortable big brown house where she lived with her father and mother. They were the best parents in the world, but Phœbe was lonesome, for she had no brothers and sisters to play with, only a pretend-sister, who sat opposite her at tea parties and always owned one of Phœbe's dolls and listened politely by the hour to her conversations. But Phœbe longed for a real live companion, and all she had was her pet pig, Curly-Tail, a cunning rascal, but he could only curl his funny little tail over his back and grunt —which wasn't much company.

So as Christmas drew nearer, Phœbe began to hatch a wonderful plan. On Christmas Eve, while Father dozed by the fire after his day's work and Mother tied up mysterious packages in the big old-fashioned kitchen, Phœbe slipped into the sitting-room and found a paper and pencil. She was only in the first grade, but, remembering all she could of her lessons, she wrote slowly, "Der Santa Claus plese bring me a Sister lovinly Phœbe." Then, feeling very bold and excited, she slipped the paper into her stocking, which hung limp and empty from the mantel, and hurried to bed.

Meantime, late into that cold Christmas Eve night, a dim candle burned in the old deserted barn. On her straw bed, the young mother lay strangely white and still. Close by her little baby whimpered and wailed in vain. In a corner crouched the old man and woman, muttering to each other.

"This is a fine mess!" frowned the man.

"I told you to leave that pretty wench with her own people," scolded his wife. "And now what shall we do with her baby?"

"Well, pack up, anyhow," growled he. "Nobody around here'll ever believe she died naturally. We must be on our way before sunrise. There's a Christmas present up the road I've got my eye on" —he laughed harshly—"and maybe we'll leave one in its place," and, pulling his ragged coat about him, he stole into the night.

Very early Christmas morning Phœbe was awakened by a queer little wail outside in the cold.

"Oh, poor Curly-Tail!" she thought. "I forgot all about feeding him yesterday, and he's hungry." And, running downstairs in her nightgown, she opened the front door.

"Mother! Mother!" she screamed. "Come quick!" and Mother, who had been waked by that same little cry, came hurrying down the stairs.

A few moments later, Father, up early as usual to feed his stock in the barn, burst through the side door.

"Somebody's stolen Curly-Tail!" he began angrily, then he stopped and began to smile at the Christmas picture.

For, from an old basket, Mother was lifting a tiny pink morsel of a baby in a long white dress, and Phœbe, barefooted and in her nightie, yellow curls tousled and blue eyes shining, was holding out her hands happily.

"Daddy! Look, look!" she cried. "Santa did bring me a baby sister. But I didn't think he would take Curly-Tail!"

[1] The stories in this department are the favorite tales of various families which have been handed down to each succeeding younger generation. The Outlook will be glad to receive and to pay for any such stories which our readers remember from their own childhood and which are found available. They should be told as simply as possible in the language one would use in talking to a child. We should also be glad of suggestions from older and younger readers as to well-known people whom they would be especially interested to have Mrs. Davis interview for stories remembered from childhood.

By W. R. BROOKS

WE would like to suggest carving small sculptures in soap as a hobby for either children or grown-ups. We went the other day to an exhibition of such small sculptures. It was a competition held by a certain soap company, in which thirty-nine prizes ranging from $10 to $300 are awarded to professionals and to amateurs over twenty-one years of age, between twenty-one and fifteen, and under fifteen. To us, who have hitherto considered soap only in relation to cleanliness, this use of it as a medium of self-expression elsewhere than in the bathtub was very interesting. Although we don't know why the two couldn't be combined. Sculping—as a substitute for reading—in the bathtub seems to us like a splendid occupation. Convert the bathroom into a studio. Nowhere else, as we have pointed out before, is such complete seclusion for creative work possible. The body, submerged to the neck in tepid water, is at ease; the mind, secure from unwelcome interruption, is free to roam at will. Take the cake of soap in one hand, the orange-stick—which is the only tool you need—in the other, and set to work. Presently you have a work of art. Or if not, you can always take a bath.

The remarkable thing about these soap sculptures was that many of them were so good. Of course a lot—and there were hundreds—were awful. But even among those by children under fifteen there was a good deal of cleverness shown. The nice thing about it as a hobby is that the materials are always obtainable. We'll wager that you don't know anybody—even your worst enemy—who couldn't on short notice produce a cake of soap. It's an easy medium to work, and if you want to color it you can get tempera colors which are simple to apply. Or if you want to use it in making block prints, it is easier to handle than wood, or even linoleum, and we are told that it prints well. We're quite enthusiastic about it ourself, and we have already started a small head of Lincoln. We thought he'd be easy to do on account of the beard. Only we had to begin in a very small way, because when we went out to the wash-room to get some soap to start on we found that somebody had been using the office cake. It was only about an inch square. We don't understand it.

THE possibilities for the use of paper in various ways have been greatly increased by the importation of high-grade, well-designed, printed and hand-blocked papers from Germany, Japan, France, Russia, and various other countries. Of course these papers have been imported for a number of years, but it is only recently that they have been generally available. Used as shelf-papers, as wrapping for gifts, as covers for books or portfolios, they broaden the field for the expression of decorative taste, and add fresh interest to a number of things in our homes which have become stereotyped. One shop specializes in making lamp-shades in paper which is matched to the hangings of your room. Paper luncheon sets, in stout linen weave, come in several colors, and are not only practical for summer use, but extremely good looking, as they can be bought to harmonize with china and glass. Moreover, new uses are being found for paper all the time. You can even get paper handkerchiefs—and they are very satisfactory.

Some of these things are worth thinking about if you happen to find yourself under the necessity of giving some one a first wedding anniversary present, as the first anniversary is the paper wedding.

WE have been told about a new wrist watch that never has to be wound. It will run as long as you wear it, and will keep on running for twenty-four hours after you take it off. We haven't yet seen it, so we don't know on what principle it operates. Of course, a glance at it would tell us all! We should think, though, that it would be a pretty good watch to have. When we try to wind our wrist watch without taking it off, we usually draw the strap too tight and our left hand gets blue before we have finished winding.

WE saw a miniature microscope set the other day for less than two dollars, which magnifies 25 diameters, and another for fifty cents more which magnifies 50 diameters. A splendid toy for children with scientific leanings.

We saw also a construction set for building a sailboat of the International Star class. The boat is 28 inches long and 7 inches beam.

Also a very good breech-loading target gun for boys, which is harmless but accurate and uses wooden balls for shot.

IF your refrigerator is sometimes too small to accommodate everything you want to put into it, you can get square refrigerator dishes, with covers, in enamel or in glass, which can easily be stacked one on top of the other, thus saving a good deal of space.

Also for the kitchen is a rice ball of perforated aluminum. You cook the rice in it, and then allow it to drain itself. And there's a potato parer. You turn a crank and revolve the potato against a blade which pares it.

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Defying the Federal Reserve System

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

"AFTER this, thumbing the nose at the Federal Reserve authorities will not be the popular pastime that it has been."

This was the refrain raised three months ago by the majority of financial commentators, including, it must be confessed, the oversigned. The Federal Reserve banks had begun to raise their rediscount rates from 4 to 4½ per cent and stock market prices were crumbling. But these commentators were wrong. Prices quickly recovered and headed for new record heights, and the speculators whose buying sent them up thumbed their noses at the Reserve authorities more emphatically than ever and, as this is written, are continuing to do so. The System has been trying to deflate the market, and, thus far, has had little success.

To any one who has read the post-war comments on the System written by European economists this failure is rather startling. It is unquestionably Wall Street's favorite conversational theme. Our friends across the Atlantic had written of the Reserve officials as if they were virtually omnipotent. It is even more startling to realize that, in the opinion of conservative, well-informed financiers, the Reserve authorities may have to leave the market to work out its own fate, until next winter at least.

The "wise money" probably still is backing the Federal Reserve System, but the fact that its definite defeat is being considered so seriously shows how the situation has changed since March. Few of the bullish speculators themselves then had hope of balking the authorities indefinitely. The best they expected was a postponement of the deflation.

Not only the operations of the Reserve authorities but their motives as well during the last nine months are very clear. Late last summer they intervened to make money more abundant and cheaper. They increased the volume of funds by buying Government securities and cheapened their cost by lowering their rediscount rates from 4 to 3½ per cent. Business was slack at the time, and the low interest rates sent funds abroad, where the returns were higher. This outflow carried gold with it. From various statements of Secretary Mellon, who is *ex officio* Chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, and from various other sources, it has become quite obvious that the purpose of the easy money policy was to send gold abroad, where it was needed to restore financial stability.

Easy money, however, stimulated speculation as well as gold exports, and the stock market absorbed an apparently disproportionate share of the country's supply of funds. To discourage speculation, the Reserve authorities began to contract the supply of money by selling Government securities (they initiated this policy before Christmas), and to make it more expensive by raising rediscount rates, at first from 3½ to 4 per cent. At nearly any time this winter they could probably have brought about severe deflation by being sufficiently aggressive, but, fearful of a drastic decline in security prices, the psychological effect of which would have been particularly undesirable at a time when business was recovering from a slump, they applied the first pressure gently—too gently to have more than a passing effect. Early in the spring they sold more securities and started to raise the rediscount rates again. These measures proved more effective. The announcement of a 4½ per cent rediscount rate in Boston and Chicago caused a serious recession in stock prices and encouraged the prophecies that defiance of the Federal Reserve System was at an end. But the setback was only temporary, and the upward trend was soon resumed.

The System has certainly accomplished one of its primary purposes. It has made money expensive. The rate for call loans was as low as 3½ per cent late in 1927. Recently it touched 7 per cent. But the supply is still ample to carry stocks at their present levels, and speculators seem perfectly willing to borrow money at 6 per cent or more with which to buy shares yielding them only 4 or 5 per cent. While these conditions prevail, only some unexpected development can force any substantial reduction of prices.

The supply is large partly because business, on a hand-to-mouth buying basis, does not need much money, and partly because the member banks have continued to increase their borrowings from the System. The Reserve authorities cannot arbitrarily check this borrowing until it reaches the legal limit, still far away. There is a tradition that member banks are reluctant to be in debt to the Federal Reserve, but this tradition has been honored more in the breach than in the observance. The total of member bank borrowing has increased from $520,000,000 to nearly $1,000,000,000 since January.

If the stock market is to be deflated, it must be done without much delay. Within two months or so funds will be needed to finance the crops, and it is most unlikely that the Reserve authorities would then use their influence to tighten money. It is, in fact, much more probable that they will allow rates to grow easier in the autumn. They usually do.

From a casual glance, the System's course might appear obvious. Why not, in the meantime, sell more securities and raise the rediscount rate until the stock market is deflated?

Probably it will sell more securities, but it cannot continue to do so indefinitely. It has only $210,000,000 worth left in its portfolio. It may raise rediscount rates, too, but that step entails certain dangers. Some economists maintain that business is not stimulated by low nor discouraged by high money rates, but the majority believe that commerce and industry might be hampered by a further tightening of credit. Furthermore, higher rates might before long attract so much money from abroad as to embarrass foreign countries. There might even be a large return flow of gold, which would be undesirable from the point of view of the exporters and, indirectly, harmful to us. The disturbance of Europe's financial equilibrium would crimp foreign buying of our goods.

The dangers involved in a still higher money policy may not seem very serious to the Reserve authorities and it may be that the stock market, under present conditions, will fall of its own weight. But, whatever happens, Federal Reserve officials, facing the possible frustration of their plans, must now wish that they had applied their earlier disciplinary measures more ruthlessly.

...but what shall we do with the house?

A summer in Europe sounded most inviting to Mother—but what about the house? "Easy," said Dad. "Stick an ad into something and rent it."

"Indeed, John Edward!" flared Mother. "And what about all my linen—and the piano—and our new porch furniture? Do you want *anyone* living here? Not to speak of" . . .

"Just a minute," Dad hurried in. "I didn't mean to stick an ad into *anything*. We'll pick the best people by putting an ad in The Outlook."

That was three weeks ago, and they stopped in our office this morning on the way to the boat—all smiles and excitement. "Yes, siree," said Dad, offering us a cigar, "we put our ad into your last real estate issue, and got some fine people. We could almost have rented the place as a hotel, there were so many dandy families trying to get it. Why don't you folks run some more special real estate issues?"

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Speaking of Books

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

Aristocratic Authoresses

THOSE who read books from motives of curiosity about their authors will have leapt to meet "Octavia."[1] Until we took it up in the line of duty, we had never read a word from the alarming pen of Margot Asquith. But we understood that her novel would be sensational and worthless. It is neither. It is of no great literary importance, but neither are most first novels, or second or third. The story is simple, since the book is concerned only with the development of one woman from girlhood to motherhood, and since the incidents of her life during that period are only those which are common in the uneventful lives of most girls. Octavia reads, talks, rides, flirts, marries, refuses herself to her husband, has, presently, a not clearly explained change of heart toward him and a subsequent baby, born dead, and ends her career as a heroine in the customary refuge of a husband's arms. Octavia is entirely real, most ingratiating, and wonderfully English. The lesser characters are excellently portrayed, some in a few acute sentences. The pictures of the hunting are in the pink of perfection, and the descriptions of house-party life done to a *tea*. Lady Asquith has one quality which distinguishes her from most of the novelists of manners of today. She describes her social milieu from the unassailable position of one who has all her life been part of it. Possessed of many less desirable qualities and lacking many more heroic ones, she writes, at least, always of what she knows. In the matter of style she is one of those increasingly uncommon writers whose style has obviously been formed by early and constant reading in the masters of polite English prose. It is a style which by the time it reaches Lady Asquith's hands has lost all luster of originality, but which she manages to rub up into a perfectly acceptable surface. Under the surface, though, lies an unfortunate tendency which becomes more and more apparent as the book goes on. Passages as vulgar and noxious as any to be found in the true story or motion-picture magazines indicate that Lady Asquith varies her reading a good deal. Maybe, as a girl, she read alternately the works of Jane Austen and of Victoria Cross. But one thing is certain. Hitherto, the authoress of "Octavia" may have shown herself nothing but a silly, gossiping chatterbox; here she demonstrates that she is a born novelist.

"Catherine-Paris"[2] also is written by an aristocratic hand. But since curiosity has not run before to herald it its readers cannot be expected to be as numerous as those of "Octavia." And that is a pity, because it is far more unusual. It has not as much substance as "Octavia," but it has infinitely more beauty. Catherine-Paris is the daughter of Balkan kings, brought up in a sober little Paris flat by an ageless grandmother, a thirteenth-century nurse, a Louis Quinze cook, and two old men—M. Beau, the romantic, under whose hands the past of Paris becomes heady wine for Catherine's drinking, and Uncle Charles Adolphe, the classic, who feeds her upon the grand bread of the French tradition. Until her eighteenth year Catherine knows only Paris. Then chance throws in her way a formidable suitor out of the Almanach de Gotha, and her life becomes very tragic, and, to the reader, very unreal. The last part of the book, where Catherine and those who surround her are portrayed in the round, is less successful than the first part, where they appear as shades against the deep and stirring shadows of Paris. The book is permeated with the atmosphere of Paris, and with the sense of the omnipresence of the past. It is the work of an urbane wit, a sharp intelligence, a sensitive spirit, and an accomplished hand (in, for American readers, a perfect translation). But the Princess Bibesco is not a born novelist. She was born to be a scholar with a hint of dilettante about her, and to write, not fiction, but essays in the best manner of French *belles-lettres*.

[1] Octavia. By Margot Asquith. The Frederick A. Stokes Company.

[2] Catherine-Paris. By Marthe Bibesco, translated by Malcolm Cowley. Harcourt, Brace & Co.

THIS list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by the following book-shops each week:

New York—Brentano's;
Rochester—Scrantoms Inc.;
Cleveland—Korner & Wood;
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort, & Barney;
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Company;
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company;
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.;
Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company;
Kansas City—Emery Bird Thayer;
Atlanta—Miller's Book Store;
Los Angeles—Bullock's;
Chicago—Marshall Field & Co.;
Cincinnati—Stewart Kidd.

Fiction

"The Bridge of San Luis Rey," by Thornton Wilder. Albert & Charles Boni. This beautifully written and moving study in the working of God's providence, and of love, the bridge which joins the living and the dead, deserves its popularity. Reviewed January 4.

"Behind That Curtain," by Earl Derr Biggers. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Further exploits of detective Charlie Chan. Reviewed May 16.

"But—Gentlemen Marry Brunettes," by Anita Loos. Boni & Liveright. Lorelei Lee turns authoress and writes to warn girls "what they should stop doing." Funny; and if you enjoyed the first one, you will like this—almost as well. Reviewed June 6.

"Octavia," by Margot Asquith. The Frederick A. Stokes Company. Reviewed in this issue.

"Wintersmoon," by Hugh Walpole. Doubleday, Doran & Co. A social comedy in Walpole's best vein. Reviewed March 7.

Non-Fiction

"Disraeli," by André Maurois, translated by Hamish Miles. D. Appleton & Co. This strangely romantic figure is touched vividly into life by Maurois's hand. You will find this excellent reading. Reviewed February 22.

"The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism," by George Bernard Shaw. Brentano's. To be reviewed later.

"Skyward," by Commander Richard E. Byrd. G. P. Putnam's Sons. This stirring story of achievement deserves a place beside "We" on the American book-shelf. Reviewed May 2.

"Poems in Praise of Practically Nothing," by Samuel Hoffenstein. Boni & Liveright. If you appreciate light verse, you will find this the very best.

"Sunset Gun," by Dorothy Parker. Boni & Liveright. And this, also light verse, about second best. Reviewed June 6.

Monuments and Effigies

By HARRY SALPETER

"Columbus," by Marius André, translated from the French by Eloise Parkhurst Huguenen. Alfred A. Knopf.
"Sir Walter Raleigh," by Milton Waldman. Harper & Brothers.
"Cromwell," by G. R. Stirling Taylor. Little, Brown & Co.
"La Fayette," by Henry Dwight Sedgwick. The Bobbs-Merrill Company.
"Lafayette," by Joseph Delteil, translated by Jacques Le Clercq. Minton, Balch & Co.

M. André's conception of Columbus is in such violent contrast to that conjured up in text-books for generations of boys and girls the world over, I am certain there must be error in both. M. André grants Columbus the possession, of doubtful value in a navigator and administrator, of the poetic afflatus. He declares him to have been a poor navigator, a weak administrator, ignorant of the geography of the time, a self-deluded fool who confused the travelers' tales of Marco Polo and Sir John Mandeville

with the realities awaiting him just around the corner. He was besides a braggart, a double-dealer, and somewhat of a traitor. In view of his doubtful antecedents, his vague promises to the Court of Isabella, and his outrageous personal demands, he was better, not worse, treated than he deserved. He suffered from the desire to be a martyr and died a madman. It was he who began the enslavement of the Indian. It is even doubtful, intimates M. André, whether he had not been preceded in his discovery by one who died before he could establish the fact. That island on which he first landed is not known to this day, because, apparently, Columbus was not enough of a navigator to take his bearings and his description was untrustworthy. He was incapable of making a map of his discoveries. That he was obliged to resist mutiny was due only to the poor opinion he inspired in seamen. That he could raise a crew for his first voyage was due only to the fact that the Pinzon brothers, respected navigators, went with him. That history for so long has put a false value on this poet and braggart is due to the persistence of the hagiography which Columbus's son and Las Casas, at his dictation, gave the world in lieu of a historical narrative. M. André darkly hints that Columbus was a Marrano, a Spanish converted Jew, and not a Genoese sailor, and that his success in persuading the Court to fit out his expedition, create him Admiral and Viceroy, was traceable to the intercession of powerful Marranos who held the purse-strings. If Columbus suffered misfortunes, they were just return for his cruelty, avarice, ignorance, incapacity. In the heading of his eighth chapter M. André refers to his villain as "a Don Quixote who has read too many Biblical romances and sea tales of chivalry, and an admiral who deserves to be shot." His narrative suffers from the lack of authenticating material and from the clear intention to condemn Columbus and to belittle his discoveries.

The name of Sir Walter Raleigh inevitably summons the twin symbolic figures of chivalry and romance, by means of which also we define the Elizabethan age. Even upon some of the lesser actors of that period is reflected that glow in which its paladins of poetry and action bathed it. Sir Walter was not one of the least of these, for he was explorer, sailor and soldier, historian and poet, as well as politician and courtier. Above all, he knew the value of the timed gesture. We do not know whether he spread his cloak in the mud for the feet of Queen Elizabeth, but we do know that he died magnificently, leaving the execution block, though dead, like a hero, however he may have mounted it.

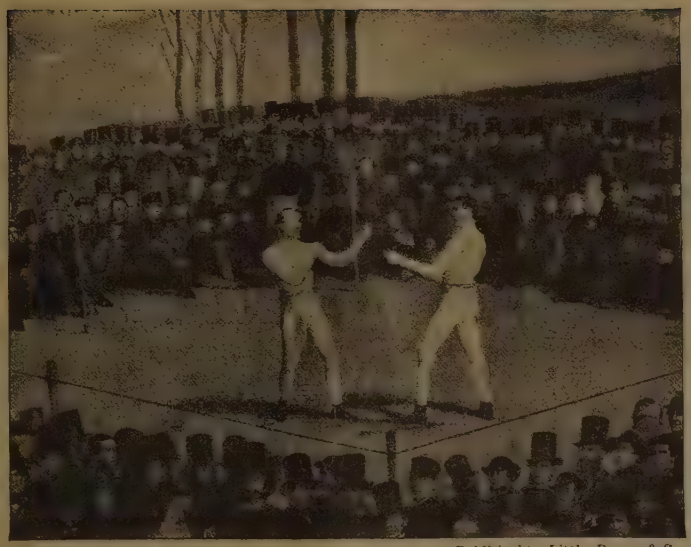
M. André's portrait of Columbus is an effigy, Mr. Waldman's of Raleigh a monument. Mr. Waldman is Raleigh's posthumous advocate at the trial for treason which sent him to the Tower for thirteen years; he is his defender against the charges that Raleigh, in his second expedition to Guiana, encroached upon Spanish territory; he arraigns James I in that monarch's conduct toward Raleigh, whose life, he shows, James offered on the altar of his nation's former enemy. The strategy which defeated the Armada and the courage which ravaged Cadiz were Raleigh's. Had he been less a man, says Waldman, he would have put away his wife, as did Leicester his, to retain the favor of Elizabeth, whose predisposition was for bachelors only. He was cruel in his campaigns for the subjugation of Ireland, he played politics, he acquired large estates and great wealth in consequence of the Queen's favor, he was hated by the people—until his last appearance, on the scaffold-stage—but were the worst true and had he been less of a sailor, he would still deserve to survive in the memory for his poetry and for the prose, if not for the science, of the "History of the World" which he wrote during his confinement.

Mr. Taylor neglects to answer the How? and Why? of Oliver Cromwell. In his prefatory summation he suggests that there is no such answer, because Cromwell cannot be subjected to the rules which govern most of humanity. The body of his book suggests that it is possible to be unfair to a villain. He gives such obvious evidences of hatred and contempt that one becomes conquered by the uneasy feeling that Mr. Taylor is more the prosecuting attorney than the historian. One would suppose that after about three hundred years even an anti-Cromwellian passion would have had time to cool.

Thus does Mr. Taylor pose the problem which he cannot solve:

> He was . . . a preposterous collection of mental and physical qualities that will scarcely fit together and make a living figure. At one moment Cromwell seems a pure mystic, bound hand and foot by that indecision which is a natural consequence of such an unworldly faith. In the flash of an eye the mystic is changed into a hard-riding cavalry colonel, who was irresistible on the field of battle. The witness of innumerable documents proves that Oliver was an innocent countryman, who had no guile beyond his simple Puritan faith; (*sic!*) whereupon still more evidence is equally convincing that he was the wiliest and craftiest man of the world.

Throughout Mr. Taylor tends to disregard the possibility that faith was a potent factor in the Puritan revolution. He stresses the economic motive, pointing out that Puritan zeal had its roots in fear that confiscated estates would have



From "Famous Prize Fights" Published by Little, Brown & Co.

SAYERS v. HEENAN
at Farnborough, April 17, 1800
(*See page 318*)

Back to camp with a handsome string

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to be given back should Popery return to power. The tradesmen, the merchants, the ship-owners—those who had most to lose by Charles's exactions—constituted the class from which the Puritan rebellion drew its greatest power. Perhaps it is necessary to realize, what with the over-simplification of the Puritan case, that the motives of the rebellion were sullied, that greed fed faith, that intrigue fed Puritan power, that hypocrisy and double-dealing were rife among the victorious, that Cromwell's left hand knew not what his right was doing, and that the forces which executed Charles did not derive their sanction from the populace; that the long-drawn-out battle between Cavaliers and Roundheads was a battle between minorities. In justice to Mr. Taylor, it should be noted that, however sordid the basis on which he sets the Puritan cause, he does not seek to justify the Cavaliers. However much he may resent the fanaticism of the Puritans, he does not meet it with the fanaticism of the Cavalier. I quote as eminently fair this statement of the quarrel:

> The Civil War was fought because a few leaders were dull-witted or self-interested, and sometimes both; and England was rushed into a disastrous quarrel, which half a dozen sensible, quiet folk could have settled without a blow. . . . But the sensible and the sane would have reckoned without Charles Stuart and Oliver Cromwell; both men of such warped judgments and limited intellects, of such overheated emotions and preposterous theories, that neither of them could see sense until it was driven home by force of arms. Now it so happened that Oliver Cromwell could lead a cavalry charge better than any other man in England. For this very unintellectual and unspiritual reason the Civil War ended as it did.

Mr. Taylor has told the story of the Civil War in England. His patent hatred of Cromwell, however, seems to be but a sorry substitute for that scientific understanding which might have interpreted the problem of Cromwell.

Somewhere between M. Delteil and Mr. Sedgwick lies Lafayette. Mr. Sedgwick is an old-style biographer, not entirely objective, with a dash of the advocate and the apologist. He documents heavily. He makes it rather patent that he has "read up on" Lafayette. He is the kind of writer who quotes in full resolutions and proclamations. He is a little stodgy and threatens to weary you with detail. But he is complete; he tells you the story of the man as a study from a sympathetic point of view reveals that man. The virtues of compression and synthesis are not his. His book has a musty odor, but it is useful. It is useful not only for those who wish to know the story of Lafayette, but for those who wish to know the story of his times. Consequently, we learn considerable about political movements, alignments and intrigues during the French Revolution, in spite of the author's inability to state calmly the position of such as Danton, Marat, and Robespierre; he seems inclined to regard anti-Lafayettists as corrupt, ambitious, or just murderous. It is perhaps a tribute to the character of Lafayette that Mr. Sedgwick's book about him does not, at times, bore to tears. Such a life as Lafayette's, such times as his, call for a livelier pen than Mr. Sedgwick's. But we must not be unmindful of the service which is fulfilled by even a pedestrian relation of facts.

Now M. Delteil's "Lafayette" is to biography what E. E. Cummings's verse is to the sonnet form. Delteil, who has written a similar "life" of Joan of Arc, is the lyricist, the rhapsodist, the impressionist of biography. He imagines, he invents episodes and dialogues which may have no historical veracity, but are true—according to him—to the spirit of the man or woman. He writes of Lafayette out of Delteil. He writes of him as of Joan's spiritual brother. His prose is undisciplined, aerial, exciting and beautiful—even if a little difficult now and then. He reveals in this book a power of imagination which might have gone into a romantic novel. The scenes of prison and tumbril evoked in the mind's eye of Lafayette on the night on which he leaves his army division to seek refuge in a neutral land have power and beauty. Why does M. Delteil write of Lafayette?

> He was a great poet, one of the greatest the world has known. Lafayette's life illustrates brilliantly the power (and the limits) of the heart. Therein he is unique, true brother to Jeanne d'Arc. Lafayette, or the genius of the heart. . . . What I love in a great man is myself. My hero is my "ideal self." Have I depicted Lafayette as he was? I have depicted him as I like him, anyway.

And in a brief chapter entitled "Why I Like the Man" he writes:

> To begin with, he was a failure, the greatest failure in history. I like downfalls of that sort; Jeanne's bonfire, Christ's cross. Injustice sits well upon heroes. . . . No man was so exalted or so debased. Lafayette was one of the few men who have known the two limits of Fortune, its loftiest pinnacle and its deepest abyss. In

that there is something of classical antiquity in his life, all marked, as it was, by Fatality and by the gods. He was a sort of Œdipus. Did not his own daughter, the Revolution, set a price upon his head?

Employing brief, glowing, even apostrophic panels, without trying to fill every crevice of time—as Mr. Sedgwick does—M. Delteil conveys a vivid semblance of a life. He seems to have conquered his data, giving it forth in an individual form. Sedgwick is for those who wish to know about Lafayette, knowing nothing. After Sedgwick, Delteil will mean more.

Two Party Histories

By DIXON MERRITT

In politics, as in everything else, there is still truth in the dictum of the wise King of Israel, as amended by the wise dressmaker of Paris: "There is nothing new under the sun—except that which is so old that it has been forgotten."

Unusual as the situation is in which the Republicans find themselves at Kansas City, all, or most, that is being done there has been done before in American political conventions. Turbulent or tame as the Democrats may be at Houston, obvious or astounding as their nomination may be, they and other parties have been just as tame or turbulent, just as obvious or astounding before.

Most of the peculiarities of candidates are old. Take, for instance, the objection that has been raised to Mr. Hoover—that the Republicans plucked him out of a Democratic Administration. Well, the liberal construction party—Whig or Republican—has been doing that at intervals ever since it placed the Virginia Democrat, Tyler, on the tail of the ticket with Harrison in 1840. Only a few weeks before the Convention did Zachary Taylor agree that "I'll be a Whig, but not a —— fool Whig." Andrew Johnson was always a Democrat, was in Congress as such both before and after he headed a Republican Administration. Grant never realized that he was a Republican until he became the obvious heir of Republican war policies and achievements.

Mr. Hoover has been an obvious and inevitable future President for ten years. When the war ended, it was apparent that either the Democrats or the Republicans would have to nominate him in 1920. Neither did. He would have been genuinely inevitable in 1924—if Warren G. Harding had not died. He was inevitable again after Coolidge. But—

William H. Crawford was an inevitable President for exactly twenty years, Lewis Cass for half as long. They failed, and their names are forgotten. James Buchanan was inevitable for sixteen years—and succeeded. Big man that he was, oblivion might have been better for his fame than what is remembered of him.

For almost anything that can possibly happen at Kansas City and Houston or in the election five months hence there are interesting parallels in the history of political parties in the United States. There have been many unprecedented things in recent Presidential campaigns only because men's memories are short and because the history of political parties could be read only in scraps and by delving deep in musty archives. Now, for the first time, a general view of the history of the two great political parties may be had in popular book form.

The Century Company, New York, has recently published "The Republican Party: A History" and "The Democratic Party: A History." The former is by William Starr Myers, Doctor of Philosophy, Professor of Politics at Princeton; the latter, by Frank R. Kent, Special Correspondent, Prophet of Politics at Washington.

The one weakness of the books as a survey of opposing parties is that they are hardly comparable. Myers's is more in the orthodox historical style, Kent's more a series of essays on political history. Kent's is better to read, Myers's better reading. As was almost inevitable from their different approaches, Myers is comparatively strong on earlier and comparatively weak on later periods, Kent exactly the reverse.

The books are practically the same size—Myers's 480 pages, Kent's 517. This means that for thoroughness of treatment Myers had the advantage. He had to cover a period of but seventy-two years, Kent a period of 128 years. Kent's terser style, however, makes the difference actually less than it seems.

Neither author is wholly unbiased. Perhaps no author ever was unbiased on so live a subject. Perhaps none ever should be. Absence of bias would probably argue aloofness from life. But these men's bias is not wholly partisan. Each is occasionally unfair to the party of which he writes, and each at times too full of praise.

But this each author has done: He has presented the facts of party history in such way as to throw upon the screen, for comparison with men now active, the figures of those who have played their parts on the stages of our political parties.

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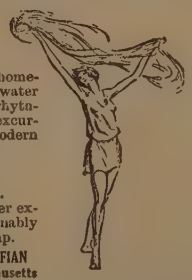

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Picked at Random

By WALTER R. BROOKS

Jeffery Farnol's Famous Prize Fights
Little, Brown

Nineteen famous ring battles, told by one who knows the history as well as all the fine points of the sport. Here are John Broughton, the Father of Boxing, Dutch Sam, Mendoza, Bendigo, Tom Sayers, Sullivan, Corbett, Jack Dempsey, and many others. Yet we liked not the manner of the telling. 'Twas vastly annoying to us—the continued intrusion of the author's personality, his literary mannerisms, his "egads" and "verilys." Yet now and again he forgets these sentimental trappings and the fight becomes a fight, vividly realized. But not for long. For soon again the tale is smothered in "tushery." Why, odd rabbit us, we're beginning to write that way ourself!

Dyer and Fraser's The Rocking Chair
Century

Nothing is more typically American than the rocking chair, and the patronizing air which many collectors of early American furniture adopt toward it is entirely unjustified. Our modern rockers have an ancestry as worthy of respect as that of any of the countless descendants of Mayflower passengers. It cannot be proved, but it seems almost certain that the rocking chair was invented by Franklin. It is certainly older than the Declaration of Independence. And did you know that Lincoln's favorite chair was a rocker?

This book discusses amiably and authoritatively the evolution of the rocking chair. An amateur collector, it seems to us, might do worse than add a few Boston rockers to his collection. In the first place, they are more comfortable than many of the antique chairs that we have fidgeted in; in the second, although they are not expensive now, the supply is necessarily limited.

Walter Lippmann's American Inquisitors
Macmillan

Heretic hunting has always been a popular pastime. The Inquisition and the witch-burners had the same measure of popular support behind them as Thompson and Bryan have had in our day. That there is something real behind the Fundamentalist argument, however—something which is neither prejudice, superstition, nor bigotry—we must admit, no matter how Modernist and scientific our own attitude may be. Mr. Lippmann, in these lectures delivered at the University of Virginia, makes out a strong case for the Fundamentalist in religion and politics, partly in the form of the Socratic dialogue, and then discusses the position of the school-teache whose ideas are Modernist but whos salary is paid by a society which i largely Fundamentalist. Has he a dut or a right to teach ideas of which his em ployers disapprove? Mr. Lippmann' conclusion, in so far as he reaches one seems to be that "it may well be that t limit the power of majorities, to disput their moral authority, is now the mos important task of those who care for lib erty." Simply because "the advancemen of liberty has as a matter of practica politics consisted in building up center of resistance against absolutism."

Mrs. Herbert Hoover

(Continued from page 303)

Chairman of the Executive Board. Seldom has the old cry "Back to nature" made clear the way. Mrs. Hoover is trying by eminently practical means to give every girl in our country a true connection with outdoors, sure that such connection will make her a stronger and an infinitely happier woman, just as the other Scout ideals of home-making, community responsibility, and cheerful service make for stronger, happier womanhood and better citizenship.

It is impossible to see where she finds the time that she gives to the Scout work, for the household and other duties of the wife of a Cabinet Secretary could easily alone pre-empt the day. Yet she presides over one meeting after another, delivers addresses—and she speaks extremely well—trains new groups, bestows medals, visits camps (and that, perhaps, she enjoys most), writes and plans, until to the onlooker she seems to be giving her full attention and energy to this work alone.

How near she keeps to her girls, how she talks their language, enters into their play and plans! I never know how many are tucked away in her house, but I am always certain there are some.

Complementing her interest in Scouting is that in National recreation. She sits on the Executive Board of our National Conference on Outdoor Recreation and the Women's Division of the National Amateur Athletic Federation. However, in a brief paper one can but refer to a few of her major interests. Yet I hope that in even an undeveloped portrait the strong, individual lines of the woman stand clear.

No matter how her interests may deepen or her activities widen, may she carry into the coming decades, as she has into the fifties, the blithesomeness, the warm-heartedness and open-mindedness, the fine fearlessness of the girl on her horse blazing her own trail on the golden coast or the green mountainsides of California!

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Here, close by, but away from the whir of the town you will find a quiet, restful inn amidst 12 acres of big trees, and where woodsy walks abound, besides comfortable rooms and excellent food. Write for booklet. Open all year. G. N. VINCENT, Boonton, N. J.

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Cape Cod, Truro Attractive cottages, $300-$400 season; 6 and 7 rooms, baths; completely furnished; bay and surf bathing. C. A. SLADE, Truro, Mass.

IN NANTUCKET TO LET
2 connecting rooms with private bath, also separate rooms by week or season. 1 min. to meals. **For sale** by owner, 15-room colonial house, good garage. Residential; 3 mins. to center. Over ¼ acre land; would divide. A bargain. **Address Box 45, Nantucket, Mass.**

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8 miles from Pittsfield, 7 from Lenox, 10 from Stockbridge, attractive furnished cottage, 1 mile from R. R. station, post office, and store. 6 bedrooms, 2 baths, maid's toilet, 3 fireplaces, electricity, electric refrigerator. 2-car garage. $600 for season. Owner, Mrs. W. B. BOWNE, Richmond, Mass.

OCEAN-FRONT BUNGALOWS
Moderate Rentals
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HANDSOME HOMES IN HACKENSACK and vicinity, all improvements; easy commuting; small cash, balance like rent. ORVIS, 293 Main St., Hackensack, N. J.

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Furnished; hot and cold running water, bath, electric lights, open fireplace. By the month, or $250 for season. Also smaller camp by week or season. ALMON WARD, Jay, N. Y.

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30x60 dining-room and dance hall, beautifully located at high altitude in the lake regions of Sullivan County. Splendid supply of spring water, artificial lake under construction, pine groves and other natural attractions. Present owner's time completely absorbed in other lines of business, therefore this very desirable property is offered at considerably less than actual cost. For description and price write D. B. ADAMS, Wurtsboro, N. Y.

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C-FAR FIELD GLASSES, $2
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WRITE for free samples of embossed at $2 or printed stationery at $1.50 per box. Lewis, stationer. Troy, N. Y.

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TEACHERS register now, attractive vacancies for September. Associated Teachers' Agency, 522 Fifth Ave., New York City.

FOR summer positions, counselors, hostesses, camp mothers, managing housekeepers, Swedish and Nova Scotian waitresses, chambermaids, head-waiters, etc. Holmes Employment, Providence, R. I.

HELP WANTED

COMPETENT woman to take entire charge of the table in family with whom a few Mt. Holyoke College people take meals. Reply Box 51, South Hadley, Mass.

ENDOWED college on Pacific coast wants cultivated Christian gentlewoman, who is also necessarily a trained nurse, to become supervisor of health and housemother in women's dormitory. Position opens September 15. Conditions attractive. Apply 8,570, Outlook.

HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. Nation-wide demand for high-salaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, permanent, interesting work, quick advancement. Write for free book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY." Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Suite AW-5842, Washington, D. C.

REFINED Protestant woman as mother's helper in family of four children, for July and August, in very quiet country place, sixty miles from New York. Must understand cooking. References required. 8,571, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

CAPABLE American widow, good disposition, perfect health, educated abroad, wants responsible position. Could take entire charge children, household, correspondence. 8,567, Outlook.

COLLEGE student, 19, male, desires position as tutor in history, English, or music. Cultured and refined. Experienced as composer and author. Free to travel. References. 8,569, Outlook.

COLLEGE woman wishes position as companion, governess, or some place of trust. Mary Manley, Portsmouth, R. I.

GENTLEWOMAN of varied social experience desires position as companion or hostess. Capable of creating smart, homelike atmosphere. Superior references. 8,563, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

MASTER of EQUITATION — Europe ex-cavalry officer. 5 years' experience in t country, wishes position in fall as head m ter of equitation, preferably in private sch where education, discipline, and ability a appreciated. Any part of country considere Excellent references. 8,568, Outlook.

NURSE, experienced, refined, for invali No objection to country or seashore. Go traveler. Excellent references. 8,539, Outloo

ORGANIST and CHOIRMASTER of we known school, at liberty June 24 to Septe ber 16, will supply at church not more th 100 miles from New York City. Experience 8,572, Outlook.

REFINED Virginian, young woman, e perienced teacher, musical, position as go erness or companion, July, August. Wi travel. 8,573, Outlook.

REFINED young woman with some un versity work and nurse's training wish employment as resident or traveling com panion. References. 8,574, Outlook.

SERVANT, gentleman, club servant, hous man, Swiss, honest, reliable, references, wish position. Bergher, 312 East 87th, New Yor Sacramento 8044.

TEACHER, male, Protestant, college gra uate, age 23, desires tutoring position durin July and August. Mathematics preferre Willing to travel. 8,533, Outlook.

VASSAR graduate, high school teacher, 2 desires summer position as tutor or compa ion. 8,576, Outlook.

YOUNG Frenchman desires summer pos tion as tutor-companion for boys. Refe ences. 8,562, Outlook.

YOUNG lady, college graduate, teacher experience, desires position for summer traveling companion or tutor to young chi dren. Excellent references. 8,564, Outlook

YOUNG woman desires position as secr tary or companion. Willing to travel. Refe ences exchanged. M. M. B., Box 85, Tolland Conn.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in th care of obstetrical patients a nine month nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-I Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aid are provided with maintenance and given monthly allowance of $10. For further pa ticulars address Directress of Nurses.

CULTURED gentlewoman, trained teache and psychologist, will board and give mot er's care and understanding to girl 4 to years. Quiet country home. $25 per week Mrs. Margaret Butler, East Haddam, Con Tel. Moodus 176. References exchanged.

The Spiritual Adventure

(*Continued from page 304*)

ble, beneficently—there will come a time when you will have to revolt. But be sure that you revolt only against that which denies you the freedom of thought and action necessary to your awakened self—old folk-ways, conventions, and man-made moralities which, like the ghosts of the dead, still terrify and tyrannize, though long since past their term. Revolt is a necessity of progress, but it should be dispassionate, impersonal, intelligent—you should know what you are revolting against, and why.

Creating in this way your own unique world of experience, strive always for *simplicity*—not the simplicity of crudeness, but of culture. Culture is not mere intellectual adroitness; it is the synthesis each is able to make of all that he has learned, felt, and experienced. Of such a culture simplicity is the final flower; behind it are cataclysms of the soul and accumulations of wisdom, just as behind the simplicity of a leaf are cosmic and geological cataclysms.

Every one desires and strives for *happiness*, and in the same way that an animal is guided toward what is good for it by its instinctive likes and aversions, this desire for happiness may be made the thread to guide you through the labyrinth of life. For you will increasingly learn to forswear the pleasure which lasts but a moment, which dies in satiety, which changes to its opposite, in favor of those more serene and enduring pleasures which are related to the altruistic and impersonal life. To put it figuratively, in the cultivation of your garden you will weed out the plants of fugitive pleasure, killed by the first frost, and plant in their place those hardy perennials which the winds of chance and the snows of adversity do not affect. So doing, the time will come when, having tasted and tested joys and sorrows without number, you will glimpse a happiness, having which, you can dispense with every other. The expression *"unity of being"* serves both to name this happiness and to define its necessary condition.

How shall this unity of being be achieved? Only by so purifying, developing, and harmonizing the physical, emotional, and mental natures that they shall not mutually interfere with and negate one another, like unruly horses pulling opposite ways, but work *together*, operate as *one*. This requires that order of skill and talent which belongs to the artist, for the function of art is the achievement of unity—out of chaos and diversity to bring every element into such organic relation to every other that beauty may result. For the establishment of such a unity of being freedom is essential, for where there are prohibitions there will be inhibitions, and where there are suppressions there will be self-repressions, and these things are fatal to the establishment of harmony within one's self. But the freedom you need most is inner freedom, a thing no law, no power, no person, is able to deny to any one. The process of harmonization is twofold: to make the inner life of thought and emotion equal to the demands of the deeper, more magnanimous, and impersonal self, and to adjust the outer life of action to the social framework in accordance with these new demands. Were either of these perfectly achieved, the other would be also.

Make your life a thing of beauty; recognize the possibility of its infinite perfectability and take your evolution in your own hands, shepherding with your will all your weak, unruly, ignorant selves into the sheepfold of your spirit. The strength and wisdom to do this will be yours as you progress, for the sheep are themselves the shepherd and the sheepfold, and the follower of the path is himself the path.

The harmonization of the threefold nature results in beauty of life and unity of being, and these lead to *union*. The nature and results of union are incommunicable; it is something which can only be realized, not related or described. It can be indicated allegorically in terms of the amorous meeting of man and woman, for that is the most perfect symbol of this union of the personal self with its divine counterpart. It has been called Nirvana; it has been called Heaven. It is the Kingdom of Happiness.

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Francis Rufus Bellamy, Publisher Ernest Hamlin Abbott, Editor-in-Chief

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Malcolm Waters Davis Dixon Merritt Harold T. Pulsifer
Frances Lamont Robbins Parkhurst Whitney

William L. Ettinger, Jr., Advertising Manager

Walter Thalen, Circulation Manager

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IN this issue, we print the opinions of the two members of our staff who attended the Republican Convention.

SPEAKING of the platform, Ernest Hamlin Abbott remarks that it is true that it starts, "not with human equality, but with steel rails." But "in that, perhaps, the voice of the Republican Party is the voice of the age." Of the molding of the Convention's policies, he says: "It is a mark of progress when a Convention begins with Smoot and ends with Borah" —meaning that Senator Borah's ideas prevailed in the essential planks of the platform. As far as a convention can go, Mr. Abbott thinks, the Kansas City Convention went.

MR. PRINGLE, on the other hand, seems to feel much as Senator Norris, Mr. Lowden, and Senator La Follette do —that the platform as finally written was dictated by expediency. Mr. Lowden, genuine champion of farm relief, withdrew because he felt it was the duty of the Convention to try to rescue agriculture from the ruin that threatens it; which the platform fails to do.

Senator La Follette—representing what William Allen White called "the still, small voice of the Wisconsin delegation, that is the conscience of the Republican Party"—endeavored to secure a repudiation of Hays, Fall, et al., naming Teapot Dome as a fraudulent transaction which the rank and file of the Republicans repudiate—and failed.

Finally, thinks Mr. Pringle, prohibition was straddled—our present brand of enforcement being ineffective and mere approval of it negative, leading neither to real enforcement nor nullification.

BOTH men are convinced that one of the serious objections to the Republican platform is that it leaves unmentioned the vital question of water power and utilities—the next point of attack by present-day special privilege.

Particularly it seems to be agreed between them that on Mr. Hoover's interpretation of the platform alone depends its genuine meaning and value.

IN this matter all the editors of The Outlook are of the same mind. If there is to be any real moral leadership in the Republican Party in this campaign, Mr. Hoover must supply it.

WILL he now speak out, and assume this leadership so badly needed? In all friendliness, as we point out in our editorial page, The Outlook hopes he will.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

From "The Wood Cut of Today at Home and Abroad." published by The Studio, Ltd.

RUE DE LA FONTAINE À NEVERS

A woodcut by F. Chalandre

The Outlook

June 27, 1928

The World This Week

Hoover Gets the News

SURROUNDED by his family and a few intimate friends, Herbert Hoover heard the word of his nomination for the Presidency in his Washington home. The next morning he stepped out of the door of his house to face a cheering throng and the inevitable battery of cameras and motion-picture machines which will be his constant companions in the months to come. At the Department of Commerce his fellow-workers gave him a rousing reception—a reception which was not allowed, however, to interfere with the customary routine and his task of cleaning up the last of the labors awaiting his attention before his campaign gets under way.

Candidate Hoover is still Secretary Hoover, and there is no clear indication that his resignation will come at once. A tradition has grown up demanding that a candidate for that high office must not continue to hold another office, but genuinely big men are frequently smashers of traditions. Mr. Hoover might render a unique service by continuing as Secretary of Commerce until election—even after election, if he should be by any chance unsuccessful.

Hoover Speaks

HOOVER'S first statement as a candidate was in the form of a telegram of acceptance sent to Senator Moses, Permanent Chairman of the Republican National Convention. It was a clear-cut acknowledgment of gratitude for the opportunity that had come to him and an indorsement of the platform upon which he was asked to run. It contained generalities, but in its form and spirit gave promise that these generalities would later be translated into a specific program for the Republican Party. Mr. Hoover apparently visualized himself as something more than a prophet of material prosperity. He thinks of America as a land to be dedicated to a fuller and richer life. The word "richer" is not to be interpreted as referring only to dollars and cents. It is worth while quoting at length:

"My whole life has taught me what America means. I am indebted to my country beyond any human power to repay. It conferred upon me the mission to administer America's response to the appeal of afflicted nations during the war. It has called me into the Cabinets of two Presidents. By these experiences I have observed the burdens and responsibilities of the greatest office in the world. That office touches the happiness of every home. It deals with the peace of nations. No man could think of it except in terms of solemn consecration. . . .

"A new era and new forces have come into our economic life and our setting among the nations of the world. These forces demand of us constant study and effort, if prosperity, peace and contentment shall be maintained. . . . You have manifested a deep concern in the problems of agriculture. You have pledged the party to support specific and constructive relief upon a Nation-wide scale backed by the resources of the Federal Government.

"We will and must find a sound solution that will bring security and contentment to this great section of our people.

"But the problems of the next four years are more than economic. In a profound sense they are moral and spiritual. This Convention has sounded a note of moral leadership. . . .

"Government must contribute to leadership in answer to these questions. The Government is more than an Administration. It is power for leadership and co-operation with the forces of business and cultural life in city, town, and countryside. The Presidency is more than executive responsibility. It is the inspiring symbol of all that is highest in America's purposes and ideals."

A Woman Does It

A WOMAN has at last achieved a land-to-land, non-stop flight across the doughty Atlantic. What Ruth Elder barely failed to accomplish, Amelia Earhart, her pilot, Stultz, and her mechanic, Gordon, have done. Leaving Trepassey, Newfoundland, they came down in Bury Estuary, in Wales, after twenty hours and forty-nine minutes in the air.

Miss Earhart is the young woman who is said to "look more like Lindbergh than Lindbergh himself."

The Italia's Fate

THREE weeks after the disastrous crash of the Italia not one of its sixteen officers and men had been rescued. Great hopes existed that the party of three sent by Nobile to reach Cape North, of North East Land, on foot might appear at any time, but up to June 17 they had not been seen. Faint indeed are the chances that the seven survived who were carried along by the Italia after the crash which cut off the cabin containing Nobile and his party. With Nobile and his five companions the probabilities still remained hopeful as the fourth week of their struggle began. The chief and one of his men are injured, but not seriously. Their wireless messages have shown just

where they are—at or near Foyn Island, drifting with the ice, sometimes eastward, sometimes westward. Their position is not very far from Cape North, and every effort is on foot to reach Nobile by planes sent from the ice-breaking ships Hobby and Braganza or by plane directly from Norway, whence the Frenchman Guilband and the Norseman Amundsen are ready as we write to start a rescue flight.

The situation is one of the most singular in the history of aviation. If Nobile is saved, he will have a tragic tale of adventure and endurance to relate.

In the Enemy's Territory

A PICTURESQUE multitude sat on a hillside within sight of the Capitol of New York. There were Kleagles and Titans in white robes; Kamelias in white robes, red trimmed, and wearing high white hats; men from the Adirondacks, who called themselves Pioneers, wore buckskins and carried flintlocks and a banner with the Revolutionary slogan, "Don't Tread On Me;" drill units from other parts of the State, wearing dark uniforms and bright nickel trench helmets.

And below, on a platform bright with flags and bunting, the Hon. J. Thomas Heflin, United States Senator and paid Klan lecturer, fulminated about rum, Romanism, and Governor Smith.

"I am against him," shouted the gentleman from Alabama, "because he is a wet—not a plain wet, but a soaking wet, who signed a bill which took New York out of the Union so far as the Eighteenth Amendment is concerned.

"I am against him because he is a member of Tammany, the most corrupt political organization in the world.

"I am against him because he favors unrestricted immigration, which will open the way for Rome to gain control of the American Government.

"I am against him because he has had no experience in National affairs and is not a National figure.

"And, coupled with all those reasons, I am against him because he is a Roman Catholic, and, knowing what I do of the Roman Catholic Church, I don't want a Roman Catholic to be President of the United States."

Governor Smith had previously given orders that Senator Heflin was to be courteously received on the occasion of his invasion of enemy territory; and on the appointed day he sent Major John Adams Warner, his son-in-law and Superintendent of State Police, and troopers to the hillside gathering. There was no time when they were needed. The uniformed multitude applauded frequently, and the meeting passed off pleasantly.

On Wings to Labrador

FOR a long time geologists have been confident that the vast riches mined from the crystalline rocks of central Canada would be found widely distributed over that vaster area of primeval rocks—doubtless the most ancient of the earth's crust—known as the "Canadian shield" which extended from Labrador Peninsula on the east, around Hudson Bay, and westward toward the great mountains. How to penetrate this wilderness of lake and river and forest has heretofore been the main problem of prospectors and the main deterrent to mineral discovery. This year, however, a new mode of access confronts with almost breathless suddenness the unexpectant prospector. A hundred airplanes have been made available for parties in search of remote Canadian minerals. An airplane can fly in a forenoon to an area whose up-stream access by canoe requires two months. In Labrador Peninsula two months is practically the whole summer. What was not a year ago a wilderness visited only once or twice a decade by some patient explorer such as the lamented Hubbard or the pioneer geologist-explorer Low will witness an invasion that must inevitably sadden and disillusion the few hundred Nascaupee Indians who claim that isolated interior as their own. Dr. A. P. Low, hastily traversing the great peninsula by canoe in the interests of the Canadian Geological Survey during the '90's, reported suspicious mineral finds at many remote interior places. These will now be revisited by many parties, this time at leisure due to artificial wings, and a decade hence may find the last stronghold of the North American nature lover echoing to the unromantic rattle of freight cars. When gold beckons, no sanctuary of natural beauty remains inviolate. Such places must be "developed," "improved."

China Opens the Door—Out

THE Nationalists in China, having made themselves masters of Peking and Tientsin, and so brought all the vast country within the Great Wall under their control, have called upon the foreign Powers to withdraw their troops at once from Chinese soil. Further, they have declared for an immediate revision of the "unequal treaties" giving foreigners and their enterprises special privileges in China and immunity from Chinese law and jurisdiction.

Dr. C. C. Wu, son of the former Chinese Minister to the United States, Wu Ting-fang, has asked America to take the lead in revising its treaty agreement with China. Secretary Kellogg has taken the request under consideration without indicating the attitude of the Department of State.

Meanwhile, Minister Sze has followed the course of Chinese envoys in other capitals and hoisted over his Legation, in place of the five-barred banner, the Chinese Nationalist flag of red with a blue field in the upper staff corner showing a white ball surrounded by white stars.

Chang Tso-lin, formerly dictator of Peking, is reported dead in his Manchurian capital at Mukden of injuries suffered when his train was bombed upon its arrival. And Chiang Kai-shek, the Nationalist Commander-in-Chief, has resigned his post and retired to civilian life. His move leaves General Feng Yu-hsiang, the "Christian General," of Chihli Province, and General Yen Hsi-shan, the "Model Governor," of Shansi Province, facing each other, at Peking and Tientsin, and more or less at odds over supremacy in northern China. Chiang's decision is a long-headed one which absolves him of personal ambition now and suggests that when the rivalry of Feng and Yen has worked itself out in some regional adjustment—amicable or otherwise—he may return to a powerful position associated with the central Nationalist administration at Nanking. To that historic capital the Nationalists have already begun to shift Government departments from Peking, where the foreign Legations are.

Nanking has no Legation quarter. And over the gates of the Legation quarter in Peking the Nationalists appear to have written "This Way Out."

Edwin T. Meredith

ALL signs had come to point to Edwin T. Meredith, of Iowa, as the man whom the Democrats at Houston would be most likely to name as Alfred E. Smith's running mate. Now Mr. Meredith is dead. His main life-work had lain in the publication of periodicals for farm homes. Among them, "Successful Farming," one of the big four of American farm papers, is best known.

During the latter part of the Wilson Administration he was Secretary of Agriculture and in that capacity did a unique work in bringing to business organizations a knowledge of agricultural conditions. Recent indications that manufac

rers and financiers appreciate the fact at the United States has a continuing ricultural problem may be traced in rge measure to his efforts.

The peculiar availability of Mr. Mereth for the Democratic nomination for ice-President resulted from two facts: rst, that he was known by the record of is whole life as a friend of agriculture, articularly of corn and wheat belt agriilture; and, second, that he could comand in greater measure than any other an the support of the old McAdoo rganization.

If the Democrats decide to nominate a Vestern rather than a Southern man for ice-President, they will have great diffiulty in finding one as promising as Meredith would have been.

Death deals strangely with political rospects.

A Political Divorce

THE hyphen has dropped from between he names of McNary and Haugen. Never again will there be a McNary-Haugen Agricultural Relief Bill. What ad come to amount almost to an institution has departed from the halls of Congress. The same bill may be there gain, but it will have a new name.

Senator McNary has declared allegiance to the platform and candidate of he Republican Party and to farm relief vithout the equalization fee. Representative Haugen has reaffirmed his belief that real relief for agriculture can come in no other way than by application of the principle of the equalization fee. To that extent he has placed himself outside the Republican breastworks.

Senator McNary's abandonment of the fee is not surprising. He was extremely reluctant about joining with Mr. Haugen in sponsoring the last farm relief bill and for some time contemplated introducing a different kind of measure. But it was said that the Vice-Presidential bee buzzed in his bonnet, and an effort was undoubtedly made to create for him that Mid-Western availability which was later found in another reluctant supporter of the equalization fee, Senator Curtis.

An American Wins the Grand Prix

TWENTY-FOUR years ago an American boy offered as his first exhibit in the French Salon a statue of General Lawton, which now stands in Indianapolis. He surprised the art colony of Paris, and possibly himself, by capturing second place, the first time such an honor had gone to a foreigner. In May of this year the same sculptor, Andrew O'Connor, of Worcester, Massachusetts, offered a "Drama in Stone," as he calls it, an interpretation of Tristan and Isolde, and won first prize, the first time that a foreigner has walked off with France's highest fine arts' honor.

France has long shown an appreciation of Mr. O'Connor's work. The first piece to be accepted by the Government was the original of the Vanderbilt Memorial in St. Bartholomew's Church,

TRISTAN AND ISOLDE
By Andrew O'Connor

New York, which is in the Museum of Decorative Arts in Paris. In the Municipal Museum of Havre is a fragment of the huge war memorial upon which he now spends much of his time; this is to be finished in black bronze, and is destined for Washington. England and Hungary have his work in their museums as well, but his most noteworthy piece on the Continent is the statue of Justice in the Peace Palace at The Hague, which was ordered and paid for by the American Government through the American Fine Arts Commission.

The two pieces which now occupy Mr. O'Connor's Paris studio are the Virgin, one motive of the war memorial, and a Lincoln which is to stand before the State-House in Providence. This is his third statue of the Emancipator; one is in the Metropolitan Museum, New York, the other in the State Capitol of Springfield, Illinois.

The French interest in the work of this American sculptor may be judged from the recently published and lavishly illustrated volume by Hélène Desmarou, "L'Œuvre du Sculpture O'Connor."

Liquor at Kansas City

THE Republican Convention at Kansas City was about as dry, or about as wet, as any other gathering of American citizens in the year 1928. Hospitable people, the Kansas Cityans made it possible for the thirsty to obtain a drink. Kansas City has its speak-easies, like New York or Chicago or Omaha or Boston or any other town. That the Middle West is officially dry, or that the Republican Party declared in ringing terms for enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment, did not disturb any one unduly.

There was little drunkenness at the Convention, however. The drinking that went on was in hotel rooms and in private homes. Sometimes a hip flask was shown in a lobby, but that was all. The local papers revealed that the Federal Prohibition Department had been making an intensive drive to dry up the town before the Convention. More than sixty injunctions were served on drug-stores, ostensible soft-drink parlors, and saloons during one week.

Among the most interesting drinkers, and this is always true at large gatherings of politicians, were the political drys. Having prepared to indorse a bone-dry platform, calling attention to the adherence of Washington and Lincoln to the Constitution (even if before it included the Eighteenth Amendment), some of these gentlemen felt that a mere matter of principle did not bar them from an occasional highball.

The Inevitable Slump

THE stock market has suffered its worst setback since the rout of March, 1926. The prices of some of the favorite speculative vehicles declined as much as thirty or forty points from the peaks they had reached in the bullish drive that had continued through the winter and spring, a drive that was really another stage in the long climb that began in the autumn of 1924.

Inasmuch as the market turned really weak just after the Pennsylvania delegation had announced that it would cast its vote for Herbert Hoover as Republican nominee, the elimination of President Coolidge as a Presidential possibility and the virtual nomination of his Secretary of Commerce have frequently been blamed for the outburst of selling.

Wall Street undoubtedly was disap-

pointed by fizzling out of the "draft Coolidge" movement, but the fundamental reason for the break in the stock market had nothing to do with politics. A speculative mania had caught the country, and reckless buying had pushed prices to levels that were patently unjustified. A severe reaction was inevitable, although no one could tell when it would come.

This corrective process, as the brokers call it, is not a particularly pleasant one, but it will cure many thousands of the delusion that they do not have to work for a living and it will release funds that have been used for speculation for more desirable purposes.

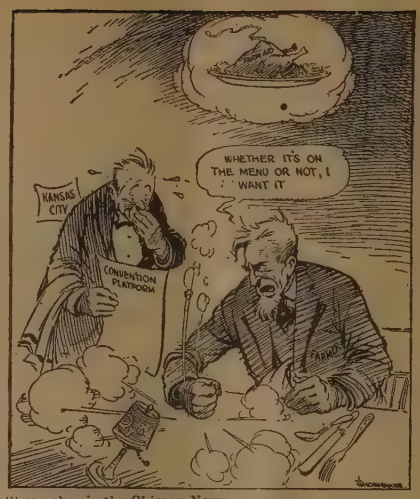
Fortunately, the reason for the setback is fairly widely understood, and there is little danger that the business world will take it as a warning signal of bad times ahead for commerce and industry. Actually, the outlook for prosperity is probably better now than it has been for nearly a year.

Seven Tons of Gold

A WINDOWLESS and apparently doorless railroad coach, heavily sheathed in armor, was attached to the end of the Cunard boat train which ran from Plymouth into Paddington Station, London, one afternoon not long ago. On its arrival the presence of a small door became apparent. Through it 106 kegs, each a foot in diameter and about eighteen inches high, were lifted into a delivery van drawn by two horses. The kegs weighed a little more than seven tons, and they contained gold bound for the Bank of England.

The "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street" is almost as windowless as the armored coach in which the gold was moved. There is an orifice above the entrance, but none elsewhere in the bank building; and the garden back of it still contains an old graveyard. No other financial institution in the world has had so much to do with the making of history, and no other, perhaps, is quite so quaint; quaint, yet conservative. Recently the bank took a revolutionary step—revolutionary, that is, for such a standpat citadel. It employed as financial adviser an American, Walter W. Stewart, who before that had been director of the division of research and statistics for the Federal Reserve System in this country, and subsequently vice-president of a Wall Street house.

The gold, like the new financial adviser, came from Wall Street. Its value was something more than seven and a quarter million dollars, and it was one of



Shoemaker in the Chicago News

The persistent patron

the shipments frequently being made nowadays from this country to other lands, where currencies have been stabilized and where industry has got up from its post-bellum sick-bed. These shipments help to account for the higher interest rates which have given pause to Wall Street speculation.

But the noteworthy point about the gold movement we are discussing lies, we suspect, in the fact that seven tons of the metal were moved through the streets of London in an open, horse-drawn van. In this country not only the railroad coach but the truck would have been armored; and it would have been a motor truck.

Fancy two horses pulling a huge fortune in gold through the streets of Chicago or New York!

The Woman Politician Arrives

FOR the first time in the history of American politics, a woman has served as chairman of an important committee in a National Convention. The woman

Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle

Choosing to run

was Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt an
the Committee was that on Credentia
in the Republican National Conventio
in Kansas City.

Other committees may be more impo
tant in the sense of influence upon part
policies, but it is the Committee on Cre
dentials which holds power over the des
tinies of candidates. It was the Commit
tee on Credentials which in 1912 insure
the nomination of William Howard Taf
—and incidentally split the Republica
Party. Had not Vare's coup started
somewhat unexpected band-wagon move
ment to Hoover, it might have bee
Mrs. Willebrandt's fortune so to direc
the work of the Committee as to insur
the nomination of Hoover. As it was
she undoubtedly had a great deal to d
with piling up for him that impressiv
majority which made his nomination a
but unanimous on the first ballot. Ther
was apparently little merit in contests o
anti-Hoover delegations, but contest
with no merit at all might under othe
circumstances have postponed the nomi
nation and made acute bitterne
chronic.

The first woman chairman of an im
portant convention committee made
success of her job. It happened that sh
was a devoted and efficient supporter o
the candidate who won the nomination
Both by her political performance an
by her official performance as Assistan
Attorney-General in Charge of Prohibi
tion Enforcement, Mabel Walker Wille
brandt has deserved well of Herber
Hoover. It may be that we have wit
nessed the emergence of the first woma
Cabinet member. In the event of Repub
lican victory, Mrs. Willebrandt's claim
upon the Attorney-Generalship will b
strong.

The part that Mrs. Willebrand
played in the Convention dwarfed th
parts played by other women delegates
but none the less a number of wome
played a more important part in thi
Convention than any had played in
previous one.

It would appear that woman has es
tablished herself in the conduct of prac
tical political affairs.

Last of the Oil Trials

ROBERT W. STEWART, Chairman of th
Board of the Standard Oil Company o
Indiana, is acquitted of the charge o
contempt of the Senate of the Unite
States by refusal to answer question
concerning the disposition of the profit
of the Continental Trading Company. I
is said that the jury was originally di
vided, seven to five.

Ireland in the Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch

A Pennsylvania Avenue farmer making up for the Convention

This may be the last of the criminal ials growing out of the Naval Oil Lease velations. There appears a possibility iat Colonel Stewart may be indicted for erjury. When, following Harry F. inclair's acquittal, Stewart returned to ie witness-stand before the Senate comittee, he made statements that were ot, it is claimed, in accord with preious testimony. Albert B. Fall, former ecretary of the Interior, has not been ried on the conspiracy indictment found ointly against him and Sinclair. He ill not be tried.

Thus, unless Colonel Stewart should e again indicted and unless Blackmer or ome of the other fugitives should reurn, ends the criminal court phase of he oil leases. There has been but one onviction—that of Harry F. Sinclair on he charge of contempt.

1 Woman Revolutionist

Emmeline Pankhurst, leader of the English militant suffrage campaign of 1913–14, died in London on June 14. It may seem odd that Mrs. Pankhurst, whose name will always be associated with the violent demonstrations of English suffragettes, died a member of the Conservative Party and had been selected by an East London constituency to be its candidate for election to Parliament. On the other hand, her fiery daughter Sylvia has always been, and still is, in the front rank of radicalism. Doubtless Mrs. Pankhurst believed (and rightly) that Englishwomen, their suffrage victory won, should divide on new issues regardless of the old militant campaign.

It is also odd that the suffragettes' extravagant and spectacular demonstrations are said to have been indirectly suggested by the placid and gentle Arthur Balfour when he told Mrs. Pankhurst to "kick up a row—invent one method after another." Balfour was then in the Opposition politically, but he must have been astounded at what followed: the burning of buildings, the self-chaining of women to the balcony of the House of Commons, the hunger strikes, the tragedy of one suffragist who threw herself before a race-horse in the Derby and was killed, and all the rest of it.

England had a woman's suffragist party long before the suffragettes appeared, and the suffragists grieved greatly at the inability of the public to distinguish between the ladylike suffragists and the violent suffragettes.

When war came, all that controversy was dropped. Suffragists, suffragettes, and "antis" became Englishwomen working for their country. The ballot for women naturally followed—that is, for those thirty years old or over—while, if the "flappers' bill" goes through, as seems likely, men and women will be admitted to suffrage on the same age basis.

Mrs. Pankhurst was a "stormy petrel" as a leader, but personally she was gentle, quiet, and humorous, as many who saw her in her visits to this country will testify.

Pacifism or Foolishness?

The choir of Union Congregational Church, Brighton, English despatches state, withdrew from a musical festival because the piece selected for competitive singing was Rudyard Kipling's "Hymn Before Action," which they denounced as "unfit to be sung by the choir of a Christian church."

There is certainly martial resonance in the words:

The earth is full of anger, the seas are
dark with wrath.
The Nations in their harness go up
against our path.
Ere yet we loose the legions, ere yet
we draw the blade,
Jehovah of the thunders, Lord God of
Battles, aid!

But so also are there sound of trumpets, appeal to divine recognition of justice, and patriotic ardor in Kipling's "Recessional," in "John Brown's Body," in "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and in all of the finest music that stirs devotion to country. If music and literature not pacifistic are to be barred for fear of annoying ultra-pacifists, it would be necessary, as one commentator on this incident points out, to rewrite English literature, beginning with the Bible.

Cigarette Profits

Retail dealers in tobacco—which means, in the main, retail dealers in cigarettes and cigars—say that times have been hard for them these past few years; that operating expenses have mounted, that the margin of profit has been whittled down, that they are hardly able to make a living. The Joint National Committee of Retailers and Jobbers for a Living Margin of Profit said these and other things in an appeal to the five large manufacturers of tobacco in the United States.

One of those large concerns, the Union Tobacco Company, has replied with a plan to distribute $7,500,000 of its stock among retailers and jobbers, the amount that each is to receive to depend upon the volume of his sales. If this plan works out, it will have the effect, of course, of making tobacco retailers in large part owners of tobacco manufacturing properties.

The company which has announced this plan is the youngest of the five, at least so far as its operation in the United States is concerned. The other four—the American Tobacco Company, R. J. Reynolds, Liggett & Meyers, and P.

Lorillard—have made no announcement. It appears safe to assume that they will not now join in the stock distribution plan. It is reported that they regard the Union as mainly responsible for certain reductions in cigarette and other prices, which reduction has been an element in the hardships of the retailers. All of the big companies admit that these hardships are real and great.

An effort made a few years ago to increase prices was thwarted by the Federal Trade Commission. Some of the companies are reported as saying that, unless such an increase can be obtained, it will be necessary to pass a part of the burden back to producers of tobacco—the farmers who complain that their lot is already unbearably hard. Suggestion is made, too, that retailers try to eliminate excessive competition.

Keynoting

IT is the way of keynoters to claim the earth, but Senator Fess, keynoting at Kansas City, went a bit beyond the practice of the guild and claimed the waters beneath and the firmament above the earth.

The Republican Party, according to Fess, increased sales in the radio industry from $3,000,000 in 1921 to $500,000,000 in 1927. The radio industry was but fairly born in 1921, and now it is grown up. There is reason to believe that there would have been some increase in sales if there had been no Republican Party. It is true however, that a Republican Administration did, at the command of Congress, appoint a Commission to investigate wave-lengths and the like.

Senator Fess professed that the Republican Party brought about aviation, even commercial aviation. He claimed Lindbergh as "the Columbus of the air." Well, when "Lindy" had flown to Paris "on his own," it is true that a Federal Department headed by a Republican Secretary did send out to him, as he approached Washington, a colonel's uniform—which, by report, he refused to don.

When European statesmen floundered in the bog of economic confusion, "Republican leadership ventured to suggest a solution." It has been said that an eminent Democrat had some part in the suggesting, but that, of course, was a mere incident. The Republican Party has brought about the building of 3,000,000 homes within the past few years. First and last, it has increased the wealth of the United States from twenty billions to over four hundred billions.

So far as a casual reading reveals, Professor Fess did not claim that the Republican Party created the universe; merely that whoever did create it made a mess of it and that the Republican Party has now about completed correcting the errors.

Radium Paint Victims May Live

LAST week The Outlook reported the news that one of the officials of the corporation which has just been forced to make a settlement with five women who as girls painted watch dials with radioactive material and are supposedly destined to suffer early death from radium necrosis is himself a victim of the peculiar malady. Dr. S. A. von Sochocky, a chemist, is the man in question. It was he who originally discovered a way to make the luminous paint. It is mesothorium rather than radium, as has now been learned, which is responsible for the loss of his teeth and the blackening of his fingers; and thereby hangs an interesting tale. There is a vast difference between radium and mesothorium in one particular respect—the rate of their automatic disintegration or transmutation into less active elements is in wide contrast, the disintegration of radium requiring thousands of years, while that of mesothorium demands much shorter periods, the majority of the mesothorium atoms changing to harmless form in less than a decade. It has been stated that the watch-dial workers also used mesothorium rather than the more expensive radium. If this is the case, there is still a chance that the sufferers may live until the subatomic changes involved in the several transmutations have virtually taken place. Even if they do, however, their bodies cannot regenerate the lost bones and tissues.

A Planetarium for Chicago

CHICAGO is going to see the stars whenever she wants to. Max Adler, former Sears Roebuck official, has given her a planetarium. Germany has fifteen of these remarkable apparatuses, one in nearly every large city, Mussolini has ordered one for the Eternal City, and even Soviet Moscow is planning to study the splendors of the heavens beneath the limpid dome of this modern optical marvel.

The planetarium creates an astronomical illusion, an illusion which is said to be well-nigh perfect. The observer, seated comfortably under the great hemispherical dome, sees the vault of heaven not a mere 45 feet overhead but millions of miles distant—so perfectly have the optics of the thing been worked out by the famous Zeiss optical concern in Jena, Germany. The fixed stars occupy normal positions, and among them the planets are seen to circulate. Ostensibly the purpose of the planetarium is to teach astronomy. By speeding up many times the motions of the heavenly bodies they become sensible, just as the slow otherwise imperceptible twinings of a tendril or the nod of a stem become sensible to the eye when shown in those familiar motion pictures which speed them up a thousandfold. Instead of waiting a year to see a year's movements of the planets, one may visit the planetarium and witness them all in a few minutes, seeing them over and over until the synthesis becomes familiar. An hour's visit would equal in imparting power that of a whole regiment of professors lecturing during a semester.

It is safe to say that, once a planetarium has been opened to the public in America, every city of over 100,000 will not be content until it has one, even though they cost a great deal. It is said that no visitor of whatever class has ever failed to leave the demonstration in the planetarium deeply moved.

Mr. Coolidge on Extravagance

THE worst enemy of the wage-earner, said President Coolidge in an address to the Business Organization of the Government, is Government extravagance. It increases taxes, and increased taxes discourage industry, and discouraged industry finds fewer jobs for laborers, and so laborers are unemployed.

That is the theory. But the fact is, the President said, that laborers are not unemployed—not seriously so. But there is Government extravagance, he pointed out. During the past seven years State and local governments have increased their annual expenditures by $3,500,000,000.

During the same period the Federal Government economized, greatly reduced its expenditures, and so maintained prosperity, despite the lavish spending of States, counties, cities, and other taxing agencies. But the President warned that the Federal Government cannot do this forever, that hard times will surely come unless State and local governments stop spending so much money.

All of which is very fine; none the less, a word should be said for the State and local governments. So far as possible, those governments stopped spending during our war period. As patriots, they

Wide World

A DARK HORSE WINS

Sir Cunliffe Owen's horse Felstead, a 33-to-1 shot, winning the English Derby at Epsom Downs

had to. All available money was needed for the expenditures of the Federal Government. At the same time, the Federal Government greatly increased its expenditures. As the Government of a nation under the necessity of winning a war, it had to.

Since the war period all governments have been, in some measure, "returning to normalcy." The Federal Government had to bring its expenditures down to normal; State and local governments had to bring theirs up to normal, even above normal, in order to repair the damage done during the period when they hardly spent at all.

Rickard Sets a Limit

All the way from Oklahoma City came Mr. and Mrs. Harry J. Schaefer to see the Dempsey-Sharkey fight in New York last fall. They reached the Yankee Stadium at 9:15 of the great night and, so they declared, found the gates closed and themselves refused admission.

They were heart-broken. There was New York before them, and it was their first visit. But that was nothing. They had come to see the maulers.

So they counted up their expenses, charged the whole trip to Tex Rickard, promoter, and sued him for $432.87. When Mr. Rickard received their summons, he was surprised; that his fights were worth $216.44 a head surpassed even his notion.

Discounting the chance that a decision for the plaintiffs would set a new top price, with legal sanction, Mr. Rickard defended the action. The Court sustained him.

A newspaper observes that the Schaefers are the first to assume that a prize-fight ticket-holder has any rights.

The Incorrigible Tunney

Since the day it was discovered that he had a book Gene Tunney has been a great disappointment to patrons of what W. O. McGeehan calls the cauliflower industry. His latest lapse is to plan a walking trip in Europe with Thornton Wilder, author of that phenomenon among best-sellers, "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," which has nothing to do with Mr. Luis Firpo. The champion and the novelist will go abroad shortly after the Heeney fight in July. They hope to spend some time in Rye, England, in the home, sacred to the memory of Henry James.

It must be apparent at last that Gene is incorrigible.

Carbon Monoxide Gets by Again

The United States Public Health Survey has once more been making widespread tests to ascertain whether the rapid increase in automobile population has begun yet to endanger health.

Fourteen large cities were visited and analyses made of air in crowded traffic. Street air, though we smell its unpleasant fumes (carbon monoxide, the real danger, is odorless), seems to provide no cause for worry as yet. There are nevertheless a few pocketed places where it begins to be a little "headachy," and there is decided risk in some repair garages. The greatest risk to the public continues to be due to the idling motor in the inclosed back-yard garage.

Cognate to the carbon-monoxide risk for motorists is the question of non-detonating, or red, "gas." It is no longer a question in this country, but in Great Britain it is passing at the present time through just the stages of doubt which assailed our ears a year or two back. The British have ostensibly accepted our word for the safety of this gas, but their technical journals give evidence that they do so with a grain of salt; they are a little slower on the acceleration when it comes to Yankee innovations.

Why Worry About Our Oil?

In the face of advice from the rest of the world that it "could not be done," "would not pay," and "could not compete," the liquefaction of coal to produce motor fuels like gasoline has advanced rapidly during the past year in Germany under the capable head of the German dye trust. Liquid fuels are already being made there in hundred-thousand-barrel quantities. Thus the process, while not yet in large-scale production, is well past the laboratory stage.

This is the process for which the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey obtained the American rights, as told last February in The Outlook, and it consists essentially of heating the ground-up coal under high pressure in the presence of hydrogen gas. In these circumstances coal, whose hydrogen content is not as high as that of gasoline, takes up added hydrogen. The fact that it turns at that instant from a solid to a liquid doubtless seems peculiar to many, but the chemist, whose training and experience provide him with a considerably different point of view in these matters from that of the rest of us, thinks little of this, the categories of solids and liquids being rather more relative to him than to others.

Last year when it was announced that the American concern had acquired the rights to the German process many said the motive was to keep it available for the somewhat distant date of exhaustion of our oil supply. To this there is an answer in tangible form—a plant is at this moment being erected in New Jersey. Compared with our oil supply, we have many times as great a supply of coal—at the present rate of use, four thousand years of it. A while back there was a scare about early oil exhaustion. Science has already provided the answer.

Windows on the World

By Malcolm W. Davis

GOOVER they called him in Russia—not having an H to their names in the Slavic alphabet—when the American Relief Administration, under his direction, was fighting famine along the Volga. But they knew him, even if they could not pronounce either of his names. So did the Chinese when starvation and plague ravaged Shantung, and the Japanese when earthquake and fire laid waste Tokyo and Yokohama. Before all that, during the war, Belgium knew "Monsieur Ouvaire" and his relief work, and all the Allied nations knew the Food Administrator who kept supplies flowing in to them. And later, after the Armistice, Germany and Austria knew him gratefully and—with practice—could say Hoover.

So it is not strange that newspapers abroad should respond immediately with comment when the Republican Party nominated him for President. For the first time, the United States had a candidate with whom they could feel familiar. Harding, Wilson, Taft, even Roosevelt—all were names at first. Hoover, to all the world, is a personality.

Almost all of the articles and editorials about him in the foreign press so far, the cabled extracts show, have been friendly. Belgium appears to be particularly thrilled at the prospect—which Belgians take as a certainty—that her benefactor may occupy the White House. Great Britain seems to think of him primarily as a type of American super-organizer, "the first business man in a nation of business men," peculiarly well fitted to direct international policies of industry and trade. To all of Europe, evidently, Hoover is a symbol of the wealth and productive power of the United States. At the same time, Europe emphasizes his knowledge of other countries all around the earth, and his awareness of their economic interdependence. Englishmen and Europeans regard him as the first American candidate with a consciousness, gained from direct contact and experience, of the world as a whole.

When they recall his conviction concerning reparations and war debts, that Europe can and should pay, enthusiasm for him is tempered with reservations. They do not like his strong stand in this matter. But they would expect him, in office, to be so broad in his views that he would accept and support the proposal to fund both war damage and war debt claims in one general loan, to be raised by public subscription in international money markets, and so to transfer the whole issue from the sphere of politics to the sphere of finance. By and large, the spokesmen of other peoples see in Hoover, primarily, the humanitarian dominating and animating the engineer and executive. They expect that he would increase the envied prosperity of the United States, but that he would at the same time be aware of the needs of other nations and of the desirability of adjusting American policy to practical forms of co-operation that would advance the common interests of all.

(C) Keystone

A PEACE-TIME INVASION OF FRANCE

The cabby who drove from Berlin to Paris treats his horse to a light refreshment en route

SECRETARY KELLOGG'S SUGGESTION that the dispute between Guatemala and Honduras over their frontier be referred to the International Central American Tribunal for arbitration has improved a dangerous situation. President Paz Barraona, of Honduras, has declared that Mr. Kellogg's plan will be adopted. The proposal followed a request from the contestant nations that the American member of the Mixed Boundary Commission trace the dividing line. The diplomacy of the Secretary of State has redirected the question to the joint tribunal under whose jurisdiction it properly belongs.

Honduras protested some four months ago against an attack from Guatemala on a Honduran garrison, and also criticised Guatemala for granting a concession to the United Fruit Company in 1924 in the disputed territory. Fruit companies, and interest in concession agreements with them, are in the background of the controversy, for on the Honduran side of the border there is the Cuyamel Fruit Company.

In Panama the United States is being dragged into another election fight, because former President Porras, candidate of the National Coalition Party, asserts that he and his leaders get an unfavorable reception at the United States Legation, while leaders of the Government party are welcome there. An editorial in "El Tiempo," an organ of the Liberal Party, now in power, to which Porras adhered, ridicules these charges and denies that the United States Minister would mix in an internal political contest.

BELA KUN, who headed the short-lived Soviet administration of Hungary in 1919 and was recently caught in Austria running a "wholesale drug business" under a false passport, is to go back to Russia by airplane. The Austrian authorities assert that he was engaged in a conspiracy to set up a new Communistic régime in Hungary. The Hungarian Government has tried hard to get him into its hands, but the Austrian Government—which banished him once and now banishes him again—has decided to extradite him to Leningrad instead of to Budapest.

Will Hoover Speak Out?

THE Republican Party has nominated as their candidate for President an unknown man. That is a bewildering thing to say of a candidate whose name is a household word on two continents and whose beneficent activities have extended from the Occident to the Orient. Yet the fact remains that, so far as Hoover's attitude toward the major problems of American life is concerned, his mind remains an unexplored territory.

What Hoover has done is known. The record shows clearly that he is a humanitarian, a brilliant organizer in fields in which he can exert his power as an unhampered executive, a faithful steward of public trust, and a devoted student of economic law; but this same record shows a blank page when we turn to ask what Herbert Hoover thinks.

It is possible that Herbert Hoover's deeds, plus the normal Republican majority, may carry him into the White House. Yet faced with the prospect of a campaigning opponent of the caliber of Governor Smith, faced too with the generous ammunition which Republican misdeeds have supplied for Democratic cannon, it seems certain that Herbert Hoover will need to wage a positive fight if he is to deserve victory. Anything less will put the Republican Party on the defensive from the outset.

For seven years Herbert Hoover has served as a Cabinet member in two Republican Administrations. Now his nomination for the Presidency releases him from any obligation to refrain from placing his own opinions before the public.

If the platform upon which Herbert Hoover stands is to mean anything in the campaign, its glittering generalities must be vitalized into definite policies bearing the stamp of Hoover's mind and Hoover's personality. The country has a right to know how Hoover interprets the glib phrases of the platform-makers. He must breathe the breath of purpose into the dry bones of empty words. He must give life to symbols which are otherwise only dust and ashes.

First and foremost among these matters of National policy which must be stamped with the mintage of Hoover's mind is the question of agricultural relief. The Republican record on this question is only negatively good. The party has condemned measures economically unsound. It has enacted no legislation in their place. Here, indeed, is an opportunity for constructive leadership from the Republican candidate. No man, we are told, has a better understanding of economic laws. If that is so, the country has a right to look to this man for a clear exposition of these laws as they apply to agriculture, and for leadership of a high order in solving the problems of the one industry which is both economically and socially basic.

Next comes prohibition. Herbert Hoover has indorsed prohibition as a noble experiment, and the platform upon which he stands is flatly in favor of the vigorous prosecution of the experiment. What definite ideas has Herbert Hoover as to the methods by which the experiment can be brought to a successful conclusion? How does he meet the arguments of those who declare that it is already a failure; that it is not a noble experiment, but a monstrous mistake? How will he protect the essential liberties of the people and at the same time curtail those forces of lawlessness which have gained in strength during the eight years of attempts at law enforcement? He has a record for selecting able assistants. Can he find friends of prohibition who are neither fools nor fanatics and who will be able to build up an efficient and powerful organization for the enforcement of this law which has so many defenders who give it lip service and so few who are willing to sacrifice themselves to make it the life as well as the law of America? Has he the courage to ask of Congress adequate support for the Volstead Act? If he does, he will win, not only the loyalty of the drys, but also the respect of the wets. Halfway measures will get him no friends in either party.

Mr. Hoover has spoken once since his nomination, and there are some promising implications in the message to Senator Moses, quoted elsewhere in this issue. He realizes that beyond tariff and farm relief and general prosperity, there are moral and spiritual issues in this campaign. He seems to look upon the Presidency in the manner of Roosevelt and Wilson—as an opportunity for leadership. But Mr. Hoover also "stands upon the platform." These statements do not lie well together. The Republican platform is not a spiritual document. It is not a platform on which a leader can stand. Either Mr. Hoover must use it as a springboard, or he must get out his T-Square and true it to his own utterances. The questions that The Outlook asks here, that many are asking, were not answered by the platform-makers at Kansas City.

The American people have other great problems which are peculiarly within the past experience of Herbert Hoover. Upon none of these issues has the thought of Herbert Hoover been clearly heard. These are matters of economic engineering—the control of super-power, the Great Lakes waterways, the plan for binding the Mississippi, the construction of Boulder Dam—all matters upon which the Republican candidate from his very nature inevitably must harbor positive views. Before the election in November the people have a right to know what those views are.

We turn last of all to foreign affairs. Herbert Hoover has had the closest contact with the leaders of foreign nations of any man who has been a candidate for the office of President within our history. He ought to be pre-eminently equipped to define in exact and clear-cut terms his views of our future relations with our neighbors overseas.

He was once an advocate of our joining the League of Nations. Does he now regard such a membership as a dead issue? How far is he prepared to urge our political and economic co-operation with foreign countries? How wide a field is he inclined to reserve for independent action on the part of the United States? America wants to know.

A little more than four months remain before the election. They are four months of vital concern for Herbert Hoover and his party. If in that period of time he assumes the mantle of constructive leadership, he will be a hard man to beat. If he fails, if he is merely, as William Allen White says, an "adding machine," America may wake up on the morning after election day to discover that a few thousand votes in some pivotal State have turned the scales against him; and that the positive Alfred Smith, graduate from the hard school of the streets of New York, and colorful executive of the Empire State, is to be the next occupant of the White House.

Without Benefit of Delegates

By HENRY F. PRINGLE

THE Republican National Convention of 1928 actually came to a conclusion before it began. The delegates, proud and happy with their multicolored badges, might as well have started for home on the eve of the opening session. They would have saved large sums of money, would have accomplished exactly as much, and would—happiest of all—have escaped the sonorous, dull, complacent keynote address of the Hon. Simeon D. Fess, of Ohio.

The hammers of carpenters were still resounding in Convention Hall and the loud speakers were being tested when, in the Hotel Muehlebach—the Ritz of Kansas City—the words were spoken which insured the nomination of Herbert Hoover for President of the United States. This was at approximately seven o'clock on the evening of June 11, with the Convention not due to assemble until the following morning. Even before this, in a room that was closely guarded, men had labored to bring forth a platform which again consecrates the G. O. P. to the gospel of Things as They Are; a platform which says nothing about corruption save in the vaguest of terms, which does not mention Will Hays, Sinclair, or Fall, which is silent on Teapot Dome, and which speaks out chiefly for prohibition, a high tariff, tax reduction, and restriction of immigration. The platform indorses "without qualification" the record of Calvin Coolidge, who this summer will fish in peace and quiet and will permit a faint back-country Vermont grin to play about his lips as he watches Mr. Hoover writhe in cowboy suits or pitch hay while the movie cameras click. The platform sets forth that "the record of the Republican Party is the record of the advancement of the Nation" and that the party justly claims "a major share of the credit for the position which the United States occupies today as the most-favored nation on the globe."

But with the drafting of this self-congratulatory document the delegates to the Convention had little to do; except in the cases where they were also influential politically. Nor did they, even, control the nomination of a Vice-President. The selection of Senator Charles Curtis, of Kansas, was dictated by expediency. His name was the result of prolonged conferences after Hoover had been formally nominated. He was chosen to appease the irritated farmers, who talk noisily of hurrying to the Democratic rally at Houston. And he is enormously satisfactory because, having voted both for and against the McNary-Haugen Bill, each wing of the party can praise him as an ally when the spell-binding begins. Strangely enough, even the international bankers, suspicious of Hoover, are pleased with Curtis.

I AM not saying that the 1928 Convention was manipulated by party bosses, as was the session of 1920, when a group of leaders gathered at the Blackstone Hotel in Chicago to do the bidding of Harry Daugherty. Herbert Hoover is unquestionably the popular choice of the members of his party. Unquestionably he is its most able son. And, despite the dissatisfaction of the farm group, he is more likely to win for the G. O. P. than any other man who could have been named. My point is, simply, that the 1928 Convention was one in which the delegates themselves played a drab and silent rôle. Hoover, having won more delegations than any other aspirant, came to Kansas City with great assets. But he came also with definite handicaps. The farmers were protesting that, as a member of the Coolidge Cabinet, he must share the blame for the McNary-Haugen veto. The New York delegates, influenced by the fact that elements in Wall Street do not trust Hoover, were determined to draft Coolidge—and thereby wreck his chances. A "coalition" of Lowden, Watson, and Goff had been formed against him. And yet the Hoover hopes became realities in the twinkling of an eye. His nomination became a certainty because the leaders of the party, if such they can be called, lost their nerve and capitulated to the popular choice without making a fight, without waiting for the delegates to convene. Let us view the spectacle, as novel as any in all the grotesqueries of American political history:

The Convention was called for Tuesday, and the city was well filled with visitors by Monday morning. California had arrived, with bands blaring "California, Here I Come." So had most of the other delegations. The hotel lobbies were jammed with delegates, their wives, hangers-on, newspaper correspondents and sightseers. But Andrew W. Mellon and his Pennsylvania cohorts were still on the way. What would Mr. Mellon do? As his train made its way across the country between Pittsburgh and Kansas City he was bombarded at every station, and each time he said that there was nothing he could say. In Kansas City the afternoon newspapers were snapped up hungrily. Would the "greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Alexander Hamilton" insist on drafting the silent man in the White House? Was he not really opposed to Hoover, despite his statement that the Secretary of Commerce would make an excellent President? The crowds in the Muehlebach lowered their voices as they talked of the influence wielded by this one man. He was, they whispered, the dictator of the Convention, a man sagging beneath his power. The "allies," as the Hoover foes were now calling themselves, prepared to make overtures. As Mellon went, so would go the Convention!

Down at the Union Station, in the afternoon, a battalion of newspaper correspondents waited for the special train bearing Mr. Mellon. He arrived at about four o'clock, surrounded by a horde of guards and secretaries. Emaciated, looking very weary, and with his white mustache drooping even more than usual, the Secretary of the Treasury glanced in fright at the crowd and scurried for a motor. No, he had nothing to say. He would be at the hotel at five o'clock, and he would see the reporters then, merely to greet them. The Pennsylvania delegation would caucus in the morning, and a decision would perhaps be reached at that time.

BY five o'clock the correspondents were surging through the corridors on the fourth floor of the Muehlebach, but Mr. Mellon was not to be found. Then an aide announced that the statement, if any, would be made at eight o'clock, instead. Would the gentlemen of the press return? They would, and did. This time their number was up to three hundred, and again they pushed and shoved through the corridors. But again the pallid Mr. Mellon was missing. And at this moment word reached the fourth floor that William S. Vare, the Philadel-

Herbert Hoover

phia boss whom the United States Senate had refused to seat, had issued a formal statement predicting that the 79 votes of the Pennsylvania delegation would go to Hoover. There followed an extraordinary spectacle as the correspondents dashed through the halls calling for the personal appearance of Mellon. Did this mean a revolt, or had Vare, one of the most discredited men in the party, stolen Mellon's thunder? Was Mellon a myth? As they searched, in vain, United States Senator David Reed, of Pennsylvania, the Secretary's faithful friend and follower, approached. He held up his hands for quiet, and then clambered up on a chair. He had, he announced at the top of his voice, a statement from Mr. Mellon. Silence fell, and during it the Senator repeated the previous word—that Mellon would say nothing until morning. Nor was anything more needed; the Mellon myth had been dissolved, Hoover was within striking distance of a majority, the New York delegation groaned—hearing of it all at their hotel—that they had been deserted, double-crossed, and made to appear almost as silly as Mr. Mellon himself. They even went so far as to criticise Calvin Coolidge. Several hours later, while the correspondents still waited for a chance to see the Secretary of the Treasury, a youthful reporter for the New York "World," Charles J. V. Murphy, chanced to be passing down the corridor. Through a half-open door he saw Mellon, alone and disconsolate. Knocking, he looked in. Mellon, seeing that this was an individual, and not an army, screwed up his courage and did not run. Instead, he murmured that he was "very tired," that there was nothing he could say. The Pennsylvania delegation would caucus in the—

"But, Mr. Secretary," interrupted Murphy, who had been writing politics for but a few weeks, and was not aware that the question was highly improper, "would it not be correct to say that you will use your influence to have the delegation vote for Mr. Hoover?"

"Yes," said Mellon briefly. And Murphy, rushing to a telegraph key, sent a despatch that stopped the presses in the Pulitzer Building in New York. The next morning it was officially announced that Pennsylvania's strength belonged to Hoover. Vare found himself in the rather astonishing rôle of a man who had furthered the public will. It would, as some Convention wit has pointed out, have been a courteous thing for the gathering to have named the Philadelphia boss as the party's Vice-Presidential nominee, and have insured thereby his admission to the Senate chamber. There he could wreak revenge on the Senators who, thus far, have declined to give him his seat.

And now to the Convention. A gloomy hall with quantities of vacant seats, a large platform in the center with microphones, a flag, or two, and some bunting, and above it large portraits of Calvin Coolidge and Abraham Lincoln. Directly across from the dais is another long platform, this one hung from the ceiling, with rows of huge arc lights and scores of still and motion picture camera men. Higher up still, the girders of Convention Hall are sparsely covered with flags and bunting. Down on the floor of the hall are the standards of the State delegations. On either side of the dais are the seats for the newspaper correspondents. And on the platform itself are the great men of the Republican Party, the National Committeemen, the party managers, the officials, the members of the local committee, whose arguments and cash brought the Convention to Kansas City. The Republican Convention of 1928 was called to order precisely at eleven o'clock on the morning of June 12. But no one seemed unduly excited over that fact. The galleries filled but slowly, and the delegates were talking or reading newspapers. There was nothing to get excited about, for Hoover was certain to be the nominee, and only the bitter-enders, the die-hards, and the embarrassed New York delegation were troubled by doubts or perplexities.

The white-haired, stolid William M. Butler, Chairman of the Republican National Committee, hammered for order at eleven o'clock, and the hum of conversation subsided a little, the arc lights hissed and flared, and the hall gleamed with a light like that of the sun sliding into an eclipse; a queer, brilliant light unlike that of either the sun or the full moon. It seemed to increase the heat of the hall, and those in its glare shifted uncomfortably. Convention Hall at Kansas City is not well ventilated, and this was unfortunate, for the weather outside had been ideal. Only occasionally during the middle of the day had it been warm, and at night the temperature had sent the California delegates into moody fits of jealousy. Throughout the Convention there was no discomfort, except in the hall itself. The boosters who staged the Convention will, no doubt, make the most of this fact in the pamphlets they issue in the future.

The arc lights in full blast, Chairman Butler introduced the Right Rev. S. C. Partridge, Episcopal bishop. But no one

seemed to listen to the lengthy prayer, an appeal for divine guidance, although the Bishop's resonant voice roared out from the cluster of amplifiers above his head. And no one listened, either, to the rigmarole of the formal call for the Convention—droned out by Mr. Butler. Then came a short address by the Chairman, in which he ventured to predict a Republican victory in November. And, finally, Senator Fess, of Ohio, was presented, the keynote speaker, the man whose words were to be rushed into print and used in a guide-book for the orators of the coming campaign.

It is not without interest to the student of political phenomena to recall that in 1918 Senator Fess was actively engaged in the election of a Republican Congress. President Wilson had appealed to the Nation to send Democrats to Washington, and thereby insure support for his program. Hoover, serving as Food Administrator, had publicly joined in this appeal, to his everlasting regret. And Fess, irritated and annoyed, had promised himself that he would some day obtain revenge. The opportunity came two years later, when Hoover, discussed as the Presidential nominee by both parties, finally decided that he preferred to be called a Republican. The Ohio guardsman issued numerous statements ridiculing this decision and pointing out Hoover's treason two years before. He even went to Harding and asked that no berth in the Cabinet be given to Hoover.

ALL this had been forgotten, however, as the 1928 Convention began. Fess, a white-haired, mild-mannered little man, began a long and dreary speech in which he revealed that the millennium, if not actually at hand, was but a short distance away—if only the Republican Party were kept in office. Industrial supremacy, high wages, lowered production costs, greater distribution of wealth, harmony between capital and labor, increases in exports, the protective tariff, high standards of living, farm rehabilitation, Coolidge economy, Coolidge efficiency, Coolidge integrity, Coolidge genius, reduction of the public debt from this sum to that sum, aviation, roads, law enforcement, world peace, adjustment of foreign loans—the Senator's voice droned on and on as, one by one, the delegates and the alternates slipped out into the corridors for a cigarette or a pipe. There was scattered applause, toward the beginning, when he mentioned the Secretary of Commerce. But it was only momentary, and the Convention immediately resumed its private meditation. A few of the faithful chanced to be listening when he called for further restriction of immigration, when he pledged the Republican Party to the enforcement of the Volstead Act, when he told of the accomplishments of the Harding and Coolidge Administrations toward world peace. For the most part, though, the oration was received in profound, prolonged, and, no doubt, respectful silence. The Senator from Ohio had been chosen to speak because he was known to be "safe." No new ideas, the leaders felt, would come from his lips. And none did. He said nothing about the oil scandals or the other late difficulties of the party, and his only references to Harding were in praise. But that is what keynote speeches are for—no one takes them seriously except the men who make them and those who will rehash the same material in the campaigns which follow. There was not, perhaps, a single original idea in the entire ten thousand words uttered by Fess. It was a foretaste of the party platform being born in a conference of leaders as he was speaking. Only when he came to the eulogy of Coolidge did Fess raise his voice, glow with pride, make a gesture or two. Then he said:

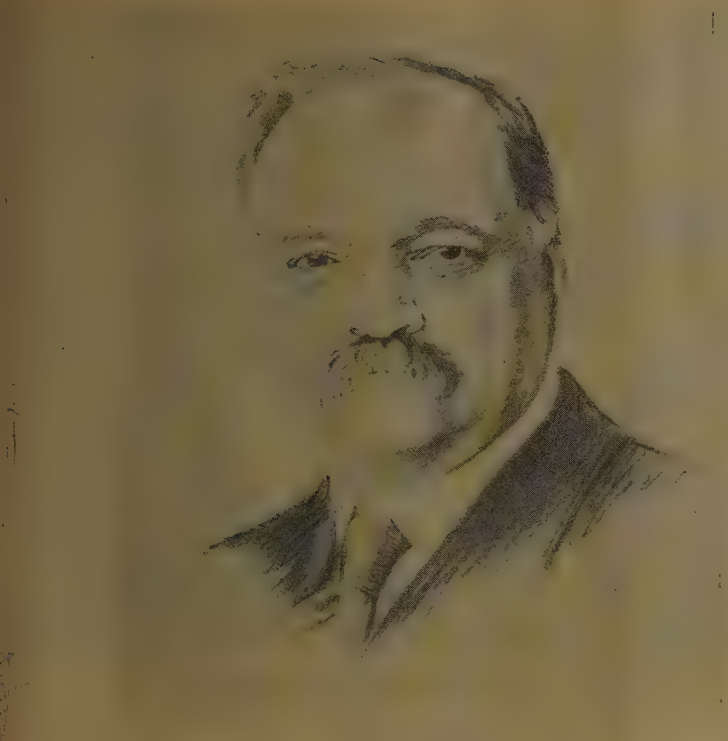
> Few are his words, decisive his judgments. His comprehension of problems is broad, his vision clear, and his action dauntless. His conception of public duty forestalls the employment of mere political expediency. He spurns the arts of the demagogue, and strengthens the passion of public rectitude. . . . After five years and seven months of leadership in our Nation, he leaves office by his own fiat, which appears to be final and is so interpreted by many of his friends in spite of the fact that his nomination and election would be a foregone conclusion did he not forbid.
>
> This hold upon the confidence of the American people of every name, class, and creed, without regard to partisan feeling, makes Calvin Coolidge the greatest personal and political force in the world today.

THIS Convention at Kansas City was one of the dullest in history. It was partly because the last element of suspense was eliminated when Vare stole his march on Mellon. But it was also due to the fact that Hoover, for all the thousands of loyal and devoted supporters that he wins, is not a man to inspire emotional enthusiasms.

It was the belated appearance of a few farmers which provided the principal excitement. The promise that from 50,000 to 100,000 indignant agriculturists would storm Kansas City failed to materialize. But by Tuesday night the headquarters which had been opened with the encouragement of Lowden supporters, was well filled with men of the soil. They were, in the opinion of this observer, real farmers. They had come in from Nebraska and Kansas and a few from Illinois and Iowa. Most of them had been working hard for years. Their faces were lined and burned by repeated suns into a leathery brown. They wore their "store clothes" uneasily and felt, as they waited for something to happen, both out of place and ridiculous. Few, if any of them, understood the details of the McNary-Haugen Bill. But all had been assured that its approval by Coolidge would have meant prosperity. And they were unanimous in their hostility toward Hoover.

Just what they expected to do at the Convention was vague to most of them. Their confidence increased, however, under the influence of repeated and fiery orations. "Let us tell the G. O. P.," the speakers yelled, "that the American farmer is not a peasant! Let us be orderly, but determined and insistent." The Committee on Resolutions, then in session, would be stormed and a plank indorsing the McNary-Haugen measure with the equalization fee and everything else, was certain to be granted. So the farmers listened and agreed, and later while the lobbies of the hotels were massed with people, they began to parade. They were slightly pathetic as they shuffled along, about three hundred strong, shouting, "We Won't Vote for Hoover." They were even a little absurd as they respectfully removed their hats in the splendor of the Muehlebach lobby. And they were largely, ludicrous when, exhorted by the orators, they made their way to the resolutions session to seek a farm plank giving "agricultural equality." Then, as on their parades through the hotels, they carried banners calling for "Anybody but Hoover," praising the McNary-Haugen Bill, and protesting that they were not "Reds or radicals, just Republicans." The Platform Committee listened to their leaders, among whom was Governor Adam McMullen, of Nebraska, and swiftly proceeded to draft a plank disapproving the statute which Coolidge had vetoed.

AGAIN, on Wednesday, the farmers paraded. This time they were led by a band playing a funeral dirge and they marched around and around the Convention Hall as though they expected, quite half-heartedly, as they expected most things, the walls to fall



Charles Curtis

down. A few made an effort to crash the gate, for the G. O. P. had no tickets to waste on discontented farmers. But they were quickly repulsed by the guards, and resumed their mournful marching. Inside the hall, while all this went on, Senator Fess was giving a long explanation of why, on the previous day, he had forgotten to eulogize Theodore Roosevelt along with the other mighty figures of the Republican Party. The sudden flare of the photographers' flood-lights, he said, had disconcerted him just as he had reached that passage. He pointed to the printed copies of his keynote address, given in advance to the newspapers, as proof of the fact that he had intended no slight to the lamented Bull Moose or any other liberal elements in the party.

But this story of the Convention, prolonged much further, would approach the sessions themselves in dullness. The delegates heard George Moses, United States Senator from New Hampshire, and widely known as the wittiest man in the Senate, make a speech in which he pointed out that Governor Alfred E. Smith was to be the Democratic nominee, and that the aroused Republicans would "welcome him to a bloody grave." The Convention was in session for only two or three hours, because the platform was not yet ready. Mild interest was aroused by a vote on a report of the Credentials Committee, but this merely demonstrated the strength of Hoover, and every one settled back into his waking drowsiness.

In contrast to the rest, the third day of the Convention contained much that was dramatic. It witnessed a brisk debate on the farm plank, with more bitterness under the surface than the leaders of the G. O. P. care to think about. There was a really stirring moment when United States Senator Robert M. La Follette carried on the battle of his father and presented a minority platform, a platform marked by courage, vigor, and outspoken directness. During the day Frank O. Lowden, of Illinois, the leader of the "allies" and the agriculturists seeking Hoover's defeat, withdrew as a candidate because of disgust for the party's farm plank. And, finally, there was the anti-climactic nomination of Herbert Hoover, with a demonstration which the Hooverites sought desperately to make enthusiastic, but which was, at best, only mildly so.

The selection of Senator Curtis was the real admission of the Republican Party that all is not well with the farmer —even though keynote speeches burble of his industry and prosperity. It would be incorrect, of course, to regard the withdrawal of Lowden as the threat of an immediate third-party movement. There is, as far as I can see, no one to lead such a movement, for certainly Lowden himself has failed to demonstrate striking leadership. The withdrawal came during the nominating speeches at the evening session. He had stated before, Lowden said, that he did not "want the nomination unless the Republican Party was prepared to meet fully and fairly the agricultural problem." He went on:

> I have waited upon no particular remedy, but I have stated at all times if there was a better method than the so-called equalization fee I would gladly accept it. I have urged, however, that it is the duty of the Republican Party to find some way to rescue agriculture from the ruin that threatened it.
>
> This, in my judgment, the Convention by its platform just adopted has failed to do. I therefore authorize the withdrawal of my name from the floor of the Convention.
>
> Though I cease to be a candidate, my interest in the cause is in no way abated.

THE last paragraph of Lowden's statement caused, naturally, rumor of a third-party movement. But certainly the former Governor of Illinois has taken no action toward this, and his friends denied that he has any in mind. He left immediately for his home, and his withdrawal had, it seemed as the Convention adjourned, irritated rather than pleased the farmers. Besides, the farmers were feeling happy over the nomination of Curtis and many of them were assuring themselves that this time, even if never before, the G. O. P. intended to carry out its platform promises and that everything was for the best. It does mean, however, that Lowden will take no part in the approaching campaign. The Democrats, particularly if there is a satisfactory farm plank in the Houston platform, will find encouragement in the thought that there will be wholesale defections in Illinois and in other States in the Middle West.

The party steam-roller was working with swiftness and efficiency during the debates on the farm plank and on the minority platform. There were plenty of speeches, but the votes inevitably supported the majority platform, a ponderous document read in dull, monotonous, virtually inaudible tones by United States Senator Reed Smoot, of Utah, Chairman of the Resolutions Committee, at the start of the morning section.

The appearance of "young Bob La Follette," as he is universally called, was the signal for really sincere applause. Slight, with dark hair and a boyish face,

the present La Follette seems to have better balance than his father. Instead of being tragic, he is good-humored. He denounces without scolding. And yet all the old protest is there and all the old fire.

The minority agricultural plank may be wrong in fact and in theory, since it includes definite approval of the McNary-Haugen Bill. But from the lips of La Follette it became apparent, for the first time during the Convention, that here was a cause which really mattered —not an issue made formidable by scheming politicians. For eight years, the young Senator said, the agricultural industry had languished. Through the "fertile lands of the West and South bankruptcy has stalked, counting its victims by the hundreds of thousands, until today the specter of peasantry haunts those who till the soil to give the Nation bread." The minority platform denounced the monopolization of electric light, heat, and power. It favored the retention of Government title to such natural resources as coal, oil, water power, and timber. It attacked the $3,000,000,000 naval building program as "a wasteful expenditure of taxpayers' money and as creating a rivalry in armaments, endangering the peace of the world."

"We favor," said La Follette, "firm treaty agreements with all nations to outlaw war, to abolish conscription, drastically to reduce land, air, and naval armaments, and to guarantee public referendum on peace and war."

And then the minority platform referred to corruption:

> As a classic example of the fruits of privilege, we cite the leasing of the Naval Oil Reserves, justly branded by the Supreme Court of the United States as a fraudulent transaction made by means of collusion and conspiracy.
>
> In the name of the rank and file of the Republican Party, we repudiate this transaction in its entirety. We resent the insinuation that the honest and patriotic millions of our party are chargeable in any degree with responsibility for the leasing of these reserves by "a faithless public official" or for the perfidy of a former chairman of the National Committee who assumed, in the name of our party, to accept a portion of the profits derived from this corrupt conspiracy.

WHY in the world the G. O. P. party leaders declined to accept this plank, why they preferred a bromidic one calling for "honesty in government" and deploring that "certain American citizens of both parties" have wandered from the path of honor—why politicians act in this fashion—is one of the things which makes the conscientious citizen play golf on election day. The La Follette platform, it is my view, was sincere, direct, and honest. Certainly it was brief enough to be understandable and well enough written to be easy to read. The majority platform was dull, rambling, filled with statements and arguments dictated by expediency.

They came, at last, to a vote on the minority report. Senator Moses called for the "ayes," and from the Wisconsin delegation and from a few other places in the hall came a few, scattered affirmations. The "noes" were overwhelming.

"For twenty years," murmured William Allen White, editor of the Emporia "Gazette," to the correspondent beside him, "I have been listening to the still, small voice of the Wisconsin delegation that is the conscience of the Republican Party."

The nomination of Herbert Hoover was accomplished at the evening session on the third day. Alabama yielded to California, and John L. McNab, a neighbor in Palo Alto, arose to make the speech. He achieved in one brief moment immortality as the maker of a nominating speech. Instead of numerous "a man who," "this great citizen who," "this brilliant mentality who"—an invariable custom—McNab mentioned Hoover's name in the first sentence. The demonstration, partly synthetic and partly real, lasted for almost a half-hour. It came close to dying on several occasions, but the appearance of a large portrait carried by two of the Hooverites gave it new life. There was a disorganized parade in which most of the State standards were carried. Then McNab went on with his long biographical eulogy. The names of Curtis, Watson, and Goff were also placed in nomination, and then, towards the end, the Hon. Ralph D. Cole, of Ohio, appeared on the dais. His first choice for President, he said, had been the late Senator Willis. Next he had favored Governor Lowden, whose withdrawal message had been read an hour before. His third choice, Mr. Cole said, was "a real American," Calvin Coolidge.

A half-hour later the result of the ballot was announced: Hoover had 837 votes; Lowden, 74; Curtis, 64; Watson, 45; Coolidge, 17; Goff, 18; Dawes 4; and Norris, 24. Only 545 were necessary for a nomination, and a motion was in order to make the nomination unanimous.

"Aye," yelled the Hoover followers.

"No," replied the farm bloc and the other die-hards.

"The motion to make the nomination unanimous is carried," ruled Chairman Moses, "and it is so ordered."

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IN CONVENTION ASSEMBLED

A general view of the opening session of the Republican National Convention with Senator William A. Butler presiding

From Coolidge to Hoover

By

ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT

ON Herbert Hoover and his sincere supporters will depend the justification of the Republican nvention at Kansas City.

Only once before has there been thin my memory anything like a paral- to this. That was when the Demo- atic Convention at Baltimore, after a ruggle that was ended only by the sting of New York's ninety votes, un- r the command of Charles F. Murphy, minated Woodrow Wilson. Then, as w, it was the nominee, and not the rticipants in the Convention or their ings, that determined the Convention's ace in history.

In each case the man whom a fallible, nfused, and in many respects sordid nvention selected was of all the possi- e candidates the one most highly quali- d to be President. At least there is little doubt about Herbert Hoover's ualifications now as there was about Woodrow Wilson's qualifications then.

And this is not only the opinion regis- red by the Convention. It is the opin- n which was registered by Republicans all sections of the country before the onvention began. In fact, Herbert Hoover was the only candidate before he Convention that had received any- ing like a National indorsement. His ndidacy was from the grassroots. It ame from the most widespread popular emand. It was ably managed. Herbert Hoover is of the sort that appeals both idealists and to practical people. His ecord in the war as an organizer of hu- anitarian relief explains that. And hen the Convention met he had just a ttle less—and potentially somewhat ore—than a majority of the delegates.

To begin with, that was a Coolidge Convention. It was bound to be. No arty in power, unless it is staging a rev- lution, can be otherwise than pro- Administration. Besides, the great ma- ority were really for Coolidge and would ave voted for him if they could. There as not so much as a whisper of third- erm opposition that I heard directly or ndirectly. And among those who would ave been very willing to vote for Cool- dge were many—perhaps most—of the Hooverites. It was on the basis of friendliness to Coolidge, of whose Ad- ministration Hoover was a part, that the Hoover delegates were chosen. That was also bound to be. Hoover had cast his lot with Coolidge. It was only on the assumption that Coolidge would not consent to be a candidate that Hoover had become a candidate himself. So the Hoover delegates, comprising openly about one-half of the Convention, as well as many of the others, were necessarily Coolidge delegates. Consequently the stage-management was orthodox.

ORTHODOX though it was, however, in outward appearance, with the initials G. O. P. designed in the form of an elephant displayed everywhere, it was not a bossed Convention. There was no coterie of bosses in control or even in near control. There were bosses there, but they were little bosses, inefficient, and mostly at odds with one another. The good old days of Quay and Penrose, of Platt and Barnes, of Murray Crane and the rest, are of the long ago. Bascomb Slemp, like Hitchcock (whom, by the way, I saw there, looking a little but not much older), may round up Southern delegates in a good cause; but Vare and Mellon and Hilles and Watson and William N. Butler are not of the apostolic succession. They are not channels of effective political grace. They cannot keep even the orthodox in line. No worthy successors of the old bosses would have allowed the defeatist talk that emanated from orthodox groups and that led to some one's comment that this was the best Democratic Convention that the Republicans had ever held. There was, in fact, scarcely a delegation there reputed to be under orthodox control of a strict organization that did not have and exercise an element of revolt. Even within the very orthodox anti-Hoover faction of the New York delegation there was a split.

So, beneath the outward order, the promptness with which the sessions opened at the designated times, the usually dull proceedings, the absence of much of the old-time ballyhoo that has so often turned National Conventions into bear gardens, in spite of all the appearance of regularity, there was inward confusion. I have never known a convention in which it has seemed so hard to find out what was really going on. I think that was partly because there were so many different things going on at the same time, and partly because there was no source of real knowledge, no one who really knew.

Whether all this makes for political liberty or not is a matter of opinion. I think it does.

But certainly there is nothing of political liberty in the scandal of the so-called "Southern delegates"—that is, the delegates from those Southern States where there is practically no Republican Party except that consisting of Federal office-holders and their hangers-on. And that old scandal continues to the disgrace of the Republican Party. Of course, such delegations are for whoever is in power and will bring them to the Convention. In the struggle between Taft and Roosevelt in 1912 several of these delegations were rounded up for Roosevelt. Some of them this year were rounded up for Hoover. They represent no real party sentiment. Their appearance is pitiful. One colored delegate from Georgia rose during the roll-call on the Presidential nomination as the delegation (evidently split between two rival managers) was being polled on candidates to settle a dispute and voted, "No!" And later he or another from the same delegation, in addressing the chair, was asked, "For what purpose does the delegate rise?" and replied, stentoriously, "Hoovah!" The Convention, instead of laughing, might well have wept with chagrin.

OF course such delegations lend themselves to contests with little merit on either side. But there were contests in Florida and Texas, where real Republican organizations exist, that involved some principles. In Florida, it was a question of the validity of a rump convention held by a group that had refused to surrender to the majority the temporary roll of the regular convention. In Texas it was the question whether the party should follow the procedure laid down by the State law, as the Republican Convention rule prescribes, even though it is the law of a Democratic State. They involved issues fundamentally like those brought up in certain contests in 1912 in the struggle between Taft and Roosevelt and decided then in

defiance of law and political morals. In the Convention this time those decisions were reversed. I heard the cases argued in appeal to the Credentials Committee. Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt presided with utmost fairness. Former Senator Lenroot argued the cases for the Hoover delegates. In one of the cases the decision by the National Committee, from which the appeal was taken, lacked but one vote of being unanimous—proof that the decision was reached without regard to the interests of the candidates, but on the merits of the case. For their part in this both Mrs. Willebrandt and Mr. Lenroot have since been most unjustly attacked by Senator Norris. The action of the Convention in these cases was highly creditable. Our Presidential conventions are as much a part of our Governmental institutions as is Congress. Anything that tends to raise one of them above the level of factional controversy to the level of justice and law is of concern to Americans without regard to party. These two cases, decided right by large majorities from beginning to end, have received little public attention, but they are one of the encouraging features of a Convention otherwise marked by much that was on a level of mere materialism.

It was certainly on that level of materialism when it began. Senator Fess's keynote speech was devoted to the praise of Republican prosperity. It is only fair to say that it was comparatively free from flag-waving. It was a professor's marshaling of statistics tending to show the advantage of keeping the Republican Party in power. It may serve as a source for campaign material, but as an oration it was a dead weight. It was delivered to an audience that soon became heedless. What could be more natural than that, with such a theme, Senator Fess should, in reciting the achievements of Republican Presidents, forget what he had planned to say about Roosevelt? That omission was one of the most genuine tributes Roosevelt received.

When Senator Moses—what President-makers our Senators have become! —received the gavel as Permanent Chairman he too made a speech. And with it injected into what was becoming, or seeming to become, a defeatist Convention the first vigorous words of fighting spirit. If he did not change the tone of the Convention, it was because no one could do so by a single speech. And, like the defeatists, he had Governor Smith in mind and, by a skillful and rather mordant reference to the commonness of the name, on his lips too.

So began the Convention, according to the traditions of the G. O. P.

But it did not end that way.

During those four days that Convention grew from a Coolidge Convention to a Hoover Convention. And it grew so because that was the way the majority of the delegates wanted it to grow.

To say that Vare put Hoover over by getting the start on Mellon in announcing Pennsylvania's decision for Hoover is to say that the crowing cock brings the dawn. That Convention was already for Hoover before Vare spoke. Massachusetts and Vermont, both Coolidge States, had already made their swing to Hoover known. Besides, there was nowhere else that Pennsylvania could go. Coolidge was out of the running. An anti-Coolidge candidate was impossible to such a Coolidge State. Hoover was the only Coolidge candidate in sight. And Pennsylvania was honeycombed with Hooverism. One Pennsylvania delegate, I am credibly informed, went to Mr. Mellon and said, in substance: "I will vote for Coolidge or I will vote for you; but if neither of you are available, I notify you now that I will vote for Hoover." That was typical of what was happening in the Pennsylvania delegation. And when a majority for Hoover became unmistakable there was nothing else but a Hoover vote for Pennsylvania or any other Coolidge State, Vare or no Vare.

From that time on interest in the Convention as a Presidential nominating machine ceased. It is true that some of the Lowdenites and Watsonites and Goffites still kept up their talk, in the vain hope of scaring the confident majority. It is true that supporters of Curtis professed to believe—and perhaps really did believe—that to avoid a split the Convention might turn to Curtis as a compromise, the enemy of none. But everybody knew—even my friend William Allen White, one of the solid block of the Curtis Kansas delegation, as good a Wilsonian as ever loyally followed Roosevelt—that there was no imaginable outcome but Hoover. Of course, the nominating speeches were yet to come, with two genuine demonstrations for Hoover, characterized by a rain of California poppies, and an equally genuine demonstration for the popular Curtis.

The selection of Curtis for Vice-President, which was the final important act of the Convention, was not so obvious in advance. Few doubted that he would consent, if the Vice-Presidential nomination were offered; but there were other candidates who seemed formidable. The renomination of Dawes seemed politically expedient to mollify the Lowden group and the agricultural section. Some man from the Atlantic coast was urged as a balance to California's Hoover and as anticipatory answer to Al Smith and the sidewalks of New York. But Curtis won on three counts—he is of the agricultural Central West, he is a natural "harmonizer," and he is peculiarly fitted by reason of his long experience in Congress, for the duties of the Vice-Presidency. So Curtis it was on the first ballot.

But the Convention had another job besides nominating candidates—and a harder one. It had the job of reconstituting the party. And it really made some headway.

Evidence? Here is some.

Before the four days were over the old G. O. P. type of politician was on the defensive. His buncombe was treated with the disrespect of inattention. His *clichés* had become a bore. The speaker from West Virginia who nominated Goff had a precious list of them: "Eternal rock-ribbed mountains;" "There may be no angel of resurrection for the Grand Old Party"—at least that is what it sounded like through the din; and, after stopping for a moment to look at his notes, "Our candidate would make a great President." So manifestly bored were the delegates that the speaker was moved to tell them he would finish in two more paragraphs—and was thereupon cheered. Watson's nominator set forth the qualifications of Indiana's native and favorite son by declaring: "He can call more men and women by their first names than any other man living today. He has made more Republican speeches than any other man living today." And the Indiana delegate's words were soon inaudible in the din of universal conversation. Not even West Virginia or Indiana could start a general cheer for such drivel. By the end of the Convention Watson and Goff were not even in the background. That was a sign of progress for the G. O. P.

Another sign was the scant attention paid to the propaganda of prejudice. Not only were posters and handbills distributed attacking Hoover for his interest in the welfare of foreign peoples and attributing to him perverse antagonism to some foreign groups and equally perverse favoritism for others, but actually statements full of such prejudice were given out from more than one candidate's headquarters. As the Convention proceeded such appeals got less and less heed. I hope that religious prejudice fares as ill at Houston.

Another sign of effort to set the party

in a new direction was the attention given to the framing of the platform. Undoubtedly Smoot, as Chairman of the Resolutions Committee, had prepared a draft, and his handiwork seems obvious in the final form. This Convention was not a revolutionary body, and it did not abandon the traditional cumbersome form or the complacent partisan tone characteristic of the platforms of American parties. The Republican platform lacks the ring of genuine emotion and strong conviction concerning principles of liberty that resounds in the substitute proposed by La Follette, of Wisconsin, and rejected by the Convention. Its tone is that of satisfaction with material welfare. It starts, not with human equality, but with steel rails. In that perhaps the voice of the Republican Party is the voice of the age. Such equality as it urges, or takes credit for, is economic equality—and that is something. But, whatever the defects or virtues—and there are some virtues—of the platform, there was a real effort to make the platform representative. It was not put over on the Convention. I attended the open hearings of the Resolution Committee. One after another causes were presented. During the hearing of the plea for the equalization fee for marketing agricultural surpluses several scores of farmers, wearing the yellow "Agriculture" badge, reinforced the plea with their presence. Prohibition was strongly discussed, pro and con. The Woman's Party was represented by a member who argued very persuasively for a plank in favor of a Constitutional Amendment putting women and men on an equality before the law, even to the annulment of laws for the special protection of women in industry. The other side was presented effectively by a member of a woman's trade union, asking for further protection against the exploitation of women in factories. That the framing of the platform was no sinecure is proved by the fact that the members of the sub-committee, of which Senator Borah was chairman, were in session continuously—except for a four-hour recess—for thirty-six hours.

And in that platform are recorded three major decisions.

First, on prohibition. The issue was the annulment or repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. The attack was on the Amendment itself. By adopting its Committee's plank the Convention squarely took up the challenge. After quoting Washington and Lincoln on the duty of preserving the Constitution inviolate, the prohibition plank of the platform declares:

"The people through the method provided by the Constitution have written the Eighteenth Amendment into the Constitution. The Republican Party pledges itself and its nominees to the observance and vigorous enforcement of this provision of the Constitution."

That this represented the overwhelming opinion of the Convention as a necessary policy in this campaign and for the next four years was made clear by the summary manner in which the Convention laid President Nicholas Murray Butler's motion to exscind this plank on the table. As individuals, many members of the Convention who voted for this probably connive at the breaking of the Prohibition Law; they may have their opinions of the Volstead Act; but they are evidently convinced that the country wishes to continue the prohibition experiment and are willing to stake their party's fortunes on the maintenance of the Prohibition Amendment as it stands. Evasion by generalities on law enforcement no longer serves.

Then agriculture. When the Convention opened, and even before, every kind of pressure was employed to force the delegates at least to compromise on the so-called equalization fee as embodied in the McNary-Haugen Bill. This would have exacted from the producers of practically every agricultural staple a contribution for marketing the surplus of their product. The argument is, in brief, that now the farmer has to buy at the seller's prices and sell at the buyer's. To correct this inequality it is proposed to use this equalization fee to enable the farmer to hold his surplus until he can get his own price for it. The President vetoed this bill on the ground that it was unsound in economics and unconstitutional in empowering a private agency to collect a tax. Lowden, Dawes, the Wisconsin group, and many farm organizations defended this plan. Lowden declared he did not want the Presidency unless the party indorsed it, and actually withdrew when it did not—though then he was beaten already. Curtis voted for it, but also voted to sustain the President's veto. Farm organizers threatened the Convention with a huge "Caravan" coming to Kansas City to protest. On Sunday I was told at the Agricultural Headquarters that there would be fifty thousand farmers camping at Electric Park the next day. So on Monday afternoon, the day before the Convention, I went to Electric Park. I found not fifty thousand, but fifty. At least I was told there were about fifty there. I actually found nine cars, and as I left saw nine more drive in. I sat on the running-board of a Chevrolet and talked with its owner, who had driven four hundred miles with his son and a friend from a town in Illinois. He was very restrained, but uncompromising in his demand for the equalization fee. A few of the visiting farmers with a hired band tried later to break into the Convention Hall—at least, their leaders did. I saw them being shoved back by the police. The band and the line of farmers stood still and watched the proceedings without emotion.

It was not this demonstration, but the arguments of the spokesmen for the equalization fee that impressed the Convention. But the arguments of such men as Franklin Fort and Senator Borah, and even more, perhaps, the necessity for upholding the President, carried the day. There might have been a compromise. Indeed, neither of the substitute planks actually mentioned the equalization fee. Perhaps the compromise could have been camouflaged enough to save the President's face. But the Convention faced the issue squarely and declined to indorse the principle of the fee. In that there was no evasion.

And again, campaign contributions. Out of a clear sky came a plank containing this pledge:

> The Republican Party, beginning not later than August 1, 1928, and every 30 days thereafter—the last publication being not later than five days before election—will file with the Committees of the House and Senate a complete account of all contributions, the names of the contributors, the amount expended, and for what purposes, and will at all times hold its records and books touching such matters open for inspection.
>
> The Party further pledges that it will not create, or permit to be created, any deficit which shall exist at the close of the campaign.

This also is explicit. It insures against a repetition of what happened in 1920. With this observed, there can be no Will H. Hays peddling bonds to conceal a contribution to a campaign deficit from the beneficiary of a transaction tainted with fraud.

On these three major planks the Republican platform does not straddle.

And the leader in all three was Senator Borah. It was he that forced the Republican Party to take a stand on the Eighteenth Amendment. It was he who

(*Please turn to continuation, page 348*)

Essays in Golf

By HERBERT REED
(Right Wing)

THAT greatest of golf essayists, Walter Hagen, once said that "the nearer the hole, the tougher the match." This was a long time ago, a time ago when Hagen was not his present "snooty" self, but just coming along. He has probably forgotten that statement, but he has lived up to it in full measure. So that now the time to watch Hagen is when he is off the line from the tee and has to plunge one gorgeous stocking into a water hazard, so that he may make use of a "rescue" iron. The occasion of the important statement was a match away out in San Francisco just before this country entered the war. Del Monte, to be exact. It is a pretty course, and a flat course, a course that, free from wind, puts something of a premium on putting. Hagen was playing a few preliminary rounds in which his putting seemed to be just a little over-ambitious. He was not merely inches, but feet past the hole every time. I asked him then what seemed to be the matter. His answer was that if he went over the mark at Del Monte he had a better than even chance to shut down on the Exposition course. No greater putting than he accomplished that day has ever been seen by the prince of all putters. Since that time match after match of the first magnitude has been won by putting, the great putts led up to by the dead approach to the pin.

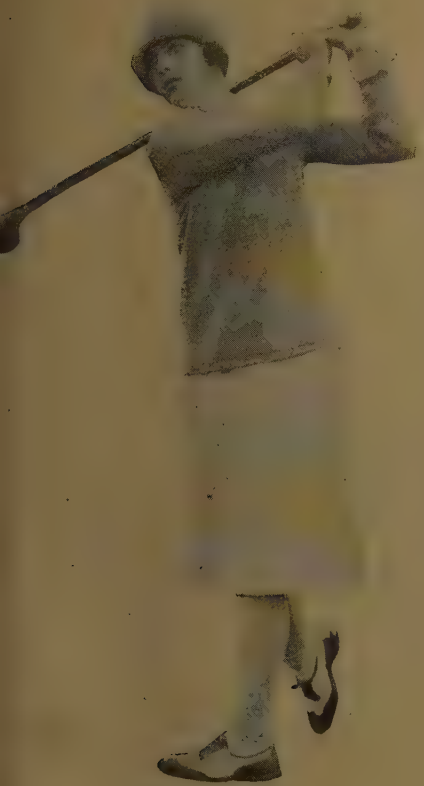
IT is in just this way that the big matches are going today. The short game wins, just as Eddie Driggs makes it win for him, just as Abe Mitchell, one of the greatest of the drivers, makes it win for him, when he does win. What Walter Hagen knew was not news, simply a restatement of the basic fact. Which, of course, makes it all the more wonderful when one of the "swipers" wins a championship. Some of the "swipers" come from the football ranks, but their swiping has something of a

Maureen Orcutt

Eddie Driggs

method in its seeming madness. Driggs is a fair sample. He was one of the greatest backs that Princeton ever had, and he was playing at that time the type of opportunist football that Princeton played. It gave him a touchdown against Dartmouth, and a winning touchdown, as it turned out. He had not at that time taken up golf. Since he worked into the game of wood and iron he has had an outlet for the opportunism that was in his system, not to be satisfied with intercepted forward passes, or any other "break of the game" that he could not make himself. He played "heads up" football, and now he is playing "heads down" golf, with much the same results. He is not the only old football player who finds that fine outlet for emotions that were perhaps cramped on the gridiron. There is hardly one of the modern coaches who is not playing the game. Bill Roper, the Princeton coach, who is known as one of the great-

est of drill masters, is using the game as an outlet for personality, and the great chance of being called down by a caddie. Roper is a left-hander, and suffers from a tendency to keep too far away from the ball. He was closed in on the ball one day by a little Pinehurst caddie, and thereafter played as good a game as



Glenna Collett

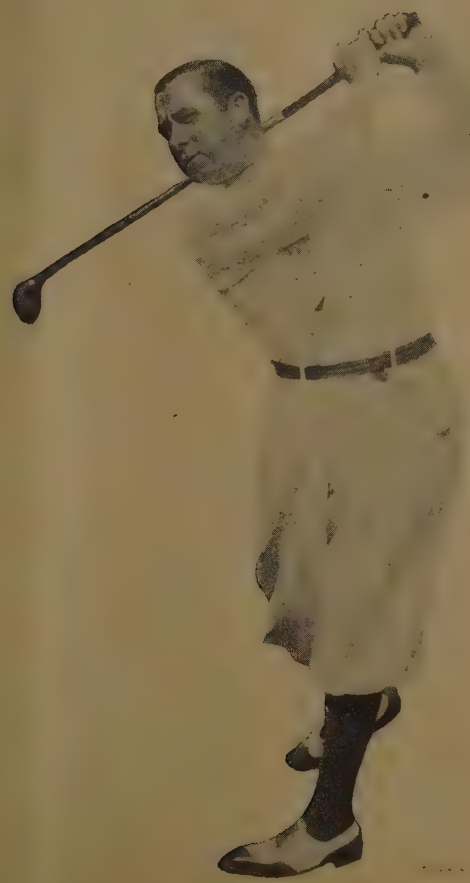
"Shep" Homans, which is stepping right along. The point is that Bill proved right there on the golf course why he was a great coach. He was willing to take the one bit of vital instruction from a humble caddie, just as he was willing for years to take the one vital bit of advice from younger football men.

ALL the big men in the amateur golf game will admit that, while it is pleasant in the extreme to play the wooden clubs, a really "sweet" iron is the one thing worth while. There has yet to be developed a champion who has not had command of the irons. One's recollection travels back to the time when Bob Gardner, of Yale, won a National championship almost solely with the irons and the background of the pole vault, the one track and field venture that builds up the muscles for iron play. In the professional ranks it is not a far cry to Isaac Mackie, who could get two hundred yards out of the old "gutty" ball over Hell"s Kitchen on Staten Island. And it was not much of a swing that Mackie took, either. So, all other things being nearly equal, the song of victory in golf is the song of the irons.

WOMEN, too, are gaining the mastery of these iron clubs, but perhaps more slowly. Maureen Orcutt is one of the best of the iron-club players. She gets plenty of shoulder behind it, plenty of work with the right hand, plenty of smart play off the right foot. The best of the professionals, and I am not excepting Jim Barnes, will tell you to widen the stance and hit freely "through the ball," whereas they themselves will, once in action, close the stance and hit down on the ball once the irons are in use. So it is pretty good advice much of the time to do, not what the professional tells you, but what he does. Sometimes he cannot explain his best shots.

IN common with men, women have come to build up their own game without too slavish following of the "pro." While studying the short game, at which women golfers are notoriously weak—pretty much, I think, a matter of nerves—they have lengthened out their hitting. It was Glenna Collett who first discovered that the long hitter among women had a big advantage. She specialized, and is still specializing in the two long shots, the first from the tee, and the second with the brassie or the iron. She discovered one thing that many others had suspected—that in the case of the woman star "playing the odd" was an up-hill game. She promptly got herself out of that position. But there are other women coming along who will some day match her from the tee, and then it will be a battle of the irons.

RIGHT on top of this subject of irons it is worth while recording that in front of most club-houses there is a "clock" green, a plant designed to improve the putting of the player. Such a thing is needed, of course, but it might be worth while to include opportunities for club-house practice of the approach shots, the work with the irons, whether long distance or short. Such an opportunity is provided in "Idiot Hill," on the Pinehurst course, North Carolina, but I know of none other that is adequate.



Walter Hagen

The Record

By O. F. KERLIN

I SHALL never forget the time when my great-uncle lost his faith in Viruna. Thirty years ago, in the Middle West, Viruna was the most popular of all patent medicines. The great trinity of the rural population was the Holy Bible, the Republican Party, and Viruna. The first two solved all spiritual and political ills, while the last was the remedy for every bodily ailment from tuberculosis to shingles.

Great-Uncle Henry was one of the original prohibitionists of his neighborhood. Early in his life he had signed the pledge, and it was kept religiously. He was a moving spirit in the fight for local option in our county. His hatred of the Demon in all its forms was a living, burning, personal passion. My life is enriched by the memory of many a stormy argument I heard waged at the general store and post office, and at the railroad station. On most of these occasions my uncle upheld the side of local option single-handed, against the whole tribe of village loafers gathered around the stove. After these verbal battles, when we had emerged from the store, laden with groceries, the old man was always so excited that his goatlike chin-whisker quivered and his voice rose to a bleat as we reviewed the discussion on the way home.

"I tell you, boy," he would say, "Belial has them in his clutches. And he had me too, once, when I was young and full o' the Old Harry. But when I signed the pledge I got so mortal 'shamed o' them old whisky bottles a-layin' in the woodshed and a-testifyin' to the life I'd led, thet one night I took them out to a sartain spot and buried them deep. So thar they are, and they ain't a livin' soul knows whar I put 'em. The signs o' my transgressions 're hid frum worldly eyes, and hid fer good."

But when we had entered the house and set the groceries on the kitchen table I knew that shortly all would be well. For Uncle Henry would reach up into the cupboard, take down the trusted bottle of Viruna, pour out two immense tablespoonfuls of the magic elixir for himself, and soon under its beneficent influence he would recover his normal voice and equanimity. Many a time he has said to me: "Well, boy, I've lived a long time and we've had right smart o' sickness in the family, but I ain't never seen a disease thet Viruna couldn't cure. I reckon I wouldn't be here now if 'twarn't fer Viruna. A little of it morning and night and at mealtimes keeps a feller toned up so's he kin fight any ailments thet come along."

THEN some one down in Washington discovered that this medicine was compounded mostly of alcohol, with a little flavoring and coloring matter added. When the news reached our neighborhood, the effect was catastrophic. Here was a bolt that shook society to its foundations. Practically all the pillars of the church and the leaders of the local temperance movement were disciples of Viruna. Worthy matrons who had not missed a prayer-meeting for years were dazed to learn that they had been consuming as much alcohol as any moderate drinker in the village, and many who had bought Viruna for years were heard vigorously denying that they had ever used it personally. Our storekeeper asserted that the local trade in Viruna had fallen off to almost nothing, but mentioned that a great number of strangers from the village of X——, some fifteen miles away, had been buying it in our town since the scandal. Only a few good-for-nothing scoffers ventured to draw any general inference from this, and their irreverent remarks were received with a dignified silence by all respectable people.

My uncle was overwhelmed. At first he refused to believe what he read in the newspaper. Finally, however, the town drunkard publicly demonstrated that a person could get riotously drunk on Viruna alone if one took a two days' dose all at once. This convinced him.

One dark, moonless night shortly after he stole quietly out of the house, got a spade in the woodshed, and set about digging a deep hole back of the barn. A few moments later, from my hiding-place in the milk-house, I saw his thin shadow pass into the woodshed and emerge, accompanied by the clink of empty bottles. In the morning the array of empty medicine bottles which had been accumulating in the woodshed for years was gone, and the hole back of the barn was filled with earth. Nothing was said about the matter.

As the days passed into weeks and months I became sensible of a profound change in Uncle Henry. The props of stability seemed to have been knocked out from under him. His faith in the beloved panacea was gone. There was no salvation in sight, so he snatched wildly at straws. He was gloomily convinced that his constitution would be unable to withstand the rigors of another winter unless he could discover a sure-fire remedy that would fit his case, some elixir that would "keep his system toned up."

Every Saturday afternoon he would come home from the grocery with some new patent remedy. After the cork had been extracted he would carefully pour out a tablespoonful or two, according to directions. Then slowly, conscientiously, he would sample the fluid, cocking his head sharply to one side and closing his eyes as he rinsed it around in his mouth before swallowing, so that he might give it the benefit of a seasoned appraisal. After his Adam's apple had made its last long jerk his head would straighten and he would open his eyes, prepared to render judgment. This first taste was usually followed by a mournful shake of the head and a vast sighing, "I'm afraid thet ain't any good nuther." But he always finished the bottle, if it took two weeks, in spite of his disbelief in its efficacy. Uncle was economical.

ON one momentous night, however, the first verdict on a new sample was favorable. "By cracky, this stuff tastes as if it might do somepin' fer a feller!" he remarked with enthusiasm. "You kin jest feel it burnin' its way down."

I verified his judgment while the old folks were at prayer-meeting the next Wednesday. The stuff was bitter as wormwood, hot as cayenne. My throat felt as though I had swallowed a red-hot poker.

But as time passed Uncle Henry became convinced that Vitum (the new medicine) was the long-sought remedy. It took its proper place in his esteem as the true successor to Viruna. He spread its virtues broadcast to his little world, and it became quite popular. The vil-

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On Riding in a Pullman

By SILAS BENT

NOWHERE is the male seen to worse advantage than in a Pullman washroom before breakfast. He scatters his things over a seven-foot seat in order to monopolize the mirror above it while he shaves. He snorts loudly into his cupped hands while washing. He forgets such inhibitions as may have made him, at other times and in other places, a person fit to associate with. Recalling certain passages from Dante's "Inferno," I surmise that Hades may witness practices more indecorous than those of the Pullman car; but, lacking experience of these defilements, I venture the assertion that the washroom of a sleeper is the most obscene spot to be found on this earth.

What is it that so transforms the male biped at an hour when he should face the world with cheerful confidence? After thirty years of riding in Pullman cars, I believe I can suggest an answer. He has spent the night trying to sleep in a coffin-like space containing some fifty cubic feet, ill lighted, practically unventilated, and surrounded by curtains and bedding extremely hospitable to germs. And in the back of the passenger's head lurks an unhappy realization that he is being buncoed. In a first-class hotel he could get a room and private bath, the two containing some two thousand cubic feet of sanitary air, for six dollars, let us say, on a twenty-four-hour basis. For the same period the discomforts and germs of his fifty cubic feet in a Pullman cost him (including a bonus of $3.63 stuck on for good measure to the railroad) $10.88.

It appears that the Pullman passenger, despite this country's reputation for hard-headed bargaining, does somewhat poorly in dealing with the sleeping-car monopoly. Of course it is not true that his resentment thereat is always in the back of his head. At times it becomes vocal, finds expression in terms too candid for the comfort of millionaire Pullman stockholders. As a consequence, two railroads have put into service, for short overnight trips only—say from Washington to New York—sleeping-cars made up of single rooms, each containing an actual bed thirty inches wide, six and one-half feet long. But if the passenger thinks the price of a Pullman berth exorbitant, what must he think of these tiny rooms, and of the price he must pay for privacy while dressing? He must pay one-fourth more for his railroad fare from Washington to New York; he must pay $7.50 for a bed, instead of $3.75 for a berth; and so his trip of 227 miles, instead of costing him $11.99, costs him $21.43.

HEAVEN forefend that I should say anything unkind about the Pullman Company; but in the years that I have been paying money into its treasury—not for transportation, but for service—it has been able to make no improvement in its cars, apparently, save the single-room arrangement for plutocrats I have just described. If there were any inventions to make traveling at night more bearable, something happened to them. It is possible that impoverished Pullman directors have been compelled to buy them up and scrap them. They have had an uphill fight, these directors, as is revealed by a cursory glance at their fiscal affairs. During the week before I sat down to write this their stock advanced only a fraction more than eighteen points. Thirty-six millions was put into the company as an original investment, and now the stock, at the going market rate, is worth only a quarter of a billion. Since 1897, even with the most picayunish watching of the corners, the company has disbursed but $245,000,000 in cash to its partners, and only $260,000,000 in stock. In 1925 its stock paid $12.85 a share, net. In 1926 its net profits were a paltry twenty millions. Last year, after meeting dividends and all other charges, its surplus on operations was but eight millions.

Fortunately, Pullman passengers are enabled to subsidize this hard-pressed monopoly. They do it by tipping the Pullman porters to the tune of seven million dollars a year. The company pays the porter $72.50 a month for an average of eleven hours' work daily, and his average of tips, according to a survey by the Labor Bureau of New York, is $58 a month. There is thus a gross of $130.50 in wages and tips; but the Labor Bureau finds that $33 a month must be paid for vocational expenses; $52 a year for shoe-blacking alone; the cost of two uniforms a year, the price of lodging and meals. The porter thus has for his own uses $1,160 a year. The United States Bureau of Statistics estimates that the average family requires $2,100 a year to live properly.

IN 1925 Philip Randolph organized the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, and set about trying to get better wages, in order to abolish the humiliation of the tip. The Pullman Company agreed to treat with the Brotherhood, provided Randolph would resign. The Brotherhood, knowing that without his eloquence and energy the organization might go to pieces, refused to let him resign. Thereupon the Pullman Company put twelve Chinese to work as porters on club cars of the Northwestern Union Pacific railroads. A Brotherhood organizer was arrested without a warrant in Jacksonville, and employed a lawyer; but he could not be represented in court because the lawyer, like himself, was a Negro. After two weeks he was released and run out of town. The Pullman Company has its very own "company" union, and disapproves of Brotherhood organizers. If the porters don't get enough for a fair living, the American public, stingy with its tips, must be to blame. Despite a Constitutional guaranty, the Negro does not seem to have lived down a previous condition of servitude.

Frank O. Lowden, who married the daughter of the late George Pullman, asked for the Republican nomination for the Presidency (according to the party organ, the "Herald Tribune") on this inspiriting platform:

"A living wage for the submerged thirty per cent of our population."

There are only 12,000 Pullman porters. The slogan cannot refer to them. No, the context makes it clear that the reference is to farmers, who have a vote even south of the Mason and Dixon Line. The porter's need of a living wage appears to have been forgotten. I wish to nominate the former Governor of Ohio for the Presidency, therefore, on an amended platform:

"Honest wages for porters; decent Pullman cars."

I am confident that with this slogan he could have been nominated and elected.

Miniatures from the Life

Murder

By IBBY HALL

IN Russia there is a peasant wife who has always worked hard. The farm where she has lived with her husband and seven children is small, perhaps, but for that reason one must waste nothing of it. The house, too, is not large, since it consists of two rooms only—one for living and one for sleeping—besides the cellar, which is but a hole in the ground hollowed out for the storing of potatoes. But two rooms must be kept diligently when there are nine living in them.

Until a little while ago, the husband of this woman was known for his gay and pleasure-loving temperament, with which he held her in continual fear and torment. For it was easy for him to remember vodka and those women whose dispositions matched his own. Easy for him to forget an old and ugly wife and hungry children. Easy for him to remember curses and blows.

Still, when he was not about—which was most often—there was all the work to be done. And when he was at home he was worse than no one. For then he was more helpless than the youngest one, more useless than the animals. A great lump of a man, drunk, heavy and snoring. Meanwhile, she and the two oldest girls must get on with only the horse to help them.

They were good girls—but what would she have done without that horse? He was all that the man was not. The strong legs, the heavy shoulders and back—here was her comfort. No burden was too great for that animal. They would have starved without him.

There had been times, before they had had this good beast, when the man had been too much for this peasant wife. The times she had left him were not to be counted on her rough, short fingers. Nor the times she had returned. Why, she could not say. To hold and nurse and humor him again. To bear more children. To plow and dig and hoard. To be beaten. The truth was, she belonged to this man, to the two rooms, and the farm, and the children. To the horse, even. She was rooted deep. The two oldest girls, fifteen and sixteen, were at last a help. The five small ones would be growing big. Soon she would be old.

But this was a hard summer. There was nothing this year in the house—only a few potatoes from last winter. Not a ruble—and the bitter cold ahead. They had not seen money in so long a while they would not know what to do with it if it should fall on them. There were too many needs that cried for it.

There was only one hope for all of them that July. The hay. Soon it would be ready to cut. Ripe and warm and sweet smelling, it would bring a good price. Fearfully and in snatches she prayed to a majestic God to allow them this crop; to see to it that the man was on hand to cut it at the right time. For a long time now he had not left the farm. No rubles—no vodka. But with every day as the hay slowly ripened his temper had been growing worse. With every day the blows and curses had become heavier; but she had welcomed them, for at least he was present to attend the crop.

That day came finally when the hay was ready to be cut. Under the man's scythe the spears fell ripe and sweet, to lie in the warm sun before they should be raked and pitched upon the wagon. By nightfall they would have in two loads at least—half the crop. The rest could be gathered into haycocks, for the night would be fine. The next morning would see the whole crop safe and sheltered.

But as the sun died it was plain that the man had taken a strange turn. He had become silent, but with an unpleasant smile. For he would look at the woman threateningly and turn away to laugh. She grew uneasy. Was his head, too, becoming touched with thirst?

Her last look at the sky, she went to bed that night thinking only of the two loads in the field. The man lay silently. He did not move. He did not snore. Was he already asleep?

But in the morning he was not around. Out of the tiny hut—nowhere on the patch of a farm. There was nothing he could have taken with him! Nothing. . . . She ran clumsily on heavy feet to the shed that served as barn. The first load of hay was stored safely. The second waited on the idle wagon. But the horse was gone.

That morning the peasant wife and the two big girls stored the waiting load in the shed. Laboriously they dragged the heavy wagon, empty again, to the field. When the horse should return, they would be ready. The man would be no good; but with the horse, their crop could still be saved.

By noon the clouds began to gather. The woman called out the younger children to the field. All afternoon they worked like animals. At least by evening he must return! From near by—from farther and farther down the field—from the far stretch—they dragged the hay and piled it on the wagon.

The clouds drew together slowly with approaching night. The load stood high and ready, but there was neither sight nor sound of the returning horse.

All night the woman lay and listened. No sound. By morning the rain had not yet fallen. He must be back by noon!

Out in the field the wagon waited with its load. They gathered what was left into one great haycock—watching the road, watching the sky. They could do no more. If the rain fell—if the horse did not return—how could they meet the winter?

By afternoon the horse had not returned. By night there was still no sign. Yet there was hope, for the rain had not yet fallen. And then, at midnight, she heard them, and her heart lurched heavily. A stumbling horse—a helpless man. She got up quietly and dragged the man inside. Patiently she hauled and shoved until she got him into bed. Then she went out to stable the horse.

It was now that she understood what had happened. Her thick wits and failing heart stood still together as she stared at the horse. For here was a creature weaker than herself. Old, raw-boned and spavined, the forlorn animal drooped in front of her. The fine young horse—their strength, their hope, their living—was gone. Traded for vodka. And for this bag of bones.

The woman led the poor beast to shelter. She returned to cover the sodden man. Then she waited for dawn.

When the day broke, she roused her two daughters and under the heavy gray

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The Theatre Makes Fun of Itself

ANY summer review, we suppose, which pretends to be a topical review of the season, like "The Grand Street Follies of 1928," must of necessity deal mostly with local affairs. This is in the nature of topical reviews, whether in London, Berlin, or in New York. It is only occasionally that there appear skits above and beyond the town gossip and mimicry, which provide any satire on what might be called our National follies.

It is so with this summer's edition of "The Grand Street Follies." Amid the imitations and dances, the travesties and the burlesques, one playlet, called "Marked Millions," deals with the Sinclair-Fall scandal and presents Will Hays as a Gilbert and Sullivan character; but this is the only one.

Otherwise, it is amazing to see how taken up with their own profession are the people of the theatre. With two or three exceptions, all of the skits in this exceedingly cheerful and energetic Broadway show deal with the plays of the season; with imitations of other actors and actresses. Much of it, we imagine, would be well-nigh unintelligible to the outlander who dropped into the Booth Theatre on his single visit for the season to New York.

And yet this is not to say that the "Follies" this year is not excellently entertaining. For it is. It has a youth and originality and "go" to it which to us brought back memories of the "Garrick Gaieties" of several seasons ago. Just the mimicry is almost marvelous at times, particularly the efforts of Albert Carroll, who gives imitations in turn of Mary Nash in "The Command to Love," of Ho-Fang in "The Silent House," of Mayor Walker, of Mrs. Fiske and Ethel Barrymore both at the same time. (Yes, we mean this. He makes up one side of his face one way, and the other side another.) He even does Laurette Taylor in a take-off on Zoe Akins's play "The Furies," and finally winds up as the famous Moissi doing Romeo in a most strange version of Shakespeare's play as the Grand Street producers would like to remember Max Reinhardt's setting of it last winter.

The whole thing is crazy, of course. The New York street cleaning scandal is mixed up with the great stairway scene from Reinhardt's Shakespearean production, and Mae West is cast as Juliet, only much tougher than she ever dared to be in either "Sex" or "Diamond Lil." In addition, the "Porgy" players present an insane moment called "Camille Causes a Doctor's Dilemma," wherein the plot of the Shaw play is presented with Negro players and ends with Camille dying in the famous swan bed from "Diamond Lil," while the Negro players cast on the scenery the same great shadows which were so effective in Rouben Mamoulian's production of "Porgy" itself, at the Theater Guild.

What's more, Constance Collier apparently comes out and sighs again for "Her Bertie," and Trader Horn stalks through the entire show—rather stupidly, to our notion.

Everybody from Dolores Costello to Lionel Atwill is represented; and, oh, yes, an awful Billie Burke is also concerned in the goings-on. Warner Brothers' Vitaphone comes in for its share of the knocks in a gentle travesty called "Don Juan's Busy Day," in which the vitaphone—or fightamoan, as it is called—insists on repeating itself throughout several scenes which are badly strained by its misrepresentation of what goes on.

To pick out from such a great mélange any two or three things in particular is difficult. Yet it must be confessed that Dorothy Sands's two imitations—one of Ina Claire doing her telephone invitation in "Our Betters" and the other of Haidee Wright as Lady Macbeth—stand out above everything in our memory, except Albert Carroll's burlesque of Laurette Taylor.

Most striking was the skit on "Strange Interlude," which turned out, naturally, to be Lynn Fontanne with her "three men" gathered around the family lamp; only in this case it was Miss Columbia, Calvin Coolidge, Al Smith, and Herbert Hoover. If one closed one's eyes, the illusion was perfect. From the stage came the unmistakable, affected tone of Lynn Fontanne (Vera Allen) holding conversation with Tom T. Powers and the others of the Eugene O'Neill show. Yet something seemed to be wrong. Because if one listened to the words, it was apparent at once that the drama they were engaged in was not "Strange Interlude" at all, but a new one—a strange conflict over Miss Columbia's new baby "Election," in which each of the three gentlemen present had an odd interest.

Indeed, for an absolutely nonsensical mixture of truth in politics and a genuine take-off on a play, the whole thing, done with the utmost suavity and excellent mimicry, this particular thing struck us as very hard to beat. It is a shame that such talent should confine itself exclusively to the limited things within the circle of its own profession. Personally, we should have enjoyed more skits on the follies of humanity in this year 1928, and not quite so much rehashing of our Broadway "spotlight" personalities. But it's fairly good and the music is delightful. There isn't a moment of dullness in it, and it lacks conspicuously the routine that attaches to many a professional show.

Francis R. Bellamy.

A Musical Pioneer

By EUGENE BONNER

IN this year of grace nineteen hundred and twenty-eight, with orchestras to right and left of us volleying and thundering, it seems difficult to imagine the time when such-like musical manifestations were far less frequent, when they were, in fact, to all intents and purposes non-existent.

From whatever angle approached, the New York of the second quarter of the nineteenth century, its manners and customs, is bound to afford an almost unholy amusement to us of these days. Was it actually in point of culture so far behind other American cities of the period, such as Boston, Baltimore, Charleston, and New Orleans, or was it that, with the naïveté which so long distinguished the dwellers on Manhattan, their juvenile desire to "show off" revealed circumstances which many of the other cities were clever or well-bred enough to keep to themselves?

None the less, whatever may have been the situation in regard to the cultural standards of the times in New York or elsewhere, there's no doubt that all of us these days, be we natives of Manhattan or *émigrés* from Walla Walla, Oshkosh, or Hohokus, find the records of that early period, whether in the form of books, plays, or prints, not only amusing but intensely interesting.

It is from this angle as much as from the musical side that Mr. Charles Edward Russell's book "The American Orchestra and Theodore Thomas," which has just been awarded the Pulitzer Prize for the best biography of the year, is bound to interest, not only musicians, but a large portion of the reading public not ordinarily interested in matters musical.

For musicians and music lovers the book is unusually absorbing, dealing as it does with a period of musical history in this country that is about as familiar to many of us as the private life of a button molder in the dark ages. We all squeak and gibber merrily enough about musical personages and events of the forties, fifties, and sixties, but how many of us have ever collected our mental flotsam and jetsam anent them and their period and put things together, so to speak?

It is not that there hasn't been a great deal of ink spilled and many valuable records of those days compiled, but in this case Mr. Russell has taken one figure, a very important, perhaps the most important one in the history of the musical development of this country, and, by reason of that man's extraordinary habit of somehow or other being involved in most of the important musical events of his day, has managed to give us a pretty comprehensive history of music in New York and some other American cities from the forties and fifties of the last century up to the early years of this present one.

It was in 1845 that Johann August Thomas, former Stadtpfeifer of Esens, leader of the Schützen Corps band of that town, and a capable performer on the cornet, arrived in the city of New York with his entire family. Used as he was to the musical amenities of a small German city, he must have been somewhat depressed, to put it mildly, over the state of things that existed in this city concerning music in that year of our Lord.

"All the crudity of a mining camp was here," writes Mr. Russell, "but none of a mining camp's romance and saving grace in the spirit adventurous. Rational amusements and entertainments Dickens found to be in a sad state of neglect. Three principal theatres, so far as he could see, composed the city's effort in dramatic and musical art. Two of these, the Park and the Bowery, were "large and handsome," but generally deserted. There was a small theatre, called Niblo's, "with gardens and open-air amusements attached; but it was not exempt from the general depression under which Theatrical Property, or what is humorously called by that name unfortunately labors."

The oldest child, Christian Friedrich Theodore Thomas, was at this time ten years of age, and had already manifested musical talent practically amounting to genius. It was this talent of his that probably kept the family from starving, as by playing the violin at concerts, weddings, dances, and the like the boy managed to keep the wolf from the door. Once, under extraordinary stress of circumstances, he was forced to go into a barroom, play, and pass around the hat.

A few years later we find father and son in a Navy band at Portsmouth, Virginia, and playing side by side on the old man-of-war Pennsylvania, the two of them having enlisted in the United States Navy as musicians.

Matters bettering, these two secured their discharges from the Navy, and the young Theodore set out on tour as a violin virtuoso, making his own posters, acting as his own manager, ticket collector, and press representative. He often traveled alone on horseback from town to town, getting a first-hand knowledge of America and Americans, unapproached by any other orchestral conductor in this country before or since—most particularly since.

Back in New York in 1850, he found conditions somewhat improved and succeeded in getting an engagement playing violin in the orchestra of the German theatre, which had just opened. A year later we find him among the first violins of the Italian Opera Company, opera by this time having begun to get a certain hold on metropolitan inhabitants. Three years later he is elected to membership in the Philharmonic Society of New York, then a co-operative organization that gave about five concerts a year, and for many years after we find him playing in these concerts.

Such were the beginnings in this country of the man who was to accomplish so much for the musical education of the Nation at large. We follow Mr. Russell's narrative with much interest and at times not a little amusement, though the tribulations that Theodore Thomas went through were far from amusing for him at the time.

The Thomas-Damrosch feud is touched on, while the really amazing and utterly preposterous business of the Chicago World's Fair row is expertly handled, just enough detail to interest and not enough to become tedious. His unselfish work in behalf of the Chicago orchestra gets its full meed of praise, and throughout we are given a splendid insight into the character of the man himself: sincere, masterful, lovable, and apparently utterly tactless in regard to public opinion and the press—that press which could, and probably would, have helped him so much had he been willing to meet it half-way—but withal a great man and a great conductor.

The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

"Dawn"

FIRST of all, let it be said that "Dawn" is a superb picture. The question of international ill will which its release has raised is something we may set aside, as of secondary importance, for the moment.

Depicting, as it does, an episode brimming with emotion from start to finish, the film might easily have turned out to be a mere hodgepodge of bathos and sickly sentiment. Dealing, as it most assuredly does, with one of the world's ugliest tragedies, it could well have lapsed into a morbid, tiresome dirge; an *Aase's Tod*—a Hymn of Hate.

But to say of this brave, solemn, beautiful picture that it does any of these things would be to do its makers a shameful wrong. For Reginald Berkeley, the scenarist, Herbert Wilcox, the director, and Sybil Thorndike, the star, have combined to make "Dawn" one of the most dignified, straightforward, and grandly simple documents ever put on the screen. Technically it is open to objection, but, even so, it's the most nearly perfect film production to come out of England. Miss Thorndike's inspired performance as Nurse Cavell is a thing which should be seen—which mustn't, in fact, be missed. If this gallant lady, with her serene bearing and sensitive face, fails to elevate your spirit, you're an eight-minute egg, indeed.

"Dawn," in our belief, would never have stirred up all the commotion it has done if it hadn't been such a fine piece of work. The Germans made a bad mistake in executing Miss Cavell, and the picture's effectively simple method of recording their blunder is far more damning than bombast would have been. But the Germans' mistake was only one of policy; it was a moral offense in no sense whatever. Edith Cavell had harbored and aided in the escape of prisoners from the enemy camps—and war is war.

Thus "Dawn" becomes, not an anti-German film, but an anti-war film; one of the most effective pieces of anti-war propaganda we've ever seen. If the bad judgment of a couple of German generals is given a well-deserved wallop, what of it? The Brotherhood of Man (under which promising arrangement German generals won't be able to make mistakes) will not be postponed by so much as ten

minutes because "Dawn" was shown. In the meanwhile we wish every American, German, and Russian producer of "heart-interest" motion pictures would go to see "Dawn" and learn a little something about that priceless ingredient—restraint.

"Fools for Luck"

THE story of the slick oil promoter who comes to a small town to fleece its inhabitants, who sells them worthless stock only to have his highly unproductive well suddenly turn into a gusher—this is a situation so hopelessly hoary that one wouldn't think it were possible to extract any new treasures from its forest of whiskers.

Well, one would be right. In spite of the comical by-play of W. C. Fields and Chester Conklin, the above (alleged) plot fails to justify "Fools for Luck" as an enterprise for which admission is charged. There are some pleasantly silly sequences in it, and it's a really difficult job to keep Will Fields from being funny. If they had turned "Fools for Luck" into a vehicle for its two stars and gagged it up to a point where either or both of them had more to do, it might have been a funny picture. As it is, a couple of other fellows could have replaced the Messrs. Will and Chester with equal success in all respects save box-office pull.

The Paramount Theatre audience were fit to be tied, what with laughing at the picture. Every time Chester Conklin turned his head, in that myopic way he has, guffaws raced all over the crossroads of the world. So, perhaps, if you go in the right mood, you might laugh, too. But don't ask us to refund your money if you find "Fools for Luck" very tame entertainment.

"Shooting Stars"

WE go to all the English pictures because we're genuinely interested in watching their development. Sometimes we're happy at having done so, sometimes we're blue. In the case of "Dawn" we're sincerely glad we saw it, and in the case of "Shooting Stars" we're not exactly angry—just terribly, terribly hurt.

The scenario of "Shooting Stars" is from the frontal cavity of Anthony Asquith, son of the gifted Margot. It has all the facility, all the freshness and delightfully contrived surprise, of a Biograph two-reeler of the year 1908. The acting, direction, and photography match the story perfectly, with the possible exception that Brian Aherne might be said to behave in a less frightened and resentful manner than do the others of the cast. For the most part the actors are so wretched at the terrible things they're made to do that to see them is like watching performing animals whose eyes plead mutely with the trainer to let them stop this painful foolishness.

We thought we'd never seen a worse picture than "The Triumph of The Rat." But that was before we saw "Shooting Stars."

The Chattering Tintypes

THIS week will see the opening of "The Lion and the Mouse," Warner Brothers third, and most talkative, talking picture. We shall attend it with an unprejudiced eye and a well-cocked ear, and report on it next week. Regardless of the rather chilling results of their first two ventures, "Tenderloin" and "Glorious Betsy," the Warners are to be felicitated on their courage and initiative in making and paying for this interesting experiment.

The situation is precisely that which confronted the pioneer picture-makers: first, it was said that the movies could never compete with the stage; before very long the hue and cry was reopened, because the movies were forcing the spoken drama to the wall. The net result, at present writing, is that both branches of the amusement game are enjoying unexampled prosperity. So, what price prophecies on the talkies?

Miniatures from the Life

(Continued from page 344)

sky they led the broken-down horse to the hay field. They hitched him to the waiting load and urged him towards the shed. He strained and pulled, and could not budge the load. They coaxed, they beat him, they cursed, pushing and straining with all their strength to help him start the wagon moving. But they were no more than four helpless animals —three women and a horse. The load could not be started.

The peasant woman stood with her hands on her hips and stared at the hay. Then she moved slowly towards the hut. The small children were awake in the room used for sleeping. They were listening to the great snores of the evil-smelling lump that was their father. Without speaking, their mother moved them into the other room. There she picked up the family meat ax and, stepping back into the sleeping quarters where the man lay, she closed the door between the two rooms.

Later she called for her two oldest daughters. Behind them also she closed the door.

"See," she said, "I have killed your father."

It was true. He lay quietly, with no more harm in him.

"If you speak a word of this," said their mother, "I shall kill myself. Then all the work will be yours."

Among them they emptied of potatoes that hole in the earth which served for a cellar. For the last time they dragged and lifted and dropped his sagging body. They covered it with earth and smoothed over until it was flat their closed cellar. Here was an end to blows and betrayals.

After that day the daughters worked more happily and slept more deeply. The small children laughed more loudly, and were no longer frightened of the dark. But night after night the wife lay staring into the blackness in terror.

In the village, a few asked carelessly for the husband. He had left her, she said. Too bad—she who worked so hard —so many children! But though they pitied her they agreed among themselves that it was natural. When a woman grows old and ugly and a man loves pleasure too well, what can one expect?

No one questioned her. No one thought to be suspicious. She was alone with fear. For the man had been too long a part of her. There he lay, so close that she could watch the coverlet of earth that fastened him down. He must soon sit up and shake it off! How could his soul that had so great a need of prayer and sacrament rest long in that unholy ground? She asked her daughters, fearfully and in secret. They laughed loudly at her. No one believed such things any more! She was a foolish old woman. The man was well buried. Let him lie where he was.

But as she had feared and returned to him living, she feared and returned to him now. He had always been restless and unexpected. She had had to watch for blows. Was that how he had held her? So she watched now.

She worked harder than ever. There was no one now to steal her savings. She hoarded them in peace. At last she carried them to the priest. Prayers! Prayers for a soul in torment—prayers to buy paradise for a departed spirit. She would pay well for them!

No question was simple enough to save her. The story was soon out, and Soviet Russia listened carefully, though with impatience. Four years in prison, they decided, was long enough to punish one for holding such foolish superstitions.

The Record

(Continued from page 342)

lage scoffer, a blacksmith, pretended to believe that Vitum contained as much alcohol as Viruna, but he was unable to persuade the local drunkard, after one taste, to drink a bottle of it. His palate was unequal to the occasion.

So Great-Uncle Henry lived to a ripe old age, ministered to until the end by the faithful Vitum. I am glad he did not live until the time of the Pure Food and Drugs Act. After the passage of this infamous bill every bottle of Vitum was labeled plainly "86% Alcohol."

After the funeral I went out to a certain spot behind the barn, took a spade, and began to dig. In uncovering the stratum of Viruna bottles I disturbed them somewhat. Assuming that below them lay the evidence of his lurid youth, I decided to investigate. To my astonishment, I observed a thick deposit of a strange new species beneath the layer of Viruna, but above the whisky zone. After diligent research this stratum was identified. It was composed of bottles which formerly contained "Wilson's Pain Killer." Here lay the record of an epoch in uncle's evolution which he had never revealed to me.

Finally I went to the woodshed and, gathering up the relicts of Vitum, deposited them on top of the earlier remains, covering the whole with earth. The geological record was then complete.

From Coolidge to Hoover

(Continued from page 339)

presided over discussions of the agricultural plank and made the final and effective speech against the McNary-Haugen idea. And it was he who prepared and put through the campaign contribution plank.

It is, I maintain, a mark of progress when a Convention begins with Smoot and ends with Borah.

There were two major omissions—at least. One, the omission of any adequate dealing with giant power or with the so-called "power trust." What the platform says about water power and the control of utilities is vague and general. The other is the omission of any adequate repudiation of those specific acts in connection with the oil leases that were an offense, not only against the country, but against all honest men in the Republican Party itself. I do not understand why the plank on that subject presented by La Follette was not presented separately. The plank adopted links both parties together in a transaction which was a shame to the Republican Party, peculiarly to a Republican Cabinet officer and a Republican National Chairman. To have said nothing would at the worst have been evasion, and even that would have been relieved by the specific pledge concerning campaign contributions in the future. But to say this is to try to shift part of the burden to where it does not belong.

If the Republican Party is to assume a moral leadership, it must now look to its candidate, Herbert Hoover. In this it may find lieutenants in Borah, Franklin Fort, and others who were responsible for changing a G. O. P. Convention into something at least better. Those who know Herbert Hoover best are surest that he has capacity for such moral leadership and will show it. He has been a great economic organizer, he has been a humanitarian on a world scale, he is—it is as certain as anything can be—himself the antithesis of all that has put the Republican Party on the defensive in honest men's minds.

What will he, and those who vouch for him, do with his opportunity? That the Convention could not answer. It has furnished him a platform on which he now stands. But he will have to make his own platform, and that will be the one by which he will be really judged. From what happened at Kansas the greatest mistake his opponents can make is to underestimate him, and the greatest folly they can commit is to attempt to contest with him on any basis but that farthest from prejudice and partisanship.

By W. R. BROOKS

THERE is a new material on the market which replaces plaster in building. It is called Solidon, nd has apparently several advantages ver plaster. One is that it effects a reat saving of time, since it dries and an be painted over in forty-eight hours. t is applied in only one coat, 1/8 to /16 inch thick, in the same way that laster is, and can be put on over insuation, plaster, wall boards, tile, brick, r cement. It is worth looking into if ou are doing any building or remodelig, particularly if time is an important actor.

DENNISON has a material for lampshades called Rhodoid, which is ather like parchment to work with, is ranslucent and non-inflammable. You an get it in several colors, and in rackled, marbleized, and frosted effects. Stencil sheets and an etching fluid are lso supplied. You put on the design, ut out the shade—but we haven't read he directions, so we had better not try o tell you how to complete the job. Our vay would probably be a perfectly good ne, but we'd only confuse you. Anyvay, these are hand-laced shades, easy o make, and if you are one of those lever people who can toss off a little hing like a lamp-shade in much less ime than it would take you to go down o the store and buy one, you will perhaps like to know about it.

WE offer no apologies for occasionally suggesting to you interesting or amusing hobbies which have come under our eye. We believe that they are as worth while and as interesting as anything we can describe in this department. If there is a reason for mentioning a new refrigerator, there are ten times as many reasons for mentioning a new hobby, since for every person in the country who owns a refrigerator, there are ten who have hobbies. And a hobby is more interesting than a refrigerator any day. Ask the man who owns one. It gives you expression for a side of yourself that never gets expressed in your work—and that doesn't necessarily mean that your work is uninteresting. It may be a hobby too.

We have never understood why a man should be ashamed of his hobby, although we have known several who were. We personally think that if a business or professional man does water-colors or builds radios or collects warming-pans or carves peach-stones in his leisure hours, he is probably a lot more efficient during office hours. Even overeating, when it becomes a real hobby, seems less blameworthy to us.

However, the new hobby which we discovered is painting pictures with luminous paint. For the scientist with artistic aspirations it holds out a good deal of interest. Calcium sulphide and the various zinc sulphides, mixed in a solution of gum arabic and water, and blended with each other or with permalba or zinc white, will give quite a wide range of color. Under ordinary light they appear white or yellow, but in the dark they are entirely changed, so that considerable experimentation is necessary. Some very interesting and beautiful effects can be obtained, and there is a great deal of scope for the imagination. There are also a number of other materials that will give different colors, and there is no end to the amount of experimentation that can be done.

THE new Vanity Kodak should be very acceptable to women travelers —particularly those who object to carrying a kodak about with them visibly on their travels. It is a vest-pocket kodak which fits into a good-looking leather vanity case. Much less obtrusive, and comes in several different colors.

IF you want to provide lots of hot-weather amusement in your back yard for your small children, there is a collapsible tank made of iron rods and waterproof canvas, seven feet by five. There are also a ladder and a chute. Turn the children and the hose into it and you have a very practical substitute for the old swimming-hole.

THEY shot food from guns a few years back, and now they're doing the same thing with wood. The wood is torn apart in this way, then felted and pressed together in hydraulic presses. The result is a grainless, all-wood board that won't crack, split, or splinter, and it is being used for everything from bread-boxes to dance-hall floors. It is called Presdwood. We believe they have even made boats of it. We don't know that you can use this information practically unless you are a manufacturer of wooden goods, but it seemed rather interesting to us.

COMBINATIONS of crushed marble and cement and crushed granite and cement are used in making bird baths, fountains, garden benches, sun-dials, window-boxes, and other garden furniture. They are as weatherproof as the stone and are a lot less expensive.

Also for the country house is a foot-wiper—a huge bristly brush that looks like a hedgehog, with a handle to hang on to when you're getting the mud off.

And for your lawn, the Lawn Edger-Mower, which cuts the grass at the edge of the lawn. Attached to this is a disk blade which can be dropped down to cut the turf off in a clean edge.

And for the car, if you smoke while you drive, there's an attachable knob to fasten to the end of the gear-shift rod which is hollowed out to serve as an ash-tray. This will be appreciated by your rear-seat passenger, who gets an eyeful of ashes whenever you miss the window.

And speaking about windows, here's a help for cold-weather driving in traffic. A port-hole that can be set into the window at the left of the driver's seat, hinged at the top, so that the hand can be pushed out for signaling. This isn't a very seasonable suggestion, but we're afraid we may forget it before next winter, whereas, if you're interested, you'll remember.

A Wall Street View of Hoover

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

"WHY was Wall Street so opposed to the nomination of Herbert Hoover?"

The question was addressed to a New York banker. His fame is not international, not even country-wide, but his business associates and acquaintances comprise the most powerful financial forces in Manhattan.

"Your question does not make any sense," he replied, the irritation in his voice very evident. "You assume that every one in Wall Street has the same political opinions, which is ridiculous. I don't like Hoover, as you know, but the president of the bank across the street believes that he will be the greatest President since Roosevelt. The vice-president who sits just in front of me would give up his job tomorrow to see Al Smith elected. Jim Blank, senior partner of the firm of Blank, Dash & Co., is a Kansan by birth, and he swears that Senator Curtis is another Lincoln. How can you say Wall Street thinks this or that? Wall Street holds about all the opinions that there are to be held.

"Having said that, I am willing to admit that a group of New York bankers have no use for Hoover and that they were anything but cheered by his nomination at Kansas City. The opinions of this group I know and share. I will tell you, briefly, what they are.

"Let me say at the beginning that I have the highest admiration for Mr. Hoover's ability as an engineer and as an administrator. His is certainly one of the best-trained minds in public life. And I do not question either his courage or his integrity. But I still believe that he is not qualified for the Presidency.

"I could name many of his faults, but they are all symptoms of the one decidedly unfortunate delusion that he is omniscient. I am not a particularly modest man. Neither are most of the other anti-Hooverites who sit in high places south of Fulton Street. Without a good deal of self-confidence we probably would not be where we are. But our self-confidence is not based usually on either the depth or the breadth of our knowledge. It rests on our expertness in our own field. This bank, for instance, has many textile manufacturers as clients and our service has been quite satisfactory, but nobody in the bank would presume to tell our customers how to make rayon. We are satisfied if we can evaluate correctly the abilities of a company's executives and advise them wisely on the purely financial aspects of their business.

"Mr. Hoover is confident that he knows more about finance than financiers, more about industry than industrialists, and more about agriculture than agriculturists. He is so sure of his judgment in these fields that he wants to impress it on others. He is very seldom willing to take advice. Since he knows more than any advisers could, why should he?

"I know, of course, what Mr. Hoover's friends would interpolate here if they were listening. They would insist that we want to give Mr. Hoover, not advice, but orders, and that he won't take them. I know that we don't want to dictate to Government officials, and I also know that Mr. Hoover would have avoided some of his mistakes in the Department of Commerce if he had not brushed our advice aside.

"We object, moreover, not only to his ignoring our advice. We object to his offering us his advice on matters that are none of his business. The Department of Commerce, for instance, has urged bankers who borrow for foreign clients to see that as large a percentage as possible of the proceeds of these loans be expended in such a way as to benefit American industries.

"It is not our function as bankers to tell our customers with whom they should do business. As long as they conduct their affairs on sound principles, we are not going to tell them where to place their orders.

"His cast of mind will handicap him in many fields in which we have no concern except as citizens of the United States. Because of his confidence in his own wisdom he is suspicious of those who disagree with him. He distrusts their motives and either will not negotiate with them at all or does so in a most ungracious way. Since the President is the leader of his party, and much of his work will consist in bringing reluctant Senators and Representatives into line, Mr. Hoover is anything but ideally suited for the office.

"We certainly do not criticise him for not being American enough. On the contrary, we believe that he extends to foreign nations in general the suspicions that he directs towards those at home who differ with him. The most glaring example of his unfortunate attitude in foreign relations was the agitation he stirred up at the time when rubber prices had been sky-rocketed by the Stevenson Plan, which restricted the production of crude rubber in British possessions. His references to 'trade wars' and 'gouges' were most provocative, and they certainly made relations between this country and Great Britain more difficult.

"His agitation was as unnecessary as it was offensive. Despite the fact that the Stevenson Plan was retained, the large increase in the output of rubber from the Dutch East Indies brought the price of the commodity down eighty per cent. Economists and experienced bankers knew that the restriction measure would fail. It was because of the law of supply and demand, and not because of Mr. Hoover, that the British Government decided to abandon the Stevenson Plan this autumn.

"Now do you see why we would have preferred another nominee at Kansas City? I make no attempt to predict what Mr. Hoover's mistakes will be, but I dislike the prospect of a President who is arrogant, suspicious, and opinionated.

"I don't expect to change any of these opinions before election day, but I may vote for Hoover. After all, I believe that the Republican Party is preferable to the Democratic, and I am not sure that Hoover would be worse than some of the afflictions we might suffer under a Democratic Administration. We'll see what happens in the campaign.

"Now don't forget that I am not Wall Street's mouthpiece. There is, and can be, none. But I hope you know why some of us who earn our living in Wall Street have sent neither the candidate nor the Republican Convention telegrams of congratulation."

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The Walk-Up-the-Creeks

A Tale for Children

By HARRIET EAGER DAVIS[1]

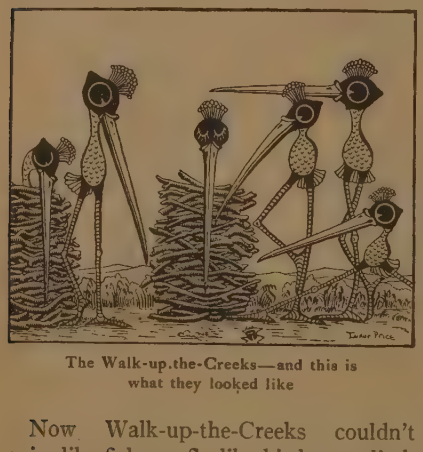
Illustrated by Luxor Price

IN summers the children caught pollywogs and minnows in the cove that branched into their farm from the Seneca River, and long winter evenings, with supper cleared away, they loved to sit around the dining-room table while nonsense-loving Father drew pictures and told tales of fabulous water creatures. Every night there was a fresh adventure. The original "Walk-up-the-Creek" was doubtless a crane, and the "Scrabble-Jack" a mud-turtle, while the "Py-zoo-zoo" was born merely to furnish the "Walk-up-the-Creek" with an hereditary enemy. Miss Elliott still finds these pictures her stock in trade for entertaining small children, and the last time her family came together much time was spent in argument as to whether the "Py-zoo-zoo's" triangular face pointed up or down!

The Walk-Up-the-Creeks

As remembered by Miss Bess A. Elliott, an Outlook reader

THE Walk-up-the-Creeks lived in a cove. Birds live in a tree, fishes live in the water, children live in a house, and Walk-up-the-Creeks live in a cove. But a cove is neither a tree nor water nor a house. A cove is just a place where Walk-up-the-Creeks live. Now I never saw a Walk-up-the-Creek, and neither did my father, nor his father, but his father's father made pictures of them, and this is the way they looked.



The Walk-up.the-Creeks—and this is what they looked like

Now Walk-up-the-Creeks couldn't swim like fish nor fly like birds nor climb a tree like children, for they had no fins, and they had no wings, and nobody had taught them to climb. All they could do was to walk up the creek. That they did very well, because their legs were so long. Their bills were long too, so that from where they lived high in the air they could reach down for pebbles and soft-shelled clams, which they ate as they walked up the creek.

Now, no matter how far up the creek they walked, they always came back to the cove to sleep. But they couldn't sleep in the water like fish nor in a tree like birds nor in a bed like children. So they gathered sticks and fastened them together in a little house, and there they stood inside on their long legs all night, waiting for morning to come so they could start walking up the creek once more.

Well, one night, when the Walk-up-the-Creeks got home especially tired after walking up the creek all day, picking up pebbles and soft-shelled clams, they found their stick houses gone! Now it is hard work collecting sticks and building a new house when you are only a Walk-up-the-Creek with no hands, only bill and feet, and especially when you are tired. So they felt very angry.

"It's those Py-zoo-zoos!" they said. "What can we do about it?"

The Py-zoo-zoos lived across the river. Birds live in a tree, fishes in the water, children in a house, and Walk-up-the-Creeks in a cove, but Py-zoo-zoos live in a swale. A swale is not water nor a tree nor a house nor a cove. A swale is just a place where Py-zoo-zoos live.

Py-zoo-zoos couldn't swim like fish nor fly like birds nor climb a tree like children nor walk up the creek like Walk-up-the-Creeks, yet they could get across the river somehow. I don't know how. And every day they came and destroyed the little stick houses of the Walk-up-the-Creeks. And every night the Walk-up-the-Creeks came home dead tired after picking up pebbles and soft-shelled clams, and had to build their houses all over again.

Now I never saw a Py-zoo-zoo, and neither did my father, nor his father, but my father's father's father made pictures of them, and this is the way they looked.

The wicked Py-zoo-zoos—and this is what they looked like

"Something must be done," the Walk-up-the-Creeks said, but they didn't know what. They could not attack the Py-zoo-zoos in their swale, for they had no fins to swim and no wings to fly. And they could not talk across the river, for they could only walk up a creek. They were even not much good at thinking. In fact, all they could do was to walk up a creek.

So things were in a pretty mess when one day, after the wicked Py-zoo-zoos had destroyed the Walk-up-the-Creeks' stick houses, they happened to see the three little Scrabble-Jacks—Tiny, Weeny, and Dot—swimming about the cove looking for bugs and mosquitoes. "Just the thing for our young Py-zoo-zoos' goldfish bowl," thought they; so while the little Scrabble-Jacks weren't looking they kidnapped them and carried them home across the river. Now Tiny, Weeny, and Dot were the children of Mrs. Scrabble-Jack, who was so old that every ring on her back counted as a birthday, but there were so many rings you couldn't count them. And ever since she was a Scrabble-Jack bride she had lived in the cove—in fact, she thought she owned the cove, and when she found her three little children stolen she grew very, very angry. So she sat on a rock in the sun and thought and thought and thought what she and the Walk-up-the-Creeks could do together against their enemy, the Py-zoo-zoos.

[1] "I cannot tell you," wrote a teacher, "how helpful your department has been in my story-telling hour."

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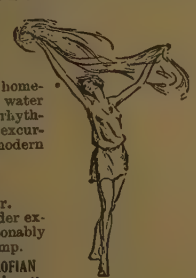

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But her brain was so small, she sat for three weeks before she had an idea.

One evening when the Walk-up-the-Creeks came back from walking up the creek, she called them all together and said: "Tonight don't get sticks. Get willow branches and stick them in the ground to make your houses."

"Why?" asked the Walk-up-the Creeks, so puzzled that they tried to scratch their ears with their claws, but the distance was so great they only sprained their legs trying.

"Do as I say!" snapped old Mrs. Scrabble-Jack. So the Walk-up-the-Creeks obeyed, and went off as usual next morning to look for pebbles and soft-shelled clams. And that afternoon, when the wicked Py-zoo-zoos came across the river to destroy their stick houses, they tugged and pulled in vain,

The wicked Py-zoo-zoos tugging and pulling in vain at the growing willow branches

for every willow branch had taken root and begun to grow. All day they worked, and meantime old Mrs. Scrabble-Jack wobbled across the river and stole back her three stolen children—Tiny, Weeny, and Dot—from the young Py-zoo-zoos' goldfish bowl. At sunset the hot and tired Py-zoo-zoos gave up, and went home to find their wives very cross because the children were crying into their goldfish bowl because the little Scrabble-Jacks were gone. But when the Walk-up-the-Creeks got back from walking up the creek and eating pebbles and soft-shelled clams, they were delighted to find their houses, not only still standing, but taller than they had been that morning. And every day the houses grew higher and stouter, until at last they formed a willow grove, and the Py-zoo-zoos never dared come back again.

So the grateful Walk-up-the-Creeks used to take the little Scrabble-Jacks picnicking on their walks up the creek and feed them on pebbles and soft-shelled clams till they nearly burst.

At least that is what my father's father's father used to tell, and he ought to know.

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Speaking of Books

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

The Ideal Ambassador

By DOUGLAS FREEMAN

WHAT was the origin of Walter Page's love of England? Where and when did he develop those qualities that made him the most fascinating and persuasive letter-writer of his day? How came a Southerner of his generation and background to possess his stanch nationalism? These are not as important questions, of course, as that of Page's influence on Anglo-American relations during the first three years of the World War, but they are questions that must have occurred to every reader of the "Life and Letters," and they can be answered with some assurance now that Burton Hendrick has issued his study of Page's career prior to 1913, under the justified title, "The Training of an American."

Although born less than six years before a cannon shot broke the Union, Walter Page was more fortunate than most North Carolinians of his day. His father, Frank Page, was a "Union man" in 1860–1, as were thousands of others in the border States. Frank Page was loyal to the Southern Government, but he never believed it would win. He sold it the product of his three sawmills, which he personally directed, as he was a bit too old for army service. When the Confederacy collapsed, there were no heartbreaks at Page's and no feeling of personal despair. No son of his came home in rags and hunger to tell of the glory of a vanquished cause. The memories that were meat and drink in most Southern homes, the very breath of nostrils, were not personal to Walter Page, primarily because neither father nor son had been of an age to fight the South's battles.

That made a difference, which the circumstances of the reconstruction deepened. Frank Page owned his little sawmill town and laid down his home-made law for white man and black, regardless of Fourteenth Amendment or of military rule. Political contention passed by the place. Walter Page went away at sixteen, and except for summer vacations and one six months' rest, he was not at home again until he was twenty-six and was confirmed in his nationalism. He saw little at first hand of the struggle with carpetbaggers and scallywags, the struggle that forced a protective political solidarity upon the South. For it must be remembered that the Reconstruction Act and not Appomattox, Thaddeus Stevens and not Abraham Lincoln, made the South of one mind in politics. Escaping the prejudicial influence of all this, Walter Page chanced on Randall's "Jefferson" at the very time he was formulating his political creed. That book revealed to him the mind and ideals of Jefferson in an America undisturbed by the slavery agitation, and it suggested precisely the accommodation of views that suited Page's training and his trend of mind. Politically, he was at twenty-five what he remained through life, a National rather than a sectional Democrat. There is no mystery about the evolution of his nationalism. Mr. Hendrick's well-written pages show that it was born in him and was confirmed by his circumstances and his reading.

Page was lucky in his schooling. After a rather unprofitable year at Trinity College, North Carolina, he entered Randolph-Macon, at Ashland, Virginia, in the autumn of 1872. Up to that time he had never come under the influence of a single intellect of high order. He had never met, or even seen, any of the principal actors in the great Southern tragedy, and he had never had a teacher who made scholarship inspiring. Now he found the man who probably shaped him more than any other individual ever did—Thomas Randolph Price, Professor of English and of Greek in the College. Price was a romantic figure, to whom Mr. Hendrick properly devotes several finely done pages. A Virginian and a pupil of Basil L. Gildersleeve at the University of Virginia, he had gone to Europe to pursue the classics, had learned modern Greek on the blessed peninsula, had studied for two years under Curtius, and had been at work on his doctorate when the South went to war. Making his way home on a blockade-runner, he was for three years a Confederate cavalry officer. In the evil days after the contest ended he was glad to find a post at Ashland and to seek what comfort he might in his texts and in his students till better times came. Price was outstanding, but Mr. Hendrick's sympathetic references to him must not be taken to mean that he was unique. There had been a goodly company of Hellenists in the South before the war. They had discoursed often of Sophocles as they had marched with Jackson through the Shenandoah Valley, and some of them had continued to study their Homer when the walls of their own Ilium were falling about them. It was not lack of interest, but lack of leisure—grim contest with the unyielding today—that led Southern scholars to neglect their Greek in the late 'sixties.

THIS list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by the following book-shops each week:

New York—Brentano's;
Rochester—Scrantoms Inc.;
Cleveland—Korner & Wood;
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort, & Barney;
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Company;
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company;
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.;
Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company;
Kansas City—Emery Bird Thayer;
Atlanta—Miller's Book Store;
Los Angeles—Bullock's;
Chicago—Marshall Field & Co.;
Cincinnati—Stewart Kidd.

Fiction

"The Bridge of San Luis Rey," by Thornton Wilder. Albert & Charles Boni. Those who have not yet read this beautifully written story have a delight in store.

"The Battle of the Horizons," by Sylvia Thompson. Little, Brown & Co. Those who enjoyed "The Hounds of Spring" will find that this shows a slight advance in maturity of view-point, although the writer is still among those whose work must be considered, at best, as a hint of better things to come. The story, of the marriage of an American girl and an Englishman, is flimsy. But the contrasts of the young people of both countries are admirable, and there is considerable understanding of the inadequate preparation for life which is the conspicuous fault of contemporary American upbringing and education.

"Octavia," by Margot Asquith. The F. A. Stokes Company. This comedy of manners is excellent reading. Reviewed last week.

"Behind That Curtain," by Earl Derr Biggers. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Further exploits of detective Charlie Chan. Reviewed May 16.

"The Greene Murder Case," by S. S. Van Dine. Charles Scribner's Sons. And further exploits of detective Philo Vance.

Non-Fiction

"The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism," by George Bernard Shaw. Brentano's. To be reviewed later.[1]

"Disraeli," by André Maurois, translated by Hamish Miles. D. Appleton & Co. You will enjoy this charming and vivid biography. Reviewed February 22.

"Sunset Gun," by Dorothy Parker. Boni & Liveright. This delightful light verse is good summer reading. Reviewed June 6.

"Trader Horn." Vol. II, by A. A. Horn and E. E. Lewis. Simon & Schuster. Like the first volume, this is perfect for reading in snatches.[1]

"The Rise of the House of Rothschild," by Egon Cesar Conti. The Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. An interesting and valuable book which all readers of biography will enjoy. See issue of June 6.

[1] Owing to the necessity for covering the late political news, time for printing an adequate review was not available this week. Comment on this book will appear later.

Price awakened in Walter Page a love of England by arousing in him a love of England's literature. Mr. Hendrick traces the genesis of this with certitude and shows beyond cavil that the admiration which Page's critics attributed to subtle flattery in 1914 was deep in the heart of the boy before he was twenty. Page did not love England because he went there; he went there because he loved her. Nor was Anglophilism a peculiarity of Price and of his favorite pupil. Price differed only in the measure of his enthusiasm for England from the majority of educated Southerners of the time. The ties between the South and England were strong, because England was in reality the "mother country" of a section predominantly of British stock. During the war English recognition had been the hope of the Confederacy, and, though that never came, English sympathy had been assumed and appreciated. There were some so devoted to England and so bitter to the North, in the days of Page's schooling, that they preferred to return to the old allegiance to a resumption of the former union. Page therefore got not merely Price's point of view, but that of the Confederacy as well. In nothing was he as much a Southerner as in this love of England. In nothing was he more impersonal than in this, which seemed so very personal.

Published by Weyhe Gallery

TOURISTS IN A CRYPT

An etching by Mabel Dwight

In the same school where he learned to love the land of his forefathers Page began to develop the fine appreciation of words that was one of the chief components of his art as a letter-writer. Price put Shakespeare first and deepened the grooves that had been cut in Page's brain during childhood, when Dr. John Page, one of his uncles, would often read a whole play to the gathered youngsters of the family. After Shakespeare, Professor Price ranked Tennyson. Accepting this calculation, Page steeped himself in the Elizabethans and the Victorians while reading much Greek and little Latin. He escaped—or avoided—the literature of the eighteenth century, never coming under the thralldom of Pope or under the literary curse of Johnson's "osity and ation." To this choice of literary guides is to be attributed, no doubt, the vigor of Page's style and the noble dominance of Anglo-Saxon words. Moreover, Page read poetry, good poetry, from the Attic choruses of "Antigone" to the wistful quatrains of "In Memoriam." Is it straining the evidence to say that this gave to Page's letters that fine, melodic, and sometimes emotional quality that makes them grip one?

The training that came after Page's three years at Randolph-Macon extended his horizon but did not change his point of view. He was one of the original twenty fellows of Johns Hopkins when it was opened in 1876, and he had two glorious years under Gildersleeve before he decided that he would not make the teaching of Greek a life profession. He resigned his fellowship in the spring of 1878, spent half a year at his father's house, taught one winter in a Louisville, Kentucky, high school, edited a short-lived monthly review, wrote editorials for some eighteen months on the "St. Joe Gazette," and then traveled through the South in 1881, writing a series of newspaper letters that showed his aptitude for that form of composition. They won him a place on the staff of the New York "World," where he remained until Joseph Pulitzer roared in like a Western cyclone. Leaving New York in 1883, Page went home to realize his dream of a newspaper that was to serve the South in the spirit of a new age, a journal that would report something besides funerals and Confederate reunions. He purchased the Raleigh "Chronicle," which was then a feeble weekly, and he transformed it quickly into a fighting daily, critical of every anachronism, impatient of all slothfulness, wrathful in assailing all sectionalism. He did many worth-while things and he helped to launch the great educational program of North Carolina. But by the beginning of 1886 he abandoned his venture to Josephus Daniels and went North again, convinced that for the future he had to work for the South from without rather than from within. It was, in a sense, a failure, the worst of his career, and it was due primarily to love of his people. In his desire to bring them once more into the life of the Nation, he became impatient of their progress. He did not realize then that patience is the virtue most to be cultivated by those who would labor among a sensitive people. He did not see, in his zealous youth, that one must be tolerant

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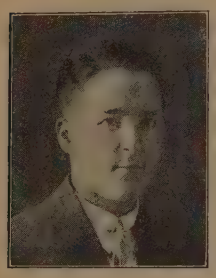

"I would like to say I won first prize in the 'biggest news of the week' contest sponsored by the 'World' for high school students. I was gratified to tell Sifton of the Sunday department that I owe much to the training furnished by your good selves. Good luck to you, and thanks!"

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even of intolerance if the South is to be advanced.

After he returned to New York in 1886 his rise was rapid, for his schooling was done. He soon became editor of the "Forum," and passed in the early 'nineties to the "Atlantic," whence S. S. McClure lured him in 1899 to the complicated publishing venture that left him, in due season, a partner in Doubleday, Page & Co., with the "World's Work" as his medium for helping the South to better farming, to better health, and to better education. He was as well grounded as any man who entered journalism in his lifetime. He was original in his methods, and brilliantly persuasive in guiding his writers. He had a genius for making friendships that yielded literary by-products; he made a friend of almost every contributor and a contributor of almost every friend. By 1907 fulfillment came. He saw his firm well established and—what meant far more to him—in a long tour through the South he beheld its economic rebirth. "The old land is coming up again," he wrote his wife from Montgomery, Alabama. None had contributed more than he to have it so through thirty years of unselfish toil that have a fitting chronicler in Mr. Hendrick. Walter Page had done a great life's work when ancient friendship, wise judgment, and special Providence or lucky chance led Woodrow Wilson to send him as Ambasador to England when the mortar was crumbling and the very stones of civilization were cracking in the heat of hate.

Theology for the Common Man

By EDMUND B. CHAFFEE

"Beliefs That Matter," by William Adams Brown. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Two great forces have been at work during the past few decades which have tended strongly toward the unsettling of religious belief. One of those forces has been modern industrialism, which has revolutionized our ways of living; the other has been modern science, which has revolutionized our ways of thinking. These two forces have thrown religious beliefs into confusion. If religion is to have any vital place in the life of men and women today, it must be reinterpreted and stated in terms which have real bearing upon the problems they face. Continuous attempts are being made to do this very thing. The most recent of these is a book by William Adams Brown, professor in the Union Theological Seminary of New York, entitled "Beliefs That Matter." In this book this able professor of theology reaffirms the importance of belief in religion. It will not do to brush aside belief as of no consequence. There can be no real substitute for it, for neither æsthetic appreciation nor social service can take its place. In the long run beliefs determine action, and sustained activity along any definite line cannot be maintained without convictions. Beliefs do matter, and there are increasing evidences that our day and generation is beginning to recognize that they matter. But when we begin to deal with religious beliefs we are in the realm of theology so that this book is in reality a theological treatise addressed to the rank and file in our Christian churches. And no one in America today is better equipped for such a task than William Adams Brown. He is thoroughly familiar with modern science and he knows the tradition of the Christian Church. He has profound respect for both.

Dr. Brown finds that Jesus is, and must be, central in the faith of the Christian. Man wants to realize himself, and Jesus surprisingly anticipates the teachings of many of our psychologists in calling us to subordinate the competing elements in our self to a single dominating ideal—for Jesus, the will of God. In this way only can our age or any other find the abiding satisfaction for which it seeks. Here Jesus is still the world's teacher. Nor has he been outgrown by our enlarging conception of the universe, for that universe for us, as for Jesus, remains a world of opportunity and a world of value. Jesus still has the answer as to what to choose and what to value. His teachings are of permanent significance. Jesus' ideal of the kingdom of God is still an ideal which can evoke our admiration and our loyalty. But men and women today are concerned, not merely with the teachings of Jesus, but with his person as well. In this field Dr. Brown is particularly helpful. One striking sentence may be quoted: "When we say that we believe in the deity of Christ, we do not mean that God is in Jesus quantitatively as one can put jewels in a box, but that he is in him qualitatively as the sun's light is in the sun's rays." In a similar manner the author approaches the various parts of the Christian tradition—the doctrine of the cross, the concept of sin, the way of salvation, the Trinity, the Resurrection, the sacraments, the Church, all of these intellectual formulations of the Christian position. He makes us see these doctrines, not as they have been embodied in the creeds of the churches, but as living realities. He gets beneath the words to the experience for which they stand. He wants us to see that the experience for which these old words stood is still human experience, just as much today as it was in the days of Jesus or the Middle Ages. With all our modern inventions,

hich have so changed the face of the orld, and with all our modern science, hich seems to relegate man to a place ss near the center of creation, the fun-amental truths of Christianity remain. his book is timely. It will be of ines-mable worth to those men and women ho demand that religion should satisfy ie reason as well as the emotions, who orship God with the mind as well as ie heart. It would be well for no small umber of people to forget their preju-ices against theology and read this ook. The reasoning is cogent; the tem-er is irenic.

Hearst Says He's a Leaf in the Stream—of God Knows What!

By DANIEL ROBERT MAUÉ

W. R. Hearst: An American Phenomenon," by John K. Winkler. Simon & Schuster.

Like a flea on a Mexican hairless pup, beautiful, bountiful Willie" is ill at ease his world. No biographer has suc-essfully cornered him. John Winkler, be sure, employed about everything in ie way of insect powder, but he no ore than drove a few of Willie's friends ut into the open without ever catching p with Willie. In great broad jumps ie subject goes through "W. R. Hearst: n American Phenomenon" as illusively s in life he dodges in and out through is numerous American retreats, through ountries, and through continents.

He seeks— Well, what? Seclusion, erely? Vitalist pleasures? Safety, rom life and himself? Or just plain eviltry?

Mr. Winkler doesn't provide the an-wer; indeed, he has been hard put to it o fill his book, and then could not have lone so but for lists of names that makes he New York "Times" picture supple-nent look like the work of a piker, but or the thumb-nail sketches of many Hearst henchmen, some little oft-told ales, and occasional inconsequential an-cdotes. With all that done by, and aid about, our Willie, however, the au-hor tackled something like the Augean tables job when he set about an attempt o sift the material. Employees, it is bvious, have constituted his prime ource. The man with a voice "like the ragrance of violets made audible" knows oo well the folly of setting words to pa-er thereby taking on sales value, or ven publishable value; hence the pres-nt offers little good documentary assis-ance. There's no telling, of course, as Mr. Winkler points out, what will turn up in the Hearst safe, once this "artist of he actual" has floated on down the stream upon whose surface he considers himself to be no more than a predestined leaf.

St. William, fortunately for Mr. Winkler, in all his inconsistency has the good sense to be consistently himself, whether in the business of amazing the newspaper world with new ideas of content and expenditure or in being the unruly boy who should sit face to the wall and under a conical paper bonnet.

Movement through the book is rapid. Mr. Winkler tells the coloresque story of Willie's "Argonaut" dad, but contributes almost no more to his subject's childhood than the picture of a six-year-old. On, then, to Harvard life done in anecdotes, some of which are hypothetical, and so to the taking over of the San Francisco "Examiner" and on through the creation of the great newspaper and magazine chains, the Hearst-Pulitzer "duel of dollars," the political inquisitions, the two wars in which our hero took so active a part, to end up finally with a chapter on "The Rise of Al Smith" and one on the "Social Significance" of W. R. H.

This man may be, as he once insisted, according to Mr. Winkler, that he is the only one "between the oceans" who is "not radical, not extreme, but wholly conservative." He may even be primarily responsible, as the author believes, for the "new journalism." It nevertheless remains to be seen whether the pretty Hearstian bubbles will ever float home to concrete foundations. The "Phenomenon" built, not upon the proverbial North American shoestring, but upon the fifteen millions of dollars accumulated by "Uncle George" Hearst, Willie's father, who once dug in gold camps. Given that much money, almost all of us could, in some fashion or other, make fools of ourselves.

Credit must go to Mr. Winkler for his willingness to biograph a creature who may be "man, dæmon, or demigod." He has impartially set down available material in a four-square manner. He has admired where admiration is due. His book smacks of the newspaper supplement; it isn't "good" biography; but it is good reading, every word of it, and it will be widely read.

The nut, as "Essandess" undoubtedly reckoned, was prime for cracking. Those who believe "the Overlord of the Pacific" to be fresh from the primordial ooze will read to find out just what, if anything, lies beneath the scales. Those who read the Hearst supplements will read as the great publisher taught them to read—with a singular lack of credulity. The few who follow will read that they may drop another tear for the predestined martyr.

And, by the way, let a book be prepared for that other great American, William Hale Thompson, martyred in the Mid-Western materialists' Utopia.

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Picked at Random

By WALTER R. BROOKS

Tristram Tupper's
The River
Lippincott

Rosalee lives beside the river, and Allen John, eighteen-year-old bodman in the construction camp, falls head over heels in love with her, and we don't know that we blame him. What we do blame him for is trying to clean out Fultz's commissary single-handed. He didn't succeed, of course, but it is a good fight, told romantically and with fine restraint—as is this entire story of young love. Of course, we know that—for the moment—romanticism is out of fashion, but we weren't too hard-boiled to enjoy these three-hundred-odd pages of it. And Mr. Tupper has the rather rare ability of making an unfamiliar background real, without going tiresomely into explanation and detail. Perhaps because he knows it so well himself.

The Field Books of
North American Mammals
Common Gilled Mushroom
Common Ferns
Putnam's

Here are three excellent additions to the series of Putnam's "Nature Field Books." They are small enough to slip into a pocket, yet nothing that you might want to know is left out, and, as in the other books of the series, the keys for identification are simple and the illustrations accurate and plentiful. The mammal book interested us particularly, as it is the only complete and compact book of its kind we have seen.

Edgar Wallace's
The Feathered Serpent
Doubleday, Doran

There are only two kinds of detective story—those that grip you and those that don't. If they do, it doesn't in the least matter how improbable and wild and illogical they are. All these adjectives apply to the thirty-odd stories which Mr. Wallace has written in the past few years, yet there is scarcely one of them that doesn't at about the tenth page wind its long and horrible tentacles about you like some dreadful deep-sea monster and hold you shuddering in your chair until you have read the last word. True, in this one there are only two murders, and nobody gets tortured and nobody goes mad. But from the moment when Dewin, the reporter, starts to investigate the strange cards bearing the representation of a feathered serpent which have been received by Ella Creed, the musical comedy actress—once mysteriously in her dressing-room, and once on the occasion of the robbery of her jewels—the story moves so swiftly and entertainingly that we defy you to lay down until you have reached the en We also defy you to guess the murdere name.

Bruce Graeme's
Hate Ship
Dodd, Mead

Peter Martin wro detective stori They were pret bad stories, so the editors who reject them told him, yet they must have h something good about them, for one the editors left Peter a steam yacht his will. Of course there was a string it. Peter was to cruise for a year, wi twelve guests, one of whom had kill the editor's father. If Peter spotted t murderer, he got the yacht. If he fail —back to the insurance company f him. Naturally, the guests weren't pleased when they found they'd been i vited so that one of them could be s lected to go to jail. But Peter goes rig on suspecting and detecting, and wi the help of a sympathetic author final lands both the yacht and a fair girl pa senger. We would pass this story, b not with honors.

Howard Vincent O'Brien's
Four and Twenty Blackbirds
Doubleday, Doran

Timothy Lord much upset when l finds that his frien Randall has van ished from the hotel in Cannes whe they were to meet. Particularly, Timothy has no money. But with *sang froid* which delighted us he borrow from the hotel management, and se about an investigation which uncovers most devilish plot involving Anarchist and a wicked count and a beautiful Ita ian girl and a rather lazy detective, t whom, however, we were grateful fo allowing Timothy to do most of the de tecting. For we like this Timothy. H is a most amusing and competent youn man, and we hope he won't marry an settle down until we've heard more o him. Although we'd like to know wha became of Mildred.

Carolyn Wells's
Deep Lake Mystery
Doubleday, Doran

This is a good on although perhap we'd have guessed sooner if— But w won't tell you about that, although i seems to us the only flaw in an otherwis good detective yarn. Who drove th nail into Sampson Tracy's head and the dressed him all up like a Christmas tre before diving out of the window? Wa it his friend, his butler, his fiancée, hi niece, or his secretary? You'll give sev eral wrong guesses, we opine, before th truth is revealed to you. And you'll en joy guessing, if you like your detective stories written pleasantly, in a workman like manner, without padding.

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Francis Rufus Bellamy, Publisher Ernest Hamlin Abbott, Editor-in-Chief

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
Malcolm Waters Davis Dixon Merritt Harold T. Pulsifer
Frances Lamont Robbins Parkhurst Whitney

William L. Ettinger, Jr., Advertising Manager

Walter Thalen, Circulation Manager

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From Publisher—To You

ONE of the most interesting theories about humanity is that one which holds reason in very low repute, and is of the opinion that emotion and impulse constitute about all there is to human activity.

ACCORDING to this theory, waves of emotion generated by leaders, fanatics, prophets—these make the world move, though naturally not always in the direction of progress. Indeed, any conception of progress toward a set goal is ruled out by this theory. Humanity resembles more the waves of the ocean. Sometimes it merely tosses up and down. Only when great leaders draw it or blow it in definite directions do things get done, whether good or bad. But first of all, it is emotion which moves humanity—and reason has not so much to do with it as we have been led to believe.

IN the light of this theory, it is entertaining to speculate on the coming campaign. For it instantly becomes very simple. All you have to do is to decide whether Al Smith can blow the waters hard enough to make them move.

FOR it seems fairly evident that, taking him by and large, Hoover is not of the brand that storms the barricades. He will not agitate the emotional ocean very deeply, for when the pool is still, it is normally Republican; and Hoover is not out to blow up any storms. Why try to blow your own pool anywhere? Seek rather to calm it, and devise measures to prevent too much tossing.

AL SMITH, on the other hand, in so far as he possesses political power, possesses it because he charms and moves crowds of men. He gets the ocean to tossing. He is a blower, not a calmer.

THIS being so, just how much dynamic emotional power has he? Can he move men outside of New York State as he has done within it? Is he of the Roosevelt-Bryan-Wilson brand? Can he make ocean waves in men's hearts? If he can, he is our next President. If he cannot, Mr. Hoover is.

IT'S an entertaining theory, anyway.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

Reproduced from "Fine Prints of the Year, 1927"

SALT MARSHES

Dry-point by Richard E. Bishop

The Outlook

July 4, 1928

The World This Week

"I Have Not"

INTO Houston doddered Norman E. Mack, Democratic National Committeeman from New York. Said he, at a time when Smith managers were trying to keep prohibition in the background:

"I hope that the prohibition plank will square with Governor Smith's position. He is for State's rights—that is, for the States deciding whether they shall permit the sale and manufacure of beer after Congress shall define more liberally the limit as to an intoxicant under the Eighteenth Amendment. . . .

"Governor Smith has stood, and always will stand, for personal liberty and State's rights. He is opposed to prohibition. He is for temperance. . . . Governor Smith believes that if any State desires a certain alcoholic content of beverage, that State has the right to determine that content. If the State desires to be dry, then it is the right of that State to be dry."

Drys made much of this garrulous statesman's remarks. Worried Smith managers promptly retorted that Mr. Mack spoke for himself alone, and induced him to make a similar admission.

Nevertheless the substance of Mr. Mack's statements is the substance of Governor Smith's known attitude toward prohibition. He has never publicly advocated repeal of the Amendment. He has proposed a scientific determination of what alcoholic content is in fact intoxicating, modification of the Volstead Act in accordance with the findings, and the States to be free to establish their own percentage within that Federal maximum.

The soft-pedaling managers at Houston had but a short respite. The New York "World," foe of prohibition and friend of the Governor so long as he keeps his prohibition record straight, asked him:

"In view of the question raised at Houston about Norman Mack's statement, the 'World' wishes to know: Have you changed your belief that there should be amendment of the present prohibition provisions?"

"I have not," said Governor Smith.

Regardless

GOVERNOR SMITH had not said, "I have not," when various prohibitionists were already declaring that nothing he could do or say would make him acceptable to them; that neither a dry plank at Houston nor any utterance of the Governor in favor of enforcement could change their opinion of him. They were for Mr. Hoover and his "noble experiment" and against Smith, regardless.

Chief among these uncompromising enemies were F. Scott McBride, General Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League, and his co-worker and National Secretary, Dr. S. E. Nicholson.

In Lincoln, Nebraska, on his way home from Kansas City, Mr. McBride announced:

"Al Smith has fought too long for the saloon and the brewer for him now to accept the alleged advice of Elihu Root, that he should pose at the Houston Convention as the champion of law enforcement."

And in New York next day Dr. Nicholson, taking up the challenge, said:

"Al Smith has fought too long for the saloon and the brewer for him now to pose at the Houston Convention as the champion of law enforcement."

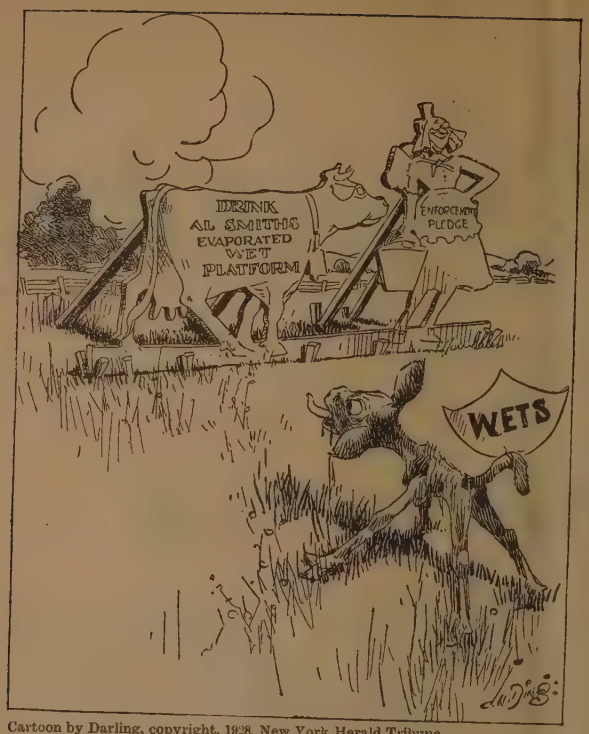
If Al Smith were nominated, prophesied Dr. Nicholson, the consequences would be these: mobilization of the prohibitionists behind Hoover, the most militant campaign in the history of the Anti-Saloon League, and the worst defeat in the history of the Democratic Party.

First Citizen of Texas

THE first citizen of Houston, Texas, if not of the entire State, is Jesse Holman Jones, treasurer of the Democratic National Committee and the man who brought the Convention to Houston.

He was born in Tennessee in 1874, came to Texas when a boy, and his story is one of those so dear to Americans: the poor but honest youth who rises to eminence and fortune through hard, unceasing work. Today he is enormously wealthy, owning nearly forty large office buildings, among them the largest hotel and a thirty-five story office building now nearing completion. In addition he is the proprietor of the Houston "Chronicle," the leading afternoon newspaper. In New York City he owns six office buildings and apartment hotels.

He won the Convention for Houston by offering his own certified check for $200,000 and by promising to build a large hall. Since then the Texas Democrats indorsed him for the Presidency, and he was, as the Convention opened, the State's favorite son. A large, mild-voiced, placid man, Mr. Jones hides his tremendous energies behind an almost negative personality. He was close to the late Woodrow Wilson, directed the military relief section of the American Red Cross in the World War, and has been active in countless civic and National movements. Once unlettered and quite without formal education, he has developed into a fairly good public speaker and reads extensively. He has,



Cartoon by Darling, copyright, 1928, New York Herald Tribune

The calf that mistook the advertisement for the real thing

it is said, one old-time Texas trait: an inclination towards betting. This does not frequently show itself, and he cares nothing for the races and little for cards. Occasionally, however, he will wager $500 or $1,000 on a proposition. When he does, he is not in the least disturbed by losing.

Old-Timer

EIGHTY years is a long time in the life, not merely of a man, but of a party. Yet the man who placed the name of Horatio Seymour before the Democratic National Convention of 1868 was present at the Democratic National Convention in Houston, puffing incessantly at a corncob pipe, his white beard bristling in vehemence when argument waxed warm. He was old Colonel Nick Bell, of Missouri, now. He was young Nicholas Bell, of Oregon, when sixty years ago he named the winning candidate in the Convention in New York. He has been a delegate to ten Democratic National Conventions, Secretary of three or four. He was an Assistant Postmaster-General under Cleveland and negotiated our postal conventions with many of the foreign countries. He was still active in postal affairs under Wilson and largely instrumental in establishing the parcels post. He is one of the last of the old, old school, of unswerving regularity, and powerfully impatient of candidates whose party record is not on straight.

Society Item

MAYOR BIG BILL THOMPSON entertained at dinner recently in Chicago's newest Municipal Garbage Disposal Plant. Afterward the guests inspected the refuse-laden wagons and dumps.

Hoover's Lieutenants

MR. HOOVER has started his first big task as candidate for the Presidency—the reconstruction of the Republican organization for the campaign. Presumably he has in mind also the character of the party leadership as he would have it

Shoemaker in the Chicago News

Sitting pretty

for his Administration if he is elected. Though he is heir to the Coolidge policies, he knows, of course, that he will be judged by his own decisions, both as to men to direct the National organization of the party and as to the issues of the campaign. His decisions as to some of the campaign leaders of the party have already been made known.

Secretary Hubert Work, of the Department of the Interior, is William M. Butler's successor as Chairman of the Republican National Committee. As Secretary of the Interior Dr. Work (for he is an M.D. as well as an ScD. and has practiced medicine) has been an able administrator and organizer and has for more than five years guarded well the public interests in his care. His gifts for political management have long been recognized and were effectively exercised in the Hoover pre-Convention campaign and at the Convention itself. Many of those engaged in that campaign had the amateur spirit, but they were well coached. Dr. Work has a good eye for political effects. Like the two candidates, he comes from west of the Mississippi. His home State is Colorado.

For Secretary of the National Committee he has chosen Franklin W. Fort, of New Jersey, Hoover floor manager in the Convention. Mr. Fort is a Representative in Congress from an industrial district, and the son of the late J. Franklin Fort, once Governor of New Jersey and one of the ablest and most high-minded of President Roosevelt's supporters. Like a good many others in the Hoover organization, he was in the Food Administration under Mr. Hoover.

A Chicago lawyer, formerly a Representative from Iowa, James W. Good, who gave up three months of his legal practice to help direct the Hoover campaign for the nomination, has, it is understood, been asked to serve during the election campaign as Western manager, and Senator Moses, of New Hampshire, Permanent Chairman of the Republican Convention, has, it is said, consented to act as Eastern manager.

Joseph R. Nutt, a banker of Cleveland, has been chosen Treasurer of the Republican National Committee.

The effort to keep in line those opponents of the Hoover candidacy who are now willing to forget their former animosity has been shown by the retention of Charles D. Hilles, of New York, on the Executive Committee. His faction, which was in control of the New York delegation to the Convention, had excluded from the New York organization all Hoover supporters. Of course he will no longer be a Vice-Chairman; but nei-

her he nor his group is apparently to be he object of any reprisal.

By these appointees and by the Executive Committee will largely be determined the character of the party which will ask for itself as well as for Mr. Hoover a vote of confidence.

Mr. Butler Forgets

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER is quoted in the New York "World" as saying, "The Republicans are facing the worst defeat since 1852, when Winfield Scott was beaten, carrying only four States." Mr. Butler's memory seems to be a bit hazy. If our recollection is correct, the Republicans carried but two States with a total of eight electoral votes in 1912. Mr. Butler may recall the fact that he was the designated Republican candidate for Vice-President in that disastrous year.

Dim Vistas in Egypt

So much is widely known concerning the written history of Egypt, itself dating back about five thousand years, that the vastly longer periods of prehistory in the same country are frequently, if not nearly always, overlooked. The student of ancient man is now coming to feel that Egypt is likely to provide him with as valuable sources of knowledge as the striking ones he has discovered in Europe.

It is possible to trace in Egypt virtually the same sequence and evolution of stone age cultures that have been dated back in Europe toward half a million years. Recent despatches from London tell of the discovery in Egypt of 250 graves belonging to what anthropologists call the "Badarian" period, marked by a distinctive type of stone implements, beautiful, slender, symmetrical, perfectly fashioned. Heretofore this period has not been any too well defined, though the noted archæologist Sir Flinders Petrie refers it to about the date 14,000 B.C., using the slight annual rise in soil level of the Nile Valley as a basis for his calculations. He thinks this remarkable culture came into Egypt from the region of the Caucasus at about that time.

It happens that stone implements of the same slender, highly refined type of workmanship have been found in Europe, where they are known as the Solutrean culture, in circumstances which permit them to be given the same date, and it is thought that the heretofore mysterious Solutreans, whose evidences in the caves of Europe disappear after some two thousand years, may have been a branch of the same people who migrated at the same time to Egypt. However, the Badarian culture of Egypt, though similar, was more advanced than that of the Solutreans in Europe. The recent finds throw new light on this problem and on that perplexed puzzle of anthropologists—was civilization first hit upon in prehistoric Egypt, as one school of anthropology holds? It hints that civilization reached Egypt from Asia, where it was already well under way.

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Smooth as a billiard ball

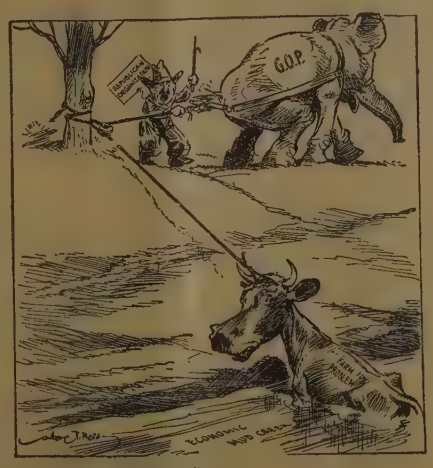
France Revalues the Franc

PREMIER POINCARÉ, of France, has presented his plan to fix the value of the franc at a definite point and secured its adoption. Ever since the war the rate of exchange for French currency has fluctuated up and down—now dangerously low, now comparatively high—because it was not on a basis of payment in gold on demand. The Premier proposed to set the worth of the franc at 65½ milligrammes of gold, .900 fine, making it equivalent to 3.93 cents, or 25.52 francs to the dollar, about the prevailing market rate. Roughly, this was one-fifth of the value of the franc before the war.

The Bank of France will be required to maintain gold reserves equal to 35 per cent of the paper currency in circulation. Recently, the French reserve has been increased by the shipment of $14,000,000 in gold from New York, making a total movement of over $200,000,000 to France, and France still has large amounts of gold to her credit in the United States.

Poincaré laid his bill before the Chamber, and it was at once referred to the Finance Committee.

The Chamber of Deputies passed the measure by a vote of 450 to 22 and the Senate by 256 to 3. This act brings the last important European nation back to the gold standard.



Reid for the Kansas City Star

The first job

Some Letters Are Read

A PROPAGANDIST for private ownership of public utilities took the stand in the continuing investigation of the Federal Trade Commission, sitting in officially deserted Washington.

Mr. John B. Sheridan, Director of the Missouri Commission on Public Utility Information, told how he had organized press associations, hired university professors, and thwarted opposition speakers—all in the cause of private ownership.

Then attorneys for the Commission began producing letters from Mr. Sheridan to like-minded friends, and from them to him.

Mr. Sheridan to Mr. Thorne Browne, Nebraska propagandist:

"What can we do when the financiers will inflate, over-capitalize, sell securities based on blue sky or hot air, and rates must be kept up to pay returns on said blue sky and hot air?

"The best public relations stuff in the world is a nice little reduction of rates. Do we get it? We do not. I know places where I believe a thirteen-cent top rate should be eight cents. . . .

"There is nothing inherently sacred in private or public ownership. It all depends on which works out to the best for the public. If cities and States own and operate highways, schools, streets, sewers, water supply, why not electric and gas plants?

"I believe in private ownership, but I don't believe in subsidizing it three to six cents per kilowatt hour. The privately owned industry should be ashamed of itself to permit a municipally owned plant, operated on the square, to under-

sell it four to six to seven cents per kilowatt hour. . . .

"Unless the industry is honest and on the level, it will kill itself. Ninety per cent of it is honest enough. It must be 100 per cent honest. And it must come to recognize that public utilities are not private dice, or playing-cards or chips in a poker game, but public trusts to be administered carefully, cautiously, economically, with the interests of investors in fixed securities and public, which are identical, coming before profits on common stock or upon inflation of securities.

"What's the remedy? Why, hang the offenders high as Haman, upon the gibbet of publicity."

Mr. John W. Colton, editor of the "American Electric Railway Association Magazine," to Mr. Sheridan:

"The thing about the utility industry that disgusts me is the lying, trimming, faking, and downright evasion of trust, of violation of trust, that marks the progress toward enormous wealth of some of the so-called big men in the industry. When I see some of these fellows waving the flag, I am filled with not only disgust but rage, for they are anything but patriots."

Mr. Sheridan to Mr. Colton:

"I agree with everything you say, but I have found more honest people in the industry than you have. The trouble with them seems to be that they are so timid and fearsome. Of course, the biggest of them are only messenger boys of money, and all slaves of money are timid.

"We are raising a lot of thoroughly drilled 'yes men' in the big corporations who have no opinions of their own. As soon as the old individualists die, and there are not so many of them left, I think the corporations will have a lot of trouble in getting good executives. After a man has served twenty to thirty years in one of these monstrous corporations he is not liable to have much mind of his own."

Mr. Sheridan confessed that much of his work was "out of line with his conscience."

Kellogg Rushes Ahead with His Peace Plan

ALL the Powers, the British Dominions, and Czechoslovakia and Poland having assented in principle to the American proposal for a joint treaty renouncing war, Secretary Kellogg has forwarded to them his final draft agreement. It makes one change in his earlier draft by embodying in the preamble a clause to provide that the signatories will be immediately released from their agreement as against any nation party to it that violates the terms of the mutual understanding.

Even with this modification, it appears that there will still be objections from France. Her Government feels that the meaning of the agreement to outlaw war may yet be different to different nations, and that its application should be more precisely clarified and defined—particularly as regards its effect on existing treaties, such as her Continental alliances. But progress toward eventual acceptance is well advanced, even though a conference may be requested and required to secure it.

Meanwhile, Mr. Kellogg has also invited the Latin-American nations to a conference on arbitration and conciliation in Washington in December, in accordance with the decision of the last Pan-American Congress.

A Warning Unheeded

THE most pathetic as well as the most striking incident of the telescoping process recently endured by security prices was the headlong fall of Bancitaly shares. They plunged from a price of more than $200 to less than $100. The drop meant disaster for thousands of investors and amateur speculators whose faith in Amadeo Peter Giannini had passed all limits of reason.

Because of the brilliant banking career of Mr. Giannini, the son of an Italian immigrant, Italian immigrants and Americans of Italian descent used every cent they could beg or borrow to buy stock of the Bancitaly Corporation, the tremendous investment trust controlled by Giannini interests. The securities behind these shares were worth not more than $100 a share, probably much less, but these buyers cared nothing for underlying values. Warned again and again by Mr. Giannini and his associates that the price was too high, they nevertheless kept purchasing more, helping to inflate the value still further. Not the least surprising feature of the collapse was its tardiness.

Two or three months ago Mr. Giannini sighed, "It's terrible when so many believe that you can do anything."

This thought must have occurred to him often in the last few weeks. Perhaps, too, he is wondering if he could not have devised measures drastic enough to stop the inflation.

The whole incident would have pleased Anatole France. Mr. Giannini has refused to acquire wealth. He has given away all but a small share of the fortune he has made. Yet his fame based partly on his altruism, was th indirect cause of greater suffering tha has been inflicted by many a wolf o Wall Street.

American Books, English Gold

LAST week we recorded the journey through London streets of seven tons o gold in an open, horse-drawn van; thi week we report that when rare edition of Shakespeare went on a journey in thi country armed guards went with them.

They were journeying to Cambridge Massachusetts, from the Brooklyn home of the late William A. White, Harvard alumnus of the class of 1863. From his notable collection Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach selected eighty-eight thin volumes as needed to complete the University collection of Shakespeare.

Among the precious items were a second edition, 1599, of "Romeo and Juliet," of which only twelve copies are known; first edition, 1598, "Love's Labour's Lost," one of eleven known copies, of which one was sold at auction some time ago for $21,000; a third edition, 1611, of "Hamlet;" a copy of "The Merchant of Venice," 1600; and a copy of "King Lear," 1608.

The "Harvard Alumni Bulletin" announces: "The present gift means that of the earlier editions of Shakespeare's separate plays, published before 1640, Harvard now has more than one-half, and of those published between 1640 and 1703 it has eighteen out of twenty-three."

The eighty-eight volumes were valued at $420,000.

Murder or Lynching ?

AFTER the passing of at least four months without a recorded lynching in the whole country, that clean record was broken at Houston in the case of a Negro, Robert Powell, accused of killing a white detective in a gun fight. He was taken openly from a hospital, where he lay seriously wounded, by a handful of unmasked men and hanged on a bridge.

The citizens of Houston were shocked that such a happening should closely precede the gathering of delegates to the great Democratic Convention. Lynching is not merely an exceptional occurrence in Houston, but the recent crime is the first of its kind that has taken place there for fifty years. Moreover, the city has a Commission on Inter-Racial Cooperation with members of both races, and they jointly issued a denunciation of the barbarity. In this action many other associations and clubs have concurred, and some of them declare that this kill-

ing was really a cold-blooded murder rather than a lynching. An appropriation of $10,000 was voted by the city Council for an investigation by a committee of six, two members of which are Negroes.

There has been a distinctly marked decrease of late years in the number of lynchings. It is due very largely to the progress in many States of commissions with white and colored members, in which matters of concern to both races are considered fairly and prejudice and hatred discouraged. Houston is in the van of the movement.

Donn Byrne

It may seem inaccurate to speak of a man nearly forty years old who has been writing romances and tales for perhaps eight years as a promising young writer. Yet this is the impression that Donn Byrne's literary output leaves in the mind. One feels that he had his best work yet to do. That again was because Byrne, with all his charm, grace, and imaginative quality, had not strength in construction and proportion. Mr. Cabell called Byrne's first story, "Messer Marco Polo," "a very magically beautiful book." If he had attained the art of building up characters and dealing with them as real men and women under actual life conditions; or if, on the other hand, he had emphasized the fantastic and humorous side of Irish folk-lore as James Stephens does, Byrne might quite likely have attained a wider audience. As it was, those who liked his work liked it very much, and the practical result enabled him, as he said, to become an American-Irish immigrant in Ireland. His best-known books after "Messer Marco Polo" were "The Wind Bloweth," "Hangman House," and the short stories in "Changelings."

Donn Byrne's death near his home in County Cork was singular. He persisted in continuing to drive his motor car after it was so evident that the steering gear was broken that his companion refused to go on with him, and he met his fate by the car's drop from a sea-wall into the water.

Lest the South Forget

A fireproof library will shortly join the college buildings at Chapel Hill, North Carolina, where the University of North Carolina has its home, and that is the place to send love letters, diaries, reminiscences, plantation records, files of newspapers, or any other printed matter that reflects the social, industrial, and political history of the South.

Dr. Joseph Gregoire de Roulhac Hamilton, Professor of History at Chapel Hill, has discovered that Southerners have been more careless than Yankees and Westerners with their old documents, and the University aims to remedy this condition before rats and spring bonfires complete the work of destruction.

Material already collected includes

WINNER OF THE OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP

Johnny Farrell, who defeated Bobby Jones at the Olympia Fields Country Club, Chicago, in a 36-hole play-off, after they tied for first place in the contest

40,000 bound volumes and pamphlets, which seems a respectable beginning.

"The collection," Dr. Hamilton has announced, "will include, so far as possible today, every book or pamphlet of any kind on any subject written in the South or by a Southerner."

It will also include historical works, monographs, biographies, essays, poetry, fiction, sermons, files of periodicals and of newspapers, manuscript material, records of industrial undertakings—in brief, every kind of material that will reveal the life and thought of the masses of the people of the South.

Will the collection also include recipes for mint julep and Christmas punch?

Footprints at Christie's

Sir James Barrie went down to Oxford the other night to speak at the annual dinner of the Rhodes scholars. Perhaps the young men hoped he would let off another blast at his generation, such as went echoing around the world after his famous post-war address at St. Andrews. But the war is receding, the young dead are old dead; and Sir James in a whimsical vein advised his audience to eschew greatness.

Said he:

" 'Lives of great men all remind us we can't make our lives sublime'—but they may bring us nearer to it—'and departing leave behind us footprints on the sands of time.' I don't know that you should rollick in anticipation of that. Those footprints (even if you believe in them)—what will happen to them at the end? They will be carefully sliced off and sold at Christie's.

"On my soul, . . . I believe you would be wiser, if it doesn't incommode you too much, to stop short of greatness. . . . To be very able is safer. One place where immortals are never seen is at the top table.

"One hopes you are leaving Oxford feeling, as the old saying has it, that red blood boils in your veins, that you hear a thousand nightingales, could eat all the elephants in Hindustan and pick your teeth with the spire of Strasbourg Cathedral. That's the spirit.

"If to despise us helps you in your enthusiasm, then, gentlemen, continue. Far worse than your scorning us beyond reason would be your not having the cheery belief that you can all do better. If in firing at some of our performances you feel that the straightest line is through our bodies—still fire."

Home-Grown Rubber

While numerous paper projects form from time to time the subject of a great deal of talk about the future of home-grown American rubber, a group of practical rubber men are actually growing rubber at the present moment on a several-thousand-acre scale not far south of San Francisco. Guayule is the name of the wild Texas-Mexican shrub which has been successfully domesticated, and it grows, not in hot, damp, tropical forest country, but under cool, annually frosted desert or semi-desert conditions. Whether guayule is the equal of the true product of the well-known rubber tree

(*Hevea*) is a question many would decide in the negative, but authorities would agree that it is as good for some purposes and almost as good for most as the more familiar product.

Ten million pounds is the present annual production of the California "plantation." The recent history of the romantic American effort to raise rubber north of the tropics has just been told in the "Scientific American" by the noted plant biologist Dr. D. T. MacDougal, of the research staff of the Carnegie Institution. In order to compete with cheap Malayan labor, the entire process from the sowing of the seeds to the harvest of the shrubs is mechanized—"Fordized," as it were. Thus while one laborer accounts for the production of 1,600 pounds of tree rubber annually in the Far East, in California, with the aid of tractor cultivators and power harvesters, a single workman produces 25,000 pounds of guayule. The harvest is wholly unlike the harvest of tree rubber, the plants being pulled up and ground to shreds in machines.

Only in extreme mechanization will lie the secret of economically successful American rubber growing. No efforts to raise the Brazilian rubber tree in the United States has amounted as yet to more than a curiosity, and the same is virtually true of synthetic rubber.

The End of "I Guess"

MANY words have been bandied back and forth between those who believe in forest conservation and those who apparently do not concerning the extent to which a covering of forest retains and holds back flood waters. While there has been little tendency to assert that there is absolutely no difference between the two, it is a fact that no one has known before in a definite or quantitative sense how much forests are actually responsible for modifying stream flow.

The United States Forest Service and the Weather Bureau have just brought to a conclusion an exhaustive experiment begun as long ago as 1909. In the Rio Grande National Forest near Wagon Gap, Colorado, two contiguous forested mountain tracts of two hundred acres each were painstakingly selected, each being closely similar to the other in topography and forest cover. The plan was to observe them carefully and most minutely for a period of years, noting accurately every detail of meteorology, stream flow, and so on, and then to denude one of the areas and continue the measurements as before for another period of years. This has been done, and the results summarized by officials of the Forest Service and the Weather Bureau; the report is published by the "Monthly Weather Review" of the latter bureau. It turned out that after deforestation there was an excess of stream flow from the denuded area of twenty-two to thirty-five per cent, while the load of silt eroded away by the streams increased five to fifteen fold.

For so lengthy an experiment the facts obtained are brief, but they are to the point. No one can argue by the "I guess" method any more when the question of the influence of deforestation on flood comes up for debate. The illustrated sixty-page report makes interesting reading to those who dislike the "I guess" method of thinking just adverted to.

"Gentlemen" of the Press

ON the eve of the execution of Ruth Snyder and Judd Gray, Warden Lawes, of Sing Sing, summoned the reporters and said:

"Gentlemen, I have been informed that some of you are equipped with watch cameras—that is, cameras concealed in watches. Whether this is true or not, I do not know, and I shall not have you searched. I wish, however, to inform you that the taking of a picture in the death chamber constitutes an unlawful act. And I trust all of you to do the right thing. Please do not exaggerate what you are about to see.

"I cannot tell you what to write, but I do ask you to do one thing: give your readers an exact picture of what takes place, of what you see."

The next morning readers of the tabloid "News," of New York City, saw on the first page a picture of the woman in the chair.

In a recent issue of "Liberty" Sidney Sutherland tells how it was done. A tiny camera was strapped to the ankle of Sutherland's co-worker, a photographer specially hired for the job. The shutter was manipulated by a cable that ran to the photographer's trouser pocket. By breaking out of line on the march to the death house, the two men were able to secure front seats for the electrocution. When Ruth Snyder was strapped in the chair, the photographer raised his trouser leg, pressed the plunger, counted six—and the thing was done.

The "News" sold more than a million and a half copies of that issue.

Sutherland's answer to Warden Lawes's instructions to the press is:

"Well, the only readers who got an exact picture, as the warden wanted, were the readers of the 'Daily News' and such affiliated newspapers as printed the picture scoop."

The tabloid city editor's view of the ethics of the act was:

"We planned to get the picture, and we got it."

So much for ethics.

Two Views of the Press

DR. HENRY FAIRFIELD OSBORN, President of the American Museum of Natural History and foe of Fundamentalists:

"From prolonged daily observation of child life and habit, and of home, school, college, and university life, I believe the modern American press to be the greatest enemy of the teacher, because it destroys all the finer creative powers of the mind, establishes false standards of human endeavor, and gives a distorted perspective of current life. With certain heroic exceptions, . . . it represents the climax of the metamorphosis and metempsychosis of the modern age, the utmost revolution from the conditions which surrounded the youthful Benjamin Franklin, natural philosopher and pioneer of American science.

"Literature, music, art, and the stage filled 121 columns, or 28.3 per cent of space, in six issues of Franklin's 'Saturday Evening Post' of 1823–4, whereas misconduct and crime filled only twenty columns, or 4.8 per cent, of the space.

"Today in the 4,731,332 daily newspaper circulation in and around New York City, literature art, music, and the stage fill 208 columns, 3.8 per cent of the space, as against 1,500 columns, or 25.6 per cent of space, devoted to fashion, athletics, and sport; 191 columns, or 3.8 per cent of space, devoted to misconduct and crime; 38 columns, or only seven-tenths of one per cent, devoted to religion; and at the very bottom four-tenths of one per cent devoted to education."

John Stewart Bryan, editor and publisher of the Richmond, Virginia, "News-Leader:"

"It is not only the editor who makes the paper. The cub reporter, the humble solicitor, the printer's devil, the stereotype apprentice, the press-room fly boy, all are essential parts of this great machine, whose one and sole purpose is to turn on the light and tell the truth; as perpetual protagonists for freedom of thought, by defending and extending the freedom of the press.

"As lantern trimmers for the conscience of men, as humble workers in the great lighthouses that throw across the world the beams of knowledge and

Wide World

The California Varsity crew winning from Columbia, the nearest rival, by three-quarters of a length in the Poughkeepsie regatta. **See page 380**

he radiance of truth, I know today of o vocation which offers a greater field r dispelling deadly prejudice and en-rging life-giving liberty than that fforded by high-souled service through he press of the United States of Amer-ca."

With which elegant peroration we are hrough with the press for the moment.

Artificial Diamonds Again

WHETHER diamonds can be produced rtificially and whether they ever have een so produced in the laboratory is a question on which light has recently been thrown by new experiments performed in England by Sir Charles Parsons and Mr. H. M. Duncan. These scientists report in the negative; they think those who believed they had made diamonds were mistaken.

Nearly every one will automatically link the name of the Frenchman Professor Henri Moissan with laboratory diamonds. Moissan, it will be recalled, melted pure iron with sugar charcoal in an electric arc and then plunged the intensely hot mass into icy water. It was widely believed at the time that the crystals which resulted from the sudden chilling and high shrinkage pressure were genuine diamonds formed from the carbon of the sugar, and for a time we were all regaled with sensational magazine and newspaper predictions that diamonds, as a result of Moissan's discovery, would soon become as plentiful and as cheap as dirt.

In 1918 Sir Charles Parsons repeated the Moissan experiments without success. However, he accepted Moissan's opinion, as Moissan's authority was formidable. Sir Charles and his assistant have now returned to the romantic effort, repeating the same experiments under the most rigid conditions. Their verdict is that no diamonds have ever been produced in the laboratory. What previously appeared to be diamonds artificially made were only minerals simulating them. Nature's process remains as much of a secret as ever.

What Ho! Poets

POETS, come out of your garrets! Here's a chance for you to earn—and possibly to get—$1,000. We have just received a circular offering that generous sum "for a masterpiece . . . to stimulate genius in its most incandescent sense."

"Incandescent sense" seems to be the right phrase in the right place when you peruse further the specifications for the manuscripts. Here they are:

"To win this award a script must be freighted with meteoric ore; must display the elements of beauty or power; the stamp and glow of immortal stuff.

"Writers who would rank for this honor must turn their emotions loose. Labored and artificial pantings, of the kind recently touted, will be ineffectual in this contest. Your document must grip and burn like Nessus' magic shirt."

Mr. Walter Clare Martin, who announces himself as a "nationally noted writer and advertising man," stands sponsor for the award. There is no evidence that Mr. C. C. Pyle is a co-guarantor.

We almost forgot to say that there is a fly in this $1,000 ointment. The circular says: "If nothing of immortal stature looms up before January First, an award of $100.00 will be declared for the best script of the lot."

Well, a hundred dollars is a hundred dollars—if you can get it.

The "Black List" Fight Goes On

THE famous "black list" controversy of the Daughters of the American Revolution, which has both amused and irritated outsiders at regular intervals these several months, has caused some prominent members to resign, goes merrily on.

Mrs. Helen Tufts Bailie began it with a charge that National officers had sent to chapters a list of speakers whose views on various matters did not agree with those of the National society, the inference being that such persons were not to air their subversive ideas before the local ladies.

A merry fight was started thereby and was carried into the National Convention at Washington, where the ladies are occasionally referred to as the Daughters of the Annual Row. Mrs. Alfred J. Brosseau, President-General, has always insisted that no such list existed. There was evidence, however, of a community of spirit between National officers and Mr. Fred. J. Marvin, Director of the Key Men of America, who furnishes reports on radicals and pacifists for a consideration.

Charges were preferred against Mrs. Bailie, and a few days ago she was expelled from the order.

Mrs. Brosseau interprets the action as establishing her claim "that no such thing as a black list has ever been au-

thorized by the National society. We are especially happy that the establishment of this fact was brought about through Mrs. Bailie's own admission."

Mr. George W. Alger, attorney for Mrs. Bailie, retorts that the President-General's interpretation "is quite erroneous.

"The National Board of Management studiously avoided making the black-list question and the use of the black list an issue at Mrs. Bailie's trial. . . . Only one charge made originally against Mrs. Bailie placed this black list in issue. The charge itself was withdrawn. . . . The main charge against Mrs. Bailie was that while a member of the organization she had no right truthfully to criticise its officers, State and National, and that to do so in any way was to disturb the peace and harmony of the organization."

As for that famous "black list," which named such dangerous persons as William Allen White and Professor Irving Fisher, of Yale, Mrs. Bailie's lawyer says that, while she admitted at the trial that she had no personal knowledge of the issuance of them, except in Massachusetts, her testimony showed that similar lists had been used in Michigan, Kansas, and elsewhere.

"The testimony also showed the aid and encouragement afforded by the National officers . . . to the extension of the black-list system of doubtful speakers and doubtful organizations through the various States, by the aid and encouragement which they gave, particularly to Fred Marvin, whose Key Men of America and Daily Data Service Mrs. Bailie criticised."

The fight, Mr. Alger promises, will continue.

Colonel Callahan to Mr. Raskob

In a rejoinder to Mr. John J. Raskob, Chairman of the Finance Committee of General Motors, Colonel P. H. Callahan, President of the Louisville Varnish Company and former President of the National Paint, Oil & Varnish Association, denies that he took Mr. Raskob to task for his connection with the National Association opposed to Prohibition. He says that he simply asked Mr. Raskob what substitute for prohibition he had in mind, and he complains that Mr. Raskob has ignored his request.

An outline of Mr. Raskob's arguments against prohibition was reported in The Outlook for June 13. In his letter in rejoinder, Colonel Callahan counters with arguments for prohibition. In contrast to Mr. Raskob's experience, he cites Henry Ford, John D. Rockefeller, and the late Judge Gary as witnesses to the economic benefits prohibition has produced, and declares that purchasing power has increased because "our people have to save, spend, or invest at least $4,000,000,000 which would otherwise be wasted on intoxicating liquors."

As to constitutionality, he notes that "we are very fortunate in having an institution that eliminates the private interpretation of our Consitution and laws, and the Supreme Court has fully considered the legality of prohibition." He denies that prohibition infringes personal liberty, declaring that "the 'right of the individual' to do what he pleases regardless of the common good is both immoral and illegal." He recognizes an increasing disrespect for law, but, he inquires, "paraphrasing Shakespeare, 'Why shake your gory locks at us prohibitionists?' " It is, he says, those who are against, not for, prohibition who are disregarding the law. And he does not regard the majority, who he believes favor prohibition, of being guilty of the intolerance of which they have been accused.

It is not prohibition, he thinks, but liquor that is the paramount question. For "centuries," he says, "almost every civilized nation has suffered from the evils of liquor and in one after another liquor has been now a home problem, now a social problem, now an industrial problem, now a political problem, and always more or less of a moral problem taking toll of the character and the manhood of our race." He cites statistics of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, of the New York "World" and the New York "Times," and the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals to buttress his view that enforcement has improved. He agrees that prohibition has not brought about the full results desired and "has occasioned some evils which we did not expect." He desires, therefore, to know what substitute for prohibition can be suggested that has not already been proved fruitless.

Shifting Scenes in Germany

The new Chancellor of the next German coalition Government is to be Hermann Mueller, leader of the Social Democrats and a former Cabinet head. He is finding trouble in forming a Ministry that will command in the Reichstag the majority he desires, made up also of the Catholic Center Party, the Democrats, and the Bavarian People's Party. These groups, with the Social Democrats, formed the "Weimar Coalition" that put through the Republican Constitution. Differences between the Social Democrats and the People's Party, representing conservative and industrial interests, have blocked efforts to include this influential faction. But the Chancellor plans to keep its leader, Dr. Gustav Stresemann, as Foreign Minister.

At the same time the German Government has been engaged in a controversy with S. Parker Gilbert, the American Agent-General for Reparation Payments. In his latest report Mr. Gilbert has declared that Germany is able to meet the full schedule of payments required by the Dawes Plan; and he has also suggested that the railroads raise freight and passenger rates to provide larger revenues. Germany still argues that the burden is too heavy to carry, with trade declining, and the retiring Cabinet refused to raise railroad rates. The whole issue will have to come up again before the new Cabinet.

A Poem Is "Writ"

Robert Underwood Johnson, B.S., A.M., Ph.D., L.H.D., Commander of the Order of the Crown of Italy, Officer of the Order of Leopold (Belgium), Commander of the Order of St. Sava (Serbian), Grand Cordon of the Order of SS. Maurice and Lazarus (Italian), Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor (France), and Director of the Hall of Fame in New York City, has indited a poem to Miss Amelia Earhart upon the text of her remark that she was only baggage during her transatlantic flight. We republish it here as it appeared in the New York "Evening Post:"

"ONLY BAGGAGE"

By Robert Underwood Johnson

Only baggage? If we grant it,
Ah, what precious freight was there!
Mother-courage, child-eyed wonder,
Maiden spirit pure and fair,
With the whole world as her suitor—
Atalanta of the Air!

Not a sordid thought went with her,
Just the new pride of the West—
She a letter writ to Europe,
Though it bore not crown or crest,
With nobility envisaged
As the best of all our best.

Take her, England, to your hearthstone!
Harbor, France, her flying feet!
'Tis a woman's soul we send you,
Stronger than a friendly fleet;
And remember, in your welcome,
'Tis America you greet.

Did Miss Earhart, as she took off from Trepassey, have any true realization of some of the perils that she faced?

Windows on the World

By Malcolm W. Davis

SHOTS fired in the Yugoslav National Assembly have echoed all over Europe more loudly than any nce those at Serajevo in 1914 that lled the Austrian Archduke and rought on the World War. No inter-ational conflict threatens now in conse-uence of this outbreak within the walls the Belgrade Parliament, but it has own how tense and perilous is the feel-g over relations between Yugoslavia nd Italy.

The tragedy arose out of the debates n Government policies, and particularly he ratification of the Nettuno conven-ions with Italy, permitting Italians to cquire land within thirty miles of he Yugoslav frontiers and coast-line. tephan Raditch, the Croatian peasant eader, and his followers were violently pposing the agreements, on the ground hat they would lay the country open to talian penetration and subjugation. In-uriated by the insults that he and his upporters shouted at the Government enches, Punica Ratchitch, a Deputy of he Radical Government party, drew a evolver and rushed firing at the peasant spokesman. Paul Raditch, nephew of he leader, threw himself between his lready wounded uncle and his assailant, nd fell dead from a second shot. Other easant Deputies tried to intervene, and efore the assassin had emptied his gun four of them were down with serious wounds. In the confusion, Ratchitch escaped, and later gave himself up to the police.

Stephan Raditch suffered a serious wound near the heart, and the hospital where he was taken reported him in a dangerous condition.

Rioting followed in Zagreb, the center of his influence in Croatia, in which three persons lost their lives and some two-score civilians and policemen were in-jured. Raditch is the idol of the great majority of former Austrian South Slavs, reunited to Serbia as a result of the war, but far from being at rest in their changed allegiance. They have felt that they did not receive a just share in the Government with the dominant Serb element, and they are particularly an-tagonistic toward Italy.

What the effect on the situation of the Government and the Nettuno conven-tions with Italy may be is not yet clear. Immediately after the shooting the Democrats resigned from the coalition Cabinet, as a sign of protest. The set-tlement of the crisis, it was felt, would depend largely upon the action of King Alexander and upon the recovery or death of Stephan Raditch.

Wide World

SOUTH POLE, AHOY!

Commander Richard E. Byrd at the wheel of the Samson, the ice-breaker, which is to be used as a supply base for the Byrd Antarctic Expedition in the South Polar region

JAPAN has declared herself mistress of Manchuria. The significance of that fact overshadows for the moment every other development in the Far East.

True, Chang Hsueh-liang—a youth still in his twenties but reputed to be capable—has followed his father, Chang Tso-lin, as Manchurian dictator. The former war lord, who rose to power from banditry, died from injuries received when his train was blown up—as a re-sult of a plot still unexplained—when he was returning to Mukden from Peking, where he had ruled for two years. But he succeeded in passing on the title of authority to his son. Yet the real rulers are the Japanese. They have said that, while they do not oppose a peaceful agreement between the Chinese Nation-alists and the Manchurians, they will prevent hostilities from spreading into Manchuria—by force, if necessary. They have massed troops at border points to emphasize their determination.

"Call it a protectorate if you like," says Mr. Matsuoka, Vice-President of the Japanese-controlled South Man-churian Railway.

True also, Japan has withdrawn her flotilla from the Yangtze River, because of improved conditions in central China, and has denied a reported intention to demand foreign administration of Tsing-tao and Tsinanfu, in Shantung Province, where her protection of Japanese resi-dents and their considerable interests brought her into conflict with the Na-tionalists. But her declaration of a prac-tical protectorate in Manchuria puts her in the dubious position of separating ter-ritory from China, actually if not in theory.

Chang Hsueh-liang has declared for an end of all civil war, negotiations with the Nationalists for a peaceful settlement of differences, and abolition of the "unequal treaties" and equal treatment for China. A long-headed and well-advised young man who evidently wishes to keep Man-churia Chinese. And undoubtedly the Nationalists will not seek to push the issue to an open clash with Japan in their present situation, and will come to some understanding with Chang. But the action of Japan will fan the smoth-ered fire of Chinese resentment against her expansion on the Asiatic mainland.

Sane Sanity Tests

THE ridiculous Remus case has had some beneficial consequences. It has made us see the utter futility of asking jurors to pass on the mental responsibility of a defendant. It has made us think about changes in criminal procedure that would prevent a repetition of the absurd scenes in the Cincinnati court-room, and the absurd consequences.

This "bootleg king" and ex-convict, it will be recalled, murdered his wife; defended his own case; pleaded insanity at the time of killing, but not a moment thereafter; turned the court-room into a circus; and so impressed the jury by his antics that they freed him on his own terms. He was later committed to an asylum, but has now been restored to full freedom by a decision of the Ohio Supreme Court.

A most sensible proposal for the mitigation of such travesties comes from the National Crime Commission. It is simply to dispose of the sanity test before trial; make it, not an alienist's holiday in the presence of a befuddled jury, but an issue between the court and experts who represent only science.

For, as the Commission observes:

> It is a difficult matter for the average jury to pass upon the sanity of an accused man. We tend to eliminate from juries the very minds that are best trained and able to weigh difficult problems of criminal procedure.
>
> But even if made up of a higher class of persons it is palpably inept to refer to a jury questions so intricate and ramified as the relation of mental abnormality to a criminal behavior problem.

This method is in effect, with variations, in Massachusetts and Colorado; and in the former State, the Commission reports, has reduced to less than one a year the number of cases where the defendant appears for trial with a retinue of "experts."

It commends itself for many reasons. Dr. Johnson lived before the day of insanity pleas, or he might have hesitated before defining the last refuge of scoundrels. Beyond that there is the question of a stricter rendering of justice. If a man is not sane, then he cannot be held legally responsible for his acts; his place is not the dock, but the psychopathic ward. If he is sane, then the question before the jury is "guilty or not guilty"—and nothing else.

The Crime Commission answers one objection neatly. The conservative person will want to know more about the disposition of these Remuses, these victims of "sudden insanity." Will they be as suddenly cured and restored to society?

"Sound psychiatry," the Commission retorts, "recognizes no such condition as 'sudden insanity.' "

Finally, such a change in criminal procedure would be one means of restoring to our courts their proper dignity. Of late they have seemed to be merging into the vaudeville circuit.

What Really Matters

ALTHOUGH Vice-President Marshall once defined the one great issue before the American people as the need for a good five-cent cigar, we think that there are other matters more vital to our peace and content. They were not discussed at Kansas City, nor do we expect to find them in the Houston platform. If we were to look for light on these matters in the neighborhood of any political personage, we should hie ourselves to Wisconsin and the President's fishing camp. There, as in thousands of other nooks and corners of the Republic, the burning issues of the hour relate, not to farm relief nor prohibition, but to age-old queries as to the state of the water and the appetite and curiosity of fish. Upon the walls of a Scottish inn there was once posted a bit of angling doggerel which ran approximately as follows:

> Sometimes too airly,
> Sometimes too late,
> Sometimes nae watter,
> Sometimes a spate.
> There's aye something wrang
> When fishing ye gang.

Yet the host of anglers grows greater with the passing years, for the sport is one of the few contemplative and philosophic recreations left to us in a day when happiness is rated chiefly in miles per hour. The true angler finds a thousand compensations even on the days when trout fail to rise or when bass persist in sleeping under their favorite lily-pads.

There will be many candidates during the next few weeks who would willingly exchange their hopes of office for a chance to handle Calvin Coolidge's rod.

Foundations of Government

A POLITICAL party whose management is corrupt, or torn with dissension, or knavish, or feeble, or foolish, or widely distrusted, cannot expect to win by merely hiding behind its candidates, however good they may be.

Neither of the two great parties in America has of itself the confidence of the country.

The Democratic Party has been weakened by an internecine factional strife. Since President Wilson's death it has been lacking in National leadership. It has been discredited by demagogues. And it has had to bear the odium of local misgovernment under bosses. In particular, it enters this campaign at a time when its most powerful local machine, Tammany Hall, is under fire because of graft—sewer graft, milk graft, street-cleaning graft.

The Republican Party has been discredited in public estimation by the revelations of dishonesty in the Harding Administration. The oil leases, the Veterans' Bureau, the Alien Property Custodian, and the furtive attempt to meet a party fund deficit have occasioned scandals which, though eight years old and though countered by prosecutions, still stain the party's name. And even yet powerful Republican organizations in Pennsylvania, Illinois, and Indiana make Republican protestations of reform sound somewhat hollow.

The process of revamping—un-Varing, so to speak—the Republican Party began at Kansas City; but it only began. Mr. Hoover has before him the more difficult task of completing the process. He has powerful political influences to overcome.

And what will come out of Houston, even as a beginning, remains to be seen. It is as unjust to saddle on Governor Smith the graft of Tammany as it is to saddle on Secretary Hoover the malfeasance that occurred during an Administration of which he was a member. But Tammany Hall cannot be expected to renounce its own power. Only the party as a party and, above all, Smith himself, can do what is necessary to allay the country's suspicion of a Tammanyized Democracy.

Will this campaign see the Republican Party letting out the influences variously symbolized by Fall, Sinclair, Daugherty, Hays, Thompson, Vare, and Watson? Will it see the Democratic Party refusing to let in the influences variously symbolized by Heflin and Tammany Hall?

These questions come ahead of any other issues, because they concern the foundations of self-government.

The Party of Governor Smith

A Personal Letter from Houston

By DIXON MERRITT

THE prevalent feeling here is the same that I found on the trip out from New York by way of Buffalo and Cleveland and Indianapolis and St. Louis—that Smith has earned the nomination and is entitled to his chance to win in the election. But there has been during the eight months that have elapsed since I tried to measure it in the South and somewhat in the Middle West no diminution in the opposition to Smith. Among the delegates here it is apprehension rather than opposition. Those who will speak candidly, and they are many, admit alarm at what their people back home, voters who are not politicians, will do on election day and after. They say that only fifteen per cent of the party has made itself heard in any way, that eighty-five per cent has remained strangely inert and sullen.

The border is as doubtful today as it was last October. They talk of a candidate for Vice-President who can save Oklahoma and of one who can save Tennessee. No man can think of one who could save both.

Thus does Al Smith approach his nomination by a party that even now is not the party that we have known in other National Conventions. Bryan, who in one way or another dominated every Convention from 1896 to 1924, is dead. McAdoo chose to stay away. Murphy, the old chief of Tammany, is dead, and Taggart, of Indiana, is at French Lick, too old and ill to attend. Mack, of New York, is here, doddering and senile, making statements that his colleagues implore him not to make. In the National Committee other men long dominant are going, not because they are old, but because they are tired. Woodson, who has represented Kentucky on the Committee since 1892 and has frequently served as its secretary; Hull, who has represented Tennessee on the Committee for sixteen years and was its most successful Chairman—these men are laying down their burden in utter weariness, going out of the official party councils at the end of this Convention.

Smith's opportunity came to him from the country at large, not from the sidewalks of New York. His Tammany friends are here, outclassed and outplayed by the veriest rube delegation from the tall grass. The party waits on Alfred Smith.

THE task of rough-hewing the platform timbers was given to Senator Key Pittman, of Nevada, and Judge Joseph M. Proskauer, of New York. Three planks were expected to be knotty—prohibition, tariff, and farm relief. But the farm relief timber turned out to be as straight-grained and smooth as old cedar. The farm forces did not demand indorsement of the McNary-Haugen Bill, the equalization fee, or anything of the kind. The equalization fee, they said, is a special privilege and ought to go in the platform of a party like the Republican, which is committed to special privilege. But in the platform of a party like the Democratic, which is pledged to abolish all special privilege, there is no place for an equalization fee. The farm demand upon the Democratic platform-makers, compared with that upon the Republicans, was easy.

But the lightness of the demand as to a specific farm plank implied the faith of the farmer folk that the tariff plank would be of the old-fashioned Democratic kind. So the knot was simply transferred from one plank to the other. And the tariff timber was already knotty enough. The traditionists wanted, of course, the tradition inviolate, while those of a newer faith urged that a tariff plank for Smith to stand on should have a tilt toward protection, so that the industrialists of the East could stand with him.

The really gnarled and knotty timber was that out of which the prohibition plank had to be fashioned. Pestered by a multitude of antagonistic counsel, ranging all the way from repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment to outright indorsement of it, Pittman and Proskauer must have envied Senator Smoot, who, at Kansas City, was never in doubt as to what the Republican platform ought to say about prohibition. The worst of Pittman and Proskauer's troubles was that many of the people most insistent upon a wet candidate favored an evasive, two-faced, or even a dry plank.

FROM the outset, comparatively few persons gave much thought to the balloting for a nominee for President. Smith was the only candidate worth considering, and they gave their attention to platform, Vice-President, and party management.

Thought was confused and at odds as to what should be done with regard to the second place on the ticket. One school favored a Southern man to save the border States. Another favored a Lakes States man, in the hope of gaining Ohio or Indiana or Illinois. Still another favored a Western man as a bid for revolting Republicans in the corn and wheat belt. Always there was the question of the inconsistency of placing a dry on the ticket with Smith; and the search for a wet who would add materially to the strength of the ticket either in the South, the Lake States, or the West was the proverbial search for a needle in a haystack.

Delegates' minds bridged the Convention and grappled with the problem of conducting the campaign. Everybody seemed to be thinking of a big man for Chairman of the National Committee. The Chairman, it was agreed, should be the biggest man in the United States who could be induced to accept the job. It was argued that such a Chairman might be worth more to the party than any candidate for Vice-President or any platform. Into one conference room where this question was under discussion came a New York delegate with frankness in his face and cold water in his words. "The Governor," he announced, "says he wants a Chairman that he knows and who knows him. But the trouble is that the Governor does not know anybody who knows National politics."

And that is the man whose task and whose opportunity it is to remake the National Democracy in 1928 as Jackson remade it in 1828. He does not know National politics. Jackson did. None the less, Jackson did the work with Blair and Lewis of his own people as his chief lieutenants. Smith's Chairman, chosen from among the men he knows, may be none the less powerful because he is less widely acquainted with politics on the National scale.

Through all of the preliminaries the anti-Smith leaders, holding their daggers against one another's ribs, continued to train their guns on Smith.

Democratic harmony is precious but precarious.

Heat at Houston

By HENRY F. PRINGLE

THE native of Houston, elbowing his way through the milling, perspiring crowds in the suffocatingly hot lobby of the Rice Hotel (1,000 rooms, 1,000 baths), gazes with awe and respect at a group of Washington correspondents who lean on their canes, interview one another, and wish devoutly that it were time to take the train for home.

"Imagine," the Houstonian assures himself; "this means that the name of Houston will go all over the world. For a week those fellers from Washington will send hundreds of thousands of words, and each time they write a despatch it will mention the town. Why, that publicity couldn't be bought for a million dollars!"

And he goes away marveling that the distinction of sheltering a National Convention should have come to the city built, amazingly and not without beauty, where the Texas plains slope eastward to the sea, where the wind carries either the torrid warmth of the prairies stretching endlessly to the west or the moist heat of the sea which beats against Galveston, fifty miles away. The view-point of the average resident of the city is summed up in that—in elation at the advertising to be received. He is interested, of course, in the probability that a wet, Tammany, Catholic New Yorker will be Democracy's standard-bearer. He has emphatic, frequently illogical, views on prohibition. He feels actively curious regarding the New York Tammany leaders, and is a little surprised when he sees that they appear to be law-abiding, ordinary men—just the type who are ward politicians in his own city. But chiefly he is fascinated by the presence of the newspaper correspondents, magazine writers, cowboy humorists, and lady literati who are present to the number of six or seven hundred and whose typewriters clatter throughout the night.

There are many contrasts between the Republican gathering at Kansas City, as dull and drab a convocation as any in the recollection of the oldest Convention habitué, and this Democratic circus beginning to assemble at Houston. The Democrats have in Governor Alfred E. Smith, of New York, for instance, a man around whom swirl pulsing enthusiasms and, to a lesser degree, as his nomination appears inevitable, hatreds and apprehensions. No one, except a few farmers and the disorganized professional politicians, bothered to dislike Herbert Hoover. Nor, except for one or two silly mass-meetings, was there very much beating of tom-toms in his favor. The Republicans at Kansas City were well-disciplined, orderly, subservient men who waited for the party bosses to speak, who were unencumbered by ideas, and who rarely offered to argue. The Democrats, although they will obey their leaders with virtually the same unanimity, reserve to themselves the right to utter uproars of protest. For days before the gavel fell on Tuesday the hotel lobbies resounded with men opposing one principle and praising another. Hordes of feminine prohibition workers descended upon the town a week in advance, and daily, at noon prayer-meetings, appealed to the Lord to save the party from Al Smith.

BUT the outstanding contrast between the two Conventions is the attitude of that nebulous personality, "the man in the street." The Kansas Cityan, unless he belonged to Rotary or sought some prominent visitor as a house guest, was but mildly interested in the G. O. P. show. At Houston, no one has been thinking about anything else for the past two months. This is due, primarily, to the fact that membership in some booster club is held by the most insignificant citizen. If he is not eligible for Rotary, Kiwanis, or the Lions, he can join "The Dirty Dozen Club," the "Optimist Club," or many others. There are thirty luncheon clubs alone, most of them meeting each week. There are innumerable associations, lodges, church clubs, and fraternal organizations. Each was squarely behind Jesse H. Jones, the miracle man of Houston, in bringing the Democratic National Convention of 1928 to a city which is as hot as any in America. Each donated something to the $350,000, raised within ten days, needed for the expenses of the Convention. Every Houstonian expects added prosperity to result from the gathering, and he feels that the newspaper men are the most important of all those present, since in their lands lies publicity. At Kansas City the politicians and their friends were the first persons taken care of. But at Houston the best rooms in the best hotels were reserved for the gentlemen of the press. The visiting correspondents are lavishly entertained and rarely meet a Houstonian without being invited to "drop over to my house for a drink, sir, any time at all."

"Of course," my host laughs, as he manipulates the corkscrew, "we're dry in this part of the country. *Yes, sir.* But we have a little left from before the drought. Have you ever tried a mint julep, sir?"

There is something appealing, even magnificent, about boosting thus raised to a fine art. Houston is a new city—new and white and shining beneath the sun that pours down in stifling rays. Drive toward the town, from whatever direction, and you are startled to see a sky-line rising like a mirage from the prairies. There stands Houston, which one hundred years ago did not exist, a city of 275,000 people.

THE history of Houston goes back to 1836, the year when General Sam Houston defeated Santa Anna at San Jacinto, sixteen miles from the present city, and liberated Texas from Mexican rule. In 1836 two brothers founded a settlement on an upper stretch of Buffalo Bayou, a fifty-mile length of stagnant, muddy water which is now a $20,000,000 ship canal. In 1838 it became, nominally, a city, and in 1840 it was a moderately important trading center. It was, however, oil which caused the buildings of Houston's sky-line to rise. Men had rushed there and found great wealth. They remained to deal in shipping, in cotton, in lumber. They built parks and public buildings and a residential section called "River Oaks," where Gothic, Norman, English cottage, Spanish, and American Colonial architecture mingle in happy, internaunion. The avenues are wide and are fragrant with the scent of crèpe myrtle, honeysuckle, and gardenias. There is an art museum awaiting priceless art treasures. Polo, the first sign of a definite social stratum, has been taken up at the country club.

And yet Houston was still, in the eyes of the outer world, a small city, a backwoods metropolis. It needed world fame.

Acme

A TINTYPE FROM THE SMITH FAMILY ALBUM

Governor Smith's father, the Governor when about six; his Uncle Peter Mulvihill, and his cousin Tommie Mulvihill

Houstonians waited, hardly daring to hope, but filled with confidence, when Jesse Jones traveled to Washington last winter to enter the city's bid for the Democratic National Convention. Few, outside of the town itself, took Houston's offer seriously. In the end, however, a certified check for $200,000, signed by Mr. Jones, convinced the National Committee that it would be an excellent notion to hold the gathering in the South. Even then the nomination of Al Smith seemed likely, and it was considered well to conciliate the prohibition-loving South, which had not enjoyed a National Convention since the Civil War. His mission successful, Mr. Jones returned to Houston to an ovation such as few men have received.

Crowded weeks and months passed, during which men were appointed and funds raised. On the afternoon of Sunday, June 24, Houston officially declared itself ready for the hosts of Democracy. By then, of course, the city was already crowded to suffocation with Convention visitors and delegations were arriving on every train, to be met by bands and committees and motor-car parades. The event of the day was the dedication of Sam Houston Hall, a vast and unbelievable structure which will house the Convention sessions. Sam Houston Hall, built in sixty-four working days and costing $200,000, is an eloquent tribute to the genius of the American filled with civic pride. Of all the convention halls that I have seen it is best suited to its purpose, and this is so because it was built with this specific object in view. Seating 16,000 people and fashioned of yellow pine from the forests of East Texas and western Louisiana, the structure has six acres of floor space. More than 1,000,000 feet of lumber were used. The height of the roof at the center is 58 feet above the floor, and the building is 272 feet in width and 326 feet long.

Statistics, however, are of little value in attempting to give a picture of a building of this sort. From the outside Sam Houston Hall looks, with its gay flags and bunting, with its arched roof and its flagpoles, like some vast building constructed for a world's fair. Inside, it is unusual because it is so light and so pleasant. It will be hot, of course, during the sessions of the Convention. There will be many who will curse the decision of the National Committee which brought the gathering to so torrid a place. But, cool and quiet before the crowds have jammed their way in, the hall is a gratifying sight, even a beautiful one, from the inside. They have banked the walls with smilax and the aisles with pots of crèpe myrtle. Behind the great dais, where the notables will sit, is a huge seal of the United States, and around it are thirteen American flags, one for each of the original States. Hanging from the balconies are the official flags of today's forty-eight States, and these flutter, brilliant with their many colors, in a breeze which drifts in from the top of the building. Sam Houston Hall, however warm it may be during the Convention, could hardly be improved upon for the grace that utility affords. The Madison Square Garden of the ill-fated 1924 Democratic Convention was gloomy, close, depressing. So was the hall at Kansas City. This, however, is bright and airy, and if only the sun that pours down on Houston were less vigorous it would, no doubt, be cool.

THE tempo at Houston is definitely faster than that at Kansas City, and this despite the fact that there are no serious contests among the delegations. Nor are there, even including Jim Reed, of Missouri, any discernible dark horses who have a chance of snatching victory from Smith. But, where the G. O. P. Convention was dreary, there is an element of light-heartedness about this one. Perhaps this is born of a hope of victory in November. I would not say, of course, that a National Convention, to be exciting, needs a sharply drawn conflict. There must be rival candidates branding one another villains, rival managers manipulating and pulling wires, rival delegations looking at one another with contempt or suspicion. At Houston, as the delegates gather, there is a striking parallel to Kansas City. There Hoover was far in the lead, and the other candidates, without plan or direction, made futile efforts to stop him until William S. Vare, of Philadelphia, announced, to the chagrin of Andrew Mellon, that the Pennsylvania delegation would no longer seek "to draft Coolidge." At Houston, such favorite sons as Reed, George of Georgia, Hull of Tennessee, Pomerene of Ohio, and Woollen of Indiana are well aware, in their hearts, that only a political miracle can aid them. Each promises "to support the party," no matter how the balloting goes. Reed, the fighter, the orator, the man of vigor, seems tired, discouraged, willing to concede defeat, with the Convention still two days distant.

The Smith strategy is not, however, the Hoover strategy. There it was war. There the farmers—the handful which

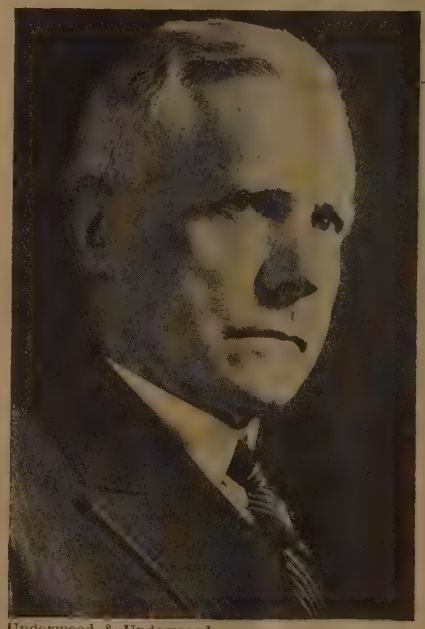
made the journey to Kansas City—paraded through the streets shouting, "We won't vote for Hoover." There the Hoover forces rolled on serenely, with as powerful a steam-roller as practical politicians could devise, over the flattened bodies of those who opposed them. Nothing like this is apparent at the Smith headquarters at the Hotel Rice. Every one is welcomed, threats are made—even in private—to none. If the party wants Al, his managers say, he will be happy to serve. He has not sought the nomination, they reiterate. If some one else is chosen, well and good. There will be no reprisals. This atmosphere of courtesy, good will, and suavity extends to the most rabid of the supporters. A band playing one night in the lobby of the Hotel Rice was called upon by some one in the crowd to start "The Sidewalks of New York."

"That," murmured a Tammany leader, standing near me, "is not such a good idea. It can be played once, maybe, but not more. We don't want to rush things."

THE mistake of 1924, when Tammany hoodlums staged a wearisome, synthetic demonstration for Al Smith at the Old Madison Square Garden, is not to be repeated at Houston, if the leaders can control Al's friends. This time refinement and gentility are to rule. The men from the pavements of New York are determined that their Southern hosts shall find them persons of breeding, even of culture.

The Convention began, despite the best efforts of the local committees and the Smith board of strategy, with a series of misfortunes. The first of these, the lynching of a wounded Negro by a mob which stormed the city hospital, was a tragic blow to those who were asking the entire world to gaze upon the greatness and beauty of their city. The Negro, suspected of having shot a policeman, was taken from his bed and hanged just as the first Convention visitors were beginning to arrive. No city, probably, has ever been shaken with such horror over a lynching. Part of it was normal indignation, for relations between whites and blacks are singularly harmonious in Houston, and never before in this generation has there been such a crime. But the outburst of editorial denunciation in the local newspapers was due, also, to mortification that this should have occurred at the time it did. Rewards for the members of the mob were offered, and within a few days four men, all of them totally insignificant, were arrested. These are now languishing in jail and will be tried after the Convention has adjourned. By then, no doubt, public indignation will have lapsed.

The other unfortunate incidents were semi-comic; I am not thus grouping them with any idea that they are comparable. On the Wednesday before the Convention opened Norman E. Mack, Democratic National Committeeman from New York, and for years among those fairly close to Al Smith, issued a statement in which he said that the leading candidate was "opposed to prohibition and in favor of temperance." He went on to say that the Governor of New York believed in personal liberty and in the application of the doctrine of State's



Underwood & Underwood

Senator Reed, of Missouri

rights to the prohibition question. In Texas, where men are often privately wet but always publicly dry, this was received with surprise and astonishment. Mr. Mack, who is now getting old, was roundly abused. The Smith managers insisted that he spoke for himself and not for the Governor, and the old gentleman quickly admitted that this was so. Yet, within a day or so, Miss Elizabeth Marbury, National Committeewoman from New York, arrived and announced that she had no use for the dry law.

"Who's going to jump on me for that statement?" she demanded, belligerently. No one did.

Meanwhile, in New York, the "World" asked Smith himself whether he had changed his mind regarding prohibition, and received a definite "I have not." This was duly telegraphed to the Houston papers, and the wet-dry battle raged once again. The fight is, in my opinion, more apparent than real. Every one knows that Smith is a wet. Every one knows, too, that the platform-makers are now engaged in drafting a liquor plank which will mean all things to all men—wet to the industrial cities of the East and dry to the dry—so called—communities of the South and West. As this is being written the Convention is thirty-six hours distant, and predictions are dangerous. I risk, however, the thought that the prohibition plank of 1928 will not differ greatly from that of 1924 which said:

"The Republican Administration has failed to enforce the Prohibition Law, is guilty of trafficking in liquor permits and has become the protector of violators of the law. The Democratic Party pledges itself to respect and enforce the Constitution and all laws."

THIS is a feeble straddle. It seems to me political hedging of a dull brand. But any one who has been in Houston for the past week cannot fail to sympathize with the perplexities of platform building. The Kansas City Republican platform was a definite bid for the dry vote, although in itself it is not without evasions. It has been so successful that Anti-Saloon League leaders are already calling for support of Hoover, and the amusing possibility develops that the G. O. P. candidate will also be the candidate of the Prohibition Party. The G. O. P. did not promise that it would forever uphold the Eighteenth Amendment and it did not mention the Volstead Act at all. But Hoover has called prohibition a "noble experiment," and editors in all parts of the South are demanding a Democratic plank as emphatically for enforcement as was the Republican one. It will, of course, not be as strong. It will not be strong at all. The Democratic Party is preparing to run a wet candidate on a plank which means very little but which appears to be dry. It is not an elevating spectacle, but the blame must rest, partly at least, on the Southern leaders. It is easy to get a drink in Houston, for Galveston, just fifty miles away, has bars and speak-easies and beer-parlors that are as open as any in the pre-prohibition days.

Al Smith seems to be exerting no pressure regarding the prohibition or any other plank. To his credit, it can be said that he has resisted advice to consent to a dry plank.

"Smith," said George Brennan, of Illinois, upon arriving in Houston, "is his own platform on this subject."

In saying that the wet-dry fight was more apparent than real I meant, in the

Underwood & Underwood

Sam Houston Hall, built in sixty-four working days

first place, that it was the chief subject regarding which the five hundred correspondents here could write. There was nothing else which even resembled a contest. In the second place, the actual leaders are very little interested. Most of the talking is being done by militant, but just a little pitiful, ladies of the Women's Democratic Dry Enforcement League and the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. They have gathered in Houston in large numbers and are ardently campaigning for a bone-dry plank. They have, however, slight desire to fight it out in the political arena, and some of them gather daily at their headquarters and offer up prayers in behalf of prohibition.

Probably the best laugh of the Convention is found in the third of the unfortunate incidents. Early during the week before the Convention a few of the merchants who had contributed to the $350,000 fund began to complain that they might not get their money back. A Public Service Commissioner named C. J. Kirk, who is manager of the Convention Hall, assured them that their apprehensions were ill founded. It was easily demonstrable, he said, that the 50,000 visitors would spend $2,500,000. He then made the mistake of offering to itemize the expenditures. He summoned a statistician, and, after an hour's work in tabulating hotel bills, taxicab fares, food and ice-cream bills, he was $180,000 short of the $2,500,000 total.

"That's easy," said Mr. Kirk, who is a local humorist. "Put down $180,000 for wine and women."

The unfortunate part of the affair was that one of the local papers printed Mr. Kirk's estimate, including the "wine and women" item. The next day the Woman's Christian Temperance Union met in excited conclave and adopted resolutions setting forth that the womanhood of the South had been insulted. Mr. Kirk has been busy ever since explaining that he did not mean a word of it. Every one else has been wondering whether, actually, the figure offered by Mr. Kirk was not very conservative.

On the eve of the Convention Houston is noisy, hot, and joyful. In the lobby of the Rice, the Convention Headquarters, men elbow their way through the crowds, perspire, argue, and shake hands. On upper floors, where electric fans stir the moist and heavy air, the Party leaders confer endlessly. A band parades through Main Street, leading the delegation from California to their hotel. Elaborate preparations are made for the Al Smith specials from Massachusetts and New York, due in a few hours. Then will "The Sidewalks of New York" blare out in unrestricted triumph and men who have heard the song only vaguely will stop to ponder the vote-getting power of its lilting melody. Superficially, the crowd at this gathering seems not greatly different from that of Kansas City. Really, though, the differences are marked. Here there are no half-subdued, half-defiant Negro delegations, for the Negro does not vote with the Democratic Party in the South and Democracy knows him not. Here there are scores of gentlemen addressed as "Colonel"—men with broad-brimmed hats from the mountains of Kentucky who have been on the staff of some now-forgotten Governor, who have been a district attorney or an attorney-general, and have thereby earned the right to a military title. Here are soft-voiced men and women from South Carolina, Mississippi, Louisiana; men who drawl with the soft cadence of Texas, men who talk with the nasal twang that is the East Side of New York, men who loved Al Smith when he was but a Tammany hack in the State Legislature and who are gathered now to witness his triumph.

Tammany Hall, as the Convention draws near, is very little in evidence. George Olvany is on hand, of course, large and seemingly wise and owl-like, but with very little to say regarding the outcome. He arrived on Friday, and remarked, obviously forgetting that he was in the South, that he had "come to nominate an Abraham Lincoln from the sidewalks of New York." The remark did not, however, arouse comment, although the older generation still remembers the war and a lady who drove me around the city told me, privately, that Mr. Henry Ford had "made a very great mistake when he called his automobile the Lincoln." Quiet and in the background, the Tammany leaders have made an excellent impression on the hosts of the Convention, on the natives of this charming and colorful city. They do not wear brown derbies. They do not say, at least audibly, "dese and dose" or "Where is de earl fields?" They do not publicly consume great quantities of beer and hard liquor. They are utterly without menace or distinction and the part they are playing is a minor one.

In a week it will be over. The delegates, the alternates, the newspaper correspondents, and the sightseers will be interested only in the trains that will bear them away. Houston will have had her Convention. Her name will have been carried to the four corners of the known world. Men and women, sipping drinks on ocean liners, will read despatches posted on saloon boards announcing the nominee. Newspapers published in every language spoken by man will carry stories beginning with "Houston, June 26th." Millions will have tuned in with their radio sets. No longer will Houston be known but to a few. Her fame will be universal.

Some day, no doubt, there will be another Convention within her boundaries. Then the city will be less new and less fascinating. The skyscrapers—one is now more than thirty stories—will be commonplace. Houston girls, today wearing skirts that are too short and rouge that is far too obvious, will be hard to tell from Park Avenue débutantes. There will never be, however, another Convention like this—new and immense and thrilling beyond anything since Sam Houston defeated Santa Anna.

The Democrats, preparing to swelter under a Texas sun, undoubtedly are praying that never again will there be one so warm. It will, at least, be brief and harmonious. Fighting is impossible in Houston in the summer.

Ben Eielson—Arctic Explorer

By
VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON

CAPTAIN SIR HUBERT WILKINS, who is so famous now, was not famous at all twelve years ago, when he returned from three years as my chief assistant on an Arctic expedition. The press and public gave him little heed. This continued to be his situation after I published the narrative of that expedition, recounting his courage, loyalty, and worthy achievements.

There was romance in what Wilkins had done on our expedition, and the glamour of strange lands. But newspaper readers are supposed to be mentally lazy, and the average journalist writes with artificial simplicity so as not to weary or confuse them. He makes out that the commander does whatever is done on the expedition, and lets him have all the credit. There is, of course, a balancing element in that he gets the blame for anything that goes wrong.

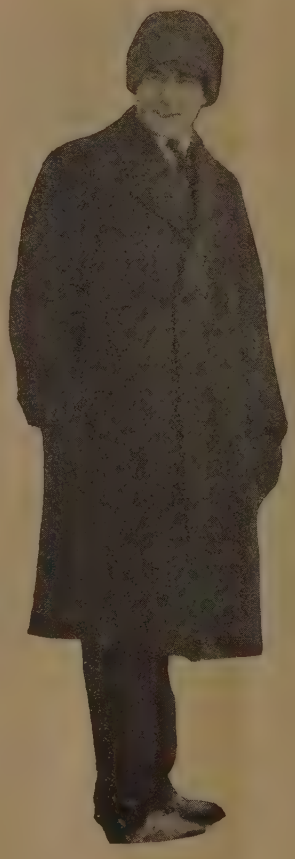
I found it difficult, therefore, when I returned from my third Arctic expedition to induce the press to pay attention to Wilkins, or to any of the many men who had brought us success under difficulties. They had gone hungry in my place frequently, and they, instead of I, had risked their lives on forlorn hopes. But the press would have it that I had done it all.

Now it is Wilkins's turn to receive all the credit of an expedition and to be powerless to get the public to realize that he does not deserve it all. He has been knighted by the British King and he staggers under the gold medals of the scientific societies of the whole world. He has done much and he deserves much. But Wilkins is now, too, in my former embarrassing position, and Lieutenant Ben Eielson is now where Wilkins was then.

Some of the things for which Wilkins is now reluctantly but inevitably getting the whole credit were done by him alone, some were done by him and Eielson in such intimate team-work that you cannot say if one was more important in the event than the other, and some were done by Eielson alone.

I know Wilkins and how these things must worry him. True enough, Ben Eielson will have his turn. That young man is only at the threshold of a brilliant career. Some day his will be the spotlight and his the turn to worry because deserving comrades are being overlooked by the single-track-minded crowd.

Ben did not have to learn the Far North as a post-graduate course. He was schooled in it from childhood. Some think the Arctic can be in one's blood. But I have found South Sea natives, Samoans, and Hawaiians who were suited by nature for the coldest and roughest work of my expeditions. They were as good as Norwegians, but not better. Peary had found it so. He said frequently that his best Arctic traveling companion was the American Negro Matt Henson. Most explorers and most Arctic whalers and traders have agreed on that.



Captain Wilkins

It was not, therefore, the mere Norwegian blood that constituted Eielson the born explorer that he is. You are a born explorer if your health is good and your temperament optimistic. What qualified Eielson beyond this were his native prairies of North Dakota, where the blizzards are as thick and the weather as cold as they average in the Arctic. So that, when he came to the Far North, he was a qualified and naturalized citizen there as soon as he realized that most of the supposed special terrors of the Arctic are mythical. To a North Dakotan, an Arctic blizzard is merely something to remind him of home.

BORN in 1898, Ben Eielson was just the right age to join up when the Americans entered the war in 1917. His qualifications put him into the air force. He was well trained and a lieutenant when the Armistice came, but had not yet reached the front.

Ben's heroic service to aviation has therefore been wholly in the days of peace. It was at first all sorts of commercial work, and later mail flying for the Government. In 1923 he bought a second-hand and dilapidated plane and took it to Fairbanks, Alaska. That is about one hundred miles south of the Arctic Circle, but he occasionally crossed the circle on his flights from there. Anyway, it is colder around Fairbanks than in most parts of the Arctic proper. From that angle he was doing good and monotonously successful Arctic flying long before Amundsen and Ellsworth, who are usually credited with the first flight, carried out theirs in 1925. Eielson was really I think, the first man to fly in the Arctic; there were several in between him and Amundsen.

His second year in Alaska (1924) Eielson received the first Alaskan air-mail contract for winter flying, and made his trips regularly two hundred miles every two weeks forward and back between Fairbanks and McGrath all winter, on time and without a hitch. But that was a small part of his flying. He carried sick people to hospitals, medicines to remote camps, miners to their work. He flew over Arctic mountains, usually in daylight, but sometimes in darkness. He had several forced landings, but the natural landing-fields were

numerous that he always came down safely and took off safely again after repairs. He was learning that, however bad the Arctic may be for raising pineapples, it is about the safest and easiest place there is for flying, especially in winter, when every river and every little lake is a safe and smooth landing-field, or at least safer and smoother than natural landing-places that you can find almost anywhere else.

It was marvelous luck for the thrill-loving public that Eielson had come down to Washington to lobby for Congressional support of Alaskan flying when the diphtheria epidemic broke out in Nome. Had he been at Fairbanks, the authorities would simply have paid him so much per pound per mile to carry the antitoxin through to Nome, and you might have seen a three-inch notice of it on the inside page of some city newspaper. But he was in Washington, and so the dogs got their chance to race against death (in the newspapers) across the treeless and pathless, uninhabited, frozen wilderness, seven hundred miles from Nenana to Nome. Of course, there were in reality roads or trails, most of the route was through a forest, and there were road-houses on the average one every eleven miles. But the public did not know these things, and so they had their thrilling "Race with Death," which, as we said, they could not have had if Eielson's air taxi had been there to carry in the serum at the regular mileage tariff.

Eielson had small luck with his lobbying, and was soon in Government harness, flying mail. It was he who brought the first air mail into Jacksonville, Florida, from the south. That winter he flew a lot over the Everglades, and thinks it the most dangerous terrain he has ever seen. You cannot make a landing without striking a tree; the water is not clear enough to swim in, the morass is not firm enough to walk on; there are alligators lurking and mosquitoes swarming everywhere. A forced landing there would be hopeless and the death horrible.

Some types of commercial flying are more dangerous than the stunts that bring fame. Like Lindbergh and many another, Eielson got no great credit for his daring or competence as long as he was merely flying the mails.

NORTH DAKOTANS do not know that their children go to school in winter under typical Arctic conditions, and most of them would resent the suggestion if you made it. Such talk might bring down the price of farming land. Eielson grew up to absorb the typical folk-lore teaching about the Far North, and evidently had much of it still in his system when he went to Alaska. He soon came to love the Fairbanks country, but he continued to dread the lands and seas farther north. When he first flew with Wilkins out over the Arctic pack ice, 150 miles from land, in 1926, he says of it himself: "It was interesting, but a bit repulsive to me then, inexperienced as I was in the ways of Arctic living. It looked like certain death [by smash-up] or starvation in case we were forced down."

Ben Eielson

But in 1927 he piloted Wilkins 550 miles from land, made two safe forced landings on the pack, took off twice safely after making repairs, made a third safe landing in pitch darkness when their fuel gave out one hundred miles from land, and walked ashore in eighteen days, camping at night in snow-houses. "Captain Wilkins' experience of Arctic living enabled us to return [to land]. Each night we built a snow-house to sleep in. By day we hurried across leads of water and huge ice ridges. It was my first real taste of Arctic living. I was surprised to find it was not so bad as I had imagined."

On their hundred-mile walk ashore Eielson not only lost his fear of the Arctic weather. He gained confidence in the Arctic sea. He had always associated a forced ocean landing with nothing but S. O. S. calls and rescue or drowning. But here was an ocean you could walk on even where it was 18,000 feet deep. You could walk on it without getting your feet wet and camp on it in a house that could be built wherever you wanted to stop. All this thanks to the cold, and a cold no greater than he was used to in North Dakota. Eielson grew to feel almost as much at home on the sea north of Alaska as he does in that Territory itself, where he plans to make his home.

This walk ashore gave Eielson, too, the confidence he needed in Wilkins and his theories. They were no mere theories now. The snow-houses were by actual trial more comfortable at night than tents, and so you were relieved of the burden and bother of carrying tents. They could be built in an hour, and by a white man no less than by an Eskimo. There was animal life on the ocean far from land—not lifelessness, as the Eskimos and most explorers had believed. If the accidents of a flight should compel you to a forced landing even at or near the center of the Arctic sea, you could walk out and live the while by hunting even if, as Wilkins said, it might take two years.

It had been loyalty, courage, and the spirit of adventure that kept Eielson willing from the first to fly his plane steadily in any direction that Wilkins planned. And it was confidence that the engine would not stop, or at least willingness to take that chance. But now there was added a trust in the polar ocean that it would feed and house and carry you safe to land if the plane failed you.

To Wilkins the credit of the leader and teacher, but to Eielson the credit that he learned quickly and became in two years the ideal junior partner in one of the greatest pioneer adventures of our time. In the 2,200-mile flight to Spitsbergen from Alaska his skill as pilot was equal to that of Wilkins as navigator—equal even in importance towards either safety or success. And no longer was there any mere unquestioning courage of a soldier or the blinded loyalty of a disciple. Wilkins and Eielson were now in fact if not in form equal partners in a splendid achievement. No one has said this more decisively or can say it more emphatically than Wilkins. And that is no mere politeness with him. He really wants you to believe it.

California and Yale Triumph

By HERBERT REED
(Right Wing)

THERE was a little river man who believed in California probably to a greater extent than even Ky Ebright, the coach. There was another little river man who believed in Columbia. Along with the other real experts they managed one of the greatest races that ever was rowed over the Poughkeepsie-Highland course. There were, of course, many other happenings that day, if rain could be called a happening, many other affairs that lent themselves to what might be called a drab day. But drab days are not made out of conditions and crews such as appeared at Poughkeepsie at this time. Here was a smashing rain, a great ebb tide, and probably the best coaching that has been in action in the history of the regatta. The important races, of which the Navy took two and California the big one, were never in my experience better rowed. Columbia crossed the finish line in the Varsity three-quarters of a boat-length behind California; next in order came Washington, Cornell, Navy, Syracuse, with Pennsylvania last.

There has been for many more years than one cares to remember a railroad bridge at Poughkeepsie. It has become during the years since the late Francis S. Bangs, and the first of the great four-mile crews, stroked by Pierrepont and backed by such men as Hamilton Fish, discovered the course, one of the great tests of the oarsman. Crews are "made and killed" at that bridge. In the old days of Courtney it was understood that the "creep of the shell" at that point was the decisive factor. Since that time it has come to be understood that it may not be the "creep" of the shell, but the ability to "lift it out of the water."

So, whether the shell is lifted or allowed to "creep" between strokes, the tradition of the third mile at the Bridge remains. That tradition stood again this year, when, in the big race, California and Columbia fought each other out at almost that exact point. I use the word "almost" simply because the men from Morningside Heights took their big chance a little ahead of the big bridge.

It had to be left to two of the best stroke oars in the country—Peter Donlan, of California, and Eric Lambert, of Columbia. Each one was responsible for the answer that came up forward, and, as it turned out, Donlan got just a shade of a better "feeling" out of his boat. As both men were working it out they had not the usual worry of the river, for there was nothing in any of the inside courses to give trouble. Battling with each other, away out where the tide was running sweetly for both, they had only the problem of making a two-crew event out of what started out as a seven-crew affair. It is true that a rearranged Cornell eight, one of the fine products of Jim Wray, went out to make pace, the pace that has not been made by Cornell eights for years, but it is equally true that there was no fundamental reason for worry by the two leaders. They had on their hands the battle of the bridge, without the slightest menace anywhere else.

Two races had gone into boating history by eights that had been built on the racing power of big men equipped with what is known technically as great speed, which means, of course, for common ordinary observers like myself, a greater reach, and perhaps sometimes a longer oar and a wider blade. Two races gone that way, granting that the men were big and strong, would have been more than enough to convince a great many people that perhaps that was not merely the *best* way to row, but the *only* way to row. But in the face of those two races —finely rowed and beautifully won— the two exponents of a perhaps shorter stroke never lost heart. And it is a real question, to my mind, whether Columbia was shorter on the rig than a year ago. Anyway, the two, with "slapped water" and a driving rain, which, with the wind, "coasted" on the surface of the course, went at it with the feeling that the decision would be at the bridge. They were right—everlastingly and for four miles right. It is not to be supposed that there was any quitting in either boat —very far from that. The coxswain's watch, to be sure, showed that they were under the record, but it was known that other crews would be under the record if they did not get away from them. So they just went after each other, feeling that the outcome of this two-crew race would be the outcome of one of the greatest of regattas.

While there were no others who had much of a chance for a forward place at what seemed to be something in the nature of a "private race," Ulbrickson's Washington eight hung right to the two leaders practically from the start. It was then not merely a private race; there were times when it became a private river. Fortunately for the controversy over the course, the victor in the short events was always inside, and the big Varsity race was over the two outside courses from start to finish.

One found here and there some old-timers who were given whole-heartedly to the belief that the late Charles E. Courtney or Ellis Ward could have put on a crew or crews that would have swept the river. That is a matter of locale and tradition, both of which have a habit of fading, a bad habit perhaps, but persistent. Cornell's eights rowed handsomely. There is fine material up there. One feels that Jim Wray's men are a little short in the water. Perhaps that will work out in due time. Certain it is, at all events, that Carnelian and White came through quite a little better than anybody who was a non-partisan had expected.

As a picture, the Poughkeepsie regatta seems not to have fallen off to an appreciable extent. The general "get-together" of the night before and the night after finds about the same men in attendance. It has taken perhaps a bit of time to convince men familiar with other courses that there is always a great chance to have conditions for rowing just about right. Sometimes it takes fast, racing crews, well coached and well handled, to be the convincing factor. One of the best-informed men I know, who, incidentally, has rowed the course in a winning shell, told me not so long ago that he would rather go over it for the sheer sport of rowing than any other stretch of water he knew or could discover. The Poughkeepsie-Highland course has its faults, to be sure, but over it one can put on, not merely record-breaking—which is not an essential—but crashing crew racing for as many as can make the trip.

There was an aftermath, of course, the usual get-together of the higher-ups, but perhaps the most interesting of them all was the get-together of the two river men. One, of course, was sore. Any time you get these two good old-timers together, one is a loser.

Wide World

The Yale Varsity crew sweeps over the finish line nine boat lengths ahead of Harvard

JUST as it is the bridge at Poughkeepsie, in this writer's experience watching boat races, at New London the effort made in the third mile is the determining factor (that is, since Ed Leader took hold of the coaching at Yale). This time was a wasted effort to plant one's self at the three-mile mark rather than board the train, for the winning crew in the big race, sliding along through the mist, was at that moment so far ahead that there was no chance to attempt to dramatize the event. The story right at that moment belonged, not to a sports writer, but to a music critic. However, there was the sports writer, somewhat under the spell of rain and mist, with all his plans for a Yale victory gone agley so far as schedule was concerned, and nothing left but despair over the little he could do to adequately describe the wonder of this Yale eight. He had suspected that Leader, the great young rowing coach, would accomplish the defeat of the Crimson, he had suspected that the earlier races would also go against Harvard, but his forecast of the margin was not so great as the actual dividing line in the water.

Nor had he suspected that the Harvard Varsity would show less finesse than it had done in the early races. That there was a let-down in the Harvard racing power cannot be disputed, I think. The source of it was not possible to discover. There were rumors abroad that the shell had been badly rearranged, that there had been reorganization of rigging fatal to the chances of the crew. Such matters, however, are always in the hands of the coach, and from a critical view-point need not be bothered with. Whatever changes may have been made could not have affected the result, even though the statement that they *were* made emanated from quarters close to the victors. The victors were in command of the river both morning and afternoon. They took the first-year and the "jayvee" races handsomely, and they took the Varsity event even more handsomely. It was simply a case of Leader and Murphy at their best, plus a set of crews built up against a rowing background, and flashing against still another background.

In the case of the Yale Varsity there was the background of a young man who had stroked a splendid school crew, Woodie Patten; of another whose father had led a remarkable Yale football team to unexpected victory (I refer to James O. Rodgers, Jr.); and in so many cases that belief that the making of unexpected victory lies in the slashing, conscienceless, and unconscionable sophomore. Sophomores have done many things for Yale in athletics. Parenthetically, let it be mentioned that there was a red-headed chap in the boat. There is little left to the imagination.

Just the same, while the men themselves "took the jump" from Harvard, picked it up, and then, disregarding the old demand at the third mile, simply went away and kept going away, there is something to be said of the men who spoiled a brass-band affair by substituting a floating orchestra. Leader and Murphy and Don Grant, and every one else who had anything to do with the Eli crews, had their shells crowding, creeping, and leaping; but the outboard work was so pretty that it ought to have been set to music. Of course, that same outboard work sent the shells to victory.

Let us see if I can get some of this outboard work into language that is simpler than the rowing jargon that those of us who are hopeless addicts of the rowing game love, to the boredom of other people. Very well, turn over your right hand, palm upward, and get three other men to turn over their own palms at exactly the same angle and in unison. If you can do that, you have an idea of the position of the blades of the Yale eights as those blades came out of the water. Then keep your wrists straight on a direct pull through as though the object of which you had laid hold had to be snuggled under the ribs. Once there, get it "unsnuggled" as quickly as possible, and those workmanlike hands again on the job, away out in front of you. And after you do it yourself, get three other men to do it. That's just one side of the boat at that. Then get one of the greatest little coxswains who ever sat in a boat, Pete Stewart, of Yale, to *make* you and your companions do it, and you have at your command just a small part of the power, rhythm, and watermanship that goes into the sort of thing that Ed Leader gives you for the purpose of propelling a 60-foot shell over four miles, or at times shorter distances, faster than the other fellows. Get that, and there is not a great deal to fear, not even well-boated, well-rigged, and well-taught Harvard eights.

It was said in these columns some time ago that Ed Leader, when he began "fussing" with the order of his boating—when he stood up out of the well on the bow of his launch—was at his dangerous best. A year ago he was beaten by a splendid Harvard crew, and at that time he had a theory that his oarsmen were a little bored with his coaching. For Leader talks and talks and talks, and thinks and thinks and thinks, when he is working with his crews. The man gives so much of himself that one has to take it or leave it. And when it is taken it is just a bit merciless—to the other fellow. His assistants work it just about the same way. And so there you have the man and his men—and they are very much his men—with quite a reasonable belief in victory.

While there were no records in the discard at New London, there was a continuation of weather conditions that have made for good boat racing and not much else. Which is one reason why comment on an intercollegiate polo season that did not commend itself either to players or mounts is reserved for another issue.

A Strauss Première

Dresden,
June 7, 1928.

By EUGENE BONNER

A new opera by a great composer and a dramatist of the very first rank, already famous for many superb collaborations, is an event of major importance in the musical world. In the case of "The Egyptian Helen," the discussion regarding the place of the première and the singer of the title rôle gave an added interest to the occasion. Mr. Bonner's story of the initial performance of the new opera is the first of the articles he is sending from Europe on the various music festivals there this summer.

THE "Festspiele der Staatsoper Dresden," or the Dresden Operatic Festival, opened last night, the initial offering being the first performance on any stage of the new opera by Richard Strauss and Hugo von Hofmannsthal, "Die ägyptische Helena," in the presence of the composer, the librettist, and a most distinguished assemblage.

For weeks, even months, the papers have been full of particulars in regard to the work, speculations as to where it would be first done and—most burning question of all—who would be the fortunate singer to create the eagerly sought-after rôle of Helen of Troy in this new and somewhat exotic version of one of the oldest legends in the world, dealing with, as Aithra, the sorceress in the opera, styles her, "the most beautiful, the most famous, the most dangerous, and the most royal woman in the world."

As a matter of fact, it had long been settled that the première of "The Egyptian Helen" should take place here in Dresden and that the rôle of that glamourous creature whose face launched a thousand ships would be created by Elisabeth Rethberg, of the Metropolitan Opera Company. Owing, however, to intrigues both political and artistic, efforts were made by certain powerful factions in Vienna to have the first performance take place there, and a certain well-known singer was unceasing in her efforts to procure for herself the creation of the rôle—a rôle which after the splendid performance of last night will from now on be irrevocably associated with Elisabeth Rethberg.

It was quite to be expected that Strauss, most of whose operas have had their first performances at the Dresden Opera—which in fact has developed a Strauss tradition owing to the superb performances of his works that have been given here since many years—should wish to have his latest opera brought out at this house. That memorable première of "Elektra," with our own Schumann-Heink as Klytämnestra and von Schuch at the conductor's desk took place in this very theatre, while the productions here of "Salome," "Rosenkavalier," and "Ariadne auf Naxos" have long been held to be the standard for this composer's dramatic works.

The operatic works of Strauss, in spite of their demanding greatly augmented orchestras, are not really suited to the huge auditoriums characteristic of so many of the great opera houses, and here again Dresden is more fortunate than most cities. The Staatsoper, as it is now called (it was formerly the Royal Opera), while covering a large area as a building, has an auditorium not very much larger than that of the Opéra Comique in Paris. Thus while the house in itself is handsome, commodious to a degree, and has an orchestra pit capable of accommodating the largest orchestras, the comparatively small stage and auditorium combine to place the audience and singers *en rapport* in a way impossible of attainment in our own gilded barn at the Broadway and Thirty-ninth Street crossroads.

IN "Die ägyptische Helena" von Hofmannsthal has given us another one of his fantastic dramas. Many there be who find this dramatist tiresome, incomprehensible, prolix, or what you will. Perhaps he is all of these at times. But he also has a soaring imagination, a gift of poetic fantasy, and a beauty of expression that lift him head and shoulders above any other librettist of the present day. The strength of his "Elektra," the tenderness of his "Rosenkavalier," the delightful impishness as well as poetry of "Ariadne auf Naxos," make him peculiarly fitted to collaborate with a composer of the philosophic and poetic trend of mind that distinguishes Richard Strauss.

As in "Elektra," where he went back to the great period of Greek drama for his inspiration (that drama of his being practically an arrangement of the Sophoclean tragedy of the same name), von Hofmannsthal has again drunk deeply at the fountain of the ancients. This time, however, it is from Euripides that the germinal idea forming the basis of the new piece is drawn. It deals with the legend of the two Helens—one who eloped with Paris, Prince of Troy, and

The Dresden Staatsoper

her, the true Helen, who was spir-
ay to Egypt, where she remained
the period of the Trojan War.
same idea has been used very
gly by Paul Claudel, the French
and present Ambassador from
to the United States, in his witty
licious little play "Protée." Von
nsthal, however, uses the legend
neans to an end employed by
the sorceress, to prevent Mene-
m killing Helen.
story of the opera in outline is
much as follows: Aithra, daugh-
an Egyptian king, a sorceress in
nd palace off the coast of Egypt,
iling the fickleness of her lover,
at god Poseidon, and refusing to
forted, when through the agency
All-knowing Muschel (a magic
hell which rests on a tripod in the
she learns that the ship bearing
of Troy and Menelaus is ap-
ng and that the long-suffering
Sparta is about to kill his errant
while she sleeps, taking care to
er face in the meantime so as not
distracted from the business in

moning the elements to her aid,
ses the ship to be wrecked on the
In a few moments Menelaus en-
palace supporting Helen, whom
ictorily enough he has just saved
owning, and again is about to kill
hen Aithra by her magic arts
him imagine he hears the voice of
d Paris outside. He rushes out,
thra, left alone with Helen, gives
nagic drink which brings a half-
lness and with it renewed beauty.
as she has been led away by the
nts, Menelaus re-enters and is
ven a potion by Aithra, which
forgetfulness. Thereupon she
im that the real Helen never
with the Prince of Troy at all,
s been all these years hidden in
with her father. A curtain is then
wn revealing the rejuvenated
sleep. She wakes, sees Menelaus,
rom the couch and comes to
The latter, under the influence of
s drink, takes his wife in his arms
e two retire to the marital couch,
Aithra, summoning her attendants,
er red lacquer trunk (mostly with
) and prepares to waft everybody,
included, through the air to the
nt of Africa.

e second act we see them in a
vilion at the foot of the Atlas
ains. Menelaus is troubled, as the

RICHARD STRAUSS
Composer of "The Egyptian Helen"

magic drink has brought only half-forgetfulness, and the sight of his sword brings back a confused recollection of the slaying of Paris. Enters a desert chieftain, Altair, with his son Da-ud, who welcomes them to Africa. Both father and son fall victims to the lovely Queen of Sparta. A hunt is arranged, during the course of which Menelaus confuses Da-ud with the dead Paris by reason of Aithra's potion, and kills him.

Returning to the pavilion, Menelaus finds Helen, who has now been joined by Aithra. The former, in spite of Aithra's fears, offers her husband another potion,

FRITZ BUSCH
Conductor at the Dresden première

this time one that restores memory. She is quite prepared to have him kill her, but the reverse happens, as Menelaus, his memory returning, realizes that he still loves her and is willing to forgive her all that has happened. Altair now arrives with his attendants, vowing vengeance for the death of his son, but Aithra summons a magic army to protect and escort them back home. Hermione, their daughter, now appears, is embraced by her parents, and all ends happily, the reunited trio sailing off on three splendid white horses who, if the truth be known, had probably been primed with magic potions along with their hay and oats.

The above-mentioned proceedings probably sound quite idiotic, but when seen, and above all heard in conjunction with the Strauss music, seem only delightfully fantastic. The effects of lighting and scenery were marvels of beauty and made the goings-on seem credible enough, albeit just a little confusing at times even on a second hearing of the work, our first being on the occasion of the dress rehearsal.

For sheer lyric beauty it is to be doubted whether Strauss has ever written anything lovelier than some of the passages of this new work. Without striking out into any new paths he has managed to give a distinctly individual character to the music of this opera as compared with his others. Naturally, one hears reminiscences of "Elektra," "Rosenkavalier," and "Ariadne" in this music, and why not? No one complains because Bach is always Bach, or Wagner always Wagner.

WHAT Strauss has done, for which the musical world owes him a large debt of gratitude, is to show that one can use the modern idiom and yet retain the lyric beauty that so many modern composers seem to think beneath them. The opening passage, where Aithra's serving-maid is trying to divert her by playing the harp and singing, has charm and beauty, while an eerie atmosphere is immediately established by the voice, seemingly coming from nowhere, of the All-knowing Muschel. The superb tumult of the orchestra during the shipwreck gives the composer a chance to display his unparalleled ability for brilliant instrumentation, leading up as it does to a very unusual effect for the entrance of Helen and Menelaus.

This effect is achieved by the simple expedient of bringing the orchestra to a stop and having Helen and Menelaus

make their entrance in a dead silence which lasts for the period of their entrance business, the orchestra resuming only on a signal from Helen to the conductor. Strauss having tried well-nigh every complicated effect possible in music, resorts here, with his usual genius in such matters, to a device of the utmost simplicity—silence.

The ensuing scene between the two is of rare beauty although not of startling originality as to thematic material or treatment. The air of Aithra, "Ihr grünen Augen," an unusual, gossamer thing, charms by its somewhat intricate delicacy, but the climax of the act, and, in our opinion, of the entire opera, is "Helena's Erwachen," where the fair Tyndarite awakens from her sleep following the magic draught. This exquisite orchestral interlude with its haunting chromatic progressions and the unexpected tone-color of the organ accompaniment, followed by the ravishingly beautiful trio between Helen, Menelaus, and Aithra which brings the act to a close, is Strauss at his very best, the Strauss of "Tod und Verklärung," "Rosenkavalier," and "Elektra," and it is safe to say that never before has this composer written vocal parts of such sheer lyric beauty.

The same can be said of the opening of the second act and Helena's air beginning "Zweiter Brautnacht!"—built up on the chromatic progressions of the awakening scene, an air that makes one shudder to think what may happen to it if less perfectly sung than it was last night. A passage sung by Da-ud recalls the song of the "Sänger" in the levee scene of "Rosenkavalier," while fragments of "Ariadne" and "Heldenleben" hurtle through the air, but if a man can't quote himself occasionally, what becomes of that much-desired quality—individual style?

Following the last potion scene, the air of Menelaus, "Ewig erwählt von diesem Blick!"—a simple diatonic theme in four-four time, first given out in the serene key of D flat, sweeps on into the reconciliation scene between the royal pair, with another trio bringing this latest opera of Strauss's to a triumphant conclusion.

THE honors of the evening, after Strauss himself, went overwhelmingly to Elisabeth Rethberg for her singing and acting of the immensely difficult rôle of Helena. Never before has this fine artist reached the vocal and dramatic heights she attained to in her performance of this, her greatest rôle. A vision to look at, appearing by some miracle of carriage much taller than she really is, she surprised even her greatest admirers by the brilliance and authority of her acting, dominating the performance from start to finish, while her singing of this extremely difficult music was accomplished with an ease of execution and a beauty of tone little short of miraculous. The ovation she received at the conclusion, tremendous as it was, was only her due.

Curt Taucher was a fine-looking Menelaus and sang far better t ever heard him sing in his Metr days, and Maria Rajdl as the hearted sorceress sang a long ar cult part with a fine understan the requirements of the rôle. T of the All-knowing Muschel, wh to have been the Radio of Aith tablishment, was well sung by Jung from the orchestra pit. Th members of the cast were equal not inconsiderable demands mad them. The production itself was terized by a quiet richness all too encountered in opera houses thes The scenic effects were perfectl aged, while the lighting was wor with a fine regard for the require each scene—the scene of Helena' ening with the silver couch and i iridescent shell being particular cessful. The costumes were very ful with just the exotic touch nee this latest fantasy of Hofmannst

The whole was under the direction of Fritz Busch, well kn New Yorkers, who conducted w same fire and enthusiasm that see have caught every member of t An audience composed of a lar centage of the celebrities of the world made known its approva uncertain fashion, no less tha "curtains" being required before be persuaded to disperse, which it did with evident reluctance, brin a close an evening not soon to be ten by any one fortunate enough been present.

THE SCENE OF HELEN'S AWAKENING

Maria Rajdl as Aithra, Elisabeth Rethberg as Helen, and Curt Taucher as Menelaus

The Play's the Thing

By
MARIAN HURD McNEELY

MET a friend whom I had not seen since our early school days in the shopping district of a Mid-Western y. The conversation fell upon our re-ctive families, and my old schoolmate ke fondly of her only daughter.

'Is she blonde, like you?" I asked.

'I don't know," sighed my friend. he used to be a blonde, but I can't say at she is now. Since she started to h school I never see her in the day-ht."

I laughed. "Is her course of study so enuous?"

"Oh, no; her study is easy enough. s her recreation that makes a slave of r." And she went on to explain. The ld belonged to the school orchestra, basket-ball team, and a language b. And it was literally true from vember to March that during day-ht on school days she was never at me.

Since then my own child has entered senior high school, and I find that friend's speech was not so extrava-nt, after all. My daughter is, natu-ly, serious-minded, a good student, and erested in her class work, but now the ave is not her goal. She is a member the hockey team and the orchestra; s joined a Latin club and the debating ciety. And when I remonstrate with r about filling every moment of her king hours with some "activity," she ys:

"But you want me to win school edits, don't you? I never will be eligi-e to the National Honor Society if I n't take part in school affairs."

If she stars in the National Honor stem, she must also star as a boarder. see her only at a hurried breakfast, at e dinner table, and, occasionally, in e evening. When she is not playing in e school orchestra, or "ushering" at a hool entertainment, or selling tickets r one, or dancing at one, she is likely be at home after dinner. But not th the family. She is in her own om, not only studying or "writing up note-book," but making a mosaic copy the "Cave canem" for the Roman nquet of the Latin Club, or drawing a ster for a contest, or planning a hike r the Nature Club. The sun never ts on the school program.

It is only within the past ten years at the public schools have broken out with this epidemic of entertainment which threatens, eventually, to destroy their object. Under the engaging term "school activities," conditions are being developed that are a menace to the traditions of our preparatory institutions. Our children are over-burdened with recreation. So much amusement and entertainment is being provided for them that they are worn out with it all. They are overworked with play, and, as a consequence, the real object of school suffers.

I don't know how universal these conditions are in America, but from the fact that the National Honor Society, which has chapters in preparatory schools in all parts of the United States, makes participation in school activities one of the requirements for membership, I assume that the Middle West is not the only section in which these conditions prevail. One of the language teachers in our local high school told me recently, when I complained that I had made my child over to a school system, that the public schools all over the country were being run in the same way. "It's the modern method," she explained. "At all the educational meetings we hear the same thing: 'Make the school interesting to the children. Make school life enjoyable for the pupils.' "

To that end, organizations: musical and literary, social and dramatic, athletic and scientific. Lectures at the school assemblies, dancing parties at night. The school system has become a Miss Havisham, with her "Play, boy, play." For years the public schools were content with a track team, a football eleven, a basket-ball team, and a newspaper staff—possibly, a debating club. The modern school has all these and, besides, several glee clubs, a band, an orchestra, the Senate and the House, several language clubs, a nature club, a normal training club, a business society, and an outing club. These are the cares that infest the day. And the night shall be filled with music, with plays, with athletic contests, with occasional dances or lectures or concerts. In the meantime the lessons suffer. How can they help but do so? The old hour of "morning practice" on piano or violin has vanished. Housework has gone the way of the petticoat. Who has time to make a bed or to fill the wood-box before the school bus leaves? In winter, it is still dark when the children go in the mornings.

I BELIEVE that our educational system is trying to do too much. In its desire to give the best to the young people of this country, it is overreaching itself. It is becoming a soviet government. One by one it has taken upon itself new duties—the health of our children, their vaccination and inoculation, their nutrition, their money-saving, their morals. And now it is assuming their entertainment. The effect of it all is not only to overburden the teacher, but to make irresponsible parents and dependent children. Modern education is not teaching pupils self-reliance. It is making them helpless. The up-to-date system is to sugar-coat every pill. One of the recent inaugurations in the public schools is the introduction of the "supervised study" system. To that end all the time of the school day that is not spent in recitation is devoted to what might be called "companionate study." Gathered in a small room, the class spends thirty-five minutes in listening to the teacher's explanation of the next lesson. All hear the same exposition, regardless of which individuals need it. This is followed by class study in the same room. There is no absolute quiet, no opportunity for concentration, no incentive for working out a problem for one's self. All must spend the same time on that lesson, regardless of their aptitude for it. The habit of quiet digging, which is one of the greatest things that any school can teach, is absolutely destroyed by this system. It levels all minds, and, while it may be helpful to the dull and the lazy, it is deadly to the fine student.

Just for curiosity, I dissected my daughter's school schedule a few weeks ago. I found that a member of the orchestra, taking gymnasium work and hygiene (both required), had but thirty minutes per week that she is free to devote to study according to her own dictates. Aside from that half-hour, her preparation during school hours for her recitations must be identical with that of

(*Please turn to continuation, page 397*)

Otto the Magnificent

By HARRY SALPETER

WERE Otto H. Kahn, head of the banking house of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Metropolitan Opera House, and probably the greatest patron of the arts since Lorenzo the Magnificent—were he the conventional millionaire burdened with a sense of duty towards the arts and seeking by means of his wealth to obtain a modicum of *gloire,* he would have put aside a certain sum toward the establishment of a foundation bearing his name, and on the shoulders of the board of directors thereof he would have laid the responsibility of apportioning sums to individuals and to groups presenting claims to special gifts and special purposes. What was an impulse would have hardened into an institution, and the founder of the foundation, his conscience eased, would have retired into the shell of old habits and fixed limitations.

The essential difference between the conventional type of millionaire and Otto H. Kahn consists in the fact that he has not institutionalized his impulse. He has used his wealth to buy himself a share, a vicarious share, in some of the creative expressions of the modern world, especially in drama, music, and art. Perhaps, incidentally, he also has bought himself a share in the publicity which some of these creative expressions attract. Whether or not he seeks satisfaction for his egotism, he does seek to understand, to participate, in a measure, in realms as far removed from the normal concerns of Wall Street as are the Poles. And yet it will be a minor tragedy of his that he shall not know to what extent his opinions on art are tolerated because of his wealth, for with his wealth he has bought reputation which often is denied to impecunious intelligence. His good will, however, cannot be denied. When, for example, he returned from the Delphic games in Greece a year ago, he was literally besieged by artists and poets seeking subsidies. He might have delegated to a secretary the task of finding out who they were and what they wanted. But he did not, because it was he who wanted to know who they were and what they wanted. When, in an attempt to discover the criterion which governed his bequests, I suggested the hypothetical case of two applicants only one of whom could have his request for help granted, he answered that no such problem could confront him, for he would grant the requests of both. Wherein he reveals the generosity of his impulse, or the lack of a rigid standard of taste. Perhaps it is his wisdom not to wish to give too wisely; or perhaps it is his vanity to wish to give, no matter how art may be served. His explanation, in his words, is that he believes that it is his job to give a chance to the forlorn hope, to lend a sympathetic ear to those who have no one else to turn to; he believes in the virtue of letting people test their artistic theories, whether he is in full accord or not. But the esteem which he has obtained through his contributions may well be out of all proportion to the actual advantages conferred—upon art, not artists.

That he is concerned exclusively, or informed deeply, wherein matters of art are concerned is, I believe, a fiction fostered by publicity, fostered in turn by vanity. He has bestowed his patronage upon musical comedy and revolutionary drama alike. But he has withstood, with some courage, the shafts of ridicule which his patronage has brought upon him.

The world has been informed of the spectacular enterprises which his interest has made possible. He made possible the temporary "loan" to American audiences of such organizations as Diaghileff's Russian Ballet, Copeau's Théâtre du Vieux Colombier, Stanislavsky's Art Theatre, and the Max Reinhardt Company. The Copeau organization remained for more than a year, at a great loss. The chairmanship of the Board of Directors of the Metropolitan Opera House has not been a coupon-clipping job. The Theatre Guild and the Provincetown Theatre, yesterday, the Civic Repertory and the New Playwrights' Theatres today have not been without obligation to this Mæcenas. Among his early services to the Theatre Guild was the acquisition of a lease for the Garrick Theatre upon terms better than reasonable. One check bearing Otto Kahn's signature set in motion for two seasons a group of radical idealists banded t gether under the name of the New Pla wrights' Theatre.

O F these large benefits the world more or less informed. But t world does not know of the scores of i dividuals whom he has quietly benefite opening the windows of opportunity. there were frauds and weaklings amo them, he gave them the benefit of t doubt. Since he does not believe stifling any individual, any group wi subsidy, Mr. Kahn has been enabled spread his benefits over so wide a su face that few beside himself could gi the dimensions. And often he will di guise his help by giving in return for single specimen of an obscure strugglin painter's work a check which will pu chase a round trip to Europe. Strictl speaking, he has bought a paintin While gathering material for this artic I stumbled over many writers and artis who had reasons for gratitude to M Kahn. The following cases are typica data upon them having been obtaine without his knowledge.

For two years he maintained an au thor who was gathering material to trac the thread of idealism through America history. He gave an unknown yout $15 a week for a year to enable him t write plays. Five or six years ago h helped over the hurdles a sculptor wh has now acquired an international repu tation. A Danish-American artist ha been maintained at Paris for two and half years. For one year a distinguished but not popular, young novelist and e sayist was put beyond the reach of ne cessity by Mr. Kahn. At least one youn writer now engaged on a play is havin his bills paid by Mr. Kahn. He has als put one well-known critic on the road t economic independence by investing h surplus earnings for him. He has mad possible careers for singers. He was th "angel" for several Bel-Geddes produc tions. He renders services which hav a monetary value difficult to compute From several of his beneficiaries I hav learned that he attaches no conditions t his assistance and that whoever assume that he must defer to his presumed opin ions is in danger of losing his respect the aforementioned critic has held u Mr. Kahn to good-humored ridicule a

Drawn by Edwin Earle

Otto H. Kahn

st once. To me he said that he ex-
cts a certain number of dramatic en-
prises which he helps to turn out
dly, inevitably, for if the odds were
t greatly against them he would not
needed, inasmuch as applicants would
d reasonable responsiveness, presuma-
, on the part of commercial managers.
What are the ideas, the motives gov-
ning Otto H. Kahn in his numerous
d diverse benevolences to the arts and
e practitioners thereof? That was the
ief question I asked this small, stocky,
ddy, perfectly garbed and groomed
ancier as he sat before his almost
cetic luncheon in the private dining-
om of the Kuhn, Loeb & Co. building.
ıd he, perchance, in his youth sought
be a poet, a musician, an artist? And
is was his answer:

For many generations his family had been steeped in love of the arts. He regards his love of the arts as his chief inheritance. Early in life he was taught to perform on the violin, the 'cello, and the piano. He plays on them today. Before he had reached the age of sixteen he had written a blank-verse tragedy in five acts—"juvenile rubbish." His parents having discovered his *opus* and read it, a great auto da fé was held and his dramatic aspirations perished in the flames. His parents then put Otto H. Kahn to work in a banking office. And he then, without resenting his parents' decision or clinging stubbornly to the Muse, made two resolutions: (1) to make money, to be successful; (2) to employ his success to foster the consciousness for art and to give material encouragement to artists. How much of romantic after-thought enters into this explanation I cannot say. But he has kept both resolutions.

He made these resolutions about forty-four years ago. Twenty-seven years ago, when he was a rising financier, he thought the time had come to make his contribution to the cause of art. He approached his elders for their advice, and all but one discouraged him. Undaunted, Mr. Kahn then proceeded towards the fulfillment of his boyhood resolutions, and he believes that he has proved that a financier may be interested in the arts without vitiating his business sense, losing caste, or endangering his success.

THERE are other motives. There are millionaires who, recalling the Gospel reference to the difficulties of the rich man in entering heaven, have sought to make amends. They have contributed to universities, hospitals, libraries, museums, established foundations for scores of purposes. I believe Otto H. Kahn wishes to make amends. He has himself used the word "atone" in an explanation of his services to art. And atonement by means of patronage of the arts is perhaps a little more distinctive than burdening a university with an endowment or founding another hospital. Furthermore, he has a social vision, even if, as in the following quotation, he states it in the terms of finance: "Every man who has attained material success should look upon himself as an investment . . . which the community has made. In return for the opportunities given to him and for the financial rewards which they have brought, it is 'up to him' to yield dividends in service and in other things of value to the community. In proportion to whether in this sense he turns out a good or a bad investment, he merits the approbation or the censure of his fellow-citizens. A portion of those dividends may well be paid, I believe, in fostering art." In his book, "Of Many Things," he made this humble statement: "I am trying, in various ways, to prove a reasonably satisfactory investment." Besides, he believes that it is his duty as a rich man to help in channeling the creative instincts of individuals in lawful grooves, lest they break out and find expression in forms of lawlessness, in anarchism. Besides, he regards it as his duty to help soften the harsh contrasts between rich and poor. Those were his own words. And he has written: "It may truly be said that art contains the

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The Faith of the Scientist

By O. F. KERLIN

I WAS pounding away at a rock outcrop beside the road when they arrived on the scene. We passed the usual friendly greeting, and I resumed my examination of the strata. He was leading a cow, and as neither of them seemed to be in a hurry they stopped to watch my behavior. The cow quickly lost interest and started to crop the grass by the roadside, but the farmer continued to observe me with an air of amused tolerance.

At length he asked, "Well, what're you aimin' to find? Gold or something?"

"Oh, no," I replied; "I was just looking at the rocks around here to find out what kind they were, and learn their age."

He nodded in comprehension. "Lessee," he said. "What is it you fellows work at? Sounds something like what these young preachers take when they go away to school." I told him I was a geologist.

"Geology! That's it, geology! I always get it mixed up with theology. Lots of difference, though. A geologist has no faith, and a theologist is runnin' over with it. Funny what a little difference in spelling will do," and he roared with laughter at his joke.

He continued: "You scientists won't believe anything till you see it, will you? You're all from Missouri. Well, I don't know; seems to me it's kind of unnatural not to believe *nothin'* unless you can prove it. Leastways, I'd think it would be more comfortable to have a little faith in something."

"You have to have a lot of faith to be a student of science," I assured him. "You need more faith than a minister has to have."

He looked at me with surprise. "You don't believe anything you can't prove, though, and a preacher does. So I don't see how you figure that out," he replied, triumphantly.

I am sure he never believed me when I told him that every scientist has to believe many things which he cannot prove, and never will be able to prove; that the scientist must prove his faith by devoting his working life to a continued testing of its principles and laws. He must make a continual effort to disprove the things he has always believed to be true. When he had gone, I began to reflect upon his attitude toward science.

His opinion of science and scientists is not uncommon. In fact, it is typical, one may say, almost universal, with the general public. Most people think that a scientist must be a hard-boiled cynic, refusing to believe anything unless he can observe it in a test-tube or under a microscope, prove it by a mathematical calculation, or express it by a chemical formula. Yet nothing could be further from the truth.

SCIENCE is not, primarily, a body of knowledge. Science is a method of inquiry. This method of inquiry cannot be pursued with profit until the neophyte has accepted as fundamental and true certain premises which may not be true. Further, most of these premises can never be proved. Yet they must be accepted without question, for without them progress would be impossible. They form the articles of faith of the scientist.

The first article of faith is this: That this is a universe governed by law, and not by chance or whim; that the universe is a cosmos, not a chaos. It requires one to believe that the behavior of the stars in the heavens, the waves of the sea hurling themselves against the cliffs, or the molecules of a substance in solution are determined and restricted in each case by a definite set of natural laws governing such behavior. To cite an example: The scientist believes that the earth turns on its axis today, not because it has been ordered to turn on its axis today, but because it cannot help doing so. He believes that when it stops turning it will not stop because of chance or command, but because something stops it. It seems reasonable to believe this, but no one can prove that it is true.

Likewise, the chemist believes that when you add sulfuric acid to a solution of barium chloride in a test-tube you will always get a precipitate of barium sulfate in the bottom of the test-tube. He believes that certain laws govern the actions of barium and sulfate ions when they are both present in the same solution. Now it may be that somewhere, some time, a chemist will mix the two and not get the customary result. No one ever has, though, so it seems reasonable to assume that their combination is governed by law. The case cannot proved, however.

The second article of faith to w the science student must subscrib this: That natural laws are immuta The geologist knows that rain falls u the land, and gathers into little strea these streams joining to form ri which flow to the sea. He knows t these streams do certain things in a tain way today. He is required to lieve that a million years ago stre formed on those lands where rain and did the same work in the same w He is obliged to assume that laws g erning the action of running water unchangeable. It is eminently reas able as an assumption, but no geolo knows that it is true.

WE now come to the third articl faith. The man of science beli that back of every fact, back of ev event in nature, there's a reason. does not believe that the phenomen nature are the result of chance or wh Though readers of this magazine m think that the very statement of such obvious proposition is absurd, there probably fifty million people in United States who will not accept There are States in which it is agai the law to proceed on this assumpt when instructing the young. One m teach that the myriads of fossils fo embedded in the sedimentary rocks posed at the earth's surface have b put there personally by Satan to ca man's downfall, or that these things w put there by the Deity, as a sort of tri to test the faith of the elect. In event, in these States one must te that the record of the rocks has no val ity, if one teaches it at all.

This third assumption does not ap merely to geology and zoölogy and tronomy. It holds for all of science. it is not true in every single manifes tion, it is not dependable at all, and the experiments made by man in ev field of science immediately lose th usefulness and significance. If this lief is not correct, then all attempts progress in every scientific field fr engineering to medicine are worse th useless, for progress is made by exp ment, and experiment is simply search for the meaning behind natur clues. If these facts are meaningl

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Miniatures from the Life

By IBBY HALL

Success

THERE is a broad street in a big city, built high with imposing apartment-houses. Here is to found all the appearance of magnifi- ice which, though beyond the purses the poor, is not yet the easy magnifi- ice of the rich. Nevertheless, behind glass doors, down the gilded corri- rs, and up the shining elevators are homes of those who have, like the ildings, the appearance of success.

To one of these houses a year or so came a young couple, recently mar- d. They were a happy and prosperous nily. It was noticed that these two re young and in love with life, and that in return smiled upon them. For the ur-room apartment, costing all of $125 month, was gradually furnished with coming lavishness. And before many nths there was a third member of the le family to share the parents' pros- rity. The world was going very well leed. The air in that excellent neigh- rhood was wholesome and invigorat- g, and the baby thrived upon it.

"All very well for the first year," said e young father, indulgently, "but next ar she'll be big enough to travel. Next mmer we'll take her to Europe.

One night of the second summer—that mmer when the happy family was anning its trip to Europe—the tele- one at a certain police headquarters ng sharply on three successive calls. e first call was from a singularly cool ung woman who told a dramatic story. e had seen a man's face in her mirror hile she lay beside her sister pretending be asleep. Together they had seen n open their door, throw his flashlight out the room, and turn out the con- nts of their bureau. The second call me at once. Another apartment- use in that district had waked to hear man trying to break in through the mb-waiter. The third call clattered the heels of the second. A man in e same neighborhood had been robbed twenty dollars while he slept.

The night had reached that hour— ur o'clock in the morning—when even y people are asleep. But the neigh- rhood that had sent in those three lls was suddenly alive with policemen. skulking figure on a shadowy corner as seen to start and run at the sight a blue uniform. Shots were fired into e air. But still the figure ran desper- ately, cutting through to the backs of these houses, where dividing hedges were the only obstacles and defense.

Almost he escaped them, for it was a race of desperation. But at his refusal to stop one policeman turned his aim from the sky to the fleeing figure. After that the man did not run so fast, but still he dodged and struggled to run. Two more shots and the quarry fell, pitching face downward on one of the pretty green back lawns.

At headquarters the evidence against him was damning. His shoes had been unlaced, the better to prowl in stocking-feet. The flashlight and the stolen money, with skeleton keys, were in his pocket. One of the sisters was called to look at the dead man's face. Yes, that was the face in the mirror.

But still further back they traced him —back to the age of sixteen, when he was first charged with burglary. There had been other charges since; enough to have sent him to prison for life under the Baumes fourth offense law.

And still further they traced him. To countless unsolved burglaries in the neighborhood of that four-room apartment so charmingly furnished; to the young wife, ignorant of her husband's business; to the year-old baby, who would not now have her summer trip to Europe.

Alone

THE old have learned strange and varying lessons, with no two alike. Where can you find two old people who can agree on the advantages of life?

So, one old woman who lives with her daughter and son-in-law is not considered eccentric because she likes to be alone. The old woman is humored by those with whom she lives. They know her taste for her own companionship, and do not trouble themselves much when they find she is absent. She is somewhere else. By herself.

On a bright Sunday in summer the little family of three decided to go on a picnic. Not far from where they lived was beautiful country—a big lake, cool woods, sweet air to breathe, and nothing to think about. The three settled down to the business of picnicking. After the luncheon basket was empty a long afternoon of rest and blissful idleness stretched before them.

But the old woman had a hunger that was unappeased. She had lived a long time, but life still held too much beauty for her. The look of the world had come to be a companion to her, and every new face of it became a new adventure. Beyond the turn of trees yonder she could see flowers; beyond the flowers the rise of the nearest mountain. Was there a road down that way? With an eagerness impatient of her body, the old woman pulled herself to her feet. The daughter and son-in-law looked up lazily and the mother motioned towards the flowers. She started off.

The flowers first; then it was the promise of a path and ferns beyond. She was alone now, and the world was changing every minute. Always ahead was the promise of something beautiful and something new. This was living! This was happiness! This was all there was.

At dusk the picnic party was ready to return. The woods were growing cold, the sky had turned away from them, and the water had become a menace. The daughter knew that the mother was enjoying herself, but what could be keeping her so long as this? By the time it was dark other searchers had joined them. But no glimpse or reply was to be had of the old woman. She had vanished.

By morning the police were worried. The mountainous country around the lake—as far as an old woman could possibly walk—had been searched in every direction. Her strength would have given out long before these distances that had exhausted the searchers. Slowly and reluctantly they came at last to the inevitable conclusion. The only spot now where they could not have found her was the lake. It may have been an accident, but likely enough she was old and tired of life. No matter. The question now was, Should they drag the lake? Or would it be better to dynamite it?

The question was too difficult to settle all at once. It took time deciding, and before they could decide a message came from a city some ten miles distant.

For it seems that an old woman had been found lost and bewildered wandering through the streets of this strange city, still looking for something far from home.

The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

"The Lion and the Mouse"

A GENUINELY interesting experience awaits those who go to see "The Lion and the Mouse."

You may not—in fact, you almost certainly will not—think it's a good movie; but you will hear Lionel Barrymore speak, and this is a treat which you shouldn't deny yourself. He takes the suety old part of John Burkett Ryder, and does things to it which he never could have done if you weren't able to hear him.

It gives one a curious and pleasurable sensation, this talking movie. It's not at all the kind of thrill which may be experienced (or may not be) by hearing the voices of stage players; it's so much more intimate, so much less illusive, that one has a curious sense of eavesdropping, which at times amounts to embarrassment. This feeling, to be sure, may be accounted for by the fact that it is always rather embarrassing to discover some one in the act of doing a thoroughly uncharacteristic thing; and movie actors, it must be remembered, have never talked at their work, except in a few recent (and painful) instances.

No Vitaphone or Movietone performance which has gone before can boast the precise degree of novelty which is in "The Lion and the Mouse," because none of them has had Lionel Barrymore in it. His marvelous abilities as a speaking actor have been all but forgotten in the long period during which he has been having his ups and downs in the picture game. The scowl, the sneer, and the Machiavellian grin have been his only means of self-expression for so long now that we have thought of him as a sort of Gwynplaine—deprived, by some Comprachico atrocity, of the power to speak. But speak he can, and does; and in doing so he contributes something of genuine significance to the art of entertaining.

The others in the cast (Buster Collier, May McAvoy, and Alec Francis) are perhaps capable of improvement as Vitaphone talkers; and so, perhaps, are Al Jolson, Dolores Costello, Conrad Nagel, and numerous others who have essayed this one-way method of communication. But the fact persists that Lionel Barrymore is the first to achieve a workable technique; and whether this is because he has happened to hit on the proper modulation of tone or whether it's just

because he's Lionel Barrymore, can be decided only when some of the others begin to imitate his methods.

ONE thing is certain: the talking movies, good, bad, or indifferent, have come to stay. Their appearance in our very midst is only a matter of the time required for the showing of all the silent pictures now being made.

As we have tried to convey before this, their value as entertainment will depend on the manner of their doing, which is a statement so eminently meaningless that it might almost do for a platform plank. When Molnar, Galsworthy, Howard, and O'Neill begin writing directly for the screen, we'll see, and hear, something so startlingly new in screen entertainment that memories of "Tenderloin" and "The Lion and the Mouse" will be as good for a hearty laugh as are now the recollections of Mary Pickford's early efforts or King Baggot's—or Maurice Costello's.

We'll go with the characters in a play while they cross fields, take ship for distant parts, climb mountains, and storm fortresses; we'll hear them speak, when speech is required, and we'll observe that they are able to keep silence at those times when actions are more to be desired than words. We'll be impressed because they're all so much more credible than stage-players, and, finally, perhaps, we'll all go to an old-fashioned spoken drama, just to get away from the mechanical monstrosity of it all.

But that's borrowing trouble. The mechanism of the Movietone can creak no louder than does the mechanism of certain stage plays. If you don't know what we mean, study up a bit on the stock tricks of dramatic construction a buy—if you can get one—a ticket "Strange Interlude."

"Ladies of the Mob"

THE scenario of this picture is bas on that enlightening brochure Ernest Booth entitled "We Rob Bank," and was adapted for the scre by Oliver H. P. Garrett, the same w tapped out the kaleidoscopic "The Dr Net." Again he has provided a fa moving, absorbing story which entertai without convincing.

It also gives Clara Bow the best pa she has had since she worked wi Lubitsch and demonstrates what lo has been a tenet of this department, wit: that this young person can rea act. If Miss Bow could arrange wi some reliable radio operator to kidn Mme. Elinor Glyn until Miss Bow h time to get a fresh start in her profe sion, movie-goers would be gainers.

Richard Arlen appears opposite t star in "Ladies of the Mob" and co tinues to fulfill the promise so richly p tended by his work in "Wings." Take all in all, no juvenile on the screen t day can approach Arlen for genui ability. He has the brains, the look and the background, and, being an En lishman, he probably also has that en nently necessary adjunct to future scre success—the voice.

"Ladies of the Mob" is, we warn yo a crook play. There's a run on the now, in consequence of the success "Underworld." But this picture is o of the better ones, and we don't he tate to recommend it. Other more less recent films of this type which m also be recommended were "Dressed Kill," "Partners in Crime," and "T Drag Net," all previously reviewed these columns. Good pictures, every o

"How to Handle Women"

To report at length on this bewild ingly stupid comedy would be, the present inflated condition of the i and paper markets, an economic blu der; so we'll merely say that it's about a scheme to sell peanuts in mythical kingdom and that the star Glenn Tryon, a young man with a fun face and a bad habit of overplaying. you insist on seeing it, find out first wi the newsreel is like for that evening.

Ivory Apes and Peacocks

By W. R. BROOKS

THE great difficulty of writing anything on the typewriter is that occasionally the mind either s ahead of or falls behind the fingers. ually it falls behind. Well-trained gers, in either of these two contingen- will stop until the mind either ches up or turns around and comes k for them. But our fingers have er been taught to obey our mind; y have a silly pride in their ability to o about on the keyboard, and they quently keep leaping about for several tences after our mind has completely ndoned them. Then if we don't read r what we have written extraordinary gs get into print.

A psychological friend tells us that this inless finger-play is a sort of auto- tic writing, that our subconscious, re- sed by the absence of our conscious ention, is coming out to play, and t a psychoanalyst could tell us strange d horrible things about ourself by ex- ining what the fingers have written. t we don't quite believe this. Our conscious may be wicked, but it isn't ool. And these things are just plain lish.

Other people do it too. In a book rb the other day we read this: "In s tale spears flash and axes ring on ther breastplates." And in another: . . amid the vile oaths and deafening reports of her drink-crazed husband o, in cold blood, murders the doctor o has just finished his work of rcy." Now we submit that these sen- ces are the work, not of the subcon- ous, but of type-crazed fingers. Even the subconscious no ax ever rang on ther, no murderer is cold-blooded who ulges in vile oaths and deafening gun reports. That writer's fingers just went on working after he had forgotten all about the subject and was wondering what he'd have for lunch, or why no- body seemed to see that the stuff he wrote was just like H. G. Wells, or whether she really meant what she said yesterday.

Of course all this heavy barrage of words is merely laid down to cover our timid advance with an apology for a small misstatement in the last issue. We said the Vanity Kodaks were in leather cases. And we meant taffeta cases. We hope you'll forgive us and accept our ex- planation, that it was the fingers and not the brain. We have done it before, of course, but only regarding our opinions and certain incidents in our past—never, so far as we know, in telling you about any of the things we have seen. And we will try in the future to keep our fingers under better control.

HAVING in our youth done a little burglary in an amateurish way, we have a certain sympathy for the mem- bers of that profession and like to help them all we can. Hence we wish to call the following item particularly to their attention, although it is probably of just as much interest to the law-abiding householder. It is the Dynamo Hand Flashlight, and it never goes back on you because it doesn't use batteries, but the necessary current is generated by twisting the handle around a few times. If you have ever spent weeks of prepara- tion and investigation, and have then with much difficulty and danger broken into some lordly mansion and found yourself among silver and jewels and costly knickknacks with a flashlight whose battery has gone dead on you, you will certainly appreciate this addition to your kit. Even if you are not a burglar, you might find it very handy. Although it's rather expensive. It costs ten dol- lars.

IN fitting chandeliers or wall brackets with electric lights which are sup- posed to look like candles, it has always been difficult to find imitation candles that looked anything at all like the real thing. They are now being made of real wax, and the wires pass up through the center. The bulbs, also, are smaller than any we have seen before, and look more like real flames.

HAVE you ever been interested in the heavens? We don't mean as an ultimate destination, or as about us in our infancy; we mean an elementary astronomical interest. We had such an interest last summer. We thought we'd like to know the names of the stars and planets and constellations, and some of the legends about them, and possibly a little bit, but not too much, about the scientific side of their activities. We were interested sentimentally, really, and not mathematically.

We got several books and read a lot of interesting things, but when we got out at night with the book in our hands and the heavens spread out like a scroll above us, we found that we couldn't find a sin- gle one of the things we wanted to find. We knew quite a lot, too—more than most people. We knew the sun and the moon and the big dipper and the North Star, and we knew what the ecliptic was, though we've forgotten it since. But, in spite of this vast knowledge, we didn't get anywhere until some one gave us a contraption called the Star and Planet Finder. This is a large square of card- board, made something like an envelope, with a circular window in it. In the en- velope is fixed a map of all the stars, which rotates and can be set for the day of the month and the time of night, so that the stars visible at any time are shown in the window. Pushpins repre- senting sun, moon, and planets can be put in their proper places according to directions on the back. We got this affair all set, took a flashlight, went out and lay down on our back on the dock, and, holding the finder above our head, had an exact map of the sky, so that it was no trouble at all to pick out the va- rious stars. We learned more with it in half an hour than we could have learned in a month without it. We recommend it to the beginning astronomer.

Wall Street Had a Little Lamb

Bleatings in the Neighborhood of Almost Any Ticker

By
THOMAS H. GAMMACK

"AMERICAN BISCUIT—that's my stock. 42. Up a point. Fifty dollars in two minutes. Why haven't I ever done any speculating before? I get a great kick out of it. I wish I could earn fifty dollars in a day at the office. 42½. That's seventy-five dollars. 43. A hundred dollars. That will pay the tailor's bill. 44¼. I'd like to see it go to 50 this afternoon. Then I'd be up $450.

"If I'd only bought a hundred instead of fifty shares, I'd be up two hundred dollars. I'll buy fifty more now. Doubles or quits. If I lose what I'm ahead now, I'll quit. 44, 43½, 43. Now I'm behind a little. I wonder if Bert knew what he was talking about when he told me to buy American Biscuit. Why did I assume that a broker would know what a stock would do? Why didn't I take my hundred-dollar profit when I had it? Why am I so damn greedy? No one ever got poor taking a profit. 43½, 44, 44½, 44¾. Come on, boy, right through the roof. If it will only go to 50, I'll sell out and kiss the stock market good-by. The trouble with most people is that they don't know when to stop."

"PERHAPS I was a sap to sell those two bonds my father gave me to get back into the market, but, after paying a thousand dollars for experience, I'd be foolish not to use it. I was crazy to let go of that American Biscuit three weeks ago just because it dropped back to 33. You won't catch me losing my nerve this time just because a stock drops a few points. And no more doubling up. That was one of my worst troubles—being too greedy. This time I'll be more conservative.

"Well, if Bert says that there is a pool working in Consolidated to run it up twenty points he's probably right. I'd be a damn sight better off if I'd taken his advice before. I wouldn't have lost that thousand dollars. I guess I'll buy fifty. At 145? All right. Caught it on a reaction. Now it's 147. 148, 148½. More than three points already. I may not be as wonderful at reading the ticker tape as Jesse Livermore, but any one can see that Consolidated is going higher. I'll buy just fifty more. At 148⅜? All right. I've made more than a hundred and fifty dollars already, so I have that much to play with. And now Consolidated is selling at 150. Let's see. I'm up two hundred and fifty on the first fifty shares I bought and more than sixty dollars on the second.

"Why didn't I do this before? I don't see now how I can help but make money. Bert hears about these pools. If I get in when they start to buy and get out before they begin to sell, it's a cinch. I wonder why Bert doesn't play the market himself. He's a good broker. I suppose he hasn't got the nerve to play for high stakes. My idea is that you've got to take a chance if you are going to get anywhere.

"I'm not going to stay with this Consolidated too long, though Rothschild said that he grew rich by never buying at the bottom nor selling at the top. That's what I say. Let some one else get the last few points.

"There's Consolidated at 165. I'm selling. That gives me a profit of more than eight hundred dollars. Now I've learned my lesson.

"But look at that Consolidated now. 166, 167, 168, 170. If I'd only stayed in, I would have had another five hundred dollars. The only thing to do is to buy a good stock, put it away, and forget about it. I'm buying those hundred shares back again."

"I GUESS I wasn't such a sap, after all, six weeks ago when I sold those two bonds and went back into the market. That first thousand dollars I lost showed me what not to do.

"Let's see. I've run two thousand dollars up to eighteen thousand dollars. Nearly four years' salary in six weeks. Perhaps I haven't worked as hard as I might have at the office, but I certainly haven't lost any money by keeping an eye on my investments. It's been a strain and I need a rest, but I won't take one yet. I'll just run this eighteen thousand dollars up to fifty thousand and then kiss the stock market good-by. I'll take a good, long vacation this summer. I could live like a king for three months, and at the end of the time be better off than I was six weeks ago.

"These pessimists make me si
These newspaper writers who say
market is due for a licking are probal
being paid by bearish operators. W
cares what the Federal Reserve Boa
thinks of the level of prices? What
they know about the stock market? I
them stick to their own business. J.
Morgan said that a bear on the Unit
States would go broke, and he was rig
I'm no bear. What you need in
market is imagination. Some of th
things may look high in relation to pr
ent earnings, but look at their futu
These crabs were saying four years a
that General Motors was too high wh
it was selling for one-sixth of its prese
value. With big bullish operators li
Durant, Cutten, and Meehan in the sa
dle, the market can run ahead inde
nitely. But I'm through when I get
fifty thousand.

"There goes Radio, up another fi
points in half an hour. Why didn't
buy that before? I would have had
fifty thousand if I hadn't been so yello
Well, I'll buy some now and hang on
it."

"THE first thing I am going to tea
my sons is to leave the stock ma
ket alone. At my age I should ha
known better than to think I could
something for nothing.

"Why didn't I quit when I had eigh
een thousand dollars? And why did
buy Radio right at the top? Any o
could see that it was too high. B
should have told me to leave it alo
He's a broker, and he ought to ha
known that a crash was coming.

"Think what I could have done wi
that eighteen thousand dollars! It wou
have paid the rent on a good apartme
for more than five years. The troub
with me was that I was too greedy
wanted to get rich in six months. If
only had known as much about the ma
ket then as I do now, I'd still have th
eighteen thousand dollars.

"What a fool I was to spend so mu
of the profits I had temporarily.
could certainly use the three hundr
dollars that I spent giving that party t
day after Excelsior A jumped fifte
points. If I ever get any more mone
I'm going to put it in the savin
bank."

Grandmother's Parched Peas

A Tale for Children

By HARRIET EAGER DAVIS

Illustrated by Helen Jameson Hall

children on a Wisconsin prairie, Grandmother Gilman's tales of her seashore childhood—white-boats in the harbor, the beach with shells where she and Sister thered white grains to "sand" shly scrubbed kitchen floor—all like a fairy tale. But even more e the queer accounts of her lays, so old-fashioned as com-th their own "modern" Western schools of the 80's. Over and y begged for this favorite tale.

andmother's Parched Peas

remembered by Josephine E. Toal

N I was a little girl of seven, we ad never heard of popcorn, but loved parched peas! First hreshed them from the dry pods lail on the barn floor, then we them in the long-handled iron ver the coals in the fireplace. ght them delicious; but children t hard to please in those days. ou believe that even slate-pencils uries and a new one was always divided between Sister Jane

ne winter morning I started for s proud as a queen. My big Robert, who had just come back lais doing some "trading" for the had brought me a whole new te-pencil all my own. I felt so

stood about the roaring fireplace choolhouse, trying to warm our oes without quite blistering our faces, I showed my treasure to oolmates. Alf Brooks, a "big out three years older than I, unching parched peas, and when

my friend Lucretia Whitney begged for some, he generously dropped four peas into her outstretched hand. 'Cretia promptly passed two on to me, saying: "I know how you like them, Mollie."

"Umm!" I answered, eagerly crunching the little hard balls.

Alf looked at me and then at my slate-pencil. Just as the master rapped his ruler on the desk to open school, he whispered: "I'll trade you, Mollie—my peas for your new pencil."

But I shook my head.

At the noon hour Alf found me again. "See!" He emptied all his pockets, letting the peas rattle deliciously into his dinner-pail. "Here's a whole pint—and they're parched just right. I don't believe that's a very good pencil, anyway. It's kind of scratchy." He scribbled on my slate.

The pencil did squeak. I had already found that out. Besides, I still had my old stumpy short piece. And the peas did look so good! My mouth watered.

"All right," I said finally. "I'll trade."

When the reading class was called, I sat on the recitation bench, carefully clutching a pint of parched peas in the gathered-up corner of my pinafore, for I had no pocket. Next me sat William Henry Perkins, another "big boy" with twinkling eyes, who was always up to tricks. I did not notice him sidling closer to me, until suddenly, when the master's eyes were on his book, I felt a quick sly twitch at my pinafore. And the next thing I knew, "Cla-a-a-ack!" a pint of peas rattled noisily to the floor, pattering all about the master's desk.

"Whose peas are those?" he demanded, sternly. My red face told the tale. "Yours, Mollie?"

I could not speak. I only nodded my head in shame.

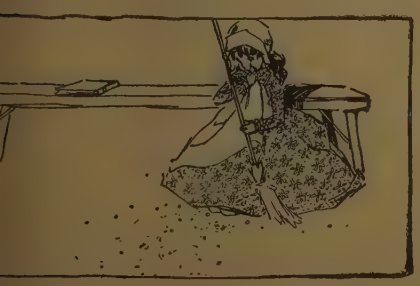
"Get the broom," he said, quietly. "Sweep them up and throw them into the fire, and don't bring any more peas to school."

That was all. With tears in my eyes, I obeyed. I had lost both my pencil and my peas and disgraced myself in the bargain.

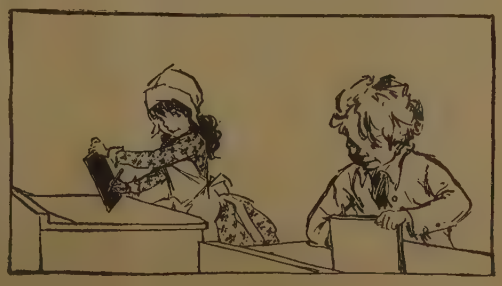
But that afternoon, as I sat in my seat, my head still bowed with shame, a slate and a pencil—my own new pencil—were passed to me from across the aisle. On the slate I read: "Here's your pencil. You lost the peas, so I give it back. I saw Bill Henry, and he's got to own up or get a licking from me. Alf."

Alf was as good as his word. William Henry owned up, and the master let him off with a black mark in deportment and a few stern words about teasing little girls.

Next day I accidentally dropped my pencil and broke it in two. I kept one half and gave the other to Alf. But as long as the halves lasted they scratched. We used to look at each other across the aisle and smile to hear them squeaking.



[1] The stories in this department are the favorite tales of various families which have been handed down to each succeeding younger generation. The Outlook will be glad to receive and to pay for any such stories which our readers remember from their own childhood and which are found available. They should be told as simply as possible in the language one would use in talking to a child. We should also be glad of suggestions from older and younger readers as to well-known people whom they would be especially interested to have Mrs. Davis interview for stories remembered from childhood.



Speaking of Books

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

"TRADER HORN," Volume Two: "Harold the Webbed, or the Young Vikings," by Alfred Aloysius Horn and Ethelreda Lewis. Simon & Schuster. We find the second volume of Trader Horn's works even better fun than the first. These books are not honestly reviewable, but they are certainly readable, and, since the visit to America, there is no danger of their being taken too seriously. Through Volume Two, hit or miss, with running comment by Mrs. Lewis and philosophizing and reminiscing by the Trader, goes the delicious story of "Harold the Webbed," the young Viking, whose adventures should satisfy the most romantic. This wonderful tale pops out of the Trader's head in the same spontaneous, inexplicable way that the stories of his former lives came out from among the shillings and yards and buns and teas in the brain of Kipling's little clerk in "The Greatest Story in the World." And that suggests that Volume Two clears up the mystery of the authorship of "Trader Horn." The authors are not A. A. Horn and E. Lewis. Those are pseudonyms. The real collaborators are Kipling's clerk and another old friend, Daisy Ashford.

In reading Volume Two, begin with McFee's admirable foreword, skip Mrs. Lewis's tedious explanation of her share in the writing, and go on, reading in snatches, and at odd times. So you may miss something, but there will be no possibility of surfeit. On any page there is something to smile at, agree with, or chuckle over. You will find, for instance, what the Trader has to say about history, his advice to authors: "History plus the fair sex has always been a winner," and "I like knowing history that other people don't know anything about." Who doesn't? And his wise words to, if we may presume to say so, book reviewers: "To be able to joke about a turnip makes for popularity somewhat sooner than a knowledge of botany, profound though it may be."

"THE Island Within," by Ludwig Lewisohn. Harper & Brothers. This admirable novel, published some months ago, has remained so long unreviewed only because of lack of space.

Ludwig Lewisohn is best described by the German title *Dichter*. He is philosopher, poet, and moralist. He touches nothing with a tenative finger, searches out no subject that his brilliant mind does not adorn, above all, he gives lasting pleasure to those readers who demand from writers pure and stirring prose. In "The Island Within" he is a moralist, even a propagandist. It is the story of Arthur Levy, an American Jew. The first hundred pages are given to an account of his immediate ancestry in Poland, Germany, and America, a table of begats indispensable to the delineation of Arthur Levy's character, and which fixes him unmistakably as the son of his fathers. His own story is that of the growing and gnawing of raci sciousness through the rewards a miliations of his childhood, edu practice as a psychiatrist, marria a Gentile and fatherhood, until h decision to throw in his lot de with his own people and join a to the suffering Jews in the Balka is a chronicle of another wande the children of Israel inclosed in perience of one man by a writer a fine understanding of the t stature of the specific case over t eral statement as material alike propagandist and for the creative

Lewisohn falls short as a neither in plot nor in setting. characterizations are round and d ing. If he has limited himself to ber of fixed types, it must be bered that he has exercised his choice in the interest of prov point, and that he is in "The Within" a propagandist for Jew integrity. A pugnacious reade cavil at his Gentiles—Arthur wife, for instance, a troublesome modern, superficially enchanting mentally cold, with no mate home-making instinct. But th was necessary to the novel, if facilitate the solution of Arthur problem. Types are the stuff reformer novelist's work.

Lewisohn has a fine sense of turesque and a gift for vivid des writing. In the introductory cha each book of his novel (the her itual experiences in symbolical su he writes brilliant historical na In fact, so fine are those chapter device which might in less capabl have been ruinously tedious beco haps the best part of his work.

To a person with a strong sens past, the inner conflicts of the in Jew must always be a matter of even of curiosity. How can a alien to it adopt, as America n has, the spiritual background of Saxondom? How can the Jew f ton and Flodden Field and Dr gentle saint of Iona, and the friar of Wittenberg in his bones how can he be expected to act as he felt them there and still reta qualities which are his own heritage? Such questions Lewis

THIS list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by the following book-shops each week:

New York—Brentano's;
Rochester—Scrantoms Inc.;
Cleveland—Korner & Wood;
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort, & Barney;
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Company;
Houston—Teofin Pillot Company;
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.;
Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company;
Kansas City—Emery Bird Thayer;
Atlanta—Miller's Book Store;
Los Angeles—Bullock's;
Chicago—Marshall Field & Co.;
Cincinnati—Stewart Kidd.

Fiction

"The Bridge of San Luis Rey," by Thornton Wilder. Albert & Charles Boni. Those who have not yet read this beautifully written story have a delight in store.

"The Battle of the Horizons," by Sylvia Thompson. Little, Brown & Co. You will find this story of an international marriage capably written, and lit by flashes of wit and understanding. Noticed at some length last week.

"Octavia," by Margot Asquith. The F. A. Stokes Company. This comedy of manners is excellent reading. Reviewed June 20.

"The Greene Murder Case," by S. S. Van Dine. Charles Scribner's Sons. Further exploits of detective Philo Vance.

"Bad Girl," by Viña Delmar. Harcourt, Brace & Co. This is the story of the courtship, first married year, and baby of a boy and girl, earnest, anxious to "be good," "dumb," and foolish—the well-known backbone of America. It is truthful and moving, distinguished by honesty of purpose rather than by beauty of style. Reviewed June 13.

Non-Fiction

"Disraeli," by André Maurois, translated by Hamish Miles. D. Appleton & Co. You will enjoy this charming and vivid biography. Reviewed February 22.

"The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism," by Bernard Shaw. Brentano's. Reviewed in this issue.

"Sunset Gun," by Dorothy Parker. Boni & Liveright. This delightful light verse is good summer reading. Reviewed June 6.

"Jesus, the Son of Man," by Emil Ludwig. Boni & Liveright. To be reviewed later by Amos N. Wilder.

"Strange Interlude," by Eugene O'Neill. Boni & Liveright. This play, in which the dramatist steals some of the novelist's best psychological thunder, is as good to read as to see; perhaps better. Reviewed in "Lights Down," February 22.

rs. "The Island Within" is only the island of Jewry in erica. It is the island which ie soul of the child of Israel, ensitivity, its piety, its emoal reactions in a body self-ped in bitterness and fear to form to an alien design.

ESTINATIONS," by Gorham B. Munson. J. H. Sears Co., Inc., and "Spokesmen: dern Writers and American ," by T. K. Whipple. D. leton & Co. These two books strate in a clear way the difnce between strictly current forward-looking criticism of temporary American letters. ir titles explain the diverview-points of their au-rs. Whipple writes of those ters who are now widely wn and generally recognized he spokesmen for their pe-, who are decidedly on the rary band-wagon. Munson culates as to the destination ard which the long parade is ving and the possible leaders may move up from their sent positions, which, recogd indeed by those readers se interest in literature is ous, are to the general pubnconspicuous. Whipple does e but confirm the opinion of rate Americans who accept position of such writers as iser, Robinson, Sandburg, is, and the whole school of roman-. Munson, on the other hand, ques-s to some extent the contribution of school to American letters and lls upon the tendency of the newer ers to return to a classical attitude. Reading without critical appreciation a perfectly legitimate if somewhat ted form of pleasure. Books are tten to be read so. But there are an easing number of readers who are lly interested in literature, who unstand it to be a running commentary n life, and who could not, if they uld, think of it as an incidental usement. To such readers part of the rest in contemporary reading lies in pleasure of analyzing, with and ough the reading, tendencies in conporary thought. And to them both okesmen" and "Destinations" will be interest. Whipple's book can give m no stimulus, but it may very well o them toward a clarification of their n ideas, especially if they find, as they bably will, a good deal in his book to agree with. They will also disagree metimes with Munson, but they will find him stimulating. His careful, almost mathematical charts of schools and influences, his admirable classifications of "replaceable writers" (among whom he puts some whom our reviewers are constantly hailing as immortal), are valuable even if arguable. And his analyses of the stupidly ignored among the older writers, the writers in the heyday of their popularity, and the inattentively noticed new writers are excellent. Whipple is a more entertaining writer, but Munson is a profounder critic. Whipple brings to his work the equipment of an able reviewer; Munson, a critic's discrimination and vision.

From "The Woodcut of To-Day at Home and Abroad," published by The Studio Ltd.

MAN-MACHINES

A woodcut by Cecil Buller

"QUIET Cities," by Joseph Hergesheimer. A. A. Knopf. In the long and interesting preamble to "Quiet Cities" Hergesheimer has indulged a wish shared by many novelists and has taken his readers at least part way into his experience in writing his book. He talks about his personal interests, enthusiasms, dislikes, his home, his affectations, and his reasons for preferring the past to the present. He has, he says, "been lost in the pasts of nine American cities," and those pasts have seemed good to him. And so they will to his readers, for in describing them Hergesheimer has used his most superb trick. He has masked rapier thrusts in swirls of lace, drawn scalping knives from the deep pockets of elegant gentlemen, and spread stains of blood across flowered waistcoats. Before the reader's gaze he has painted with vivid color the spectacle of Dutch days at Albany, where the British army is quartered before Ticonderoga; Pittsburgh in 1800 as seen through the eyes of a stalwart, garrulous old frontiersman who settled there fifty years earlier and saw Braddock and Dunwoodie; Natchez and the river gamblers; Boston in clipper-ship and Brook Farm days (this is the cleverest of the tales); New Orleans; Charleston under Negro rule after the war; Philadelphia and Valley Forge; Jackson and Van Buren in Washington; all finished, absorbing, properly melodramatic, graciously sentimental. Most people would not think of Hergesheimer as good reading for the young, but these stories ought to interest

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"Quiet Cities" is Hergesheimer at his best; not perhaps the best that "The Lay Anthony" promised, but the best that can be asked of the Hergesheimer of today. In "Quiet Cities" he writes of the past, and he writes short stories. He has always been most skillful in short-story technique, where setting and action are more important than profound character drawing, and where every paragraph, every incident, is pointed toward the direct furtherance of the plot. And the past is his peculiar province. He is, of course, romantic in the obvious sense; and he is wise. His attempts to romanticize what he describes as the "curbed" present have not been too successful. So he chooses to live expansively in the large past. And the sensuousness which is his most marked characteristic as a writer has full sway in the past. When he writes of the present, he has to feed his senses on radiator heat and the deep pile of carpets, on the taste of cocktails and the smack of white bodies against the green water of expensive tiled swimming-pools; he has to catalogue old chairs like any lady decorator and lick his chops over imported foods like a customer at the Vendôme delicatesssen. He is, when he writes of the present, "overstuffed." But in the past he may make free with the woods, with hearth-fires, with running streams, with the gay trappings and the homespun, the bravados and the brave gestures of years and lives that have been dignified by death.

Hergesheimer's style is neither pedantic nor precious; he achieves with great care a careless grace. For all that, for all his qualities, there is something false about his writing. It is, for us, intangible, but it is there. His work is as exquisite as a pearl, but it seems, somehow, more like the product of the industry of an artisan than of the anguish of an oyster! We enjoy and admire it, but suspect that it would not take vinegar to dissolve it.

"THE Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism," by Bernard Shaw. Brentano's. There was unwarranted optimism in last week's foot-note which suggested that an adequate review of what G. B. S. describes as his "last will and testament to humanity" would appear shortly. Such a review we cannot give. We have brought to the reading personal admiration and general (which does not mean intelligent) sympathy for Shaw's ideas. And we have found those ideas so clearly expressed that any one can understand them. But an adequate review would demand the patience to read at
twice a long and often repetitious t
We have read at it, earnestly, for
weeks, and we could give a résumé o
subjects covered by simply copying
table of contents, which is as long an
detailed as was to be expected from
dramatist whose forewords, stage d
tions, and instructions to audiences
the longest and most engaging ex
And an adequate review would also
mand some understanding of poli
economy. We are such a wor
equipped with the average intelligenc
which Shaw addresses himself, as sh
be his ideal reader, because he write
clear and forceful language, and pr
his points with the sort of individual
plication and personal touch which
men proverbially like and use themse
But the trouble with finding Shaw's i
reader will not lie in a lack of intelli
ignoramæ or in husbands to take
peep over their shoulders which S
invites. It will come from a general
of interest in the social and poli
questions which he discusses. It is
habit to speak of Shaw's plays as da
To us they remain the most entertai
of modern plays. But dated his i
ests certainly are. Twenty years
rich young men were selling all they
and giving to the poor, heiress d
tantes were forsaking palaces for se
ment houses. Today they are not th
ing of social inequalities. For bette
for worse, they are—the intelligent
—seeking out the disused path of i
vidualism, perhaps as an instinctive
test against mass culture, confor
in all things, and stultifying co-op
tion.

So it seems to us unlikely that G
S.'s last will and testament will be
enthusiastically received than the wi
any old gentleman who, having sti
lated, amused, and aroused his fri
and relatives during a long and gorg
life, has, upon dying, parceled out
estate among Foreign Boards, S. P
A.'s, and Snug Harbors.

Far be it from us to disparage a
cere book, written inevitably with
and sprinkled with many readable
diverting pages. But capitalism is in
hands of the capitalists, moving do
Socialism, in the hands of the Social
moving up. So civilizations rise
change and vanish on the sphere of
world which moves, itself, in a univ
sprinkled with stars. And the int
gence of men and of women is in G
hands, to do with as he sees fit. So
wish that G. B. S. would add a co
to his will, his social philosophy, and
mind and manners of his time, inclo
as he can do it, in a super-play.

cked at Random

By WALTER R. BROOKS

phen Raushenbush's
Men Atwhiles Are Sober
A. & C. Boni

The trouble with Lathrop Baker was that he tried to run with the hare and with the hounds. He was neither pletely romantic nor completely -boiled. And so he lost his wife and st his lady-love, and in the end he his life—the complete futilitarian. new mood, this *Ego-schmerz* which taken the place of the *Weltschmerz* vanished generation, which knows an emotion is only a visceral sensa- which wishes only to stand aside not enjoy anything too much for of getting hurt, is dominant in various characters. The book is in- ting reading, like so many first nov- written before the author has learned e stingy with his material. But when have finished it you can only decide the world today is a poor place for weak romantic.
en atwhiles are happy—but not in book.

xander Porteous's
orest Folklore, ology, and Romance
Macmillan

Here be elves and wood-wives and dwarfs and pixies and satyrs and wiz- and dryads and trolls—all the gro- ue and charming creatures with h men peopled the forest when the d was younger. "Enter these en- ted woods, you who dare!" You find all the legends and customs and rstitions connected with trees inter- gly told by one who loves his sub- There is a chapter devoted to ed Groves, there is discussion of the l Huntsman, of the Forest of Broce- le, of the Ash Yggdrasil, of the Yule —nothing connected with the forest t out. If you have a feeling for the tery and enchantment of the woods, will want to own this book.

den's Best Stories
way's Best Stories
Norton

Here are selections from two literatures which American readers know very about. We know Strindberg and rlöf among the Swedes; Hamsun, set, Lie, and Björnson among the wegians. But there are dozens of r names, important names, that we never even heard of. Each of these tries has a rich and very characteris- iterature, which, while owing much her literatures, is yet very definitely dinavian, has a very definite pattern tradition of its own. Of course, the translation is a poor thing beside the original, but those who are curious to sail into hitherto uncharted literary seas, who find interest in an unfamiliar scene, will make discoveries in these books which will delight them.

N. Ognyov's
The Diary of a Communist Schoolboy
Payson & Clarke

It's not much like the little red schoolhouse, this Communist school, as you might have imagined. Frankly experimental, and for that worth watching This diary is an interesting record, and though not actually written by a schoolboy, it bears every evidence of being a truthful picture, although the organization is so different from anything you know that you will read a good many pages before you get the hang of what is really going on. If you are interested in the new Russia, in education, in life, you will find a good deal to think about in these pages.

The Play's the Thing

(Continued from page 385)

every one else in her class, regardless of mental equipment, facility, or tastes.

This is the reason why so many of our preparatory schools are failing to prepare. They are not turning out pupils with a real knowledge of English and mathematics, Latin and Greek and science. They are turning out young people with a smattering of many subjects, but no real grounding in any one. When I complained of this to one of our American school heads, he responded that the public high was not alone an academic school; that it tended to prepare for life rather than for college. But *does* it prepare for life? Does any school that teaches the easiest way, that pads the whole course of study, that does not encourage initiative, nor compel hard work, nor develop concentration, prepare any young person for life?

And in still another way it is failing. This system of entertainment that it is encouraging is ruinous to the average boy or girl of high school age. Many parents feel as I do—that they prefer to dictate the matter of their children's entertainment themselves; but I have two other objections to the prevailing plan: One is that I do not approve of all the things that come under the head of school entertainments. I myself have heard some speeches at the school assemblies which I felt were waste of my children's time. I do not believe in opening the school to what is pure advertising propaganda—to lectures on school savings (speaker furnished by a bank) or a talk on "The National Capital" (speaker furnished by the Baltimore and Ohio

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Railroad). I do not approve of the late hours at which the evening entertainments often close. Never was any one more ungrateful than I for the favor of having my child entertained for me.

THE third objection is much more vital. The worst lesson in the world for the young is the idea that constant entertainment is a necessity. If schools are what they claim to be—a preparation for life—they can do no greater service than to teach their pupils how to entertain themselves, how to develop their own resources, how to make themselves independent of other people and other things. Instead of that, they are developing the idea that companionship and a planned program of amusement is an essential, that there must be "something doing" every moment of the waking day. A poor preparation for this earthly existence which offers so many days that are dull, stupid, and spiritless to the unresourceful.

As the schools are conducted now they are satisfying no one. The teachers are too overworked with their thousand and one duties; the parents are jealously feeling that too much is being taken out of their hands. And the young people, for whom all these things are being done, are the least satisfied of all. They have no time to themselves. Between enforced work and enforced play they have no freedom—no time for that blessed idleness, that liberty, that is real rest. They have recreation, but no re-creation.

"Why don't you ever leave me do anything without being 'let'?" said a five-year-old child I know to his mother. And that is the way the high school pupils feel.

It is far easier to grumble than to suggest an improvement, and I am no educator. But, from the point of view of a mother who sees in her family life some of the results of the present preparatory school system, I would offer the plan of more real work and more real freedom. As far as my own children are concerned, I would like them to have the actual study, unpadded, and with as little help as possible. I would like to have them learn to work for the "joy of the working," without reward or sugar-coating or boosting. And after the work is over I want them to play, away from the schoolhouse and their teachers, in the fresh air, with no Miss Havisham in sight. In the words of the immortal "Pinafore:"

> We stand to our guns all day.
> When at anchor we ride on the Portsmouth tide
> We have plenty of time to play.

And that is as it should be.

Otto the Magnificent

(Continued from page 387)

ingredients of one of the best antid against Bolshevism."

I have not yet disentangled every of the motives from the cluster, nor patiated upon motives which are the less potent for not being ackn edged, such as vanity. That he fe certain unease concerning economic equalities already has been indic But he seeks also personal vindica As representative of wealth, Otto Kahn wishes to give Divinity a b impression of millionaires than is im in Wilde's saying, "God shows wha thinks of wealth by the people on w he bestows it." Mr. Kahn himself knowledges that wealth has been ished upon so many individuals mere possession of a fortune long ceased to be a mark of distinction. calls the dollar an instrument, a t of achievement merely, and says rich men who are merely rich are s lacking in what art collectors "scarcity value." He has allude "the enlightened selfishness of those can afford to give," by which he m that in giving he not only confers b fits, but also derives them. By foste the arts and by seeking to unders and to enjoy their freshest expressio believes he has succeeded in keepin appreciations supple. During the i view he referred to his love of the ar giving his spirit something of the refr ing and renewing quality which a confers on the body.

It is obvious that he relishes life art, which is as much a part of life the acquisiton of a fortune. In the tation from Walter Pater's "The naissance" which he quotes in his Mr. Kahn provides yet another clu his motivation: "We have an inte and then our place knows us no . . . Our one chance lies in expan that interval, in getting as many p tions as possible into the given ti Otto H. Kahn is seeking through manifold activities to obtain the frui "a quickened, multiplied consciousn Meaning, in our modern parlance, there is more than one way of getti kick out of life.

His service to human beings has enormous, his contribution to art haps secondary. Were he conce primarily with the satisfaction of va he could have purchased this satisfa at a lower price than is entailed by patronage. At the least, he has indic the way that might be followed by other equally wealthy man who ha quired a more sure, an indepen footing in the realm of art.

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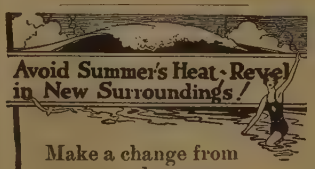

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The Faith of the Scientist

(*Continued from page 388*)

experiment is harmful, since it deludes.

It seems reasonable, to the scientist at least, to believe that all natural phenomena have meaning. But he cannot prove it, or he would have done so ere this, if for no other reason than to save himself the handicaps imposed on his activities by those who disagree.

The fourth article of faith is a belief in man's intelligence. The scientist must have faith in man's ability to probe the infinite, and by probing to approximate the truth. He must assume that the human intelligence, at its highest level, is really capable of thinking straight, of reasoning from effect to cause. He must take it for granted that the most capable human minds are able to draw correct inferences, providing that sufficient data are available. And yet at this point he must make an admission which the fanatic and the ignoramus consider highly damaging to science. He must grant that the absolute truth can never be attained, because nature's laws are not written down. They are indicated by facts, and he can never be sure he has a sufficient number of the vital facts to interpret them correctly.

FURTHERMORE, many philosophers have questioned man's ability to reason correctly. Therefore we must admit that our confidence in any man's ability to draw the correct set of inferences from any complete set of phenomena is based on faith, pure faith, and nothing else.

The scientist does not deal with the question of purpose. Science is concerned with processes, and not with purposes. No scientist can say what the purpose of the universe may be, or even whether there be any purpose to the universe, or to any given set of phenomena within it. Such would be presumption altogether unscientific. These matters belong to philosophy and religion.

Finally, there is the last and most inspiring article in the creed. The scientist believes that the nearest approximation to the truth which is possible can do no harm to any rational human b
Any less than this is unworthy of
He believes that man's destiny, if
have a destiny, can best be fulfille
groping forward in the half-light she
science. His faith in science makes
certain that, even though he
reached the Truth, this is better tha
crouch in his ancestral cave,
whelmed by the darkness of an
superstition and unreasoning prejud

But that farmer would have los
faith in science if I had told him th

The Movies

(*See page 390*)

"Abie's Irish Rose."—Just like the play. It's a system.
"Across to Singapore."—Ramon Novarro and Ernest Torrence pulling nautical rough stuff.
"The Big City."—Lon Chaney using his regular face.
"The Big Noise."—Chester Conklin and some pretty biting satire.
"Burning Daylight."—Won't set fire to anything.
"The Chaser."—Harry Langdon scores a miss.
"Chicago."—Just like the play—this is praise.
"The Circus."—If you don't like Chaplin, you're the funny one.
"The Crowd."—A sad story, beautifully directed.
"Dawn."—The soul-stirring drama of Edith Cavell.
"Doomsday."—Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear!
"Dressed to Kill."—The ace of the crook plays.
"The Drag Net."—Don't ask us why you'll like it—go and see it.
"Drums of Love."—Pomp, pathos, and Lionel Barrymore.
"The End of St. Petersburg."—Startlingly fine Russian production.
"Fazil."—Charles Farrell and Greta Nissen in something terribly phony.
"Four Sons."—It's a fine film, but too long.
"Fools for Luck."—Chester Conklin and W. C. Fields—but the verdict is "No."
"The Gaucho."—No one is perfect—not even Douglas Fairbanks.
"Glorious Betsy."—The second talking movie. Still not good enough.
"Hangman's House."—Swell photography, good direction, and good acting.
"The Jazz Singer."—Al Jolson sings, and that's all.
"Kentucky Courage."—A successor to "Tol'able David," with Richard Barthelmess.
"The Last Command."—The great Jannings. See it.
"The Last Moment."—Good photography, but little else.
"The Legion of the Condemned."—The so-called sequel to "Wings."
"Love."—Greta Garbo and John Gilbert. Recommended.
"A Night of Mystery."—Adolphe Menjou—just fair.
"The Man Who Laughs."—An impressive, taining picture.
"Mother Machree."—A nice, mushy Irish-A can drama.
"The News Parade."—The cameraman an adventures. Pleasant enough.
"The Noose."—A moderately absorbing film Richard Barthelmess, Alice Joyce, and tague Love.
"Partners in Crime."—Wallace Beery and mond Hatton in a darned good comedy.
"The Patsy."—King Vidor directs Marion D to the credit of neither.
"Ramona."—Scenically beautiful, but pretty upy.
"Red Hair."—Clara Bow in her big disrobin
"Sadie Thompson."—Gloria Swanson trying
"The Secret Hour."—Pola Negri in a good pi
"Shooting Stars."—Don't bother.
"Simba."—The Martin Johnson masterpiece.
"Skyscraper."—Thoroughly enjoyable.
"The Smart Set."—William Haines at his
"Something Always Happens."—An amusing thriller, with the ornamental Esther Ra
"Speedy."—You can't go wrong on Harold L
"Stand and Deliver."—Rod La Rocque in o those things.
"Steamboat Bill, Jr."—Buster Keaton in a funny one.
"The Strange Case of Captain Ramper."—C the ordinary.
"Street Angel."—A beautiful, tiresome pictu
"The Street of Sin."—Regardless of Emil nings, we thought it was terrible.
"Sunrise."—Dr. Murnau's supreme achieven
"Tempest."—John Barrymore comes into his Cheers!
"Tenderloin."—The first (and worst) talking p
"Three Sinners."—Pola Negri in a bad pictu
"The Trail of '98."—The grandest scenes no view.
"The Triumph of The Rat."—Ivor Novello Isabel Jeans in a British effort.
"Two Lovers."—Last of the Colman-Bankys teresting.
"We Americans."—Mediocre melting-pot stu
"Wings."—The great epic of the war-birds.

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ancis Rufus Bellamy, Publisher Ernest Hamlin Abbott, Editor-in-Chief

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
Malcolm Waters Davis Dixon Merritt Harold T. Pulsifer
Frances Lamont Robbins Parkhurst Whitney

William L. Ettinger, Jr., Advertising Manager

William A. Grevers, Circulation Manager

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From Publisher—To You

WE print in this issue the reports from Houston by our special correspondents, Mr. Merritt and Mr. Pringle, and on another page our ideas on Governor Smith as the Democratic nominee.

TO our mind, the Convention itself was productive of at least two excellent illustrations of, first, How to Do It, and, second, How Not to Do It. We refer to Claude Bowers's keynote tirade and Franklin Roosevelt's speech placing Governor Smith in nomination.

IF any one thing, in our estimation, could hurt the Democrats' chances of election, it would be Mr. Bowers's so-called denunciation—with its clumsy attempts to drag in Hamilton and Jefferson at every opportunity. Granting the fundamental truth in many of his statements, we still wish Mr. Bowers had forgotten his book before he attempted to make the Democratic keynote his epilogue.

WHEN we finished reading it, we were reminded of a deathless poem which a bucolic friend of ours once wrote commemorating other events. After banging the customary cymbals and drums, he wrote:

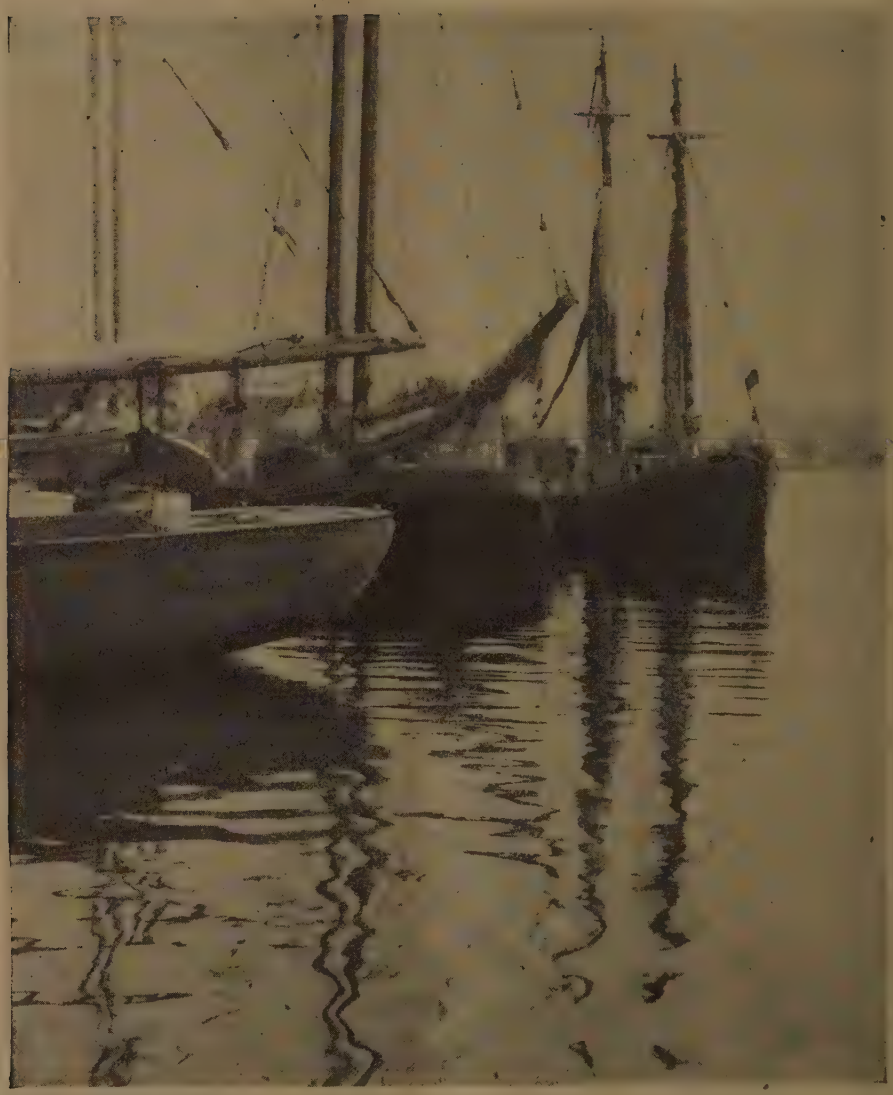
Fling out the banner far,
But not too far, b'Gee,
For if you flung it out too far,
Where would the banner be?

That's the way Mr. Bowers's effort struck us.

NOT so with Mr. Roosevelt. Friend and foe alike, we think, will agree that few finer tributes have ever been paid any public man than the former Secretary of the Navy's sincere and moving characterization of New York's Governor. A man who can command support of this character, be he Republican or Democrat, is fortunate in his friends and deserves well of his countrymen.

IF Mr. Roosevelt's picture of the Democratic nominee is not an idealization, the country cannot lose, no matter which party wins.

Francis Rufus Bellamy



Underwood & Underwood

FISHING SMACKS AT REST, GLOUCESTER HARBOR, MASSACHUSETTS

The Outlook

July 11, 1928

The World This Week

mith Speaks Out

LSEWHERE in this issue, Henry F. Prin-e quotes substantially Governor Smith's eclaration for "fundamental changes in ne present provisions for National pro-ibition." It seems to have caused quite commotion, but the entire effect will ot be observable before November.

In the meantime he has given the wets spokesman, the drys an avowed villain, nd the whole country the promise of an ut-in-the-open discussion of a hitherto acrosanct subject.

Dry leaders, watching at Houston, ere incensed at what they regarded as mith's apostasy. The prohibition plank the Democratic platform had been eveled and trimmed, and had received ne approval of Bishop Cannon, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, ar-ent defender of the Eighteenth Amend-ment. Then came the bad news from lbany.

Deeply regretting "that the pro-liquor ing of the party, led by Tammany Hall, has disregarded all warnings and as challenged, indeed defied, the dry Democracy of the South," the Bishop nd associates called upon dry Demo-rats of the South to meet in Asheville, North Carolina, July 18, and organize or the election of dry Senators, Con-ressmen, and State officials and simul-aneously for the defeat of "the wet, Tammany candidate for President."

One of the first dry Democrats to omment on this call for a bolt was osephus Daniels, former Secretary of he Navy. Mr. Daniels said he would ot take part in any such rump session, xcept as a reporter for his paper.

"I can't change the dry, and I can't hange my Democracy, even though Governor Smith's statement makes it omewhat difficult for a dry Democrat to accept his assumption of leadership for modification of the Prohibition Law," he said.

"Those people that think Congress has the power to change the content and permit the sale of anything that has a kick in it have never read the Supreme Court decision. The only way in which an appreciable change can be made to give more alcoholic content is to repeal the Eighteenth Amendment.

"That will be done when the Amendment against human slavery is repealed.

"Therefore, I shall support the Democratic ticket, confident that no opinion of Smith or Hoover, one or both of them, can secure the repeal of what Wilson called 'a great salutary reform.'"

Wets and friends of the Governor regarded his action as both shrewd and brave; shrewd in its reference to temperance and the saloon, brave in its stand on a controversy that has torn his party.

Mr. Hoover's Plans

WHATEVER Governor Smith may do as a campaigner, Mr. Hoover, it has been announced, does not expect to make stump speeches. After his speech of acceptance, which will be delivered at his home beside Stanford University in California, Mr. Hoover will make about a half a dozen speeches of importance. Whatever he has to say directly to the voters besides these speeches he will say over the radio. His opponents, anticipating this method of campaigning on his part, have already called him a shadow candidate, visible only on the moving-picture screen and audible only through the microphone. This method of campaigning, however, has certain advantages. It should cut down traveling expenses and the cost of many circulars. It reaches individuals directly without effort on their part. And it puts on an equality with a man who has nothing but bombast a man who has something to say. Mr. Hoover, who lacks all of the gifts of the orator, thus finds a very practical aid in science.

Though he has a great appetite for work, Mr. Hoover cannot be expected to add to the labors of the Secretary of Commerce those of a Presidential candidate. The date of his resignation from his Cabinet post—probably about the middle of July—has not been officially announced up to the time of this writing. On his trip West, which may begin before the date of this issue, Mr. Hoover is expected to pay a visit to the President at his summer home in Wisconsin, and will go to California by way of Omaha, Cheyenne, Ogden, Reno, Sacramento, Oakland, and San Francisco.

Meantime Mr. Hoover has been in consultation with various Republicans. Among them has been Governor Hammill, of Iowa, one of the organizers of that "Corn Belt Committee" that was the center of propaganda for the McNary-Haugen Bill. Iowa, Governor Hammill is reported to have told Mr. Hoover, will give the usual support to the Republican ticket.

Legitimate Fears

THE election of a wet President would be both a real and an apparent threat to prohibition; and, as usual, none are more keenly aware of that fact than the able lobbyists of such organizations as the Anti-Saloon League and the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals.

Mr. Clarence True Wilson and Mr. Deets Pickett of the Methodist Board have just pointed out in their weekly clip-sheet where the danger lies. It is

Wide World

POLICE PROTECTION FOR THE CREW OF THE FRIENDSHIP

Amelia Earhart and her fellow-flyers being escorted through the crowd that greeted them on their arrival at Southampton, England

not so much the executive as the appointive power of the President that they fear; specifically, his power to change the personnel of the Supreme Court of the United States and thereby, it might be, obtain a line of decisions that would nullify previous interpretations of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act.

"As the organized friends of the liquor interests indicate," says the Methodist clip-sheet, "a wet President could appoint to the next vacancies on the Supreme Court jurists who could undo the strong support given to the Eighteenth Amendment by the Court in the past eight years. Whether prohibition will stay depends in large measure on the interpretation of the courts.

"It is almost literally true to say that every wet argument against prohibition has been answered by the Supreme Court, as constituted at present, in its decisions; and if the public were not so ignorant of this the wet propaganda would not get so far. Many decisions have been by a vote of five to four, a very narrow margin.

"Justices of this Court have been appointed for life, and many retire at the age of seventy. It is to be expected there will be vacancies on that high bench in the next Administration.

"That is one reason why the wets desire to elect the next President; they want a man whose views are all against prohibition, who favors liquor."

This same idea, it appears from the clip-sheet, has occurred to officers of the Association Against Prohibition.

In the Bible Belt

Two newspaper correspondents attending the Democratic Convention were anxious to look up the reference of Claude Bowers, the keynote orator, to the children of Israel. So they searched for the Gideon Bible in their room at the Hotel Rice, and found that there was none.

"We want a Bible," one telephoned down to the clerk at the desk. But after several minutes had passed there was no Bible forthcoming, and so they called again. This time a puzzled bell-boy appeared.

"A Bible?" he asked in amazement.

"Yes," said the correspondent, "we want to look up a reference." Still puzzled, the bell-boy disappeared, and finally dug up a rather ancient Testament. We offer the story for what it is worth; a bit of local color from the Bible Belt.

Lady Wets

FEMININE crusaders for a bone-dry plank in the Democratic platform were not the only ladies at Houston whose chief interest was prohibition. While the temperance workers were holding prayer-meetings and denouncing Governor Smith their opponents were issuing statements or attending sessions of the Committee on Resolutions.

Among the organizations represented was the National Woman's Committ for the Repeal of the Eighteenth Amen ment. A group of Missouri women d clared, through Mrs. Emilie M. Sweene of St. Louis, their chairman, that t Volstead Act "has proven a failure, i duced many to drink to excess, and h increased crime and lawlessness."

It is interesting to recall that seve of the woman leaders at Kansas Ci were also dubious about the efficacy prohibition. Miss Sarah Schuyler Bu ler, daughter of the President of Colu bia University, for example, has pressed her opposition and Mrs. Charl H. Sabin, National Committeewom from New York, was the author of a cent article in The Outlook in which s told of changing her mind on prohibitio Both were among the influential wom leaders at the Republican Convention.

Young Dan Moody, of Texas

RED-HEADED and youthful, Govern Dan Moody, of Texas, was one of t personages at the Democratic Conve tion who aroused great interest. I appearance on the floor or on the pl form inevitably brought applause, for is, probably more than any other Texa Nationally known. As Attorney-Gene of the State he had done valiant bat against the Klan. Two years ago vanquished "Ma" and "Jim" Fergus became Governor of the Lone Star Sta and was a romantic and powerful figu Few young men in public life have fac so great an opportunity.

Visitors to the National Conventi expected to find Houstonians as proud Dan Moody as they are, for instance, their $20,000,000 ship canal. And th were mildly surprised to find that he being criticised on all sides, is accused having become snarled up in petty f tional political fights, and is declared have been found wanting both in det mination and in political good sense. is undoubtedly less of a figure in Te today than when he began his term Governor.

Moody's difficulties, to sum up situation without going into the lo complexities, are due to the fact th officially, Texas had to be hostile towa Smith. Actually, of course, many me bers of the delegation were exceedin friendly to him. Moody, expected bring harmony to the delegation, arous its wrath by openly attacking Smi Not content with this, he became champion of the bone-drys.

His rôles were, naturally enou thankless ones. But he seems to ha made them worse by inability to ma

p his mind regarding his final position. t is now being said of Moody, in Texas, iat he changes his opinions too fre-uently, that he misleads his friends, that e is not a leader.

Born an Indian, Baptized a Catholic

USPICIOUS Ku Kluxers may see the and of Rome not only in the Demo-ratic but in the Republican ticket. It ow turns out that Charles Curtis, Vice-residential candidate on the Republican icket, was baptized by a Jesuit. It was hen he was an infant that he was taken o the Immaculate Conception Catholic hurch at St. Mary's, Kansas. His iother had attended St. Mary's Con-ent. Her mother was the daughter of n Indian chieftain and granddaughter f Pawhuska, chief of the Osage tribe. Vhen he was three years old, his mother aving died, the boy was taken by his randmother, then the wife of a French-anadian trapper. Mr. Hoover's team-iate is thus of Indian ancestry and artly of Indian training, and is still a ember of the Kaw tribe. Though bap-ized as a Catholic, he is now a member f the Methodist Church. It was only few years ago that Mr. Curtis himself arned of his Catholic baptism.

Fertilizer from Air and Water

YNTHETIC nitrogen, according to the oted scientist Dr. F. G. Cottrell, who is n charge of fertilizer and fixed-nitrogen esearch for the United States Depart-ent of Agriculture, is at last reaching a tage where it is able to dominate the amous Chile fertilizer of the desert, set-ing the market price of the product.

Air is the source of synthetic nitrogen, or air contains a major portion of nitro-en. Germany, it will be recalled, ob-ained her war explosives synthetically, hus rendering herself independent of the reviously imported supply. The first ethod employed in the fixation of nitro-en (changing it from a gaseous to a ore tangible, solid form easily available o plants) was operated by means of the lectric arc, but this demanded such an mmense amount of electric power that t was practicable only in Norway, where ower is all but free. Subsequently the lectric-arc process has mainly given way to the so-called "direct synthetic ethod," in which the hydrogen (ob-ained from water) and the nitrogen from the air) are caused to combine hemically by means of a third substance alled a catalyst which remains unal-ered, uniting the gases to form the uch-desired ammonia base for fertiliz-rs merely by its benign presence. To pry the hydrogen atoms of water away from the oxygen atoms still requires power, but the modern process is sufficiently economical to have drawn gradually even with the Chilean production cost.

The latest threat to the natural product now comes from coal, which also contains the nitrogen and hydrogen needed to make fertilizer.

All three materials, Dr. Cottrell points out, are cheap—air, water, coal.

Australia Borrows a Beneficent Pest

WITHOUT a single evil intention, America sent Australia the prickly pear, which has already spread over 60,000,000 acres there, and now she is following up with a palliative in the form of insects that need no training to injure the same pest.

When any animal or plant temporarily escapes from its natural enemies, the balance of nature is upset and a prodigal increase quickly results. We know what resulted, for example, when the gypsy moth, the Japanese beetle, and the cottony cushion scale were introduced, free from enemies, into the United States; they ran rampant. In America the native prickly pear has its quota of natural enemies holding it in check like any established form of life; seventy kinds of insects feed on it. Seven years ago Australia organized a Prickly Pear Board, and its work, starting slowly, has now reached a stage permitting preliminary publication of results thus far realized.

We learn that Australian experts have been in our land for some time, finding out which are the most effective enemies of the pear pest, cultivating those insects, and shipping them in large consignments to the antipodes. There they are acclimatized and liberated, and their spread is rapid when freed, like the pear itself, from their own natural enemies. Most effective is the red spider, which commences the destruction, and the cochineal insect, which pushes it to a point where the spiny plant becomes sickly and ceases to thrive. As a result of this work, it is said that the annual million-acre spread of the prickly pear in Australia has already come to a stop, and there is now every expectation that the lost areas will be reclaimed for agricultural purposes.

When it comes to matters involving science, there are no nations; science is already flagless.

(C) Keystone

A TRIUMPHANT RETURN

The east-to-west flyers, Fitzmaurice, Koehl, and Huenefeld, enter the Brandenburger Gate, Berlin, on their return to Germany

Sinews of War

WHILE the Democratic army was still mobilizing at Houston, Republican headquarters were preparing to get ammunition for the political war that is to be waged during the coming summer and fall. Indeed, before the Democrats had selected their second in command, Dr. Hubert Work, Chairman of the Republican National Committee, announced that it appeared that plenty of money was to be available. The Republican Committee, he said, would not spend as much as in former campaigns, for, he added, "the two candidates we have are real assets, and therefore are worth more

than spending money. He expects to run the campaign "at cost."

When Dr. Work made his announcement about the campaign funds, he was about to go to Brule, Wisconsin, to deliver to President Coolidge his resignation as Secretary of the Interior.

Alabama Ends Convict Leasing

ALABAMA has finally put an end to her convict lease system. The last of the convicts to work in mines and lumber camps have been taken over by the State. They will be assigned to road work under State supervision. The credit for the final abolition of the system of convict leasing belongs to Governor Graves.

Although the lash is still permissible under Alabama law, it may be applied only in such emergencies as a mutiny. There is no record of its use during the past year. Under the present administration of the convict system of Alabama, men and women are now entirely segregated and youthful offenders kept apart from habitual and incorrigible criminals. Governor Graves has also taken a strong stand against the abuse of executive clemency, a practice which brought forth serious criticism under the previous administration.

Dry, but Not Very

BY a narrow margin (about four out of a hundred) the voters of North Dakota have rejected the proposed repeal of the prohibition provision in the State Constitution.

Of the three Congressional districts in the State, however, two seem to have been carried for repeal.

Prohibition in North Dakota antedates by about thirty years the National Prohibition Amendment; but there has always been a large element, especially in the towns and among voters of Scandinavian or German origin, opposed to the bone-dry policy.

In the same election the Senatorial candidate of the Non-Partisan League, once all-powerful in the State, won the Republican nomination, but its gubernatorial candidate was defeated.

Poincaré Wins Again

THE scheme to fix the value of the French franc at 65.5 milligrammes of gold—a little less than four cents—secured overwhelming support in both chambers of Parliament and has become a law signed by the President. Thus Premier Poincaré has won the crucial political battle of his continuation in power at the last French elections. And he has followed it up by obtaining two votes of confidence of 460 to 120 and 455 to 126.

This result is expected to give the present Government at least half a year of comparative political peace in which to work out its financial program. That so strong a Ministry can be sure of only so brief a period of security emphasizes the immense contrast between the European system, under which a hostile Parliament can upset a Government at any time, and the American system, under which—whatever the mood of Congress—the Executive and his Cabinet have at least four sure years in which to show what they can do.

A Common Language for Motorists

TRAFFIC signals for automobiles are now a veritable Babel. What they mean in one city or county may be quite different in another. Any one who drives an automobile beyond the limits of his own home town is likely to encounter signals which are virtually a foreign language. Does a red light ahead of you mean that you can take a right turn? There is no way of knowing unless you know the local automobile language.

Massachusetts, we learn from an editorial in the New York "Herald Tribune," has adopted a motorists' signal language which is now State-wide. The lights in one Massachusetts town or city have now exactly the same meaning to the drivers of automobiles as the lights in every other town or city of the Commonwealth.

Other States can as easily as Massachusetts put an end to this confusion, not of tongues, but of signs. And while they are about it they might as well all adopt the same sign language.

A Healthy Treasury

OVER nine-tenths of a billion dollars went during the last fiscal year to the reduction of the National debt. When the year began, the gross debt of the United States was $18,511,000,000. When the year ended on June 30, the debt was $17,604,000,000.

Such a reduction means, of course, a reduction in interest, and to that extent a reduction in the cost of government. In addition, interest was reduced by lowering the rate. At the close of the fiscal year of 1921 that rate was 3.96 per cent and the total interest payments amounted to $787,000,000. At the close of the fiscal year of 1928 the rate was 3.87 per cent and the total interest payments were $732,000,000. During this fiscal year the Treasury retired and refunded the Second Liberty Loan Bonds to an amount of over a billion dollars, leaving by June 3 only $33,000,000 these bonds to be retired; and by Ju 30 this year had reduced the Third Li erty Loan Bonds outstanding by near a billion dollars.

The surplus at the end of this fisc year is $398,000,000. Last October t Treasury estimate of what the surpl would be was $405,000,000. The actu surplus was therefore within 1.75 p cent of the estimate. The receip through taxes even more closely appro mated the estimate of those receip These receipts were only 1.2 per ce less than the estimate. The collectio of the income taxes exceeded the es mates by less than a half of one per ce

Ambulance Chasers

SHYSTER lawyers who follow up ac dents to get a large share of any con quent payment for damages have be under fire by members of the New Yo bar. In most, if not all, cases the law charges a contingent fee. That is, takes a certain percentage of what awarded to his "client" as his own em ument.

As the result of a petition to the A pellate Division of the New York St Supreme Court there has been an inv tigation into the practices of these "a bulance chasers" under Supreme Co Justice Wasservogel. Three emin New York lawyers appeared before h recently and gave their views as to re dies for the evil. Other lawyers will g their testimony and views later. T first three were William D. Guthrie, f mer President of the Bar Associati Henry W. Taft, Chairman of the Jo Committee of Lawyers Associations Bronx and New York Counties; Charles H. Tuttle, United States At ney.

Mr. Taft and Mr. Guthrie were in cord in their views on remedial meth Among the suggestions made wa change in the method of determining in negligence cases. Mr. Taft and Guthrie agreed that that ought to be der examination of the court altho not fixed by the court. Already, testimony shows, the investigation h has reduced the number of negli cases. Mr. Guthrie and Mr. Taft ag that perjury should be made a mi meanor, so that it could be handled v out reference to juries, which often th out perjury cases.

These two also agreed that, in words of Mr. Guthrie, "a way shoul found to weed from the profession now in it who never should have admitted, as well as keep from it ma the undesirables who each year pr

(C) Keystone

GOLD CUP DAY AT ASCOT, ENGLAND

The parade of horses prior to the Gold Cup Race

hemselves for admission." There are a ood many lawyers turned out in New ork who are inadequately trained. Indeed, the College of the City of New ork has discovered that some of its law iplomas have been forged and sold. In onsequence, there have been three indictments for forgery. Mr. Tuttle disgreed with Mr. Taft and Mr. Guthrie oncerning perjury, but added that there ught to be a distinction made between alse swearing in court and other false ffirmations. He said the Government heapens the crime of false swearing hen they require you to swear to everyhing whether it be a license or whatot." He also protested against requirg college preparation for the study of he profession of the law, saying that uch a requirement would be undemoratic. Instead, he would submit candiates for admission to the bar to a period f probation.

olonel Stewart Again

OLONEL ROBERT W. STEWART, Chairan of the Standard Oil Company of ndiana, is in trouble again. Soon after eing declared not guilty on the charge f contempt of the Senate, he has been ndicted again on a charge of perjury. he present charge is based upon the act that he stated that he had no knowldge that would lead him to believe that ny organization or individual had reeived any part of the profits of the Coninental Trading Company. He later old the Senate Committee that he had eceived over three-quarters of a million rom the Continental Trading Company, hich he had turned over to a trust fund for the benefit of his stockholders. Colonel Stewart's attorney called the present charges "a vindictive attempt" to overcome the fact of his last acquittal.

Meanwhile John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has announced that the Rockefeller interests have not disposed of their holdings in the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, and that he is still decidedly opposed to Colonel Stewart's retention of the Chairmanship of the Board of Directors of that concern. The Rockefeller interests and philanthropies control about fifteen per cent of the stock of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana. Mr. Rockefeller states that he has had no reply to his letters to Colonel Stewart calling for his resignation.

An Expert

OFFICERS at Police Headquarters in New York City and at two police stations were told by telephone that a dangerous gang of bandits were holding a meeting in Fifty-first Street. Forty or fifty policemen dashed through the streets in automobiles to the rendezvous. There they found some inoffensive people in a boarding-house. When they returned to their quarters, they found, to their chagrin, that an Italian confirmation party in a restaurant in the district temporarily denuded of police had been held up and robbed.

Perhaps remembering that in another hold-up the sought-for gang had steered the fleeing crowd so that four innocent taxi drivers were mistaken for thugs and two of them killed by police bullets, one of the police officers remarked: "There's a cop behind that somewhere. The man who put that over on us knows plenty about police methods."

Next appeared at one of the police stations a taxi driver to report the theft of his car. After questioning, the taxi driver acknowledged that a band of robbers had appropriated his car to escape from the hold-up of a dice game. The police found the car, but still were mystified.

Then the gang quarreled over the division of the loot, and the story came out.

When the man whom the police believed to be the head of the gang was captured, he told the police that they couldn't search his room without a warrant. "How do you know so much?" he was asked. And he answered, "I used to be a cop myself."

Perhaps not very significant, this incident, but a picture of modern methods of lawlessness.

Church and State in England

IF the English people were logical, disestablishment of the English Church or a great exodus from the English Church to Rome would now be on its way. But the English people are not logical. When confronted with a choice between logical alternatives, they have a habit of taking neither. The action of Parliament in again rejecting the revised Prayer-Book presents them with just such a choice.

The struggle has been over the question of permitting—though only for the use of the sick—the reservation of the Sacrament. To the Protestant mind this partakes of the nature of idolatry. It raises a question of the character of the

English Church which once caused the spilling of much English blood.

In England Church and State are intertwined. Bishops, the Lords Spiritual, have at least a nominal part in the government of the nation. The nation through its Parliament exercises authority in the government of the Church. Every Englishman, whatever his creed may be, may claim his share in the cathedrals of the English Church by virtue of being an Englishman. Members of the dissenting denominations have the same voice in the ultimate rule of the Church of England as the communicants of that Church have, and they are about equal in number.

In order to allay the dissatisfaction of Anglo-Catholics, and in order to reduce the lawless practices in liturgy common in Anglo-Catholic parishes by making the law more nearly to conform to those practices, the ecclesiastical authorities submitted to Parliament certain modifications in the Prayer-Book, and were overruled by Parliament last December. They have tried again, and again they have been overruled—this time by a larger majority. To the accompaniment of prayers on both sides in Westminster Abbey and, it is said, wagers in London clubs, Parliament refused to authorize the reservation of the Sacrament for any purpose. Dean Inge, in the "Yale Review" for July, anticipating Parliament's decision, predicts that the Church of England will "continue to hold together."

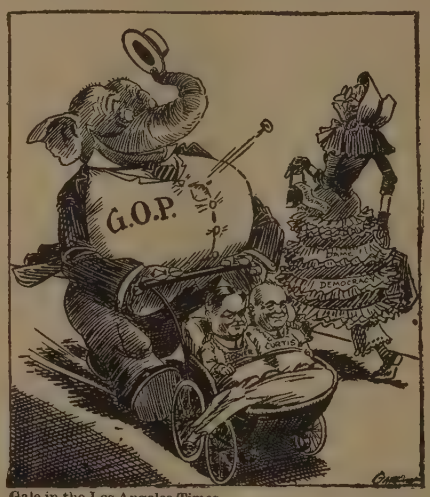
Enforcement de Luxe

WHAT the attorney of twelve New York night clubs called "the most brilliantly executed raid ever made" took place in the early morning of the last Friday in June. Men who had become recognized as retired colonels, brokers, cattlemen, and other gentlemen of means, one of them supposed to be a count, another of them a member of the order of the Mystic Shrine, became suddenly metamorphosed into prohibition enforcement agents and arrested proprietors and waiters. Assisting these men were women. The attorney for the night clubs was emphatic in stating that the money these masquerading agents spent for liquor did not go to his clients. The liquor, he said, must have been bought from outsiders.

Habitués and proprietors alike ascribed the raid to "politics." They pointed out that it came on the heels of the news from Houston that Governor Smith had been nominated. But Major Maurice Campbell, Prohibition Administrator in New York, denied that there was any politics in it. He said that it had followed months of investigation. The authorities seem to be in a dilemma. If they do not succeed in enforcing prohibition, they are faced with the argument that prohibition conduces to lawbreaking. If they attempt enforcement, they are told that their action is political. Dr. Doran, Prohibition Commissioner, has declared that this raid is the beginning of a campaign which will be continued.

It's Over

FOUR hundred and sixty hours of dancing is called too much of a good thing by the Health Commissioner of New York City. The dance Marathon in Madison Square Garden which nine couples actively, or rather, inactively, maintained for so many hours has been closed by Commissioner Harris as a menace to public life and health. The $5,000 prize



Gale in the Los Angeles Times

Father's Day!

belonging to the winner is to be split between the nine remaining couples. They will get, therefore, about 60 cents an hour for their labors.

The Health Commissioner took drastic action because of the illness of one of the contestants who was forced to drop out. His physician reported this dancer to be delirious and suffering from an internal hemorrhage.

Three at a Time

THREE great ocean yacht races in almost simultaneous progress constitute a record and an indication of the tremendous increase in yachting throughout the United States.

Just after the Harvard-Yale boat races at New London, a large fleet of cruising yachts set sail from that port to Bermuda. While these yachts were straggling over the finishing line, four small schooners were starting from New York to race to Spain. Later a class for larger boats will start from the same port for the same destination. The smaller schooners are racing for a cup given in the name of the Queen of Spain, the larger yachts for one given by the King.

At the same time on the west coast a mixed fleet was *en route* for Honolulu. In this fleet there was one large sloop—a rig which has not often been thought suitable for ocean racing—and this vessel, the Talayha, was the first to reach the islands. She was beaten by the yawl Terva on corrected time.

Such races as these three are not the type to appeal to rocking-chair yachtsmen. They are a wholesome indication that the spirit of the old clipper days is still alive.

Ten Years After War

"THE economic recovery from the World War is a more surprising fact than the World War itself, and in many ways a more important one."

Thus Professor James T. Shotwell, of the Carnegie Endowment for World Peace, sums up his researches into the economic effects of the war in Europe and this country.

"The results of the economic survey which the Carnegie Endowment has been making in the different European countries indicate a degree of recovery which shows that modern society is capable of standing economic destruction far beyond what any one had thought possible in 1914 or even in 1919. Europe had naturally suffered enormous losses, and yet in spite of all the destruction of property the standard of living of the working class is higher now in most European countries than it was in 1914.

"This does not mean that all classes have been able to hold their own, but the working class has definitely improved its wage standard and conditions of living. This improvement is not caused by the war, but has happened in spite of the war. All of which shows that there are forces at work in modern industry which are revolutionizing the basis of living.

"The causes for the improvement lie in improved business methods, in scientific management, mass production, and an increased technical skill. All of this has taken place with very little regard to politics and much of it in spite of the most reactionary and uneconomical political programs. The question whether it will continue or how much it may be counted upon is one which any historian would be very slow to answer, in view of the mistakes which have been made in

From the Evening Standard (London)

Thank goodness we've some one else's circus to look at for a change

previous guesses as to the capacity of ıropean civilization, but Mr. Gilbert's timistic report of Germany's capacity pay shows that the world is still upon e upward course."

The economic argument against war, erefore, ceases to be valid. The irrepable loss is eight-million-odd dead solers.

he Arctic Swallows One More

HE Commander of the Italian airship ght, General Nobile, still remains the ly member to be rescued from the prerious ice floes. No word has been ard of Amundsen, and in addition anher pilot searching for the lost crew of e Italia has disappeared. This plane as flown by the Russian Babuskin. abuskin took off from the ice-breaker alygin and for twenty minutes was in reless communication with that ship, en his signals ended, and he has not en heard from since.

heft and Propaganda

FTER the Leviathan landed at Southmpton, England, on its last trip eastard last month, it was discovered that me registered mail in the sacks she had rried had been stolen. Reports had that the stealing had taken place oard ship. The value of the stolen ail, it was said, amounted to half a illion dollars.

Now the Leviathan has returned, and r captain and officers are indignant at e stories. It is not denied that mail as stolen; but it is emphatically denied at the amount stolen is known and that ere is any evidence that the theft took ace aboard ship. There is no means of owing the amount, postal inspectors id, until reports come from those who ve not received what they were looking for. The hold in which the mail was kept was covered by a hatch which could be lifted only by a winch and was guarded by armed men. The sacks were checked off when put in and taken out. The theft might have taken place in Southampton or on the English mail train. Some of the seals on the sacks were later discovered to be counterfeit, and would probably have been discovered in New York if the theft had taken place before the mail was put aboard. A Scotland Yard detective is reported to have said that he could not see how the robbery could have been committed aboard ship. So the mystery remains a mystery.

Meantime the Leviathan's captain, Commodore Cunningham, and other officers believe that the stories published in England and sent out by English correspondents are part of the propaganda against the American merchant marine.

Calling Cards for Immigrants

AMERICAN feeling, by tradition and training, is against systems of registration and identification. They smack of European police spy systems, which are contrary to the more care-free and independent ways of pioneer-bred people. So the new plan of the Department of Labor for identification cards for immigrants arouses at first a sentiment of dislike. Further thought shows little rational ground for objection to it.

The cards, to be issued by consuls at ports of departure and countersigned upon arrival, will show photographs of the bearers, their names, countries of origin, and dates of arrival. They are to be used by foreigners when seeking permits to leave the country or when applying for naturalization. They will dispose of the necessity for other proof of legal entry into the United States. Also, obviously, they "will greatly simplify the work of immigration officers charged with the duty of investigating and apprehending aliens unlawfully in the United States liable to deportation."

To honest immigrants with clear records and no concealed purposes such cards offer evident advantages. Since the ruling which requires their use is not retroactive, those already in the country are not affected. So long as the system is not used as an instrument of prejudice against foreigners, it has many reasons of practical efficiency to recommend it.

Windows on the World

By Malcolm W. Davis

EUROPE feels slightly acquainted with the personality of "Al" Smith by proxy—through the visit made last year to its capitals by his friend, "Jimmy" Walker, Mayor of New York. And the press comment on his nomination for President by the Democratic Party has shown cordial interest in him. British editors consider him a symbol of the rise of the great town populations and their possible ascendency in political power over the voters scattered through the country. French writers call him an embodiment of the spirit of American liberalism and would interpret his election as a revival of that spirit in American life. Observers in other countries regard him as a spokesman of the newer elements in the citizenship of the United States—heretofore unrepresented in the White House. All of them evidently feel uncertain of his international policies, and at the same time see in him a leader of "the common people" as contrasted with "big business," of which they think Hoover a typical representative. Of course, Irish journalists are jubilant and take Governor Smith's election for granted; they would recognize the open elevation of an Irish-American to the peak of political influence simply as a public expression of a long-established, natural, practical fact.

ALL THE FURY of war hatreds flashed out afresh over the dedication of the Louvain University Library in Belgium, destroyed during the German invasion

and rebuilt with American gifts. Whitney Warren, the architect, planned to erect a balustrade for the façade bearing a Latin inscription: "Destroyed by German fury, restored by American love." Mgr. Ladeuze, Rector of the University, objected, on the ground that this would perpetuate undesirable sentiments in an institution receiving many German students.

Herbert Hoover, as Chairman of the Commission for Relief in Belgium, whose Educational Foundation gave the larger share of the funds for the library, cabled over a month ago to the University authorities that the University owned the building, and urged them to settle the controversy in a way to "eliminate war bitterness." The Vatican also was reported to approve the stand of Mgr. Ladeuze. Mr. Warren, however, insisted on his plan.

Without informing the architect, the Rector ordered a substitute balustrade without an inscription. Opinion in Belgium divided into two camps, the majority favoring Mr. Warren. A crowd, composed mostly of students, broke through the police lines when the uninscribed balustrade was being put in place, and smashed the pillars to pieces. Royal sanction was given, however, for the action of Mgr. Ladeuze; and, although the King did not attend the dedication, Prince Leopold gave it official character by his presence. New wooden pillars were rushed into place and coated with plaster for the ceremonies on July 4—from which Mr. Warren absented himself in Paris.

A thoroughly "human" affair that can leave no one happy. But the rebuilt library itself, long outliving the quarrel, will speak with sufficient eloquence for the spirit which prompted its erection.

COMMUNIST ACTIVITY here and there around the world gains results from time to time that indicate the effects of the propaganda carried on by this one political organization operating consistently on international lines.

In Sweden the Social Democrats have agreed to make common cause with the Communists in this summer's election campaign for seats in the national Parliament. The Social Democrats already hold 105 seats, and a gain of seven more would give them the advantage over the moderate parties—the Agrarians, Conservatives, and Liberals. A Social Democratic working majority established in coalition with the Communists would be likely to have a far-reaching influence on national policies.

At the opposite extreme of the world, in Argentina, the Socialists lately made a similar declaration of unity with the Communists. There the Socialists are a small minority party, and their leaders said that they had lost faith in the achievement of their aims by the constitutional parliamentary methods they have heretofore followed.

Michael Borodin, the Soviet agent who for months exerted Russian Communist influence among the Nationalists of China—now the rulers of the eighteen provinces within the Great Wall—has been reported back from Moscow in Mongolia for another go at the capitalist Powers in the Far East.

These are alarms and rumors which it is interesting to note and check by later events—or the absence of them.

Wide World

IN MEMORY OF A COMPOSER OF A PAST CENTURY

An open-air concert of Schubert's music in front of the City Hall in Vienna during the celebration of the centenary of the great composer's death

GENERAL ALVARO OBREGON has set up a precedent of importance by securing re-election as President of Mexico. In the campaign just closed he finally stood as the sole candidate. The main issue had been the question of election of a former President for a second term. The Constitution of 1917 originally forbade it, but an amendment removed that obstacle. President Calles, Obregon's friend, former ally, and successor in office, favored the return of his colleague. And the two chief opponents, Generals Gomez and Serrano, who headed anti-re-electionist movements, were executed on charges of conspiracy when the Government crushed the last serious armed uprising against it.

Obregon will be sworn into office on December 1 for a lengthened period of six years, instead of the four that the Constitution previously provided. An already it is rumored that, when his ne term ends, Calles—if still available—wi in turn follow him.

Mexican laws make it impossible for President to succeed himself, but tw such interchangeable personalities offer convenient method of achieving virtuall the same result.

Obregon has declared against th liquor traffic and gambling, saying "Reaction is our principal enemy, an alcohol is its most formidable ally."

He advocates freedom of religion an worship, requiring at the same time tha all churches—including the Roma Catholic—submit themselves to the law of the state. Advance reports have ha it that he is favorably disposed to an ad justment of the controversy between th Government and the Catholic clergy.

He proposes to continue the progra inaugurated by President Calles to pro mote the economic development of Mex ico, including irrigation and good roads and desires to establish a merchant ma rine.

On good terms with Ambassador Mor row, he is friendly to foreign capita coming "to co-operate and not with con quest in view." And he would like t have immigration from Mexico to th United States unrestricted.

His powers and political influence a the Chief Executive will be increased b a recent constitutional amendment pro viding that judges shall be appointed b the President instead of being elected.

As a way of securing continuity o policy, the present Mexican system is— temporarily at least—unique.

Do the Issues Burn?

THE two major candidates for the Presidency stand at the moment on platforms of equal unimportance. They are what platforms have been in the past and, likely, what they will be in the future. All the so-called s are there. Some throw off as much heat as the fire in a e setting. Some glow. Do any of them burn?

is some time since issues have burned in American poli- Certainly the Republican landslide in 1920 was not ght about by any such issue. The truth is almost any ublican could have been elected on the Republican ticket hat campaign. In that year we voted against—against sugar rationing, heatless days, slaughtered youth, against ything. The Democrats merely happened to be the in- ble target.

was in that year that issues ceased to burn. We had had t years of Roosevelt, four years of war, eight years of Wil- They were hard taskmasters. They burned up the most nt crusaders. We were tired, confused, irritated. We ted to be left alone. Mr. Coolidge was fashioned by idence for the office to which he was called by the death resident Harding. Mr. Coolidge has been a most success- ire-extinguisher.

re issues beginning to burn again? If so, which candidate e better equipped to keep the fires going?

Ir. Hoover was dealt with two weeks ago in this place. The look regards him as a brilliant unknown; that is, it recog- s his qualities as a humanitarian, and as an organizer and utive in non-political positions. It believes that his long rience abroad is extraordinary preparation for a man would be President. It does not, however, know his atti- toward major problems of American life. It does not w whether he can command and be obeyed and followed. re is a vast difference between political and industrial ership; and Mr. Hoover has on occasions shown dislike the rough give and take of politics.

has been said of Governor Smith that he is not Nationally ded; that he is so little experienced in that larger field that loes not know intimately one National figure to serve as y chairman. He will have to furnish proof on this point. he meantime it would seem that four terms as Governor he first State of the Union should be reasonably adequate paration for the high office in Washington. The art of rnment, said Cleveland, is merely applied common sense. ernor Smith has shown an uncommon amount of that lity.

nquestionably he is a leader. Here friends and foes can e. He was a leader as long ago as 1915, when Elihu Root other prominent Republicans were agreeing that Smith w more about the State's business than any man in the stitutional Convention. He has executive ability, though different kind from that of Mr. Hoover, and beyond that a great gift for popularizing his causes, rousing his constituents, and, thus fortified, making his views prevail over hostile legislative majorities.

In his own bailiwick there is a large body of citizens of varying political beliefs who are satisfied as to his honesty, his courage, his fine scorn of hokum, his essential conservatism, even as to his independence of Tammany Hall, except as a sentimental attachment. He would be less the man if he disowned old friends, say these admirers; but to believe that old friends control him is to believe the reverse of the truth.

What Governor Smith has to do, then, is to implant across the borders of New York a similar conviction of his candidacy and his personality. He has already spoken his mind about prohibition. The Outlook cannot credit him with entire frankness until he publicly declares for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment; but his espousal of fundamental changes in the present provisions for National prohibition is brave, honest, and, perhaps, sufficiently explicit for the moment.

Beyond this important declaration, Governor Smith must assure the country at large that, if elected, there will be no strings between Fourteenth Street and Pennsylvania Avenue. It will not be easy. There are abominably corrupt machines in Indiana, Illinois, and Pennsylvania, but Tammany, not without reason, is the symbol for them all.

Obviously, too, he must impress the voters with his ability to deal soundly with many issues, National and international. He must not only persuade the voters that he understands them but that his policies about them are right. From the West will come the call for enlightenment on the Governor's policy for agriculture. From the West too, as well as other parts of the country, will come the demand for a clear-sighted policy on giant power. And beyond the borders of the United States there are problems concerning which the country will wish to know Governor Smith's mind. The problems of the President do not stop with the territorial limits of the United States. Does he, for example, agree with the plank of his party which calls for immediate independence of the Philippines? What he and his party decide on that subject may affect the destiny of the world. It certainly may change the whole face of the Far East. What policies will he have on those relations of this country that have to do ultimately with war and peace and immediately with all the complications of international commerce?

There is a time to lie fallow and a time to be up and doing, and man cannot order the course of nature. If issues are beginning again to burn, Governor Smith is of the temperament to fan the flames. But, in all friendliness, those whose suffrages he asks may without prejudice rightly ask these questions. And upon his answers independent voters will decide whether this natural leader will lead them in the direction in which they wish to go.

Harmony—and a Man of Courage

By HENRY F. PRINGLE

THERE had been unlimited oratory during the humid sessions of the Democratic National Convention at Houston; but very little courage. The dove of peace, a bird unseen for years at gatherings of Democracy, had hovered against the high, arched ceiling of Sam Houston Hall; and a Democratic Party hopeful that victory might come again, after eight lean years of famine, was determined that nothing should be said and nothing written which would offend any one. The nomination of Alfred E. Smith, of New York, a professed advocate of Volstead modification, had been accomplished on a platform exactly as dry as that adopted by the G. O. P. at Kansas City—and exactly as sincere. To run with Smith the Democrats picked Joe Robinson, of Arkansas, minority leader of the Senate, a middle-of-the-road harmonizer and a dry. Politically, he might be the twin brother of Senator Curtis, of Kansas, the Republican Vice-Presidential candidate.

But at 1:40 o'clock on the afternoon of Friday, June 29, courage, in the shape of a message from Al Smith, had its brief moment on the stage. The Convention was virtually over. The galleries had long been deserted by spectators and half of the delegates and the alternates had left the hall to pack their grips and hurry for homeward-bound trains. For two hours the press seats had been buzzing with rumors regarding a telegram from the Governor of New York. Would Smith announce, as Hoover had done, that he would stand upon the platform? Would he assume the leadership of his party, face the issue and repeat his earlier declaration that he had in no way changed his mind regarding prohibition? Or had expediency once more whispered that it was wisest to say nothing at all? Then Pat Harrison, United States Senator from Mississippi, who was presiding, announced that a telegram had been received from the Presidential nominee. The first few paragraphs expressed Smith's appreciation of the honor which had come to him: "With a deep sense of responsibility and a fervent prayer for the guidance of Divine Providence, I accept the call." Next, Smith denied the Republican claim that it enjoyed a monopoly in the preservation of prosperity. Finally—and in the dull, emotionless voice of the presiding officer the message seemed quite without drama or significance—Smith declared:

> The equal and even enforcement of the law is the corner-stone upon which rests the whole structure of democratic government. If it is the will of the people of this Nation that I am to take an oath as President of the United States to protect and defend our Constitution and laws, I will execute that oath to the limit of my ability without reservation or evasion. It is well known that I believe there should be fundamental changes in the present provisions for National prohibition, based, as I stated in my Jackson Day letter, on the fearless application to the problem of the principles of Jeffersonian Democracy.
>
> While I fully appreciate that these changes can only be made by the people themselves through their elected legislative representatives, I feel it to be the duty of the chosen leader of the people to point the way which, in his opinion, leads to a sane, sensible solution of a condition which, I am convinced, is entirely unsatisfactory to the great mass of our people. Common honesty compels me to admit that corruption of law enforcement officials, bootlegging, and lawlessness are now prevalent throughout the country. I am satisfied that without returning to the old evils that grew from the saloon, which years ago I held, and still hold, was and ought always to be a defunct institution in this country, by the application of the Democratic principles of local self-government and States' rights, we can secure real temperance, respect for law, and eradication of existing evils.

LATER that afternoon delegates hurrying toward the Southern Pacific or the Union stations in Houston, gasped when they saw extras proclaiming that "Al Smith Will Carry Wet Fight to Voters." Having left the hall prior to the adjournment of the Convention, many had missed its most significant moment. Beside the statement of Al Smith, read to an emptying hall as the Convention died, the long, eloquent, and somewhat bombastic keynote address of Claude Bowers pales to insignificance. During the months that are to come the nominating address made by Franklin D. Roosevelt, as stirring and dramati any I have ever heard, will be lar forgotten. Already, even as the tr puff out with their cargoes of tired gates, the lesser orators have faded f memory. But from now until Noven men will argue, storm, and debate the message sent from Albany early the morning of June 29 and read wi a few minutes of the final adjournm Contributions will pour in flood strea no doubt, into the coffers of the A Saloon League, and the elderly, talka determined ladies who have been hol prayer-meetings in Houston during Convention will ask the Lord, fro thousand small white churches, to de this man who had the courage to what he thought. Artistically, one grets that Smith was not himself pre at Houston. Could he have deliv that message in person the picture well as the incident, would have been to live in political history with the so many years ago when a young from the prairies of Nebraska dema that mankind must not be crucified cross of gold.

I do not mean in thus emphasizing message from Smith that the Democ Convention of 1928 was not withou moments of high drama. The De crats, it has been said, invariably s a better show than do the Republica largely because they get so much excited. Ordinarily, there is, at the l a fight just beneath the surface. time, since the disputes were largely ited to hotel lobbies, there was an ment of drama in the contrast with ventions of other years. One could forget, as he looked down from abov Democracy assembled for one harm ous purpose, the setting of four years at the Madison Square Garden in York. Particularly, one could not f that night when white-faced young trolmen circulated through the aisl the debate on the Klan plank rag men accustomed to riots and kno that here were men aroused by reli zeal and primitive in their barely pressed violence. But now the Ku Klan is dead, or nearly so, in the S And the men who four years ago denouncing the Catholic from New sat placidly beside their standard hurried to the speaker's stand to se the nomination of Al Smith. All

neat at Houston was provided by the weather. And that, one might add, was plenty.

By now the picture of Sam Houston Hall must be familiar to every one in the country. The newspaper correspondents, to the delight of Houstonians, have sent thousands upon thousands of words describing its high ceiling, its walls banked with smilax, its vast floor space where the delegates, the alternates, and the spectators stretched out, row upon row, like the audience at some great Billy Sunday revival. More than sixteen thousand people were gathered there for each of the sessions, a huge, remote, restless, perspiring crowd which could see very little of what was going on and could hear only by grace of the clusters of loud speakers which hung from the ceiling. A Convention of this size, obviously, cannot possibly be spontaneous. A delegate, attempting to speak from the floor, was a still, small voice in a wilderness of humanity. Even Bryan, whose glorious tones could sweep farther and deeper than those of probably any man alive today, must have been silent on that floor. The only way that a speaker could make himself heard was to arrange, in advance, with the Chairman, and then make his way to the platform where the microphones were located. A modern National convention is arranged for the radio audience, and the fine old bawdy days when insults could be hurled from the floor, like pop bottles at a ball game, have passed forever

The Convention began stupidly enough. Clem Shaver, old and hardly impressive, the Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, started to pound with his gavel shortly after noon on Tuesday, June 26. But few paid the slightest attention and the deep murmur of thousands of people absorbed in their own conversation subsided only when a clergyman was introduced to offer a prayer for Democracy assembled. There was a light stir of interest when a slender girl in pink, wearing a large picture hat, stepped up to sing "The Star-Spangled Banner." There was a burst of applause when she finished and the usual frantic cheering, in which Northerners invariably join with particular fervor, when she sang "Dixie." But the dull formalities of reading the call for the Convention and the temporary roll attracted no attention. Instead, the delegates watched the photographers, perched in crow's-nest structures around the hall, or blinked in the glare of the arc lights which challenged the sun flooding in through the open walls of the structure. Nothing, the audience knew, was to happen on the first morning. The keynote speech, it had been announced, would be given in the evening—so that additional thousands of radio listeners could hear it.

The Convention really began with the first evening session, and Houston society made the most of it. Grouped in the boxes were the social arbiters of Houston; stout ladies who looked very warm indeed but eagerly fascinated by the spectacle of political history in the making. There, too, were the town's feminine beauty; lovely Southern girls wearing clothes they had bought in Paris or New York, or possibly Chicago, dimpling at their escorts, seeking a glimpse of the celebrities and proclaiming it all "just too fascinating!" They were laughingly anxious for a glimpse of the dashing Mayor Walker, of New York, a member of the New York delegation. They were anxious, too, to see Mrs. Alfred E. Smith, seated in one of the boxes and seemingly a little bored by the number of society matrons who kept hurrying up to do her honor. Interest in the session ran high because Claude Bowers was to speak—Bowers, the editorial writer who had startled the newspaper and political worlds by becoming an orator at the Jackson Day dinner the previous January. Escorted to the platform soon after eight o'clock, Mr. Bowers, in a stiff collar and a gray suit, was slight and insignificant beside some of the stout politicians who were on the platform with him. But after the first few minutes, during which he appeared somewhat nervous, he swiftly demonstrated that his abilities as a spellbinder had not been exaggerated.

It was a good, old-fashioned, fervent political speech; the sort once made in the flare of torch-lights on a wooden platform in the town square. The American Democracy has "mobilized today to wage a war of extermination against privilege and pillage."

> We prime our guns against autocracy and bureaucracy. We march against that centralization which threatens the liberties of the people. We fight for the Republic of the fathers, and for the recovery of the covenant from the keeping of a caste and class. We battle for the honor of the Nation, besmirched and bedraggled by the most brazen and shameless carnival of corruption that ever blackened the reputation of a decent and self-respecting people. . . . We stand for the spirit of the Preamble of the Declaration that is made a mockery; for the Bill of Rights that is ignored; for the social and economic justice which is refused; for the sovereign rights of our States that are denied; and for a return to the old-fashioned civic integrity of a Jackson, a Tilden, a Cleveland, and a Wilson. We stand for the restoration of the Government to the people who built it by their bravery and cemented it with their blood.

It was exactly the sort of thing that a convention audience loved. They lost interest, a little, when Mr. Bowers paused in his denunciations of the G. O. P. to attribute to Alexander Hamilton most of the sins that beset the Republican Party and to Thomas Jefferson most of the virtues of a militant Democracy. But they cheered again when he said that the "brilliant record of our eight years of power is as a splotch of glorious sunshine against the smutty background of eight years of privilege and crime." They stamped their approval of his tributes to Woodrow Wilson. They yelled with delight when he told of "the Black Horse Cavalry of privilege and plunder" which had "cantered down Pennsylvania Avenue, up and down from one end to the other." So with "The cries of millions for relief cannot be heard, but the dulcet whisper of the pig-iron industry is enough to bring a fifty per cent increase in its loot." And when Mr. Bowers screamed, "We demand that the hand of privilege shall be taken out of the farmer's pocket and off the farmer's throat" it was more than the agrarian delegates could stand. The arc lights gleamed and the standard of North Dakota swayed in the air. Texas lifted her "Lone Star" flag, and a parade was on. It lasted for fifteen or twenty minutes, while Mr. Bowers mopped his face and permitted a Kansas delegate to clamber up on the dais and pin a sunflower to his coat.

Pillage and privilege, plunder and corruption—the phrases rang through the keynote address again and again and again, until they became, to this auditor, just a little tiresome. One gathered that Mr. Bowers's address had been carefully scrutinized by a National Committee aware that nothing must be said to indorse the candidacy of Smith and nothing, at any cost, regarding prohibition. The keynote of Democracy was to be its own perfection and the perfidy of the G. O. P. It was to have been the keynote of the coming campaign—until a message from the nominee made it no longer possible to dodge the issue uppermost in the mind of every one present. The peroration of the keynote address was, at least, inspiring:

> We shall win because our cause is just. The predatory forces before us seek a triumph for the sake of the

sacking. Their shock troops are the Black Horse Cavalry whose hoof-beats have made hideous music on Pennsylvania Avenue during the last eight years. They are led by money-mad cynics and scoffers—and we go forth to battle for the cause of man. In the presence of such a foe "he who dallies is a dastard and he who doubts is damned." In this connection we close debate and grasp the sword. The time has come. The battle hour has struck. Then to your tents, O Israel!

Partly hokum, of course. But the reference to the woes of the children of Israel, which Mr. Bowers indicated, but did not set forth, is not as forced as the Republican Party might desire. I commend to the G. O. P. II Chronicles x. 1–16.

ONLY a small part of a National Convention goes on in the hall, of course. The sessions, much as they may drag, consume only a fraction of the time. At Houston the nomination of Al Smith was virtually assured before the delegates had arrived. In this the Convention was closely similar to the gathering at Kansas City. Most of the really important work was carried on at the meetings of the Committee on Resolutions, which drafted a platform silent on the subject of prohibition, eloquent on G. O. P. villainies, and estimable only in comparison with that of the Republican Party. The 1928 Convention was, however, unique in many ways. The faithful of Tammany Hall, for instance, wore a subdued air. No brown derbies were in evidence. The Smith people brought not a single band to Houston and only engaged a small orchestra to play in the official headquarters at their hotel. George Olvany, Dan Ryan, Jim Foley, and the rest of the bosses had very little to say and the lesser leaders said nothing at all. The rank and file of Tammany Hall, who normally sweep into a convention city with bands playing and flags waving and with incredible appetites for beer, seemed to be absent entirely. They were, at least, nowhere in evidence and Tammany Hall was very much on its good behavior. There was a good deal of drinking at Houston. But, although it was New York's day and although New York had cause for delirious joy, the New York delegates scrupulously avoided even the appearance of evil and remained out of the speak-easies. At the Smith headquarters an atmosphere of strained courtesy was manifest. The Smith leaders declined to bid for the votes of faltering dark horses. They declined to make predictions, or many of them. They avoided boasting, smugness, the usual windy optimism of campaign managers. Smith, they said, would be nominated. But they were not certain on what ballot victory would come. They were entirely willing to have all the favorite sons receive due consideration on the early ballots. One leader even said, regretfully, that "we are afraid the Governor will be nominated on the first ballot." This, however, was shortly before the balloting had actually started.

Al Smith, of New York

The landslide was in full swing, and only Jim Reed, of Missouri, who had made a bid for the dry delegations, was issuing faint-hearted statements announcing that he still hoped for the nomination. Crowded hotel lobbies; overworked bellboys; elevators packed like the Times Square station during the subway crush; bands blaring in the lobby of the Rice; a girl in cowboy garb astride a placid gray mare and accompanying a cowboy band even into the hotel lobbies; perspiring delegates, lady visitors with their make-up ruined by perspiration; a $1.50 dinner being increased to $2 on the roof of the Rice; bad service; worried hotel clerks; heat, humidity, and perspiration—such are among the outstanding memories of the 1928 Convention. And yet it was, on the whole, a light-hearted gathering and a well-behaved one. Men and women laughed at the inconveniences and at the heat. For Democracy was, once again, harmonious. Al Smith was to be chosen and victory in November loomed as a possibility. Only the lady drys, whose prayers were heard by the Platform Committee but not by God, remained disgruntled and aloof. Smith they agreed as the Convention closed was impossible. They would bolt the Democratic Party!

"The women of the South," said Mrs. Marvin Williams, President of the Georgia Woman's Christian Temperance Union, "will not vote for Smith."

LET us return, however, to Sam Houston Hall. The morning of the second day, June 27, was warmer, if possible, than that of the preceding day. First came the formalities of a report by the Credentials Committee and the mumble-mumble of the Chairman explaining that one group of Louisiana delegates had been seated and another had not. No one listened. Then Senator Robinson of Arkansas, was presented as the Permanent Chairman, received a gavel made of copper from Utah and one fashioned from coal from Pennsylvania, and began his address. It contained, to the surprise of every one, a bomb-shell in the shape of an appeal for religious freedom, a reminder that in the United States there is no qualification of religion for men seeking public office. In an instant the great hall was in an uproar. A befuddled band-leader started "The Old Time Religion," and a parade was in progress down the aisles. All of the States joined in, although there were several brisk fights in one or two of the Southern delegations and the police had to quell some incipient riots. It lasted for perhaps twenty minutes, and once again the nomination of Smith was an assured fact.

"Call the roll of States."

The order was given at eight o'clock on the evening of the second day, and the audience craned their necks for a glimpse of Franklin D. Roosevelt, who was to put the name of Alfred E. Smith in nomination. First, however, came a long oration extolling Senator Walter F. George, of Georgia, the fading hope of the drys. A short demonstration followed, but the crowd was impatient for the Big Show.

"Arizona yields to New York."

It was almost nine o'clock, and Roosevelt, this time not needing his crutches for he is slowly recovering from his long

illness, smiled down at the great audience. The flood lights were turned full on him, of course. And he was, in their glare, a fine figure; with broad shoulders, a striking head, dark-haired, poised, cool in his linen suit. Again one recalled the scene four years ago at Madison Square Garden when Roosevelt had limped to the platform on crutches, had been stopped by a synthetic demonstration which injured the standing of Smith, had leaned with his strong arms on the speaker's stand and had called for the nomination of the "happy warrior." He was to do that again this time, but his address was incomparably better—by all possible standards, the very best address of the entire Convention. He spoke slowly, clearly, distinctly, and so eloquently that an audience already beginning to weary of oratory forgot to applaud in eagerness to hear. He came, he said, "for the third time to urge—the nomination of the Governor of the State of New York.

"The faith which I held I still hold. It has been justified in the achievement. The whole country now has learned the measure of his greatness."

There was, I felt as I listened, heartfelt emotion in that nominating speech—emotion and conviction and sincerity. And born of these were striking phrases: "His every act has been under the searchlight of friend and foe, and he has not been found wanting." "It is not my belief that I should urge popularity as the criterion in making our choice. . . . We must, first of all, make sure that our nominee possesses the unusual qualifications called for by the high office of President of these United States." "First of all [we need] leadership, articulate, virile, willing to bear responsibility, needing no official spokesman to interpret the oracle." "Personal leadership is a fundamental of good government." "I do not mean an honesty that merely keeps a man out of jail, or an honesty that, while avoiding personal smirch, hides the corruption of others. I speak of that honesty that lets a man sleep well of nights, fearing no Senatorial investigation." "The soul of our country, lulled by mere material prosperity, has passed through eight gray years." "This is a time of National danger unless America can be roused again to wakefulness." "I prophesy that he will again place us among the nations of the world as a country which values its ideals as much as its material prosperity." "America needs not only an administrator, but a leader—a pathfinder, a blazer of the trail to the highroad that will avoid the bottomless morass of crass materialism that has engulfed so many of the great civilizations of the past." "To sally forth to battle and win for our principles is something more than heroic. We offer one who has the will to win—who not only deserves success, but commands it. Victory is his habit—the happy warrior—Alfred E. Smith!"

It was, I think, the most stirring moment of the Convention, for the message from Smith on prohibition was read to a half-empty hall and in such a way that its significance was lost. There followed, of course, an enthusiastic demonstration. This was cut short, however, by the Smith floor leaders when friction arose among some of the divided Southern delegations and a few hot-headed delegates seemed on the point of fighting. Harmony was the rule of the day; a demonstration was superfluous and availed nothing. Much of the good effect of the Roosevelt speech was lost, in fact, through the interminable and effusive speeches of the minor orators who seconded the nomination. And before the nominating speeches for Reed, Woollen, Pomerene, Jones, Hitchcock, Ayres, and the rest were over, the Convention had degenerated to the ludicrous.

Joe Robinson, of Arkansas

The nomination came on Thursday night, following the reading of the platform. From the start it became clear that Smith would receive almost the necessary two-thirds, 733⅓ votes, on the first roll-call. The favorite sons received their scattering votes, but when the Virgin Islands cast its two ballots for Smith there was a mad scramble on the part of Ohio, Indiana, Kansas, and even Mississippi to shift at least some of their votes to the victor. It was a band-wagon scramble, and Smith, who had received 724⅔ on the first count, had 849⅔ before the Convention was adjourned. Only Texas, which had staged a badly judged demonstration for Jesse Jones, and a few of the Southern delegations refused to budge.

THE next morning the nomination of Joe Robinson, picked by the leaders as safe, sane, and without enemies, went through without incident, and the Convention of 1928 started to dissolve in the mists of history. In the hotel restaurants, the theaters, and the occasional roadhouses of Houston orchestras were beating out, to enthusiastic applause, "The Sidewalks of New York." It was offered but timidly during the days of the Convention and was always followed, a concession to local pride, with "Dixie." Now it will resound, I think, throughout the Nation, and the cold logicians who are sometimes, although not frequently, found among the ranks of professional politicians are wondering how many votes it may be worth.

Smith has been nominated—a consummation that seemed utterly impossible four years ago and which now causes not even a ripple of surprise. He begins a bitter campaign with an example of leadership which is encouraging. Today was to have been Tammany's Day, and in a measure, no doubt, the Wigwam can claim credit for the victory. In reality, of course, it was Smith's Day. One is not inclined to grow sentimental about Tammany. Yet one wishes, a little, that "Big Tom" Foley of the old Fourth Ward in New York City, the man who first saw political possibilities in Al Smith, had been in Houston. Tom would have been unhappy, of course, and uncomfortable and subdued among these new, younger leaders. So would Charles F. Murphy, whose hope that Al Smith might be President was, I am convinced, a generous gesture in a life unmarked by generosity. Before he died Murphy had told intimates that if Al Smith ever got to the White House he would immediately sail for Europe, that he would never ask a favor.

History Is Made at Houston

By DIXON MERRITT

THE Democratic National Convention made restoration of honesty in Government the paramount issue. It nominated Alfred E. Smith, and he promptly made another issue paramount—the restoration of personal liberty and local self-government by modification of prohibition. And that at the end of a Convention in which the spirit had striven, painfully but successfully, against the flesh to prevent prohibition as such from becoming an issue at all. In the whole of our political history there are few things more heroic than the conduct of flaming drys and boiling wets who swallowed their desires in gulps of gall rather than put in jeopardy for a moment the new-found and precious party harmony.

It may be that the act which immediately followed was more heroic still. Governor Smith accepted the platform which they had built for him and then erected his own as a superstructure upon it. This gets back to what I wrote last week—that Alfred E. Smith is the issue, and no two-faced, straddling issue, either.

Though the thing for which the Convention worked hardest—the side-tracking of the prohibition issue—was lost, the labor was not lost; for out of it came a considerable measure of something for which I can find no other name than love. The Houston Convention must go down in history as a great convention if for no other reason than this: In so far as a political convention can do so, it abolished both sect and section as bars to political preferment in the United States. In the same National Convention were nominated the first Catholic in all time and the first Southerner in sixty-four years. The nomination of Smith is more important, but it is hardly more significant than the nomination of Robinson.

The opposition which existed in the South to Smith's nomination may have sprung from the roots of prejudice, but it has borne at least this good fruit: The South ceased to be a section already signed, sealed and delivered to the Democratic Party, for once debatable ground, and so won what had been denied it since the War of Secession—a place on a National ticket. If in the election, for reasons not growing out of prejudice, Smith loses four or five Southern States and wins Pennsylvania, a great thing will have been accomplished for the country.

If there is religious prejudice in the South, there was no visible sign of it in Houston. There may have been somewhere a secret conference room—I think there can have been only one—in which Smith's Catholicism was urged as a disqualification, but it was never mentioned in public, or even in ordinarily private discussion. I was close enough to the groups in which such things might have been expected to occur to know that this is so. There was not a single poster, handbill, or bit of printed propaganda of any kind in any remotest way concerned with religious differences.

I have long believed that the extent of religious prejudice is tremendously overestimated, and the events of this Convention seem to bear me out. If his religion had been the chief or even a considerable objection to Governor Smith, the candidacy of Senator Reed would not have suffered its pitiable wasting away. He was the fourth man in the race, Hull practically doubling him and George considerably exceeding him in number of votes recorded on the official tally-sheet before the band-wagon rush and switching of votes began. Yet Reed, a Protestant, is as wet as Smith. If religion, and not wetness, had been the objection, the bitter-enders would certainly have tried to make common cause with some of the wets by swinging to Reed.

THE rush for home-bound trains had already begun when Governor Smith's statement was read. The delegates who remained for some little time afterwards were not disposed to talk. The majority, pleased, were willing to leave the talking to the chief. The minority, partly dazed and partly unconcerned, wanted to go home and be quiet for a while before making up their minds. Few were surprised, and none had any right to be so. Governor Smith had but reiterated what was said in his Jackson's Day letter, what was implied in his laconic "I have not" in reply the "World" query shortly before Convention opened. Most of those would consent to say anything, even extremest of the drys, were more clined to admire the Governor's cour than to charge him with rashness.

With notably few exceptions, ev among the bitter-enders, the delega started for home to begin the task putting up the party fences. The co paratively few who were displeased w the nominee had other reasons for bei pleased. They had had, for Democra an unusually good and peaceful Co vention, marked by more of Democ cy's virtues and fewer of its vices th usual.

If there was a single boss in Housto he kept in such seclusion and work with such deftness that nobody knew his presence. Most of the old ones, deed, are dead, either physically or p litically, and no new ones have arise The work of the Convention was t work of eleven hundred men and wom trying, under such leadership as th found at the time, to devise a way living together in unity.

There were no scandals, no irregula ties of shameful kind. The action the Louisiana State Central Committ in selecting delegates without calling convention did seem to be a usurpati of authority. The excuse was that t State was prostrated by the flood a its people in no position to attend a co vention. Anyhow, the contesting del gation had even a poorer show of autho ity. There were other minor contests single delegates and the like, but the was no evidence of rush tactics. T Democrats had escaped that which a ways shames the Republicans.

ALFRED E. SMITH owes, if possibl more to Franklin Roosevelt than Theodore Roosevelt, the younger. Muc of the better feeling that came over a of the delegates except the extreme bi ter-enders was due to the personality this man who coined the phrase, "t happy warrior." I happened to standing, at the end of one of Roosevelt fine periods in his speech of nomina tion, near an elderly gentleman whom found on my Southern trip last year

be an implacable opponent of Smith. He clapped very loudly. Then, putting his mouth close to my ear, he said, "I did that for Roosevelt, not for Smith."

Some others of the New York delegation and a few New Yorkers present but not delegates contributed materially to the general good feeling. Without their quiet influence, I am not sure but that acrimonious exchanges would have marred the labored harmony. Most of the Tammany delegates, however, would have done as well by their chief had they mailed their proxies.

The only place where acrimony actually did break out was in the Committee on Platform, which, laboring through two nights and a day, finally agreed on a prohibition plank with nerves and tempers frazzled out. Senator Glass, of Virginia, whose plank was adopted, was frequently in peppery conflict with Senator Tydings, of Maryland, the spokesman of the extremest wets, and other members of the Committee were not at all times tranquil. The plank as adopted is a declaration for law enforcement somewhat more vigorous than that of the Republican platform and leaving approval or condemnation of prohibition as a principle as completely out. There is nothing in the plank inconsistent with Governor Smith's statement, nothing in the statement inconsistent with the plank. The spectacle of a President vigorously enforcing a law in which he does not believe would be more edifying than that of a President inefficiently enforcing a law in which he does believe.

The stamp of Senator Glass is on the platform at other places than the prohibition plank. Glass influenced the Democratic platform almost, if not quite, as profoundly as Borah did the Republican platform. Honesty in government, finance, law enforcement—on these points the voice of the party is the clear voice of Glass.

The tariff plank stood practically as it came from the original drafters, Senator Pittman and Judge Proskauer. It marks the farthest departure that the Democratic Party has yet made from its traditional tariff position. Under it, a Fordney-McCumber tariff could be written. Perhaps it fairly represents the attitude of the party. The growing importance of the industrial South has made it impossible for the Democratic Party to remain strictly a low-tariff party. But this year's plank has the look of a bid for Eastern support.

The farmers were permitted practically to write their own plank. It is the thickest plank in the platform and, while stopping just short of indorsement of the equalization fee, it commits the party to real farm relief legislation. I believe that this plank does fairly represent the attitude of the party, but industrialists will regard it as a bid for the West just as farmers will regard the tariff plank as a bid for the East.

In fact, good as it is, the platform has too much the appearance of a drag-net —which, of course, is what all platforms actually are intended to be. But this one is something more than that.

It speaks out clearly for abolition of the lame duck Congress, for complete reorganization of the departments and bureaus and boards in Washington, for retention of water power in the control of Government. It gives Governor Smith plenty of room to do in a National way the kind of things that he has done as Governor of New York. It goes wild in demanding immediate independence for the Philippines and, as some will think, in demanding practical abolition of the injunction in labor disputes, but, in the main, it may be called a progressive and not a radical platform.

In the nomination of a candidate for Vice-President, too, the Democrats did better than might have been expected, better in one sense than parties usually do. The selection of Senator Robinson, of Arkansas, was not made in confusion at the end of the Convention. It began in Washington as long ago as last January. Tom Heflin saw it and, in one of his tirades, charged it. The selection of Robinson as Permanent Chairman of the Convention was a part of a plan which, at times, came close to being upset, but which finally went to triumphant consummation.

Robinson is a worthy opponent of Curtis. They have led their respective parties in the Senate for years past, and have done it well. There is no cause for apprehension as to what Robinson would do if he should become President. He is not one of the Nation's biggest men, but he is one of its sanest. I wonder if it would be out of place to suggest the hope that, as a measure of tolerance, there will be as little opposition to Robinson because of his section as I believe there will be to Smith in the South because of his religion.

The delegates to the Democratic Convention of 1928 left Houston with differences of opinion just as marked as when they came. But they left without having those opinions rubbed raw by violent friction. In that connection, a word should be said for a much misunderstood and misrepresented man, Clem Shaver, retiring Chairman of the Democratic National Committee. He took charge in 1924 of a party already defeated by dissension. He turns over to his successor a party as nearly united as it is possible for the Democratic Party to be under the circumstances. He attained negative harmony by inaction through the greater part of four years and a fair approach to positive harmony at the Jackson's Day dinner in Washington and finally here at the Convention.

But on each occasion there was one moment when harmony trembled on the brink, almost shaken from its base by the ill-considered stampings of the same man, Governor Ritchie, of Maryland. This Convention was for a moment almost out of hand just before it nominated Alfred E. Smith, when Governor Ritchie, blundering into the belief that Governor Moody, of Texas, had submitted a minority prohibition plank, started to launch an attack upon the drys. Those who heard the proceedings over radio probably know better than those of us who sat in the hall how other men on the platform labored to head it off. It may be that Governor Ritchie's position on prohibition does not materially differ from that of Governor Smith, but the fact remains that a fight at that time would have done irreparable injury. When the Convention approached adjournment without any fights and Governor Smith stated his own position, it but increased his reputation for honesty and courage.

And so the Democratic Party goes into the campaign with a chance to win, a position which it has not occupied before since 1916. Westerners believe that it can make inroads in the farm country. Men from the border States, even from the middle group of Gulf States, admit difficulties but believe they can hold their lines. Eastern men, even Pennsylvanians, believed as the Convention drew to a close that they could demonstrate opportunities for success.

There are grounds for suspecting that this is the year of change, of political remakings. In any event, the campaign will be a race, not a procession.

The issue is Herbert Hoover and Alfred E. Smith.

School and the Very Young Child

By BERTRAND RUSSELL

A most important lesson for the child, one that will pay good dividends in adult years, is to learn that he is not unique; that the world is full of children with equal rights and contrary desires. And the best place to acquire this priceless knowledge, Mr. Russell points out, is in contact with his equals. The school for the very young child seems to be a logical and necessary consequence of the limitation of families.

THOSE who advocate schools for the very young have to obviate, to begin with, a misunderstanding which is likely to exist in the minds of parents. It is not from any criticism of parents that such a course is recommended; it is because there are certain important advantages to the child which can only be secured through association with other children in a group. In the old-fashioned large family the home could provide something of this, although not in a wholly satisfactory form owing to the fact that the children in one family are all of different ages and that age in childhood constitutes a very definite aristocracy. A most important part of education for a child is learning behavior towards his equals, and for this even the old-fashioned family offered no scope. The modern small family of one or two is almost bound to produce important physical and moral defects in children unless parents take great care to provide constant companionship with children of other families.

Careful surveys of the children of the well-to-do, both in America and in England, show that the great majority in the years from two to six will not take sufficient food unless they are coaxed in various ways, and often not even then. Sleep, also, is often a difficulty, and so is evacuation. All this is due to the fact that the child gets more attention than is good for him. He is surrounded by anxious grown-ups who are always urging him to do what he ought to do spontaneously. The child soon learns to exploit the power which their anxiety gives him. Moreover, the society of grown-up people is too stimulating intellectually and is very apt to be the cause of mental fatigue. Careful parents are anxious that their child should show intelligence. They give praise or blame or both much too frequently. Praise makes the child unduly active, while blame makes him unduly passive. A child has his own natural tempo, and care should be taken neither to accelerate nor to retard it.

Fearlessness is another quality which cannot easily be acquired by a child who is continually watched with eyes of anxious affection. And moral discipline in the home is almost inevitably too lax or too severe. Either the child is allowed to do whatever comes into his head without having to consider other people at all, or else he is curbed in all kinds of natural impulses, in themselves perfectly harmless but inconvenient in adult surroundings.

MOST of these troubles solve themselves as soon as children are collected together in a group. The excessive attention characteristic of the small family becomes impossible. At meals the child eats or does not eat, as he chooses. In a very short time he learns that making a fuss does not produce the pleasant consequences which it did at home, but merely leads to his going hungry. After he has gone hungry without becoming the center of attention two or three times, he acquires a natural appetite and begins to eat with zest. The same thing applies to sleep and evacuation, in regard to both of which, also, the factor of group suggestion is very important. The moral education of the child is taken in hand by the other children in a vigorous and natural fashion quite impossible for any grown-up person. A child who is unduly selfish or grasping soon becomes unpopular; so does a child who is cruel. Unpopularity has all kinds of very obvious disadvantages, so that the child learns social behavior to his equals, not through moralizing, which seldom achieves its end, but through the natural lessons of experience. When the child is not engaged in actual lessons, he is playing with other children, using his mind only in ways that are natural to his age, not stretching it continually in an attempt to understand what grown-up people say and do.

Except as regards the hours of definite lessons, it is very difficult to distinguish between the intellectual, moral, and physical sides of early education. The rules that make for health make also for intelligence and for the development of character. Virtue and intellect, at any rate, in childhood, are to a great extent a function of digestion. This in turn depends not only upon diet, but also upon the right amount of physical exertion, neither too much nor too little. The right amount, of course, varies from child to child, and is a matter that can only be determined by careful observation. Town-bred children are much more easily tired than those accustomed to the country. This difference wears off at the end of about a year of country life, but not sooner.

INTELLIGENCE depends upon two factors, interest and fearlessness. Mental fearlessness is, as a rule, carefully extirpated in the young. It is customary to make every possible attempt to prevent them thinking, at least openly and consciously, about the matters which naturally interest them, so that their thinking becomes first furtive and then unconscious. I believe that half the stupidity of the human race is due to this process, which, of course, especially affects women and has much to do with their lack of initiative in adult life. If you wish to produce human beings who are to be fearless and intelligent, you must never, under no matter what provocation, allow yourself to say, "Hush, hush," or to be shocked by the thoughts to which they give expression. If you are shocked by the ideas of a child, that does not prove that the child is shocking, but only that you are ignorant of psychology. Education has, unfortunately, been mainly undertaken by two classes of persons: one who thought that children were little angels, and the other who thought they were limbs of Satan. Very few have been able to regard them scientifically as products of natural forces and at the same time to feel for them that warm affection without which it is useless to attempt any intimate dealings with them. Children take a spontaneous and perfectly harmless interest in all the matters which prudish adults consider improper. The right

Photograph by Clara E. Sipprell

LEARNING BEHAVIOR TOWARDS THEIR EQUALS

A group of children of four in the Birch Wathen School, in New York City

ay to deal with this interest is to give scientific satisfaction, in which case it ecomes wholesomely absorbed into the eneral pursuit of knowledge. There are vo wrong ways of dealing with it: one, ne usual way of suppression, which ads, as is now known, to a number of ervous disorders, sometimes grave, ometimes less serious. In spite of its roved harmfulness, this is still the way pproved by the police and the magis-rates, who consider that no attempt ught to be made to save children from sanity. The other way, almost equally armful, looks to the adult almost like ne proper method, but is in fact very ifferent. This other way is to talk to hildren about matters considered inde-ent while deriving one's self a certain decent pleasure from doing so. Only hose who are pure in heart can behave ghtly in this matter, and the pure in eart are those who are neither shocked or pleased by the absence of conven-onal reticence. The ordinary attitude f "virtuous" mankind on these subjects s so obscene and repressive that it is impossible to bring up children to be decent and fearless unless one can create an atmosphere and environment for them considerably different from the usual one. During the tender, impressionable years they need to be protected from contamination, and contamination comes quite as much from the prudish as from the admittedly vicious. The fundamental principle to be borne in mind is that all knowledge is good, and that a virtue based upon ignorance is both precarious and unreal. To make distinctions between good knowledge and bad knowledge leads to stupidity, cowardice, and nervous disorders.

We said a moment ago that intelligence depends upon the two factors, fearlessness and interest. Interest itself is compounded of curiosity and love of power. Curiosity leads to what may be called a disinterested pursuit of learning, while love of power provides the dynamic element in the search for knowledge. Both have an important part to play in education. Intelligent children are interested when they learn the facts of astronomy, and here it is only curiosity, not love of power, that is involved. One of the important differences between intelligent and stupid people consists of the intensity and quality of their curiosity. Nothing must be done to check curiosity, and, on the contrary, opportunities must be provided for its pleasurable satisfaction after a suitable amount of effort. In intellectual education one of the most important things is that the amount of effort required to obtain knowledge should be neither too great nor too small. There must be some effort in order that the child may feel a sense of achievement in acquiring knowledge, but there must not be too much effort, or else the acquisition of knowledge becomes painful, and therefore distasteful; this is the main point in the technique of teaching. But here also it is necessary to take account of the individual child and his capacities. One child will be bored by explanations which he finds superfluous, while another will be baffled by their absence. This is one reason that individual work is so much better than the old-fashioned class work, because in individual work a child continues by his own efforts until the moment when he feels that help is indispensable, and it is not necessary to go at a uniform pace, too slow for the clever child and too fast for the stupid one.

Love of power is a tremendous incentive where it can be applied. It is the source of a boy's interest in machinery, and can therefore be utilized throughout scientific education. Love of power is a wholly good motive when directed to the control of animal nature, but becomes much more questionable when directed to the control of human beings. For this reason it is desirable, morally as well as intellectually, to give children as much opportunity as possible for every kind of construction, but care should be taken to make them feel that the most interesting kinds of construction are only rendered possible by the existence of a good deal of knowledge not quite obviously connected with them. Few children enjoy arithmetic on its own account, but the necessity of arithmetic can easily be made evident to those who want wood for making a box or paper for papering a wall.

In intellectual learning there must always be a good deal which is not very interesting. Here emulation will prove a help. I do not believe in a fiercely competitive system, but I think the emu-

lation which grows up naturally when a number of children are working through the same text-book is all to the good. Nobody objects to emulation in athletics, because there we think that excellence is really important. Those who attach equal importance to intellectual excellence will be prepared to allow the use of this motive in the classroom as well as in the playing field.

One of the most important and difficult things in school education is the elimination of cruelty, more especially of course of the bigger children towards the smaller. The children at our school are mostly either only children or one of two. They have learned at home how to behave towards grown-up people, but not how to behave towards other children. Thrown together in a group, the first effect of the degree of freedom which is essential to any true education is to cause furious indignation against other children for not treating them with the same consideration to which they have been accustomed from affectionate parents. Consequently, there is at first a great deal of fighting and quarreling. The weaker children run to the grown-ups for protection, while the stronger stand over them in insolent triumph. If we were to adopt in this situation the attitude of complete indifference which some educational reformers recommend, the result would be very hard upon the smaller or less pugnacious children. There would soon be established a tyranny of one or two muscular bullies. This situation must, of course, be prevented. The way to prevent it is not quite so obvious as the old-fashioned disciplinarian might suppose. We do not desire that absence of bullying should depend at each moment upon adult supervision. What we desire is that the impulse to it should cease. The way to do this is to create a sense of happiness and free activity. When a bigger child tyrannizes over a smaller one, it is partly by way of revenge for the tyranny which adults exercise over him. There is a certain blind rage in his soul which seeks whatever outlet it can find. This state of rage may easily exist in a suppressed form, not only in homes where there is old-fashioned discipline, but also in those where every impulse of the child is checked by what is thought to be the influence of love. It does not do to try to make a child gentle beyond what is natural at his years. He should not be talked to in a serious and pained voice; he should not be prevented from being boisterous, nor even from being pugnacious so long as his pugnacity is restrained within limits compatible with the happiness of other children. Never appeal to what is called a child's better nature. This at best produces in him hypocrisy combined with a desire for escape.

When a child does something which must be stopped, such, for example, as throwing a knife at another child or putting pepper in a smaller child's eyes, do not express moral indignation or make the child feel that he is a pariah. Express, if you feel it, a breezy and spontaneous anger, and inflict upon the child, if you will, some quite immediate and obvious punishment of a not too severe kind. Let the child feel that you are going to prevent such behavior, but do not let him feel that you are horrified at it, and take care to find out what it is in his psychology that leads to outbursts of rage or cruelty, so that you may supply for his vital energy some more harmless outlet. Every vigorous child has an itch for activity and achievement; if his activities are undesirable and his achievements deplorable, that will be because he has not found out how to get a more legitimate satisfaction. A child who throws a knife at another may be just as well satisfied by shooting an arrow at a target; he will not be satisfied by a mere injunction to sit still and be good.

Persons who are to deal with children should get their ideas from machines rather than from animals. Everybody knows that when an automobile will not go it is useless to make eloquent orations to it, or to tell it that other automobiles will point the finger of scorn at it, or to lose one's temper and swear at it. Everybody realizes at once that the only thing to do is to find out what is wrong and put it right. If only this state of mind could be induced in those who deal with children, the improvement in education would be colossal. Unfortunately, both children and animals can be to a certain extent controlled by the easier method of terror; where animals are concerned there may not be much harm in this method, but where children are concerned it has the drawback that either they must remain cowards all their lives or else as they get older they must lose the only motive for virtue that has ever been put before them. I shall perhaps be told that children may be controlled, not by terror, but by love. I confess, though here I shall perhaps lose the sympathy of the reader, that I consider love almost as bad as terror when used as a motive force to make children behave. To explain why is a little difficult, but nevertheless I must make an attempt.

Love as a motive is somewhat complex. It may be indistinguishable from fear—that is to say, the fear of disapproval from parent or teacher may be what really gives motive force to the child's affection. In that case, there is the objection to it that there is to all fear. Again, especially in older children, love may acquire its motive force from the desire for imitation. This is undesirable, since imitative conduct is in a sense untrue to one's own personality. The only right way to promote good conduct is through directing the spontaneous energy of the child into channels which are on the whole useful, or at least harmless. We must not build dams against his vital energy, but direct it into courses in which it will flow with the same satisfaction to himself as in the course from which we diverted it.

Several of our children, on being asked who taught them to read, have answered: "Nobody taught me; I learnt for myself." When they were then asked: "But I thought So-and-So taught you," they answered: "Oh, no, So-and-So was there, but didn't teach me." Needless to say, So-and-So's rôle was not really so passive as the child imagined, but the child was right in saying that his own energy had helped him to learn, and not an outside control. The energy of a child is like that of a locomotive; if you provide it with rails, it will go swiftly and smoothly in the direction of the rails; if you do not, it will plow up the neighborhood and bring itself to disaster. It is no use to suppose that the energy can be supplied from without by moral or intellectual means; the generation of energy is a physiological matter, and the only thing that can be done by mental methods is to direct it or obstruct it. The latter is to be avoided altogether; the former is to be used only so far as may be necessary in order to fit the child for his place in the world, taking account always of the directions in which he wishes to move.

Where there is health there will be vigor, and where there is vigor there must be activity. The impulse to activity is partly general, partly more or less specific. Both needs must be supplied. There must be enough activity,

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The Return of Sentiment

By LEONARD BACON

Literary America, says Mr. Bacon, has been cursed for twenty years with a cynicism which was the result of third-rate feeling coupled with a second-rate thought stupid beyond the dreams of imbecility. But he foresees a happier future, and cites as evidence such works as "Death Comes for the Archbishop" and "The Bridge of San Luis Rey."

THIS article is written out of considerable ignorance of a complex subject whose elements are ırticularly difficult to define. Neverıeless the writer, having been to some ight degree a participant in the stormy ınfusion of contemporary literature, els that his testimony may have a cerin value, just as the report of an eyeitness on the edge of a great military pəration may have a certain value for ne expert who wishes to comprehend ıe campaign.

Before launching into my discussion I ught, however, to make a confession as ɔ certain prejudices. Believing as I do ıat literature is an intensely individual rt, I must make haste to state that I ake little stock in certain expressions ıuch employed by critics, viz.: school, ıovement, tendency, trend. These cateories are for the most part pigeonholes ıto which the orderly-minded put auhors for convenience, as they file leters. In process of time the filing sysem becomes more important than what s filed, and presently we are told that ın individual artist has certain qualities, ood or bad, because he belongs to a roup of whom these qualities have ome by convention to be postulated. Thingumbob and Whatshisname, say the ritics, are both nature poets. Instantly he two unfortunates are bracketed, and ny critic worth his ten dollars a column an make direct hits at the next salvo. The motives which drove Thingumbob o discourse passionately about the celndine are completely different from the anguorous associations which produced Whatshisname's sonnet on the dogrose. Their methods are different, and their results are different. But the critic should worry. He now has verge enough to bring his *clichés* clanking into action, which nine times out of ten is all he cares about. The reader, numb from the bombardment, gradually succumbs. And in due course Thingumbob and Whatshisname are Siamese twins whom death cements more closely each to each.

AFTER these remarks I feel sure the reader will acquit me of any overwhelming faith in tendency and influence. So far as such things exist at all, we feel them as fish feel a tide or birds a wind. What I mean by an influence is an immense uncontrolled force which we do not originate, and which affects us whether we will or no. For example, the Romantic movement was a rather indescribable state of the European mind, a sort of spiritual spring-tide. The sun of sentiment and the moon of interest in almost anything opposed to eighteenth-century rationalism, such as Gothic antiquity and undiscovered countries, got in line, and the waters were immensely troubled. But the coteries and cliques did not originate the movement. They were swept along by it. The men of Weimar and the English Lakes were only the whales among an infinity of herring. And presently the flood of interest ebbed, and Goethe and Wordsworth were left "high and dry in an unfamiliar century," sadly changed by the experience.

The figure is of course hoary with age. But the huge ebb and flood which carries the souls of men out and in, vague as it is, has at least the merit of enabling us to visualize a little what happens to us psychologically and artistically in this peculiar world, and it will, I think, enable me to indicate with becoming diffidence what has happened to us in the recent past and what is happening to us now.

TWENTY years ago in America and in Europe the minds of many men assumed a peculiar attitude. This attitude took a thousand forms, but it was always essentially the same and it made every one uncomfortable. It made age weary and youth blasé. It ruined conversation, particularly conversation between men and women or with one's elders. It stamped everything in a hard mold. It demanded a steely epigrammatic quality in art and letters. It insisted on bitter contrasts and harsh paradoxes. "No weakness," it said, "no yielding." Nor after twenty years of it can I think of a better name for it than damned foolishness. The essence of the attitude was to make life a sort of toy concerning which it was appropriate to jest. Oscar Wilde, James McNeil Whistler, Aubrey Beardsley, Max Beerbohm, Bernard Shaw in bad moments, all encouraged that attitude which it was felt helped one to escape from a danger by asserting that the danger did not exist. The danger was vague, but we knew where it lurked. And that was why we hated the Victorians. We said they were prudes. We were beginning to say they were repressed, but O God! we knew that was not the real reason. The reason was that they were shameless. They did what, according to the greatest man I know, uncultivated man hates most of all things. To blurt it out in all its naked horror, they—they showed their feelings.

SOMEHOW that was more than we could bear. You never knew what trouble an emotion might get you into. Even our slight experience told us that much. On the edge of one's feelings it was too easy to become giddy and fall into abysms where our refined thought could not take refuge in the salubrious epigram, which seldom breaks real bones and furthermore can be repeated if one is careful of one's audiences. Decidedly our hearts would never be on our sleeves. That particular form of exhibitionism would not do, but another kind would.

It did. And so began the ruthless age, the ebb and backwash of the Victorians. That tide going out was one of the least charming spectacles on record. I, for one, did not know there were so many dead cats anywhere. Two kinds of men were at home in the mess—men who were superficially clever and men who were fundamentally brutal, the men who were too wrapped up in brilliance to care about facts and the men who were too wrapped up in facts to care about brilliance. They produced books which in the long run will be about equally dull. But it is curious to think of Ronald Firbank in the same limbo with some "stream of consciousness" brutalitarian.

In other words, the writers of whom I

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Polo—Collegiate and Charity

By HERBERT REED
(Right Wing)

THERE was glory enough for the two finalists in the Intercollegiate Polo championships, held in the mist and on the slippery going of the field of the Westchester Biltmore Country Club the day following the New London boat race. Conditions were such as to put a great premium on horsemanship, and in this respect there was nothing to choose between Yale, the winner by the score of 11 to 5, and Pennsylvania Military College, the gallant runner-up. Just a shade faster mounting and a shade better stick work enabled the Blue to come home to another championship.

The tournament was something of a contrast with its predecessor of last year. While there were splendid individualists in action—such as Oliver Wallop, the "cowboy Peer" of Yale, Dan Jones, one of the best Backs the colleges have ever turned out, and Arthur Borden, of Princeton—the keynote of the tournament was the survival and ultimate triumph of the best team-play. Wallop, fine horseman as he is, would never have been such a sensation without the smooth support of Phipps, Baldwin, and Scott. A year ago Winston Guest dominated the field, not even excepting Forrester Clark, Harvard's giant Back. That is the encouraging feature of intercollegiate play in recent years—it rests upon delicate generalship and the mastery of flexible formation, such as many Meadow Brook veterans possess.

It is inevitable, of course, that in the college game background will have its effect. That is polo. There are polo families here and there in which heredity seems to have its soundest proof, in sport at least. After that comes the background of summer play with good clubs. In the case of P. M. C. the background goes no deeper than the school itself. But *that* background is famous. The mounts never, perhaps, can quite match those of the universities, but the horsemanship certainly can. And as a rule so can the stick work, which in P. M. C.'s case is as much a matter of drill as the use of the saber. Both teams played the very soundest of styles, but the Yale mounting allowed the team to put on extra bursts of speed on critical occasions. And that, of course, is fatal to one's opponents.

Princeton and Harvard were a little unfortunate this year. There had been hard luck and illness on the Crimson four, and this time it was impossible to stage a dramatic post-boat-race appearance by Clark. Princeton was not quite sufficiently rounded a team to support such a brilliant stroker as Borden. As for the West Pointers, they had an off year and were building all over again. This very matter of fields is interesting. P. M. C. beat Yale last March for the indoor championship on a restricted field where they were not so overmatched by the straightaway speed of mounts. Handiness was needed to a greater extent. Stretched out the full distance at Westchester, Yale was unbeatable. With both Yale and Princeton now having adequate fields, there will be no further complaint on that score. The Army is working on one now under the Corps of Engineers. P. M. C. has been well fixed for years, in a situation where polo has become an institution, not merely to the school, but to the countryside.

Just now an individual appreciation or so. Ollie Wallop is one of the most interesting men on any field. He looks like a blue ghost, since his physique is slight, but it is all gristle and muscle, and he can hit not only tremendously but accurately. The horsemanship is flawless, and he makes an all but perfect No. 1 of the smaller type. In this respect he is a complete contrast to Guest, who after he left Yale last season developed himself into one of the best of the heavier type of outposts. His hitting when near the goal I consider even better than that of Guest. Young Baldwin comes of a long line of players. Right now there are more young Baldwins all over the place in Hawaii. This one, F. C., has the same characteristics as the rest of the family—accuracy and splendid head work at high speed. He makes an excellent No. 3, and fine players in this position are scarce.

Arthur Borden, a son of General Howard Borden, had plenty of field experience in the New Jersey sector before he went to Princeton. He rides a long stirrup leather and plies a long mallet. Strangely enough, for a man about six feet four, while he is good enough on the long-distance feeding shots, he is reall a master of the deft nursing strokes a around his mount. With these he often deadly.

When it came to power this seaso Dan Jones, of P. M. C., easily had th call. He has bulk in the shoulders an back, but is by no means muscle-boun and his stroking is very hard. Especiall expert is he on the knock-ins when it necessary to get the ball well up the fiel This hitting out from behind his goa alone would make him extremely valua ble to any team. But he is also "cagey" leader and knows how to swin his team about him as he comes spur ring up the field. They teach general ship all the time at this school, and Jone is an especially fine example of tha teaching.

Because of the weather the tourna ment this year was not nearly as brilliant as usual, but if there was not a larg crowd there were plenty present who ar leaders in the game. The young an coming player is less interested in th size of the crowd that watches him i action than in its critical quality, for unlike some men in other sports, he thrives on criticism. Unlike the player of other games, he knows that, save in exceptional cases, he has close to six years of constant play before him before he can land up with the top-notchers. And the criticism helps.

There is to me one unfortunate feature of the Intercollegiates. That is the absence of Norwich University, which comes from Northfield, Vermont. Here is probably the oldest cavalry school in the country, and pathetically without funds for traveling polo. This is a little hint for some sportsman and philanthropist who could know that he was helping an institution that sent its quota even to the Mexican War.

THOMAS HITCHCOCK, JR., captain of America's new Big Four in polo, now very much in the making, tore loose for sweet charity's sake on the beautiful field at Sands Point the other day, where a hand-picked crowd of enthusiasts watched him score eleven goals of the fifteen that Sands Point piled up against a picked-up Meadow Brook four that, despite the best efforts of Bobby Strawbridge, was continually on the defensive. The best that Meadow Brook could do

five goals, which shows just how e the thing would have been had e one been able to eliminate the new erican captain. Whether it was be-se the Milk Fund appealed especially Tommy on the day, or he considered self in ripe form to let go, or for the ater glory of the new and flourishing , or for all of these reasons, the ng American captain was out there ying polo of unmistakable interna-al brand. When Tommy gives he es, albeit his largess was not appre-ed by his opponents, toward whom had no charitable inclinations that e discernible.

This was one of those fortunate under-ings in which there were combined y much of a show and smart sport. ne idea of the pace of the game may gained from the fact that there were internationalists, Hitchcock and ke Stevenson, in action, and three in-national substitutes—Captain Wilkin-, Strawbridge, and Cheever Cowdin. e luster of the others was therefore newhat dimmed, although plenty of rkmanlike polo was turned in by Dr. chards, Averell Harriman, Captain lkinson, Cheever Cowdin, and Captain ter Rodes. There was hardly a man the field who might not be considered candidate for the new Big Four. At st there is little doubt that they so nsidered themselves. The colorful wd of ten thousand and a band pro-led the show. I have called this crowd nd-picked for the reason that Sands int is drawing the same attendance ese days that turns out regularly at eadow Brook.

Word that Hitchcock, who was never better shape than he is right now, was ready to go at top speed, had spread pretty well over Long Island, and there was a vast amount of interest in the leadership that he would show. That leadership was splendidly in evidence, and if there were any who doubted that a team could be as thoroughly engineered from the No. 2 position as from Back they went away converted. For the Sands Point team-work was close to perfection at all times. The formation of Harriman, Hitchcock, Richards, and Cowdin swung around Tommy, of course, but it swung around him when he was at No. 2, or back at No. 3, a post he sometimes assumed, or wherever he chose to be, with equal facility. One had expected, of course, that Tommy would play his own position to perfection, and that he would bring off his famous long "skied" strokes "off the irons," which means standing in his stirrups, as only he in all the world can do, but the generalship with which he handled his team was to many an unexpected revelation.

So well drilled was this Sands Point outfit of his that the young leader always knew without looking around the positions of the men behind him, and he called to these players again and again without turning his head. It is true that Hitchcock made more openings for his team mates than they did for him, but that did not imply that the formations were not well made. In dealing with such perfection of maneuver it is perhaps a little unkind to criticise any one player, but there is something that must be said about Harriman's work at No. 1. He did some hard riding and made many a pretty shot, but his one failure lay in not taking enough room in front of Hitchcock. He should have been farther out most of the time, I think. That, however, is one of the drawbacks to playing in front of the young terrorist of the polo field. Any good No. 1 is prone still to consider that he has some responsibilities on the defense. It is a quite natural tendency. But in front of the American captain there is no defense responsibility whatever. It takes time even for the best players to learn that. Had Stevenson, Meadow Brook No. 3, been in better form, he might have ridden Hitchcock harder than he did, but as it was, most of that duty was left to Strawbridge. Stevenson is a slow starter, and in addition has been suffering from injuries. He will come along in due time.

For the Meadow Brook players the Army contingent, Peter Rodes at No. 2 and Wilkinson at No. 1, did not perform any too well, but they might have been better mounted, and then, too, Cowdin, of the yellow-jacketed Sands Point defense, was turning in one of his very neat games, and Dr. Richards was doing as well as I have ever seen him do in such fast company. I think Hitchcock was bringing him out a bit.

It was a disappointment to find that Devereux Milburn, the Old Master, was unable to referee, but a pleasure to find Captain J. Wesley White, of the Army, once more on the job. There is no better polo official in the land than this officer, who handled the Argentine matches two years ago. He is not any too strict just now, but I suspect that he is gradually working up to tournament pitch. In the internationals he is inexorable, and nothing escapes him. They'll be keeping it up at Sands Point every Sunday practically all summer.

Wide World

Yale presses the P. M. C.'s defense in the Intercollegiate Polo championship

Miniatures from the Life

A Dollar

By IBBY HALL

NOT long ago, a prisoner charged with wife-beating was brought before justice.

The man had little to say for himself. Yes, it was true. He had struck his wife, to whom he had been married twenty years. No, he had not been intoxicated. Well, he guessed he had sort of lost his temper.

The culprit was a gentle-looking man, not over forty. Yes, he had been married young. Seven children. But—his face brightened as he remembered—they were nearly all grown now and earning their own money.

The justice was puzled. Here was the very model of a sober, industrious American citizen. Arrested for beating his wife! Well, well! The justice called for testimony.

It appeared from testimony that the man's story was true. For twenty years he had devoted himself to working for his family. For twenty years, every week, he had dutifully carried home to his wife his pay envelope—unopened. For twenty years she had given him his car-fare, allowing him fifty cents extra for spending money. (It must be understood that seven children were expensive.) But one day, on his way home in the evening, the thought had come to him that now at last all seven children were raised. Were a credit to him. Were self-supporting. His pride, at the thought, had become swollen, and with it his courage. He had gazed on the pay envelope in his hand; without waiting to reach home, he had opened it. The good citizen had taken out his own car-fare, and in addition he had raised himself to one dollar for his personal use.

The remainder of his pay he had then taken home to his wife. When she had recovered from the shock, the storm of her anger raged around him for a long time. At last the lightning struck. She ordered him to leave the house.

At this point in the story the accused spoke up to the bench. For twenty years he had been content with fifty cents, and now she wanted to turn him out. But he had refused to go, the defendant assured the judge. He had beaten her, instead.

The judge drew a deep breath of relief. It is not often that one's faith in mankind is justified. The judge went further. He declared that if this man wanted to indulge in a little disorderly conduct he, for one, felt that he had earned the right to do it. Beyond that, he could only add that the case was dismissed.

Two Friends

SOMEWHERE out West there lived a little Boston bulldog whose best friend was a horse. The human beings to whom they belonged lived in their own house; but the horse and the Boston bull lived in their own barn, which they much preferred to any building they knew of.

The days belonging to these two were full of adventures, for they had found that life shared between them was just twice as exciting as the lone existence of dog or horse. The horse, due to his greater height, saw life on a very superior level. The dog, on the other hand, must confine himself to a lower plane—to objects that rolled or rustled, bounced or waved, not higher, generally speaking, than three feet from the ground. But the horse labored under the disadvantage of having always to travel in a single direction, whereas the dog was free to roam where and how his fancy took him.

Wherever the horse went the dog followed closely at his heels, except for those moments when the larger animal was forced to stand and wait. At these times the bulldog would follow his bent for unlawful adventure. His ears were sharp, however, and he rarely missed the sound of starting hoofs. On occasions the horse would give a most tremendous neigh which he was sure could be heard ten miles distant. Iron locks and steel bars could not have detained the little bulldog at that sound.

But night-time was the time of real enjoyment for these two cronies. It was then that they had their precious barn quite to themselves. No other world existed. Rats and tramps alike were an indifferent pest, kept easily at a distance by the watchful bulldog, for these were carefully guarded hours when each animal related the marvelous discoveries and adventures of his unique experience.

It was after one of these entertaining evenings that the little bulldog fell into a sleep of exciting dreams. He had, p haps, enjoyed himself too much in pleasures of the day or allowed his ima nation to become overheated during evening's recital. Whatever the fault was a restless and uncomfortable nig He dreamed that his friend the horse a chipmunk and refused to come do from the distant branches of a tall t He dreamed he was the mascot of a f engine house where all the alarms w ringing, and the horse, harnessed to a red engine, was prancing wildly in desire to reach the newest exciteme Deep in slumber he began to whine a growl. The smoke of the fire was blowi into his nostrils. Danger was all abo him. His hair began to stand on e The horse was kicking the fire-engine pieces! Suddenly, close to his e sounded that tremendous neigh. T bulldog awoke.

He awoke coughing. A dread and s focating odor filled the barn. A wei and changing light, growing bright with the seconds, threw a great contort shadow of his friend that reached t rafters of the barn—a shadow th danced grotesquely as the horse paw the stall, wrenching to free himself fr his imprisoning rope.

The bulldog wasted not a second. dashed through the doorway of the ba into the clear reviving air of early da without even noticing that at last could breathe again. He stayed on long enough in that clear atmosphere reach the house and bark his throat ra in his effort to give the alarm. For the was only that one minute to spare. B hind him in the building, now bright than sunlight, was that imprisoning ro and that struggling horse. Like a sh he was back again in the burning bar He reached the stall and the rope in t same second. No time now either f encouragement or assurance. Eve ounce of muscle and devotion that w dog was concentrated in the tearing teeth on that resisting hemp.

Slowly and more densely the blank of smoke folded around the two friend Hotter and more bright the flames cre nearer. But the little dog did not sto

When the rescuers found them, t frayed rope would have parted at t gentlest pull. But even that faint effo had been beyond the dying strength the two friends. They lay close and u divided in their last adventure.

Drawing-Room Musical Comedy

INDULGING in surmise is, we suppose, ne of the lowest orms of intellec- ual sport. But is difficult not o speculate omewhat when eaving the latest ummer musical omedy, "Say Vhen," offered y Elisabeth Marbury and Carl Reed at the Morosco Theatre. For it seems almost too evident that ome months ago, somebody—whether he producers or the authors of the piece ve don't know—said to themselves: "Go d! It's about time for a good old- ashioned parlor musical show without he roughness of Broadway. Let's have ne to which all the débutantes can go— ne which will really be a stage version f society as we know it."

"Say When" is the result. We have a dim memory that it was originally either a book or a play by Amelie Rives called "Love in a Mist," and as such it might have been excellent. But to be brief about it, it isn't much now. It's just a piece that is set to engaging music, mod- est, innocuous, pleasant, and slightly soporific—one can take all one's maiden aunts in a crowd and a good time will be had by all. It has parlor songs and col- lege girls, and a most demure love story, set in a most proper social setting and with scarcely any concessions to the pro- fessional traditions of Broadway.

Without any reservation—such a show is very pleasant. There's a good jazz orchestra, the scenery is delightful, the girls are exceedingly well bred; at least they appeared so to us, although we were a trifle alarmed when it became apparent that they distinctly looked down upon the chorus men. In fact, they were even a little bored as well as faintly amused by the efforts of the composer and play- wright and stage director to keep them satisfied with the show. We understand such boredom is the mode now.

Certainly, if some one had blindfolded us and led us into the Morosco Theatre without any previous knowledge of where we were going, and then suddenly had commanded us to open our eyes and observe, we would have sworn that we were at a college show at Bryn Mawr or Wellesley. Good voices, amateur acting, very presentable girls, all in the proper clothes! As it was, we were about to de- part finally with very little to say when there suddenly appeared on the stage a young colored lady, who, to our amaze- ment, disclosed about three thousand tons of "It," plus all the child-like humor and ability of her race. Clearly, thought we, Mr. Ziegfeld has heard of "Say When's" difficulties and sent a new col- ored star down from "Show Boat"! And we sat down again.

To our mind, this colored girl (her name is Cora La Redd) is unusual—that is, she's very unusual viewed in "Say When." In an ordinary Broadway show she might not stand out with such great individuality. But in her present part, in her present mild environment, she brings down the house; and there is pre- sented to the spectator the unusual spec- tacle of all Miss Marbury's débutantes completely outclassed by a product of Harlem. So far as we were concerned, one roll of her eyes was worth twenty minutes of dancing by the leading char- acters.

All of which is our way of saying that "Say When" would be a considerably better entertainment if its cast contained people of greater personality, and, in particular, some one who could sing somewhere near as well as the young tenor lead. He, we imagine, will be rather popular along Park Avenue and out Greenwich way. But the rest are nothing remarkable.

The book is fair, the music is tuneful, and, if you're tired of personalities like Ed Wynn and Walter Catlett, it's a pleasing society change. As for us, we like our drawing-rooms in smaller doses, and would rather be genuinely amused when we go to the theatre.

IN fact, only one thing prevents us from saying that we'd advise summer visitors to go elsewhere. This is the ex- tremely low percentage contained in the other new entertainments being offered to the public. In particular, "Married— and How!"

We didn't have the heart to write about this last week. Because we spent two or three dreadful hours at it and could recommend it only to people who want to see tabloid manners and morals done in a comic-strip manner. It's the old, old story—the chorus girl with the marble heart, the rich cast-iron father, and the ne'er-do-well son. The marriage after the liquor party—the disillusion- ment—and then the beginning of the divorce game between the chorus girl wife and the big, hard, rich father.

Whereupon intervenes the *deus ex machina*—in this case a terrible motor accident. Son hurt, father and daughter- in-law brought together, sorrow melts both, love comes to marble heart—yes, honestly, it's just like that.

A child could tell how it's going to end, and everybody acts in the most wooden way possible.

We believe the whole cast could be photographed and displayed on the front page of the "Daily Mirror" at any min- ute. This isn't saying that the tabloids haven't a big circulation—and lots of the subscribers must have been there the night we were; because they thought it was just grand. And we understand people are being advised to go see it. We don't advise any of the readers of The Outlook do likewise. We much pre- fer "Say When." Perhaps if Mr. Zieg- feld had taken "Say When" in hand and Miss Marbury had been called in on "Married—and How!" the result might have been better all around.

FRANCIS R. BELLAMY.

Egyptian Helen Comes to Vienna

Vienna.

By EUGENE BONNER

AT LAST, and to the no small satisfaction of all concerned, "Die ägyptische Helena," that stormy petrel of the present operatic season, has, after wars and rumors of wars, heartburnings, jealousies, and threatened postponements, had its first Vienna performance at the Staatsoper, under the direction of the composer, with Maria Jeritza in the rôle created so superbly by Elisabeth Rethberg five days before on the occasion of its première in Dresden.

Mme. Jeritza's disagreements with the management and her "resignation" from the opera here, her publicly expressed chagrin over not having been decorated by the French Government, her ultimate reconciliation with the aforesaid management, to say nothing of "statements" and denials issued right and left by the diva's consort, Baron Popper—all have taken up a great deal more space in the public prints than the importance of the matter would seem to warrant.

In short, all the permutations and combinations in the way of backing and filling, hemming and hawing, having been pretty well exhausted, the time had come for the prima donna to either get on or get out. Mme. Jeritza got on.

Having already reviewed this opera in detail, it now remains for us to make the inevitable comparisons between the performance here and in Dresden.

A third hearing of the work with the original cast the night before leaving that city, added to the hearing at the première here, confirms us in our opinion that the music, while neither ultra-modern nor startlingly original, is very beautiful, graceful, albeit extremely difficult to sing, and handled with the sureness of touch and orchestral brilliance in which Richard Strauss stands second to no living composer.

Interest in the Vienna première naturally centered in the interpretation of the rôle of Helena by Maria Jeritza. As a very large number of the audience here had also been present at the Dresden première, Mme. Jeritza had to face a situation of unusual difficulty. To challenge comparison after so short an interval, with the other performance fresh in the minds of so many of those present, would have been difficult enough under less conspicuous circumstances. But when the first performance had been of the smoothness, dignity, and poignant beauty that characterized that of Dresden, the difficulty of measuring up to that standard became well-nigh insurmountable.

Let us admit once and for all that neither vocally nor dramatically did Mme. Jeritza's performance even approach that of Mme. Rethberg. In regard to the vocal part, that surprised no one, as the Saxon prima donna has one of the most perfect organs on the operatic stage of today, and she uses it perfectly. But one would not have been surprised had the Austrian singer given us a more vivid characterization from the dramatic point of view.

Strange to say, the reverse happened as to the latter situation. Mme. Rethberg, always a fine artist, but hitherto somewhat reserved histrionically, gave a performance that for brilliance, balance, and sheer beauty made that of Mme. Jeritza seem singularly ineffectual.

The latter "acted" constantly, with no meaning half the time to her acting, indulging in her usual acrobatics and posturings, while some of her vocal efforts were painful to listen to. Even in the matter of appearance she fell far short of realizing our ideal of the glorious Queen of Sparta, no attempt at anything authentic in the way of Greek costume being essayed. Her impersonation suggested a modern "vamp" rather than a characterization of the great queen whose marvelous beauty ensnared all men even while her indifference infuriated them. Taken all in all, a most disappointing impersonation.

As to the other members of the cast, Frau Angerer and Herr Gunnar Graarud, pleasant enough individuals in spite of their ferocious-sounding names, acquitted themselves most creditably as Aithra and Menelaus, no easy rôles you may be sure, though Frau Angerer was confusingly like Mme. Jeritza both as to looks and (at first) costume.

The genius of Richard Strauss does not, unfortunately, extend to his conducting. This fact was impressed on us as far back as the year 1914, when we heard this distinguished composer direct the first performances of "Joseph's Legend" in London. Sir Thomas Beecham conducted this same score shortly afte so far excelling the eminent musician the reading of his own work that it wa generally remarked on at that time.

It is pretty much the same case in re gard to "Die ägyptische Helena," th composer's conducting of his own wor here in Vienna being much inferior t that of Fritz Busch in Dresden. Th orchestra sounded blatantly loud, with out depth, and at times somewhat er ratic, whereas Mr. Busch had his me well under control and, notwithstandin the mighty sweep of his orchestra, neve once drowned out his singers. This ma be partly due to the fact that the orche tra pit here is very little lower than th parquet, while that of the Dresden oper house is sunk far below the level of th auditorium, which naturally makes for better blending of tone-colors.

The mise en scène, while lavish to degree, suggested scenes in a revue rathe than a serious opera. The first-act set ting was particularly fussy and ineffec tive. Steps, grottoes, arches, curtains and little hanging lamps cluttered up th stage and distracted from the business in hand. The storm, so very effective in Dresden, was not at all so here, while th scene of Helena's awakening had none o the subtle delicacy that made it so effec tive in the original production.

Let us hope that, as long as we are t be deprived of seeing the exquisit Helena of Elisabeth Rethberg at th Metropolitan this coming season, th management of that august institution will at least follow the scenic tradition laid down by the Staatsoper of Dresden instead of that of Vienna.

The reception accorded here to com poser, producers, and artists was enthusi astic in the extreme, both Mme. Jeritza and Mr. Strauss receiving ovations from a wildly applauding audience, the ma jority of whom, not having seen the Dresden production, had no disquieting recollections to disturb their complete enjoyment.

"Die ägyptische Helena," having now been most successfully introduced to the good people of Dresden and Vienna, will make her bow to the New York public early in November. The opera being such as it is, the success or failure in that city will depend entirely upon the manner of its production. Dresden gave a superlatively good presentation. Let New York look to its laurels!

The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

"The Red Dance"

THERE'S a two-fistedness about everything Raoul Walsh does which is agreeably in evidence nearly every foot of "The Red nce," his newest picture. Dolores del o is featured, and with her appear arles Farrell and Ivan Linow. It's other Russian story and introduces the ar, the Tsarina, and their children, d Rasputin and Trotsky, all of whom e portrayed with satisfying realism. Miss del Rio's performance as a peast young lady of radical leanings is mewhat conventional, but, even so, it's fficiently convincing. Charles Farrell s a far better part than any which has cently fallen to him, and he plays it gressively and intelligently, giving us , for the moment, a glimpse of his unubted ability to hit the ball if they'll ly pitch to him.

The acting honors of the piece must , however, to Ivan Linow. This ursine av is strongly reminiscent, in personal pearance, of that talented Thespian, unboat Smith, but there the resemance ceases; for Gunboat, while he ed to pack one of the wickedest right osses in the heavyweight division, has ver achieved the complete screen presce, and Linow has this commodity in oss lots. He seems to have everything cessary to become one of the leading haracter men of the screen (if he can arn to talk, the question will be beyond njecture) and, as directed by Raoul Valsh, he puts across some he-man stuff "The Red Dance" which makes our wn Mr. McLaglen look like a waterly.

The plot of "The Red Dance" is somening we'd rather not go into. We ecommend the picture, in spite of it, nd, more particularly, in spite of some f the subtitles, as something you should ee for the punch and variety in it.

A Few Moments with G. B. S.

THE Movietone program which preceded the New York première of "The Red Dance" includes the much-eralded appearance of George Bernard Shaw in a fifteen-minute sketch which could have been (but wasn't) entitled "The First Person, Singular."

In our admiration for Mr. Shaw's writings we give ground to none. In our estimate of him as an actor let's be very guarded, and say we've seen better. On

second thought, let's not be so all-fired guarded—let's come right out and say what we think, which is that Mr. Shaw, in his effort to amuse the kiddies, makes an amiable old zany of himself.

This stricture, let it be understood, is passed only on the subject-matter of the celebrity's chat and his manner of delivering it. The part played by the Movietone is impressive, for Mr. Shaw is screened and recorded with startling veracity. See it.

"The Cossacks"

IT'S getting so that if a movie reporter can avoid telling his clients about more than one Russian picture a week, or more than one crook picture, he, or she (and they), are lucky. Russia may have been crowded off the front page by happenings of superior interest in other parts of the globe, but she is getting a positive stranglehold on the screen. You can walk into almost any celluloid cathedral in the country these days and be greeted by a bristling mass of assorted whiskers. They show them in the evening—they show them in the afternoon. There's not even a way to come early and avoid the Russ.

"The Cossacks," with John Gilbert, suffers by comparison with other Russian pictures, including "Love," the last film in which we saw Mr. Gilbert. In the first place, the photography in "The Cossacks" is terribly bad and the scenery is partly phony. In the second place, Mr. Gilbert is not awfully well suited to his rôle; and, in the third, and last, place, Greta Garbo isn't in it. Ernest Torrence is, however, and he does what he can—which is always considerable; Renée Adorée is in it, too, pitching hay and feeding the pigs, as is her wont. There's also a young man named Nils Asther, who plays a visiting aristocrat from Moscow; he is the possessor of an unusual sort of face, with a play of expression which keeps one watching him regardless of the presence on the screen of parties considerably more famous.

A band of Cossacks, who are said to be the real thing, help this rather so-so picture no little, with a great deal of hard riding and sensational dismounting.

"The Magnificent Flirt"

HARRY (or, as he now writes it, H. d'Abbadie) d'Arrast holds a third interest in the sophisticated-comedy monopoly in Hollywood, the other monopolists being Malcolm St. Clair and, of course, Ernst Lubitsch.

These three men take a shrug or a lifted eyebrow and get more significance into it and out of it than many directors can do with a lengthy subtitle.

"The Magnificent Flirt," directed by Mr. d'Arrast, stars Florence Vidor and is packed with hearty chuckles and piquant developments. No screen actress is better qualified to assist in this sort of fun than is Miss Vidor, whose beauty and intelligence are both of a very high order. Albert Conti, who plays opposite the star, is reputed to have been driving a laundry wagon in Hollywood when he was discovered by Erich von Stroheim. He is an adroit, capable comedian, perspicacious and restrained. The picture, as a whole, is one you couldn't go wrong on; the reason we don't see more of its kind is that they are so far above the capabilities of the Hollywood majority.

Movies for Children

THE registrar of a Kansas educational institution asks us to suggest a list of pictures made especially for the juvenile trade. Our answer to her is, regretfully, that there are none. "Snow White," of which she makes mention, was the last film of this type ever made, as far as we know.

Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Harold Lloyd, Tom Mix, Reginald Denny, and Charlie Chaplin—these artists may always be relied upon. The Christie Comedies are invariably clean; "Felix," "Our Gang," and many other short subjects are dependable, and—of course—there is always the invaluable newsreel.

Ivory Apes and Peacocks

By W. R. BROOKS

ALTHOUGH no parent, we believe we do appreciate the value of such a Toy Advisory Service as Macy's has recently established—from the point of view of one whose gifts have been smashed, sneered at, or ignored by small wriggling relatives whom we have thus attempted to placate. Intelligent selection of toys, of course, is more important than intelligent selection of gifts for grown-ups, simply because the toy has educational value, which the carpet slippers you give to Uncle Horace don't possess. Unless you count the increase in your own vocabulary from listening to what Uncle Horace says about them. And toys should be not only suitable to the child's age, they should be selected to conform to his varying interests.

The "Play in Education Exhibit" held recently at this store showed toys grouped according to the ages of the children for whom they are intended—one to three, three to four, four to six, six to eight and over. Within each of these groups are four subdivisions—toys for physical exercise and outdoor play, for the imitation of grown-up activities, for construction and creation, and for socialization—that is, games which are played with other children.

As an example of the grouping of toys according to their uses, in the second age group, from three to four years, the following are listed: For physical exercise and outdoor play: slide, sand-box, velocipedes, roller skates, doorway gymnasium, sand toys, wheelbarrow, truck, football. For imitation of grown-ups: doll and carriage, washing, ironing, and cooking sets, doll accessories, animals to ride upon, doll furniture. For construction and creation: blackboard, chalk, modeling clay, paste, scissors, large crayons, blocks, beads, peg-board, strip puzzles. No games are listed for socialization in this group, but stories, nursery rhymes and songs, and picture books are recommended.

That a right selection of toys will solve many of the parents' educational and disciplinary problems is now generally accepted. And if after a short time the child loses interest in the toys you give him, it is not his fault; it is the fault of the toys. He may have too many of one kind, and you need to vary them so that he won't develop one-sidedly.

One of the interesting new playthings at the exhibit was a construction set for a child of a year and a half. It is a peg-board, with pegs big enough so that the child can grasp them easily and fit them into whatever hole he wishes. Then there is a new posture chair, designed for the various age groups—a chair that really fits the child as comfortably as his clothes do. And there is a set of large hollow blocks for outdoor use. These are light enough to be lifted easily and la enough to develop the muscles of t lifter.

FOR the kitchen there are food cove ten, twelve, and fourteen inches diameter—made of transparent fib glass, the edges bound with aluminum.

Also a clothes-wringer which is adju able in several ways and can be attach to a small pail.

WE told you a few weeks ago abo a slot machine for selling cig rettes which says "Thank you" when delivers the goods, and you have pro ably seen other self-service machine from the kind that sells stamps to th kind that shines your shoes. But a ne one to us is the hair-curling machin Put a coin in the slot, and the electri current is automatically turned on in th curling iron, and the customer curls h own hair before the mirror which is part of the machine.

WHEN you store your golf clubs awa in the fall, there is a press in which they can be strapped. This wi prevent their warping. For golfers also a contrivance for practicing driving in small back yard. The ball circles about stake driven into the ground. Attache to it is a device which registers the prob able length of the drive. Then there i a ball marker which won't cut or tea the surface of the ball—a rubber stam which is used with a special permanen ink. And there are several varieties o holders for the little wooden tees. On of these fastens to the belt, and whe one tee is slipped out another falls int place, ready for use on your next drive Another is a combination tee holder and garter. The tees are arranged in it like cartridges in a belt.

A WAY of sending flowers which was new to us, although it may not be new to you, was brought to our attention the other day on the occasion of the sailing of a friend for Europe. It is very practical for any occasion when large quantities of flowers are received and sufficient receptacles for them are not available. These flowers are shipped ready arranged in a vase, or in a basket containing a reservoir for water. They look much better when they are taken out of the box, don't have to be arranged, and nobody has to hustle around and find a vase to put them in. One florist sends out a book containing colored illustrations of various arrangements of flowers for different occasions.

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Mergers and Injunctions

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

THE dissolution of the injunction obtained in New York City to restrain the proposed merger of the Chrysler Motor Car Corporation with Dodge Brothers, Inc., settled, for the time being at least, one of the most interesting and most important controversies that has arisen recently in the financial field. The combination was the largest ever projected in the industry.

A holder of Dodge preference stock secured the injunction and asked that it be made permanent, on the ground that the merger constituted a dissolution of the company and that, consequently, he was entitled to the $105 a share fixed by the company's charter in the event of the liquidation of its assets. To prove that he would be injured if the plan went through he pointed out that he was asked to exchange a security which had paid dividends since the time it was issued at the rate of $7 a year for a share of Chrysler common stock, on which the annual dividend rate was only $3.

Lawyers for Dodge Brothers argued that the proposed transaction did not constitute a liquidation of assets. On the broader grounds of sound business policy, they contended that the preference stockholders were offered a good swap and that the injunction would injure the interests of the large majority of all classes of stockholders who favored the plan.

Since the definition of what constitutes a liquidation is a moot legal point, it is quite probable that Supreme Court Justice Mullan, who dissolved the injunction, was strongly influenced by the latter contentions. If he had written an opinion, it would have made interesting reading. At any rate, it is almost certain that his decision will be quoted as a precedent whenever litigation over a similar question recurs.

This was the situation on the eve of the merger negotiations. Dodge Brothers had been losing ground in the automobile field. Its earnings had been shrinking and the dividend on the preference stock was apparently in danger. The market certainly thought so. During the week before the terms of the proposed combination were announced the stock was selling at about $70. The average price for preferred stock on which the payment of future dividends appeared reasonably certain was at least $110.

None too optimistic about the prospects of the Dodge company as a separate unit, its directors welcomed the chance to ally it with the Chrysler Motor Car Corporation, which had an amazingly successful record. Twenty-seventh in the motor industry in 1924, it had reached third place in 1927. The union of the two promised more economical and efficient operation as well as auxiliary selling and manufacturing facilities which neither alone could afford. The terms agreed upon by the directors of the two companies called for the exchange of one share of Chrysler for each ten shares of Dodge B, for each five shares of A, and for each single share of preference stock.

The relationship of the prices of the Chrysler and the Dodge A shares (the B shares were not on the market) in the week before the announcement of the terms was approximately the same as the exchange basis. Until the very day of the announcement, however, Chrysler was selling well above Dodge preference stock. The former was ranging between $77 and $81 and the latter between $69 and $71. Preference shareholders, the directors maintained, were offered the chance to exchange their securities for ones that the market considered to be worth almost ten per cent more.

According to the terms of the Dodge charter, only the B shares, all controlled by the company's bankers, had voting privileges. But the directors asked for the approval of the preference and A stockholders. Walter P. Chrysler, President of the Chrysler Corporation, moreover, had no intention of jamming the merger through if there was any substantial objection. He reserved the right to nullify the union unless it received the support of ninety per cent of both classes of non-voting Dodge stockholders.

Because of the country-wide distribution of the securities it was extremely difficult to reach these stockholders and persuade them to approve or disapprove. But more than eighty per cent of the preference and seventy per cent of the A stockholders had voted for the plan at the time the injunction was obtained. Because of this evidence of the popularity of the merger, and leaving aside all

sideration of its intrinsic merits, it
ns fortunate that Judge Mullan gave
decision he did. If he had continued
injunction, no appeal would have
n possible until the autumn, when the
itions of both companies might have
nged greatly. It would have meant
breaking up of the whole plan and
denial of the wishes of the over-
elming majority of the owners of
dge Brothers.

This legal dispute has emphasized one
king feature of the merger, namely,
eagerness of the bankers to obtain
proval of the plan from a much larger
up of security-holders than the law
uires. The capitalization of Dodge
others was very influential in bringing
blic opposition to non-voting stock to
ead. It seems now as if the disfran-
sement of the preference and A stock-
lders was a happy incident. The cen-
lization of power in this company was
t abused, but the existence of the pos-
ility of abuse created a sentiment that
s made such centralization in recently
ganized companies almost impossible.

On the very day that Judge Mullan
solved the injunction the directors of
e Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Company,
e of the oldest units in the industry,
nounced their approval of a plan to
ve the Studebaker Corporation control
their company. Perhaps because of
e Dodge-Chrysler legal difficulties,
e Pierce-Arrow-Studebaker merger was
d out on an entirely different plan.
ne Studebaker Corporation is to retain
present capital structure and invest
,000,000 in Pierce-Arrow junior securi-
es, obtaining therefor a majority of the
ting stock.

Some one may enjoin this plan, too,
it the interests controlling Pierce-
rrow are going to follow the example of
ne Dodge directors and try to obtain
ne approval of much more than the re-
uired majority of stockholders, so that,
they have to defend their project in
urt, they will have as much moral sup-
rt as possible.

In recommending the plan to the
ockholders, Myron E. Forbes, Presi-
ent of Pierce-Arrow, gave a frank ex-
lanation of the company's position
hich was, implicitly, a prophecy of
any more similar amalgamations.

"It is a grave question in the minds of
ne directors," he said, "whether the iso-
ted automobile unit can compete suc-
essfully in the long run with companies
ke General Motors, Studebaker, Chrys-
r, and others, whose volume of produc-
ion, diversification, and dealer organiza-
ion give them a stability, buying power,
nd financial resources far beyond those
which can be commanded by a company
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The Little Crooked Woman

A Tale for Children

By HARRIET EAGER DAVIS

Illustrated by Arnold Hall

SURROUNDED by the realistic ugliness of a Colorado mining camp, the young Boyles were held close within their family circle for entertainment. Around the lamp of evenings, Mother read aloud and Father drew pictures of the four children.

But, their imaginations not content, after they were tucked into bed Frances and Jim told each other stories in the dark, satisfying cravings for romance with fantastic characters—pirates and knights, a race of "Tinies" who lived under the bed, and Frances's special contribution, "The Little Crooked Woman."

The Little Crooked Woman

A Story for Small Children Invented by a Small Girl

As remembered by Miss Frances Boyle

ONCE there was a queer little crooked woman who had a queer little dog by the queer little name of Checkers.

The queer little woman and her queer little dog lived by their queer little lones in a queer little crooked house, with a queer little crooked fence all around and a queer little crooked river in front. And they were very, very poor.

One day the Little Crooked Woman looked into her little crooked cupboard.

"Me, oh, my! My, oh, me!
I fear we are starving,
My little dog-gee!"

said she.

But Checkers did not want to starve. So he ran out into the back yard to dig for a bone. He dug and he dug and he dug, first with his front paws, and then with his nose. Still he found no bone. But he went on digging and digging and digging.

After a while the Little Crooked Woman went to the door.

"Me, oh, my! My, oh, me!
Where is Checkers,
My little dog-gee?"

said she.

She looked here, and she looked there. She looked under the back porch. But

she could not find Checkers. Then out by the back fence she saw a pile of dirt. Beside the dirt was a hole. But she could not see Checkers.

The Little Crooked Woman looked down the hole. But it was deep and dark.

"Me, oh, my! My, oh, me!
Did you dig this,
My little dog-gee?"

cried she.

Then the Little Crooked Woman heard a noise down the hole.

"Ki yi, ki yi!" said the noise. It was Checkers!

"Me, oh, my! My, oh, me!
I fear I can't reach you,
My little dog-gee!"

cried the Little Crooked Woman.

She reached her arm down the deep dark hole, but she could not touch Checkers.

"Um-m-m-m-m! Um-m-m-m-m! Um-m-m-m-m!" whined Checkers. The Little Crooked Woman almost cried.

"My, oh, goodness! Goodness me!
I'll come too,
My little dog-gee!"

cried she.

And down went the Little Crooked Woman into the hole, first one foot, then the other. She touched something soft. The Something moved.

"Yip!" said the Something. It was Checkers.

"Oh, my goodness! Goodness me!
I've stepped on Checkers,
My little dog-gee!"

cried the Little Crooked Woman. But Checkers had run on ahead.

So she went deeper and deeper and the hole grew larger and larger until at last she could stand up.

"Land-a-mercy! Mercy me!
Come back, Checkers,
My little dog-gee!"

cried the Little Crooked Woman.

"Um-m-m-m-m! Um-m-m-m-m! Um-m-m-m-m!" whined Checkers, but he did not come back. So the Little Crooked Woman went on and on until she came to a dark passage.

"Me, oh, mercy! Mercy me!
You didn't dig this,
My little dog-gee!"

cried she.

Then Checkers stopped so suddenly that the Little Crooked Woman stepped on him again. She put out her foot. They were on a stairway. So the Little Crooked Woman picked up Checkers in one arm and with the other she felt along the dark wall.

Step by step she went down, until she saw something shining. And when she reached the bottom, there she was in a cave full of sunlight. Then Checkers jumped from her arms and ran to an old box in a corner.

"Um-m-m-m-m! Um-m-m-m-m! Um-m-m-m-m!" he whined, sniffing all around the box. So the Little Crooked Woman lifted the top, and there lay a pile of gold pieces. The pieces were so old that they all stuck together. It was a Robber's Cave!

"Um-m-m-m-m! Um-m-m-m-m! Um-m-m-m-m!" whined Checkers, running to the door. So the Little Crooked Woman followed him and pushed aside the thick bushes growing there. And what do you think she saw down below? Her own little crooked house, with the little crooked fence all around and the little crooked river in front!

"Lands-a-goodness! Goodness me!
My own little crooked
Home I see!"

cried she.

So she went back to the box and tied up a good pile of gold pieces in the corner of her apron. Then the queer little Crooked Woman and her queer little crooked dog went home to their queer little crooked house. And all the rest of their queer little crooked lives they never starved again. So—

Me, oh, my! My, oh, me!
This is the end
Of my little stor-ee!

ool and the Very Young Child

(Continued from page 420)

it must be of a kind that satisfies hild's impulses. The art of educa- consists chiefly in creating such an onment, mental and physical, that hild's activity impulses, both gen- and specific, are satisfied in ways are not harmful to others and that er his own development. This is est cure for quarrelsomeness as well r other undesirable impulses. A in amount of quarreling is whole- and natural; the only thing to be led is the sort that involves risk of y injury. All the furies of youth aused by a sense of impotence, and children can be prevented from ig impotent they will also be pre- ed from feeling dangerous rages. I omewhat skeptical of the wisdom of cating social sense in children. In years it is not natural to them, and on it ought to arise spontaneously. ld-fashioned education it arose as tance to authority, and I am not but what this is really the whole- st way of generating it. People are too much inclined in later life to ct authority, and there is much to aid for beginning social co-operation n attitude of rebellion. What I do k desirable, however, is that what- contest may arise between children the authorities should be of a good- red sort on both sides, and should conducted more or less in the spirit game.

here is one thing which all who have leal with children should remember, that is: never let children think that can annoy you, for this gives a ification to their love of power which f a thoroughly undesirable kind. rcise as little authority as you can, when you must exercise it, do so nly and inexorably. Do not use al ideas in dealing with children; te good habits, but not by means of cal precepts. Children seldom under- d such precepts, and they view them cynicism as part of grown-up ocrisy. Those who do not allow dren to speak frankly before them e no idea to what an extent this is . Where you must exert authority, frankly: "I am stronger than you, I do not choose that you should do ." This is the only way of prevent- the child from regarding you as a nbug. Take such a matter as playing h fire: to a grown-up person it seems viously undesirable that the house uld burn down, but to a child this is no means obvious. He thinks it would be a glorious blaze, and that having to go elsewhere would be rather an amusing adventure. Therefore if you appeal to him rationally and say, "Do not drop lighted matches in the waste-paper basket, because it may cause the house to burn down," you waste your breath. The very argument you use makes him more inclined than before to do what you have forbidden. Nor is it desirable, except with very young children, to keep matches out of their way, for sooner or later, like the Sleeping Beauty, they are sure to come across the forbidden danger with a desire stimulated by prohibition combined with a complete lack of experience. The only safe way in all such matters is to allow the activity which might be dangerous, but under controlled conditions. Let them make bonfires out of doors, and become interested in the kind of skill required for the purpose. With a little skill dangerous activities can be made more agreeable under controlled conditions than under those which involve undue risk.

I do not believe it is possible to conduct a school without any discipline at all. Some reformers maintain that this is possible, but when one inquires into their practice, one almost always finds that at some point their theories have broken down. Cleanliness, for example, even to the degree that is necessary for health, will never be practiced unless at some period it has been enforced.

I think that cruelty would not arise at all if there had been freedom from the start, but when children accustomed to strict discipline find themselves suddenly in an environment where more freedom is permitted there is bound to be a period in which they work out the bad passions generated by previous repression, and during this period care will be necessary to see that they do not do too much harm. The reformer in education is always at present confronted by the difficulty that in most homes modern methods are not understood or practiced, and this adds greatly to his difficulties. Where the first few years of life have been wisely handled liberty can be almost complete; and when this is possible, it is immensely preferable to discipline. But even where there is the completest freedom the educator still has a very important function in the creation of the right environment—not only the physical environment, but the environment of adults with the right dispositions and the right kind of interests, and, above all, the right kind of affection for children. For without this no degree of science is of any avail.

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Speaking of Books

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

Three Recent Novels

"The Road to Heaven," by Thomas Beer. A. A. Knopf.

"Georgie May," by Maxwell Bodenheim. Boni & Liveright.

"In the Beginning," by Norman Douglas. The John Day Company.

The most engaging person in spring fiction is Lamon Coe, of Zerbetta, Ohio, who spends a few busy weeks in New York on his Road to Heaven. Lamon is such a grandly typical country boy as Thomas Beer has already shown himself most able in creating. He is honestly interested in nothing but news from home, really happy only with relatives and people from home, and so set on getting home that he finally does get there—Christian, headed for the Celestial City and making his way there in spite of every Apollyon.

When "The Road to Heaven" opens, Lamon is stranded in New Haven, which he has reached after leaving home because of a quarrel with his father, which sends him knocking about from Hollywood to Boston and from prize-fighting and movie-acting to clerking and bumming. In New Haven he acquires money enough to make feasible a visit to his New York relatives by helping to put a very rich and very drunken student to bed. He begs a ride to town on a truck, and his entrance into New York epitomizes his attitude toward that city and its inhabitants. He runs directly into a bloody and horrifying accident and, while the citizenry gapes and agonizes, he trots off, without excitement and without emotion, and boards a bus, where he meets the girl from home and forgets the ruthless city in a nice chat about home folks. In New York Lamon plunges into the amusing rich-bohemian life which centers around his cousin Abner, book dealer and indulgent collector of young talents. He meets Frankie from Lima, whose love of silk has made her what she is today, and immediately supplants Costello Ryan as her lover. This is all he does to further the action of the melodramatic story of Frankie and Ryan (not Johnny), which is loosely set into the middle of the book and which is, in a subtle way, the heart of its conflict action. For Lamon pursues his violent love affair with startling detachment, forgets it whenever there is a chance to see the girl from home or even to gossip with any one about Cousin This and Uncle That; and he scarcely notices the picturesque tragedy—Frankie's murder and Ryan's suicide—which closes the melodrama, because it coincides in time with the death of Abner, his *cousin*. That ends the New York detour on Lamon's road to heaven and home. He follows the country girl back to Zerbetta, marries her, and finds his father ready to kiss and make up.

"The Road to Heaven" is abundantly supplied with excellent character sketches. To list them would be to name every character in the book: Abner's dead wife's father, who appears on one page; Hector Boscommon, who "told story to a fool" and could not untell afterwards; Abner's diverting friend even his Filipino servants—these a full-blooded and tangible as many of t elaborately developed characters of oth novels.

Thomas Beer is an elegant, a ve beau among novelists. His style, if ma nered and overburdened with rhetoric, on the whole an appropriate medium f the expression of his meticulous observ tion and exquisite taste, for his scorn moral undress and his appreciation brave gesture. "The Road to Heaver is delightful reading, however one tak it. Its principal interest for us lies Beer's understanding of the country-bo type, its profound single-mindednes Such a one-track mind is always on th one-track road to its own particula heaven.

Georgie May is a lady who may l honestly if inelegantly described as slut. She lives according to her taste i the underworld of a Mississippi town i the early nineteen hundreds, frequentin the terrible Rounders corner, where th derelicts and outcasts sit in the long tw light, chumming with Emmy Lou, h only friend, and picking up money wher she can. Her story is certainly sordi and not very interesting. But it offer Maxwell Bodenheim opportunity to de scribe with irony and pity the daily life the hard-boiled philosophy, and the in herent humanity of her type. He is poet, and his poetry crops out at unex pected times. And he jumbles poetry meditation, diatribe, narrative, and au thor's soliloquy into a strong mixture He is a passionate defender of the under dog, a scorner of respectability and or derliness. But his attitude of ironi aloofness destroys the poignant tragedy of his story. One feels that a great dea of power and an interesting talent hav been wasted on an unimportant theme That this is the result of the metho used is obvious enough when one con siders other and great novels based on the tragedies of prostitutes.

Judging from the number of copies of "In the Beginning" which one sees about on trains and buses, the flapper sophisti cates as whose *vade mecum* "South

THIS list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by the following book-shops each week:

New York—Brentano's;
Rochester—Scrantoms Inc.;
Cleveland—Korner & Wood;
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort, & Barney;
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Company;
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company;
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.;
Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company;
Kansas City—Emery Bird Thayer;
Atlanta—Miller's Book Store;
Los Angeles—Bullock's;
Chicago—Marshall Field & Co.;
Cincinnati—Stewart Kidd.

Fiction

"The Bridge of San Luis Rey," by Thornton Wilder. Albert & Charles Boni. Those who have not yet read this beautifully written story have a delight in store.

"The Greene Murder Case," by S. S. Van Dine. Charles Scribner's Sons. Further exploits of detective Philo Vance.

"The Battle of the Horizons," by Sylvia Thompson. Little, Brown & Co. You will find this story of an international marriage capably written, and lit by flashes of wit and understanding. See June 27.

"Octavia," by Margot Asquith. The F. A. Stokes Company. This comedy of manners is excellent reading. Reviewed June 20.

"The Closed Garden," by Julian Green, translated by Henry Longan Stuart. Harper & Brothers. This insistently harrowing story of an hysterical French girl is interesting particularly because it brings to the general reader's attention a new talent in French letters. Reviewed May 30.

Non-Fiction

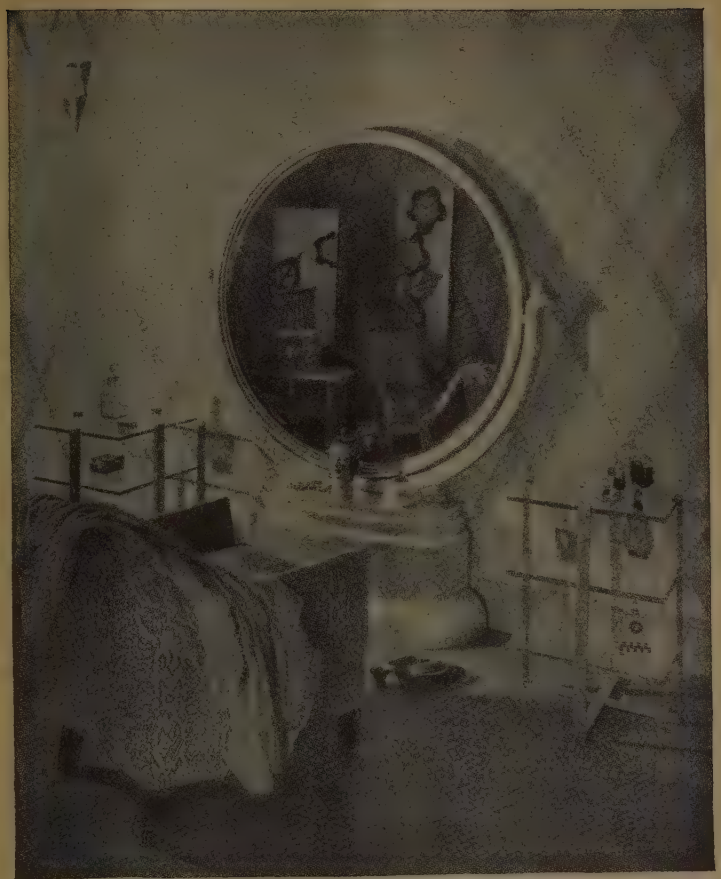
"The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism," by Bernard Shaw. Brentano's. Almost every one will agree with G. B. S. this time; and any one with the patience to read his long book through will find it marked by his usual wit and wide interests. Reviewed last week.

"Disraeli," by André Maurois, translated by Hamish Miles. D. Appleton & Co. You will enjoy this charming and vivid biography. Reviewed February 22.

"Jesus, the Son of Man," by Emil Ludwig. Boni & Liveright. To be reviewed later by Amos N. Wilder.

"Sunset Gun," by Dorothy Parker. Boni & Liveright. This delightful light verse is good summer reading. Reviewed June 6.

"The Rise of the House of Rothschild," by Egon Cæsar Conti. The Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. An interesting and valuable book which all readers of biography will enjoy. See issue of June 6.



From "New Dimensions," by Paul T. Frankl, published by Payson & Clarke, Ltd.

A COMPOSITION IN GLASS AND SILVER

The corner of a dressing-room in the modern style, designed by P. T. Frankl

(*See page 438*)

nd" succeeded "Jur-," are trying Nor- Douglas's new k. One wonders having stumbled ough the wit and dom of "South nd," they will have uired the wits them- es to be disap- nted in "In the Be- ning." They are ng written down to. t perhaps the great ght of Norman uglas's elaborate ur- nity will crush them o believing that his ok is also great. No rative trick is older n the one he uses in Since Æsop's time, obably even among e and lake dwellers, fable has been an t and easy device to when a criticism of nkind is intended. d nothing is more using or more sug- stive of superiority an to translate today o a million years ago d you and me into ds and heroes. We cannot outline e plot of "In the ginning" because, ving found "South ind" indefinitely re- adable, we could not get through this e once. And we have had so much dmiration for Norman Douglas's good alities, his gracious style, his descrip- e talents, his keen eye, and his pointed alicious wit that we are sorry. "In the eginning" has to do with the escapades Linus, a half-god, and is a mixture of natole France, Cabell, Erskine, etc. ut of so ill-assorted a medley of influ- nces, not much good can come. The ost amusing thing in the book is the osition assigned to the satyrs (favorites ith Douglas), who are condemned by he gods to sterility for their friendship ith mankind. To appreciate the full usto of that one has to know something bout Douglas.

So many good men go wrong in the ay that Norman Douglas seems to have one. They become, apparently, ter- ibly afraid of life, and they strike at it ith futile darts—barbed, poisoned, be- ibboned. Lyly, writing "Euphues" in he sixteenth century, made a confession or his hero (and incidentally for him- elf) which such writers as Douglas, Huxley, Van Vechten, Erskine, may one day make themselves: "I have ever thought so superstitiously of wit that I fear I have committed idolatry against wisdom."

Words for Sale

By J. DANA TASKER

"Trivial Breath," by Elinor Wylie. A. A. Knopf.

In her third and latest book of poetry Elinor Wylie makes a spectacular display of erudition. From her files of knowledge she has extracted and relisted with sometimes harmonious effect an amazing catalogue of comment on Biblical and mythological subjects; on furniture, clothes, and the soul; on books, authors, the sea, Italy, the country, and love. One misses the Chinese Revolution, polar expeditions, and Harlem; everything else seems to be mentioned in "Trivial Breath." There is such a dense cloud of learning here that, with the exception of six very good lyrics, the meanings of the poems are obscured beyond discovery.

Whatever brought it all about is difficult to say. No explanation could be adequate for so many allusions and so many mere words as are found in this volume. One poem in particular, "Miranda's Supper," eight pages long and culminating (presumably) in a hazy transubstantiation of Miranda's soul, contains enough allusion for an epic of Homeric length. The other poems, after long consultation, yield uncertain meanings. But such interpretations are intangible and laborious beyond reason, confused to a degree of perfection. Let it be plain: this is not the intellectual complexity of a Browning nor the emotional frenzy of a Shelley; it is a mass of heterogeneous knowledge, inarticulate in words and words and words.

Toward the two Biblical poems, "Peter and John" and "The Innocents," one feels more kindly disposed. Miss Wylie, upon descending to utter simplicity in the latter poem, telling of a toy that is being made to quiet the crying of Herod's boy when he lies broken and dying, says:

> I curled the leaf
> To a silver bell
> To echo the grief
> Of Israel.

This is the most memorable thing in the book. Such descriptions as this, done in unpretentious moments, are the occasional merits of the collection.

Undistinguished by subjectivity or originality, generally harmonious and seldom musical, six lyric poems remain. These are essentially good, and not great. Here, as elsewhere, there is an overdose of simile and metaphor; yet, intrinsically, these few poems are worthy. "As I Went Down by Havre de Grace" is fully appreciative of a beautiful landscape, which here is used to create an impressionable and sensitive mood that is probably an unreasoned love of home. "The Puritan's Ballad" of the sailor from Barnegat and "The Coast Guard's Cottage," in catching a certain tragic spirit of the sea, are eloquent of loneliness and longing. "A Strange Story" is a fantasy in the vein of Emily Dickinson, with per-

haps too comfortable an ending. "Desolation Is a Delicate Thing" and "Confession of Faith" are the two really subjective lyrics of the six. They may be accepted as personal mental experiences, giving a touch of genuineness that a maze of words obscures so securely in the case of the other poems in the book.

Keyserling Smiles from on High

By DANIEL ROBERT MAUÉ

"Europe," by Count Hermann Keyserling. Translated by Maurice Samuel from the German "Das Spektrum Europas." Harcourt, Brace & Co.

Take up Count Hermann Keyserling's "Europe" with a smile, for this approach shall number you with the aristocrats, and you're apt to need the even break from the start. An aristocrat himself, this Germano-Balt writes for the aristocrats—of a necessity, perhaps, for never did the aristocracy need so much bolstering up.

The Darmstadt philosopher everywhere comes out with the belief that "all future progress can come only through the idea of aristocracy." He pleads for and with the *grand seigneur*. He writes, in his introduction, that he hopes all "Pharisees, all Philistines, all nitwits, the *bourgeois*, the humorless, the thick-witted, will be deeply, thoroughly hurt," and that he can have nothing to do with those, among others, who are "in deathly earnest" or "unapt for laughter." Farther on, in explaining away the misconception of the *grand seigneur's* "playfulness," he says that the "humor" in question means "the divine laughter of the man who is inwardly superior to all those things which men take, among themselves, with such fearsome seriousness." Let us, then, be aristocrats together, even though the world of today may meanwhile run somewhat to pot.

A precautionary word has been necessary, for without it—such is the nobleman's style—some of us might not be able to tell where the fun leaves off and where the food begins. Remember, too, that Count Hermann's faith in the *grand seigneur* accounts for the frequent footnotes referring to few works other than his own, and for the magnificent assurance with which he sweeps along in this first attempt at psychoanalysis by wholesale lots.

Nations, to begin with, "are more or less favorable means for self-realization." At these the author looks in an endeavor to find out what each "means to itself, to others, and before God." While it is never made clear, it seems logical to assume that Hermann Keyserling holds God's proxy.

The Englishman is "psychological" and "social." He convinces "simply by being." The Frenchman "is wholly and supremely a gardener," by virtue of which rôle the "French are *par excellence* the culture nation of Europe." The Spaniard is a non-European in a desert country, but he is largely gifted in the matter of "bearing," and this entitles him to be known as "ethics become flesh." The Germans, a "feminine people," are the "mirror of the world" and lead in "the matter of intellectuality." The Italians will play but the part of the actor-pagans in the world's "rebir The Swiss are living an "intimate t edy;" the Lowlanders have mad "culture of ugliness;" the Serbs, garians, and Albanians shall be ign because they are a "robber" bunch; the Rumanians really aren't Latins they think they are.

Russia does not enter into the E pean picture, largely because of i leaving her so much like America over here do not count because, "in s of all the elbow-room in the field of terialistic achievement, the individua simply ceasing to exist." And Count Keyserling the individual is ev thing, without which there can be n ing. Centuries and centuries ahead o lies a bright future. First, however, must descend into utter darkness, after that somehow get ourselves rebo We are young and without œcumenic nificance. This philosopher intuits philosophy, and it hasn't taken him l to intuit us.

No summary, let it be said here, co possibly do justice to "Europe." T statements set down go to show, h ever, that Count Keyserling at ti proceeds naïvely. And then in the chapter we learn that much has b said in jest, that the philosopher's "f task" was to make all of the nations ridiculous" as possible, all in order t the "relativity of their importanc might be set forth. "There ain't Santa" produces the same sort of th Before recovery has set in the noble h sounded his warning note to Europe.

He looks forward to seeing on the "t tle peninsula of the Asiatic continen not a new national spirit, but a new E ropean with a "unity of style." T New-Born will "become a higher bei than any previous native of our part the earth—when every nation, as a sp cial and separate entity, will learn confirm every other nation as the co plement to itself within the framewo of Europe." Mere "self-preservatio compels this.

The Sage of Darmstadt incidentall rids his system of a great accumulatio be this in the matter of marriage inter-marriage, eugenics, which he ind cates as a consciously accepted rath than unconsciously practiced art, or i such other realms as equity *versus* ju tice, beauty *versus* ugliness, and in th decadent business of love-making. Whe off on these tangents, he is often at hi best.

Here, then, certainly is the work of a exceedingly erudite, well-read, and much traveled person. Despite the ponderou appearance of the book, its long para

The Movies

(See page 427)

"Abie's Irish Rose."—Just like the play. It's a system.
"Across to Singapore."—Ramon Novarro and Ernest Torrence pulling nautical rough stuff.
"The Big City."—Lon Chaney using his regular face.
"The Big Noise."—Chester Conklin and some pretty biting satire.
"Burning Daylight."—Won't set fire to anything.
"The Chaser."—Harry Langdon scores a miss.
"Chicago."—Just like the play—this is praise.
"The Circus."—If you don't like Chaplin, you're the funny one.
"The Crowd."—A sad story, beautifully directed.
"Dawn."—The soul-stirring drama of Edith Cavell.
"Doomsday."—Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear!
"Dressed to Kill."—The ace of the crook plays.
"The Drag Net."—Don't ask us why you'll like it—go and see it.
"Drums of Love."—Pomp, pathos, and Lionel Barrymore.
"The End of St. Petersburg."—Startlingly fine Russian production.
"Fazil."—Charles Farrell and Greta Nissen in something terribly phony.
"Four Sons."—It's a fine film, but too long.
"Fools for Luck."—Chester Conklin and W. C. Fields—but the verdict is "No."
"The Gaucho."—No one is perfect—not even Douglas Fairbanks.
"Glorious Betsy."—The second talking movie. Still not good enough.
"Hangman's House."—Swell photography, good direction, and good acting.
"The Jazz Singer."—Al Jolson sings, and that's all.
"Kentucky Courage."—A successor to "Tol'able David," with Richard Barthelmess.
"The Last Command."—The great Jannings. See it.
"The Last Moment."—Good photography, but little else.
"The Legion of the Condemned."—The so-called sequel to "Wings."
"Love."—Greta Garbo and John Gilbert. Recommended.
"A Night of Mystery."—Adolphe Menjou—just fair.
"The Man Who Laughs."—An impressive, entertaining picture.
"Mother Machree."—A nice, mushy Irish-American drama.
"The News Parade."—The cameraman and his adventures. Pleasant enough.
"The Noose."—A moderately absorbing film, with Richard Barthelmess, Alice Joyce, and Montague Love.
"Partners in Crime."—Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton in a darned good comedy.
"The Patsy."—King Vidor directs Marion Davies, to the credit of neither.
"Ramona."—Scenically beautiful, but pretty syrupy.
"Red Hair."—Clara Bow in her big disrobing act.
"Sadie Thompson."—Gloria Swanson trying hard.
"The Secret Hour."—Pola Negri in a good picture.
"Shooting Stars."—Don't bother.
"Simba."—The Martin Johnson masterpiece.
"Skyscraper."—Thoroughly enjoyable.
"The Smart Set."—William Haines at his worst.
"Something Always Happens."—An amusing little thriller, with the ornamental Esther Ralston.
"Speedy."—You can't go wrong on Harold Lloyd.
"Stand and Deliver."—Rod La Rocque in one of those things.
"Steamboat Bill, Jr."—Buster Keaton in a really funny one.
"The Strange Case of Captain Ramper."—Out of the ordinary.
"Street Angel."—A beautiful, tiresome picture.
"The Street of Sin."—Regardless of Emil Jannings, we thought it was terrible.
"Sunrise."—Dr. Murnau's supreme achievement.
"Tempest."—John Barrymore comes into his own. Cheers!
"Tenderloin."—The first (and worst) talking movie.
"Three Sinners."—Pola Negri in a bad picture.
"The Trail of '98."—The grandest scenes now on view.
"The Triumph of The Rat."—Ivor Novello and Isabel Jeans in a British effort.
"Two Lovers."—Last of the Colman-Bankys. Interesting.
"We Americans."—Mediocre melting-pot stuff.
"Wings."—The great epic of the war-birds.

phs, and its simple, unattractive chap- titles, the reading will be easy and eresting for the "aristocrat"—who d not necessarily understand the der flights of free fancy. Each chap- standing as an entity, there is no ten- icy for the reader to gobble. Reading voke a host of thoughts, therefore unt Keyserling must be reckoned as inently successful. The price of the ume should not be considered exorbi- it, for psychoanalytical charts of a re person today sell for a ten-cent ce, and here is a chart for almost all peoples of an entire planet.

Straight from the Shoulder

he Other Side," by Struthers Burt. Charles Scribner's Sons.

If there is a society for the promotion Franco-American understanding, it ould reprint and circulate the paper on ance, "Gallic Calm," in this book. It the only short, wholly sound estimate d appreciation of the French which we ve ever read. It undermines popular llacies, flattering and otherwise, about ance and builds a fine groundwork for structure of real understanding. It is e best of a group of papers on the her sides of many much-discussed estions. Several of the papers might ve been grouped under the general le of "Hokum," for in them Mr. Burt tacks with sharp wit the two groups ost given to hokum: those who believe at life is what the movies and the bloid magazines say it is, and those ho believe that it is what the sophistico- rnigraphico-futilitarians say it is. In ese papers Mr. Burt is spokesman for e gently bred man and woman, of all eople the least given to hokum. One ghly diverting paper on the present iolent English hatred of America has rought down the Lion's paw on the au- hor's head already, but any careful ader will see that it is actually the criti- sm of a friend, lively but affectionate. Mr. Burt is not at his best as a writer in ese papers, which suffer a little from urry, repetition, and combativeness, so hat at times one feels that a more de- ached attitude would have been of more ervice to the excellent causes espoused. But the foreword, which should be read, xplains some of these things. And, fur- hermore, the aloof ironic attitude is a ttle overdone these days, and the way f the temperate non-partisan writer is eset with dangers which no one who eels as strongly and writes as vigorously s Struthers Burt will ever have to meet. We have promised not to recommend ooks, but— F. C. L. R.

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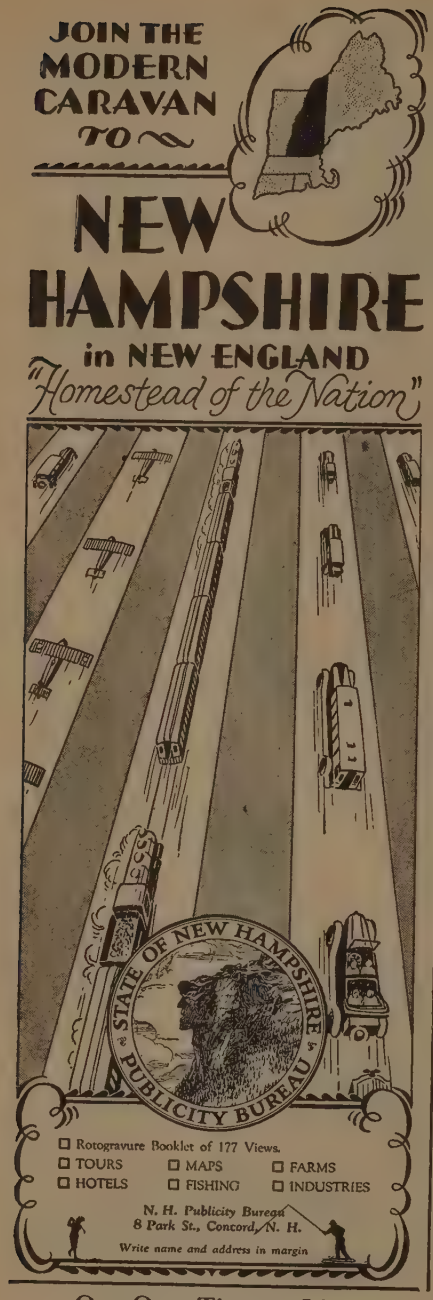

Our Own Theatre List

(*See page 425*)

"Coquette," Maxine Elliott.—Comedy, tragedy; youth in a small Southern town; Helen Hayes and excellent cast; first choice for tears and humor.

"Trial of Mary Dugan," Sam H. Harris.—Mystery, murder, melodrama; circumstantial evidence turned inside out before your eye, convincingly acted; you won't move.

"The Silent House," Shubert.—Humor and melodrama; impossible, hair-raising, yet extraordinarily amusing.

"Strange Interlude," John Golden.—A psychological novel put upon the stage; a new kind of drama; Tom Powers and Lynn Fontanne in O'Neill's finest.

"The Happy Husband," Empire.—Billie Burke in a gently amusing drawing-room comedy.

"Porgy," Republic.—Folk-play; Negro life along Charleston water-front; real Negroes; a gorgeous thing, if simply for its pastel colors and primitive music.

"The Royal Family," Selwyn.—Comedy; home hubbub of a family of famous theatrical stars; fairly well acted; so funny that it sometimes isn't real enough to be as good as it should be.

"Show Boat," Ziegfeld.—A gorgeous spectacle; romance, emotion, exquisite settings, and music.

"A Connecticut Yankee," Vanderbilt.—Good lyrics and music; not much Mark Twain.

"Rain or Shine," George M. Cohan.—Joe Cook in the show you mustn't miss.

"Present Arms," Lew Fields.—A very entertaining summer musical show.

Picked at Random

By WALTER R. BROOKS

Paul T. Frankl's
New Dimensions
Payson & Clarke

We have a lot of admiration for the work which Mr. Frankl has done. But we disagree emphatically with a great deal of the reasoning by which he justifies it. Almost invariably when an artist begins to define his creed, begins to dogmatize, he gets into difficulties. In the process of rationalization most of the truth drops out.

For example: we don't believe that the word "sentimental" applies to all the art and decoration of the past, we don't believe that simplicity is the keynote of modernism, or that all Victorian draperies, little as we like them, were dingy. We don't expect an innovator to be fair to the past; if he is, he won't be much good. Yet he must be logical to carry any conviction; and to stigmatize everything you dislike as sentimental—to give an obvious example—is decidedly illogical. And we don't believe that any artist or decorator can self-consciously label himself "modern," *tout court*, and justify it on other than commercial grounds.

When he considers specific problems and leaves the spirit of the age aside, Mr. Frankl is much more convincing. There is profit for anybody—artist, decorator, or home builder—in these chapters on fabrics, furniture, lighting fixtures, and so on, and in the many fine and interesting illustrations. Perhaps the chapter on "Practical Considerations of Art in Business" has a faintly inartistic taint of commercialism. But we let that pass. There is a blend in process of consummation between the artist and the business man, according to Mr. Frankl.

For us, the illustrations were the most interesting part of the book. They show actually what is being done, and they are well selected—although a number of them seem to us to contradict flatly the laws of modern decoration which the author has laid down.

William Gerhardi's
Eva's Apples
Duffield

Ever since "The Polyglots" we have looked forward with interest to each succeeding book of Mr. Gerhardi's, and each time have been disappointed. "Eva's Apples" has disappointed us. It is written brilliantly and carelessly, it contains pages that we wouldn't have missed for anything, and chapters that bored us heavily. There is a hero who seduces two maidens at once on a mountain-top, and Lord Ottercove—who author says is Lord Beaverbrook eccentric newspaper magnate, and de Jones, a mad scientist who des all of the world but a hill-top on w a few of the characters are left a end of the story. There are Eva Zita, who haven't a scrap of dec and are perfectly charming, and mother, who is entirely irresponsible, many other amusing minor charac The book is pessimistic, satirical, nal, tiresome, and quite mad. Mr. hardi hints on the jacket that he wr when he was in love—"because to a novel when you are not in love is very devil." But we do wish he'd out of love long enough to write good novel.

A. Radclyffe Dugmore's
African Jungle Life
Macmillan

Here are the stories of Ten the elephant, Sin the lion, Mbogo, buffalo, Kifaru, the rhino, and Twi the giraffe, thrown into narrative f and told from the point of view of animals themselves. Major Dugm has hunted and photographed studied these animals for years, an you want to know the sort of life t lead, and the kinds of things they and whom they fight with, and so you will find it very pleasantly presen here. Provided that you aren't so lite minded that it offends you to have th reason things out for themselves a person similarly situated might do. M jor Dugmore, by the way, doesn't beli that there is among animals such a th as protective coloration. His argum didn't convince us; nevertheless it m carry some weight, since he is an exp enced big-game hunter.

Stuart Martin's
The Fifteen Cells
Harpers

All night long Governor of prison sat up tell stories of crime t gentleman who we thought was going shoot almost any minute, since he h come to force a reprieve for a condemn friend from the Governor at the pis point. They are very good stories much better than we could tell with large pistol trained upon our midr There are fourteen of them, one deali with each of the new prisoners, and th are told with the purpose of showing th every criminal makes a mistake th brings him to justice. The visitor is n convinced by the stories, but the la chapter, which tells what happened the Governor's office after that gent man's narrative powers had been e hausted, concludes the series effectivel Told economically and without paddi We enjoyed them.

The Outlook CLASSIFIED Section

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MISCELLANEOUS

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NURSE will board semi-invalid or elderly person. Own home in mountains. I. M. Rice, Center Berlin, Rensselaer Co., N. Y.

The Return of Sentiment

(Continued from page 421)

am thinking, because of a quirk in their natures, denied the permanent aspects which are the same whether tides are out or in. That attitude which neglected feeling was an incomplete attitude. And the fact that it was a reaction against the humorless sentimentality of Ruskin and the bad moments of Tennyson does not really excuse it at all. For it was the uncritical reaction of the young who did not know against the errors of the old who had failed in some particulars to understand. Thought, no matter how piercing, needs to be mitigated by feeling, just as feeling, no matter how genuine, needs to be curbed by thought. Hence it is not strange that in due course we should see the paling of the candles of realism and intellectualism, which for twenty years have shone much too far in a naughty world.

THE new stars fill their urns with light at another fountain. William Butler Yeats, whom we once thought sentimental, is suddenly being felt. He had his posturing side, his Yellow Book side. He suggested flowing ties and a seriousness that did not impress us. But he had emotion tempered with thought. Edwin Arlington Robinson represents the same phenomenon in America. His public has at least beaten a track to his door, because he was not ashamed of emotion and because he had a brain as well as a nervous system.

BUT more striking in this country perhaps than the emergence of Mr. Robinson is the appearance of two novelists every word of whose writings is evidence of the return of saner and more cultivated feeling. They are, of course, Miss Willa Cather and Mr. Thornton Wilder. They are unlike to the extent of differing in sex, mental attitude, and emphasis of interest. Miss Cather is by way of being a pioneer in the return to better things. It would never occur to her to write on a subject which merely offered an opportunity for proving her own cleverness, any more than it would occur to her to exhibit to the world the artless stream of her consciousness. You cannot imagine her exploiting a type, because the essence of fine feeling is to transform types into individuals. And art without fine feeling to her is not art at all. Perfectly simply, without recourse to imaginative pyrotechnics, she evokes in the reader a sentiment and an emotion she herself has felt; quiet, powerful, and authentic, "without o'erflowing, full." Feeling and thought are in complete harmony, and her books as a result achieve that reality which, as was said by them of old time, differs utterly from realism in kind and in degree. "Death Comes for the Archbishop" is likely to be a permanent addition to literature, because she has known how to touch a disconnected skeleton of a not intrinsically interesting episode with divine feeling which is the resurrection and the life.

IT would be easy to make a conventional comparison between Miss Cather and Mr. Wilder, but why waste paper? What they have in common is simply this fine commixture of thought and feeling. In training, in interest, in the details that attract them, they differ as complete persons always differ. They prefer to penetrate different spiritual regions. And Mr. Wilder owes nothing to Miss Cather except the admiration which a man of such intelligence must accord her. He himself writes with extraordinary brilliance. But he is better than that. In neither "The Cabala" nor "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" will you find an epigram dragged in because its author thought it beautiful. There is no effect for effect's sake. No figure appears because the scheme of the picture demanded a splash of color. The Marquesa of Montemayor is not a costumed hag against a meretricious historic background. She is the Marquesa of Montemayor herself—presented with a power, a genius, and a sympathy to which if I were to do honor I should do myself yet more.

It may be said that two authors do not make a summer. Some besotted one will probably get after me in the approved Socratic manner by asking me what thought and feeling are. It would be easy to reply that if he doesn't know already, he is never likely to, which would be answering the cheap according to his cheapness. Thought is concerned with reasons, feeling with values. Good reasons are fatal yoked with poor values. Good values are useless with poor thought. America has been cursed for twenty years with a cynicism which was the result of third-rate feeling coupled with a second-rate thought stupid beyond the dreams of imbecility.

BUT the tides are turning. During the next two decades it will not be enough to photograph the lavatories of brothels. I expect that phallic symbols will tinkle less and less. Sexual exhibitionism is in reality uninteresting when compared with great emotions. Neurotic passions never have the conviction of healthy ones. The poster-like caricature which we are told by the blurbs is "strong" characterization, the roaring, noisy, clanking rhetoric of surprise and savage contrast, appear what they really are when confronted with such books as "Death Comes for the Archibishop" or "The Bridge of San Luis Rey." What was painted on the principles of cold theory for *réclame* will hold our interest no more when at length we again see pictures whose colors are mingled with that most permanent of human things, intelligent emotion.

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Francis Rufus Bellamy, Publisher Ernest Hamlin Abbott, Editor-in-Chief

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Malcolm Waters Davis Dixon Merritt Harold T. Pulsifer
Frances Lamont Robbins Parkhurst Whitney

William L. Ettinger, Jr., Advertising Manager

William A. Grevers, Circulation Manager

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SCIENCE by fiat is no new thing. Nor, we imagine, is science by legislation. Such things have long been associated in our minds with the dark ages. It is somewhat of a shock, nevertheless, to be assured on excellent scientific authority that the thing is still going on—that all we learned in our school-books about, for instance, the effect of alcohol on human tissue has no real basis in scientific fact; that such teaching is, in fact, science by legislation.

SUCH, nevertheless, appears to be the truth, so Dr. Clendening states in his article in this issue. Alcohol doesn't shorten human life, no matter what may be its effect on the human soul.

DOES this revelation constitute an argument for or against prohibition? We are inclined to think not. What it does constitute, however, is a most imposing exhibit of how far social reformers can stray in their desire to ameliorate society. It shows the danger democracy runs once "causes" lay their hands on our educational machinery. For, if it was alcohol yesterday, it may be public utilities today, and tomorrow, what?

MEANWHILE, what has become of our once sincere attempt to teach temperance and moderation in all things, alcohol included? Do we stand committed now to whisky on one side or prohibition on the other, with temperance just a vanished dream? Certainly, it should not be forgotten that drink can be obtained nowadays in speak-easies or clubs or from bootleggers, precisely as once it could in saloons or liquor stores. Its use or abuse is just as much a problem. The need for temperance is even greater than ever.

BUT who voices it? Not the champions of prohibition, whose battle-cries come to our notice. They seem to be too busy changing the Nation's habits by legislation. Not from the wets, either. They are too busy attacking the Prohibition Law and trying to discover some way to alter it.

IN our view, we should be much closer to a solution if the wets, instead of talking about light wines and beers, devoted themselves to devising practical methods for regulating the abuses of alcohol; if meanwhile the drys spent their time teaching the value of temperance and moderation, instead of attacking the wets. Merely to declare by fiat what is scientific truth, and then from such conclusions to regulate personal habits by legislation, will prove, we think, a delusion.

From "The Woodcut of To-Day at Home and Abroad," published by The Studio Ltd.

THE RAILROAD SLEEPING

A woodcut by Howard N. Cook

Courtesy Messers. E. Weyhe & Co.

The Outlook

July 18, 1928

The World This Week

achem Smith

own in Fourteenth Street, Manhattan, a murky night, men bellowed and heered, inharmoniously but with unanious good will. It was the Fourth of ly, one hundred and fifty-second year American independence, and one hunred and thirty-ninth celebration of the ammany Society.

This time there was an extra special gnificance to the ceremony. It was the st celebration in the dingy old building at synonym-lovers like to call "the lair the Tiger." It was even more memrable for the presence of a Tammany by who had grown up to become a residential possibility.

Men and women came from all the oroughs and beyond to hear what achem Smith would say in that place on at occasion. When they had ceased aring, the candidate said:

"I have listened to a great deal of ublic and very caustic criticism of ammany, and I asked myself the queson: How can anything live in this ountry one hundred and thirty-nine ears that is not all right? I read that otice [the invitation to the celebraon]. Aside from announcing the one undred and thirty-ninth consecutive elebration, I notice the words: 'All citiens of the United States and lovers of mericanism are cordially invited to nite with us.' I saw the answer to my wn question in the notification. All tizens, all lovers of America, are invited unite with us.

"That is in the strictest possible conrmity with the vital principle of the eclaration, about the equality of man. 'e don't care whether he is rich or whether he is poor; whether he walks up to Tammany Hall or whether he comes to us in an automobile, or, in the old days, in a coach. We care not about his station in life; we care nothing about his religious belief. We only want to know one thing—that he is a lover of America, and that he has at heart the aims and purposes of this Society to perpetuate the memory of Jefferson, the memory of Washington, the signing of the immortal document which gave America her freedom, and is standing behind the Constitution, which gives life and fidelity to the Declaration. That is all we want to know.

"And in that simple announcement, I firmly believe from the bottom of my heart, is a large part of the underlying success that could keep Tammany alive for one hundred and thirty-nine years; its great human appeal to everybody in every walk and in every station of life. That is true to America and true to the ideals upon which she was founded."

Political enemies said at once: "You see! Smith defends Tammany Hall. He is still one of the boys."

Friends countered: "When he makes a patriotic address to the Tammany Society, he is not apologizing for corrupt Tammany Hall. He was being loyal to old friends, not to plunderers. He has spoken time and again on such occasions. Why should he make himself conspicuous and suspect as to his sincerity by his absence at this time? It was a natural and casual act."

In any event, Tammany Hall is irrevocably in the campaign. Sachem Smith himself has put it in. He is too shrewd a politician to have done so unwittingly.

Keeping Step

Erstwhile rivals of the two Presidential candidates have almost unanimously "gone regular." Lowden is the only major figure in either party who has not yet given definite promise of support to his party nominee. Senator Lowden is not opposing Hoover; he has just kept quiet so far.

The smaller fry in both parties have gone along with the bigger. Men like Carmi Thompson who were violently against Hoover during the pre-Convention campaign have resigned from the anvil chorus. Many dry Democrats have decided to support Smith, although there are stirrings in Texas which may or may not be of importance. The most outspoken opponent of the Democratic nominee is the wife of the retiring Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, Mrs. Clem Shaver.

"Regardless of what Democratic leaders from top to bottom may do," says she, "we dry Democratic women will not support the dripping wet ticket and the joke platform named by the Tammany delegates to the recent Convention at Houston.

"And, furthermore, we do not believe more than a few of the millions of the Democratic women in this country can be fooled as all of the Democratic leaders appear to have been fooled by it. The idea of a man like Josephus Daniels, Dan Moody, Joe Robinson, Carter Glass, and Jed Adams saying, 'I am a Democrat—I shall support the party nominee'!

"How many times has Tammany supported the party nominee in the past sixteen years? Not once. Yet they have

fooled these heretofore able Democratic leaders into saying, 'I am a Democrat, I will vote for Tammany, whisky, and a trick platform.' "

Mrs. Shaver said more in the same vein, characterizing Governor Smith as "a charlatan and a faker."

To these wrathy remarks Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt replied:

"Mrs. Shaver's attack is well in line with the extreme and frequently untruthful statements made by the little group of women represented by the Women's Democratic Law Enforcement Committee of Baltimore. . . . There are women, of course, who consider the enforcement of the Volstead Law more important than truth or fair play. Apparently, Mrs. Shaver has allowed herself to be misled by this group."

Issue of Issues

THERE were sounds in Chicago as of the thumping of a dinner-pail, model 1896. Dr. Hubert Work, Chairman of the Republican National Committee, was making known the Republican issue.

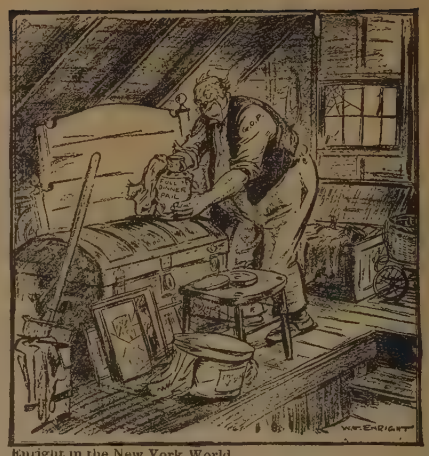
"The campaign will be waged on the protective tariff and its benefits," he announced. . . . Protection of the great American pay-roll, which is greater than the pay-roll of the rest of the world together—there's an issue. The Republican Party has stood for the protective tariff, which protects the wages of the workmen in mill, mine, and factory, who in turn have money to buy the products of the American farmer."

Then a thump was heard that was later changed to a low ruffle. Elaborating his opinion that the issue of issues, standing before farm problem and prohibition, was the protective tariff, Dr. Work was quoted as saying:

"It is difficult for me to believe that farmers are in such distress as pictured, with steers bringing $18, wool at 35 cents, wheat at $1.47, hogs at high prices, and everything the farmer sells bringing good prices. And practically everything he has to sell is protected by the protective tariff."

When this got into print and raised the rumpus that might have been expected, Dr. Work declared that, through condensation and omissions, his remarks had given a wrong impression, and that "the boys" had misunderstood. He added that he does not talk very distinctly.

"I did not say there was no farm problem," he said. "The gist of what I said was that the Republican platform recognizes the farm problem as a National problem and proposes a specific



Enright in the New York World

Discovery of a family antique

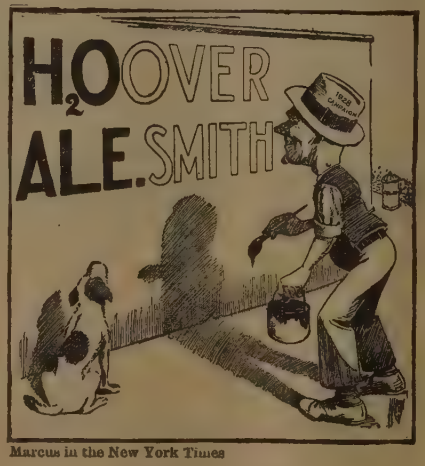
form of relief which will, I believe, commend itself to the farmers; and I expressed satisfaction for the better outlook for farm prices than last year, and that there should be a balanced adjustment between the products of the farm and the shops."

Some suspicious persons believe that Dr. Work's tariff tune is really a "come all ye" calculated to soothe the breast and open the purse of big business.

Aviation Country Clubs

A CORPORATION by that name has just been organized, its aim being the establishment of socially exclusive flying clubs throughout the country, with standard parts and interlocking membership.

"It is our intention," explains Miss Ruth Nichols, head of the Committee on Organization, "to offer the privilege of membership in the clubs only to socially congenial people. The sport in its present stage is quite selective. It attracts the sportsman and sportswoman with a vision of speed, convenience, and pleasure obtainable nowhere but in the air—



Marcus in the New York Times

What's in a name!

the man or woman who sees the possibility of lunch and dinner being perhaps 700 and 800 miles apart."

The first three clubs, it is announced, will be built in New Jersey, Long Island and Westchester County, New York. Planes and flying instructors will be part of the equipment of each.

Among the governors are William Rockefeller, Charles A. Lawrance, President of the Wright Aeronautical Corporation, Sherman M. Fairchild, of the Fairchild Aviation Corporation. Miss Nichols is an aviatrix.

We Protest

WHILE we are on the subject of aviation we mean to give our editorial support to the assistant pilots on the air lines recently established between Los Angeles and San Francisco.

"What this outfit wants," says the spokesman, "is aeronautical housemaids not co-pilots. I'd be a howling success if the ground school I went to had taught domestic science instead of so much unnecessary detail about airplanes and flying."

It seems that a buffet luncheon is served on this three-hour flight, and that time the assistant pilots are expected to double in the rôle of chef and dining-room steward. Theoretically, they are supposed to valet the passengers who require porter service.

The pilots protest that this is beneath the dignity of a flier. So do we. We must have our birdmen plain, not garnished with parsley nor soiled with shoe blacking.

Wives and Children First

FAMILIES of immigrants in the United States are to have preference in admissions under the immigration quotas, according to the Jenkins Act, which became effective the first of this month. The law remedies what has been one of the worst defects in the regulations that have been in force, both from the American and foreign point of view.

Heretofore families of immigrants were in the same class with foreigners having no relatives in this country. They had to wait their turns under the quotas according to the order of their applications. In this way families have been kept separated for years, when they sought the men who had come here to make a place for them desired to be reunited and when it was obviously to the interest of the United States to bring them together again and make them permanent residents and citizens.

The new act gives preference first

amilies of citizens, second to skilled armers, third to families of alien residents or unnaturalized immigrants, and ast to quota immigrants not included in ny of these groups.

Fifty Years a Publisher

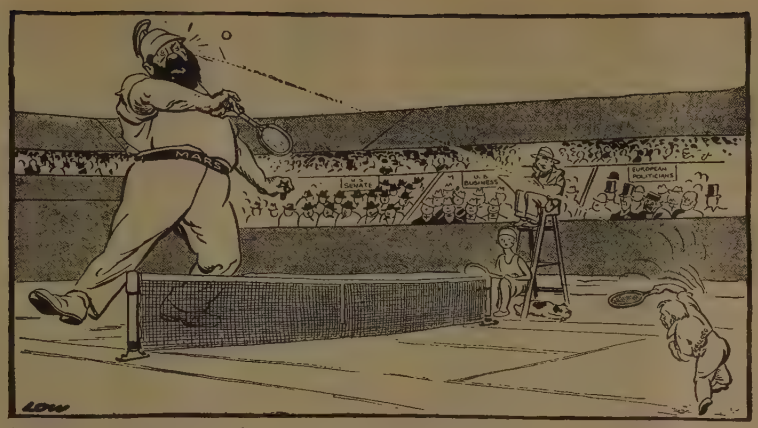
FIFTY years ago Adolph S. Ochs, publisher of the New York "Times," began is career as a newspaper publisher with is ownership of the Chattanooga Times." In honor of the anniversary, he Publishers' Association of New York City tendered to Mr. Ochs their resolutions of congratulation, in which they aid: "In all his endeavors, however difficult the problems presented, he has ever sacrificed either his intelligence or is honor, nor put either to test by seeking to tread the border-line of newspaper thics." They paid tribute to his enterprise, cleanliness, dependability, and good taste.

Lightning, Still a Puzzle

LIGHTNING has been challenged by science. Not that science or engineering expects to prevent it except over limited areas, but rather, if possible, to understand it.

Thus far but little has been learned concerning lightning. More has been learned, however, in the past five years than during the whole time since the famous—and dangerous—experiment of Benjamin Franklin. It has recently become practicable to make lightning artificially on a small scale in the laboratory, and thence to test it. At the present moment electrical engineers from the Westinghouse Company's research laboratories are on the trail of real lightning in a wild spot in the mountains of Tennessee. Equipped with such instruments as oscillographs, osisos, and klyndonographs, they expect to make scientific records of every flash that occurs in the vicinity of a high-tension power transmission line that crosses the mountains.

Despite their startling names, these instruments are quite tame and domesticated. The oscillograph has marked agility. If a flash of lightning lasts only a ten-millionth of a second, its magic pointer, consisting of nothing but a beam of electrons, will keep step, leaving a permanent record. The klydonograph records the maximum shock received by the transmission line—and here is the most practical part of the research; lightning sets up terrific surges in transmission lines, like uncontrollable surges of water up and down a bathtub. These do damage; but, as they are not yet wholly understood, they cannot intelligently be controlled. There may come a time when man can bid the lightning defiance.



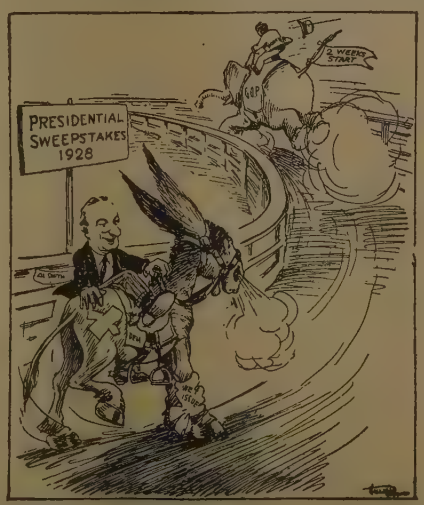
From the Evening Standard (London)

David and Goliath (new version)

It Takes Money to See Mars

ONE good battleship costs about forty million dollars. For that amount—far less, indeed—man could pry into another kind of secret of Mars, viewing the ruddy planet himself by means of a remarkable chain of five astronomical telescopes planned by Professor G. W. Ritchey, to whose superlative skill astronomy and its friends owe the world's largest existing reflecting telescopes. To spend forty millions on astronomical telescopes might impress many as foolish. Relatives of a deceased millionaire recently succeeded in convincing a Texas jury that a man who willed a million to the science of star-gazing must have been out of his mind. Yet on a referendum, how many would vote a battleship more valuable?

Despite all which has been written about Mars, the largest image we have ever been able to get of it by means of the very largest telescope is only an eighth of an inch in diameter. Professor Ritchey now proposes a new kind of telescope, twenty feet in diameter, to be situated in Arizona, which would provide an image of Mars a full inch and a half in diameter. Doubtless this would resolve the much-debated canals into their real objectiveness, especially when photographic enlargements of the inch-and-one-half image were made having a diameter of twelve inches. This would amount to an enlargement over the naked-eye power of 14,100 diameters. This might pry open the secrets, not only of Mars, but of the other planets.



Halladay in the Providence Journal

Can he catch him?

They "Pass"

EVERY year five thousand Negroes who show no trace of color augment the ranks of the white population. This on the word of Bishop J. W. Martin, of the American Methodist Episcopal Zion Church. They "pass," say some of their darker brethren, scornfully. They leave their own, Bishop Martin declares, because only as "whites" can Negroes do the work they like best and for which they are best fitted.

"I know the mayor of a certain town," he said recently, "who is a white man now, but as a boy was as good a Negro as the community had, and his brother is to this day a good colored preacher.

"We want the doors of all professions and trades, of all skilled and unskilled labor opened to us, and we want them opened wide enough for us to get in without having to 'pass.' . . . We want no special favors, no extraordinary kindnesses, no granting of handicaps, but just a chance to shoot from taw and keep on shooting until the game is ended.

"How we colored people live in the United States of America depends on where and under what conditions we are

forced to live. Restricted districts, prohibitive purchase prices for houses, exorbitant rents, threats, and abuse are only some of the means employed for adding insult to our already sorely injured group.

"When it comes to public parks and playgrounds, leisure and recreation, the Negro often is not even thought of in connection with them. What we are going to do about it I do not know, but this I do know, the fight is on."

One Stone, Two Birds

SENATOR NORRIS, free and independent Republican, let fly a sizable stone the other day at two birds—the "water power trust" and the Electoral College.

The "water power trust."

"There has never been such a stupendous attempt to undermine the foundations of government and civilized society as the secret machinations of this gigantic monopoly. It is poisoning the minds of youth through the secret control of text-books in our public schools. It has reached its deceitful hand into the church and has undertaken to bribe the minister in his pulpit. It has crept in the back door of State universities and colleges to practice deception on the coming generation. It has crept into the midst of such organizations as the Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts of America.

"It has, with deception and bribery, undertaken to influence State Legislatures. By the expenditure of huge sums of money it has undertaken to buy seats in the United States Senate and, by the organization of the greatest lobby that has ever been gotten together in our capital city, it has expended untold sums for the control of our National Legislature.

"All this is being exposed by the Federal Trade Commission. This exposure has been going on daily until the corruption disclosed has smelled to high heaven, and yet the great political parties in their National platforms are silent on the subject. . . .

"And what are the progressive-minded people of the United States going to do about it?" Under our system of machine politics, the people are practically helpless. It is easy to say that a third party can be organized, . . . but the machine realizes that this gigantic trust knows that under our system of electing a President such a course is, for practical purposes, an impossibility.

The Electoral College.

"If our worse than useless Electoral College were abolished, and the people were allowed to vote directly for President, it would be very easy and inexpensive, when the people are dissatisfied with the nominations made by the major parties, to run an independent candidate for President. All that would be necessary would be to file the required petition in the various States to put the name on the official ballot. This could and would be taken care of locally without the expenditure of any money and without the necessity of any political organization."

Until that is done, Senator Norris predicted, political organizations will pay no attention to the rank and file of political parties or to citizens generally.

Germany's New Government Wins

CHANCELLOR MUELLER, the Social Democratic leader, and his new coalition Cabinet, made up also of Catholic Centrists, Democrats, and leaders of the German and Bavarian People's Parties, have passed their first test in the Reichstag. Upon its declaration of program, the Parliament gave the Government a vote of confidence of 261 to 134. So the criticism of the Nationalist reactionaries was nullified, and a liberal administration received unquestionable sanction of its authority.

Returning to the post he has held before as Chancellor, Mueller made it clear that he would both stand for fulfillment of the Dawes Plan for reparation payments and also follow previous Governments in seeking evacuation of the Rhineland by the French forces of occupation. He plans further an amnesty law for political prisoners and action to reduce income tax burdens on wage-workers. This is in line with the Social Democratic support of the Dawes Plan, subject to conditions that do not bear over-heavily on the laboring class; and it represents the issue on which he is likely to have most trouble with the industrialist opposition of the more conservative parties.

Gobbled Up

THE piles of unsold bonds on the shelves of dealers are said to have been mounting with money rates, but the new 3⅜ per cent bonds offered by the Treasury have been welcomed. The $250,000,000 offered for cash were gobbled up and the overflow demand swung towards the Third Liberty Loan Bonds, exchangeable for the new issue, with such force as to push the price up a full point in one day.

This warm response probably means that no more long-term bonds will be offered in exchange for the $1,225,000,000 worth of Third Libertys now outstanding. Secretary Mellon announc that if cash and exchange subscriptic exceeded $500,000,000, there would no more long-term financing in conn tion with the Thirds. This total shou be exceeded easily.

Many Wall Street diagnosticia pointed to the offering as an indicati of easier money in the future, but t interpretation will not hold water. I various reasons, the Treasury may ha thought it necessary to make a gen ous long-term-bond offer, whatever thought of the future trend of inter rates. If it had felt free to offer eith long or short term securities, howev and it had expected easier money, would certainly have offered short-te issues.

"Poker Face" Wins

WIMBLEDON has no terrors for Hel Wills. In winning the final on the mous center court she disposed of really high-class opponent in Mlle. Alvarez. The latter is very much of all-round athlete as well as a finish tennis player. She has taken honors swimming, is a hunter and mounta climber of note, and can sail yachts almost any size. She is also very mu at home in the air. Her tennis is i proving steadily, and she may be cons erably harder to beat another time.

One wonders how so much power e came to be packed away in the not large frame of Helen Wills. But power is there. She was never able turn it on at the full against Suzan Lenglen, but then Suzanne was adm tedly on a lonely eminence so far as t nis is concerned. Miss Wills is a bet tennis player every year. She is j now beginning to lose some of the plac ity that gave her the nickname of "Pok Face." She is beginning to get what English call "devil" into her strok Her driving cannot be improved up and her court generalship is of the be There is still before her a long career victory.

Our Olympic Athletes

THIS country's Selection Committee l announced, as the result of some blaz racing in the Harvard Stadium and otl trials, what is probably the strong track and field team ever to wear United States shield in the Olym games. While congratulating ourse on the remarkable abilities of th eighty-two performers, it is well to member that other countries—notabl Germany—have come along might since the war, and have thrown into a

Wide World

OVER NIAGARA ALIVE

Jean Laussier and the rubber ball in which he made the 200-foot plunge over the Horseshoe Cataract of Niagara Falls

tics of the competitive sort much of the nergy that once went into goose-stepping and mass athletics of the purely ymnastic type. We shall have stiff ompetition. No sooner do we bring out group of spearmen who can hurl the velin around 200 feet than a lusty ustralian turns up with a throw of 22 et better.

It is to be presumed that the United tates will clean up in the dashes and e field events, and do extremely well in e hurdles. The runs are problematical. 'e shall find Kornig (German) and ouben (Hollander) disputing the ashes; Nurmi, Wide, Douglass Lowe, id an occasional Swiss and Frenchman owing us the way in some of the runs. here will be a great race in the 400-eter hurdles between Morgan Taylor, ho has been breaking the world's rec-rd recently, and Lord Burghley, a igged British timber skimmer. The imps and the pole vault are unmistaka-ly ours. And, of course, everybody opes that Joie Ray will bring home the n thousand meters and the Marathon. ut Joie is stubborn, careless, and has et to prove himself in the Olympics.

Perhaps the brightest feature of the Iarvard trials was the work of Lloyd Iahn, the Nebraskan from Boston, not much because of the times he made the manner in which he made them. He has lengthened his stride, learning something from the style of the Finns and Swedes. This is no longer the rather awkward, short-stepping Hahn, but as pretty and finished a long-striding runner as the sport has seen.

California's crew won the right to represent us in the Olympic Regatta at Amsterdam by virtue of a quarter-length victory in a terrific race with Yale on the Schuylkill. It is true that Yale had been through a savage dash against Princeton the day before, and perhaps the men from the west coast were a little the fresher. However, that is the luck of the game, and it is not difficult to believe that California would have won in any case. With three thousand miles behind them, the next three thousand of the journey are quite likely to result in an Olympic championship. There is apparently nothing to fear from the English this time. The Thames Rowing Club victory in the Grand Challenge at Henley was not impressive, and the Leander Club of today is not the Leander Club of pre-war days. The principal danger lies in the entry of the Argonauts of Toronto or the University of Toronto. The latter was the runner-up at the last Olympics. These Canadians know how to row and to race, and they are taught by the famous Joe Wright, greatest of all the Argonauts.

Over Niagara Falls

JEAN LAUSSIER wanted to buy his father and mother a farm for their old age, so he invested his savings in a rubber ball and bounced over Niagara Falls in it.

The ball was made of layers of rubber and canvas on a framework of steel. It was nine feet in diameter and weighed about 700 pounds. Friends lashed Laussier to the framework, a rowboat cast him off near Cayuga Island, about three miles up-stream, and the end of the mad adventure lay with the violent river.

Spectators watched the red ball bounce and bob through the rapids, saw it shoot over the falls about midway between the Canadian shore and Goat Island, then lost sight of it in the smother at the foot of the wall of water.

Fifty minutes after Laussier dropped his moorings at Cayuga Island, "Red" Hill, a riverman, rowed out into the eddies below the falls and towed the red ball ashore. Emerging, Laussier addressed admiring spectators as follows:

"I knew I could do it. It cost me $7,000 to finance the adventure, but I hope to get it all back, and more besides."

He said he had had a terrific bouncing, but the only bruises he suffered were of a minor nature.

Newspaper editors searched their files and discovered that Laussier is the third to make the trip and live. The first was a woman, Mrs. Anna Edson Taylor, who went over in an oak barrel in 1901. Ten years later Bobby Leach dared it in a steel barrel.

Watching the latter's dangerous but successful venture, Laussier, then a boy, was fired to emulate him. Now, if vaudeville booking agents are alert, maybe his father and mother will get that farm.

Salvaging Abandoned Cars

EVERY city has its automobile graveyard. There cars whose careers have come to an honorable or dishonorable end rest and rust in peace. They yield such parts of their skeletons and inwards as might serve to prolong the life of some other cars. But the mass of their iron and steel is of no more use than so much raw material. And even along roadways may be found here and there abandoned cars that will never again run under their own power or carry another passenger.

If all these cars could be collected in one place, they would constitute a veritable iron mine. So numerous have they become, however, that, scattered as they

Wide World

TWO MORE FLIERS

Captain Sir George Wilkins and Lieutenant Carl Ben Eielson, who made a successful flight across Arctic regions, arrive on the Macom to receive New York's welcome

are, many of them have proved to be worth salvaging. Bernard Lester, representative in Kansas City of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, is quoted in the New York "Evening Sun" as saying that his company has received orders from the Sheffield Steel Corporation to equip electrically a steel mill to be erected in the vicinity of that metropolis of western Missouri, far from any great natural iron-ore beds. This plant will operate, he says, chiefly on scrap obtained locally. There is so much of this that it is estimated it will supply a large proportion of the local demand for steel products.

"An abandoned automobile has some value as scrap," said Mr. Lester, "but not enough to justify shipping it a considerable distance to a steel center. But if it can be melted down, locally valuable material that otherwise would be wasted is saved and the merchandise made from it does not have to pay long-distance freight rates."

Unlike timber, which replenishes itself, iron once taken out of the ground cannot be replaced. But, unlike oil, it does not disappear when used. It still remains iron. So our automobiles and other discarded machinery and worn-out iron ware may serve as raw material and to some extent relieve the drain upon our ore deposits. And, incidentally, regions which have no ore may become to a limited extent sources of metallic raw material.

Beryllium, an Old-New Metal

THERE was a time, to recall which one does not need to be past middle age, when aluminum was a laboratory curiosity, highly expensive despite the fact that aluminum in compound form (clay, for example) is one of the most plentiful elements of the earth's crust. Now we are promised a new metal, harder by far than aluminum yet two-thirds lighter. What use shall we make of it?

The metal is beryllium. In the gem stone beryl we are familiar with one compound of this old-new metal, yet there it stubbornly clings to its atoms of silica and other elements. To pry it loose, reducing it to metallic form, cost as much as $5,000 a pound as recently as 1922; but now that methods have been found for performing this operation on larger lots, the price has already fallen to $200 a pound. What practical use could we make of a structural metal costing $200 a pound? Yankee fashion, one retorts with a question: "When aluminum was made in one-pound lots, did it not cost as much?" It is expected that the price of beryllium will soon fall to $10 a pound.

What use will it be put to? Again Yankee fashion: "Who could say thirty years ago what uses aluminum would have?" This newly available metal is already being used in alloys. It takes a high polish and will not tarnish in the air as aluminum does; in fact, it gives aluminum an added resistance to corrosion when alloyed with it, while it makes copper much more rigid. Less than twice as heavy as water, it is harder than glass. It will be surprising if this rather unusual list of qualities does not meet with some great demand.

"Extensions"

THE final issues of the "Congressional Record," published after the adjournment of Congress, are in a way interesting reading—at least to the student of government.

These last issues are filled with "extensions" of remarks that were never made on the floor of Congress. The object of these "extensions" is to get political speeches into the record which can later be distributed at Government expense to hungry constituents.

Platforms of the Democratic and Republican Parties, the keynote addresses at the two Conventions, all appear in the records of a Congress which adjourned before the Conventions were held. The extended remarks of individual Congressmen vary greatly in character. One Congressman from a Pennsylvania district (the racial complexion of his district can be easily guessed) gets leave to print a eulogy to the Welsh. Another Congressman from Kentucky boasts of considerable length of the 350,000 pieces of literature and mail that have gone out from his office. Some Congressmen throw in speeches addressed to their own constituents, with only the slightest reference to the august gathering for which the remarks are supposed to be aimed.

We hear much of extravagant expenditures of candidates for office, but we never find included in the totals of the

enditures the political matter sent out the "Congressional Record" at the ense of the taxpayers themselves.

me and Politics in Chicago

xtending Chicago's greetings to Miss hart, a Chicago alderman, L. J. ssman, announced the purpose of ng Chicago a better reputation. icago has rid itself of crooks and s," he is quoted as saying. "We it now the safest city in the world. want other people to call it that. know 'throw away your hammer buy a horn.'"

nother method than horn-blowing improving Chicago's reputation has adopted by the Chicago Bar Asso-ion, which started an investigation of alliance between politicians and inals. One grand jury has already rted and has brought in indictments nst henchmen of the Republican ma-e of the Twentieth Ward. Among abuses which the grand jury lists are forcible compelling of voters to cast ts against their will, the voting of tious names, the repeating of votes ending gangs from one polling-place nother, kidnappings, assaults, rob-, and the willful blindness of police iolence. "The alliance of crime and ics," the Grand Jury says, "was man-ed to us in the testimony produced re us, and that alliance is always ented at the primary election by e, frauds, and murder." The Grand recommends that election systems ther cities be studied. The Grand 's comments on the police would k any community not hardened to sion between lawbreakers and law rcers.

hile the Grand Jury's report was be-published, a beer-runner chieftain owly escaped assassination. While ago is making its effort to clean up to save its good name, Chicago nods, including assassination by ma-e guns and the process of bleeding ness by the employment of one gang upposed defense against the opera-s of another gang, are invading New . The "racketeer," who has made ngerous for some business men and customers to do business except un-his dictation, has a rich field in the opolis. It is suspected that the klyn gang leader, Frankie Uale, or , as he preferred to be called, met death at the hands of a Chicago . Meantime a new grand jury in ago has resumed the investigation the partnership between crime and ics.

An Air Mystery

ALFRED LOEWENSTEIN, of Belgium, international financier, has died as spectacularly as he lived; or so it seems at the moment. Flying from London to the Continent, he disappeared from his private plane while crossing the Channel. His companions in the plane stated that he must have opened an outside door by mistake instead of a washroom door. The difficulty in opening the outside door has led others to believe that the financier's death was suicide. The legends that have grown up about Loewenstein have led still others to suggest that possibly he disappeared before the plane left England or after it landed in France, and that his disappearance is a prelude to another financial coup. The report of Loewenstein's death had a serious effect upon the securities in which he was known to be interested.

Wide World

Alfred Loewenstein

The Heroine of the Friendship

AMELIA EARHART belongs to that little group of aviators who love flying for its own sake and who are really embarrassed by the popular applause that follows a notable feat. Her reception in New York City and by the press of the country at large shows that she is liked for herself. Her modesty, her eagerness to see that full credit is given to her pilot, Wilmer Stultz, and her mechanic, Louis Gordon ("I was really only baggage," she said over and over again), her frank pleasure in being the first woman to cross the Atlantic by airplane, and her avoidance of advertising, theatrical, or other "show-off" stunts—all mark her as well placed in a plane named Friendship.

Miss Earhart may have been a mere passenger in her latest flight, but she long held the woman's altitude record of 14,000 feet, and she has been handling the controls for ten years or so. Her flying is both sport and recreation, and it fits in quite well with her work in practical sociology, with her reading and study, and with her side-sports of chemistry and languages.

The Flight to Brazil

THE crown for the longest sustained flight now belongs to Italian aviators. Captain Arturo Ferrarin and Major Carlo del Prete on July 5 landed in Brazil after a non-stop flight from Rome. The distance from Rome to Natal, where the plane came to earth, is estimated at 4,475 miles, a great advance over the previous record. The aviators had hopes of continuing to Rio de Janeiro, or even Buenos Aires, but weather conditions on the South American coast were unfavorable.

Windows on the World

By Malcolm W. Davis

CHARLES EVANS HUGHES seems to be slated to succeed John Bassett Moore as a judge of the Permanent Court of International Justice at The Hague. Sweden has nominated him, and the judges from other nations represented in the Court—Brazil, Cuba, Denmark, France, Great Britain, Holland, Italy, Japan, Spain, Switzerland, and the United States—are understood to have agreed to recommend his nomination to their countries. So indirect participation by the United States in the World Court is likely to be continued.

Germany wants to have a judge on the World Court bench—now that she is a member of the League of Nations—and so does Poland. Their desires complicate the matter of electing another

American judge. Consequently, a movement is under way at Geneva to increase the number of judges.

Each nation that is a member of the Court and any nation figuring in the annex to the Treaty of Versailles has a right to nominate two candidates to succeed Judge Moore. And Sweden, together with her nomination of Mr. Hughes, is reported also to have proposed Walter Simons, President of the Supreme Court of Germany. He has been Foreign Minister, and served as temporary President of the Republic before the election of Marshal von Hindenburg. Germany, however, is friendly to the candidacy of Mr. Hughes, who has been visiting Berlin.

Elevation to the bench of the World Court requires an absolute majority of the votes in the Assembly and the Council of the League, in separate sessions. The questions of the successor to Judge Moore and of enlarging the number of judges will come up at the annual meeting of the League Assembly in September.

Wide World

THE REBUILT LOUVAIN LIBRARY

before the mob tore down the uninscribed balcony which was erected by the Rector in place of the one designed by Whitney Warren because there was some objection to the inscription. The scaffolding was also completely wrecked, but the building proper was not touched

THE OIL WAR between the Standard Oil and the Royal Dutch corporations has come to an end as suddenly as it began. Its cause was the purchase of Russian petroleum from the Soviet Government by the Standard Oil Company of New York. The Royal Dutch Company protested, on the ground that the oil came from its former properties in Russia, confiscated by the Communists. The Standard Oil Company insisted on its right to buy from the Soviet. Since the oil was used to supply markets in the Near East, the Royal Dutch Company reduced its prices in that area, and soon the two companies were involved in a price-cutting contest—mainly in India. That proved expensive, and they are now reported to have reached an understanding by which the Standard Oil Company reserves its right to buy from the Soviet and the Royal Dutch Company secures recognition of its claim to compensation as the former owner of the oil properties. Price-cutting has been called off—and the brief days of slashing bargain prices for oil to automobile owners in India are over.

DEATH is the sentence of the Soviet Government on eleven engineers convicted of conspiracy against its power in their management of the Donetz coal mines in Russia. That verdict ends the notorious "Mine Trial" in Moscow, that lasted for weeks and resulted in forty-eight hours of deliberation by the tribunal before it rendered judgment.

Among the accused—over half a hundred in all—there were three German engineers employed in the mine organization. Possible international complications were avoided when the Court acquitted two of them and freed the other on parole. Of the Russians not condemned to death, a few were paroled and the rest were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment.

The Soviet authorities accused the technicians of plotting, by interference in the operation of the mines, to cripple and destroy the coal industry of Russia. Nikolai Krylenko, the State Prosecutor, pushed the case against them with vicious vigor, for Communists regarded the whole trial as a class-war demonstration against the middle-class capitalist business mentality, which it is their aim to defeat and eradicate. The conduct of the examinations was a constant drama of human emotions—fear, jealousy, revenge—tragedy only occasionally relieved by farce. Many of the accused were made to convict themselves out of their own mouths. Some convicted their associates in order to keep them from getting off. At one point a stubborn Ukrainian peasant manager, Andrei Kolodub, who stood off all attempts of the Prosecutor to incriminate him by direct questions, was betrayed by the testimony of his brother and then d nounced in a letter written by his s a member of the League of Commun Youth, who demanded for his father t extreme penalty.

At the end, Krylenko asked for t death sentence for twenty-two prison and long-term imprisonment for t others, including the Germans. The v dict of the Court—although it made f feit the lives of but half the numb Krylenko requested and evaded troul with Germany—recorded the mor peril that any Russian runs who thre ens in any serious way the security the Soviet power.

THE "FLAPPER BILL" has passed final reading in the House of Co mons and received the assent of t King. Thus the measure giving suffra to all women in Great Britain ov twenty-one years of age becomes a la Heretofore the voting age for women h been set at thirty years, but now th are on a basis of political equality wi their brothers. The new law will a about 5,000,000 citizens to the countr electorate, and swing the balance of t majority over to the women's side—f since the war England has been short men. But evidently the Conservativ who pushed the action through, count the women voters to be instinctively their side.

No Whispering

N Presidential campaigns there are enlisted on each side two forces. One is the force of reason, the other the force of prejudice. Reason makes battle through public discussion. Prejudice assassinates in whispers.

The first choice which the American people have to make in e campaign this year is not between candidates but between mpaigning methods. Will they make this a campaign of ispers or of open discussion? Which will they trust to ide them to their decision—prejudice or reason?

If the two major parties had selected two unknowns as their spective champions, there would have been little play room prejudice. But they have chosen men whose renown has en won in active public service and in sometimes bitter conversy. Precisely because they are the strongest candidates at could have been chosen they are most open to the shafts at prejudice can let fly from its covert. Not for many campigns has prejudice had such a chance.

On the one side, prejudice will try to print on the mind of e voter the picture of Al Smith with a cardinal's hat and a er's tail. On the other side, prejudice will try to keep unding in the ears of the voter the cry of " 'Ello, 'Erbert over!"

There is one way—and only one way—to rout the force of ejudice, and that is by bringing every question which it may k into the open and submitting it to the scrutiny of plain mmon sense. Refusal to discuss these questions will not event them from being asked; it will simply relegate them the obscurity in which prejudice flourishes. If there is rea- to believe that Governor Smith's loyalty to the Roman atholic Church and to Tammany Hall or that Secretary Hoor's long sojourning in foreign countries is a disqualification r the Presidency, out with it. The relation between Church d State and between a local political organization and the ational Government is a legitimate subject for public discusn. So is the effect of foreign experience upon the mind and licies of a possible President. If there lurk in the minds of y considerable number of voters any questions about these other matters, let them be blurted out.

And if they are blurted out there will be no whispering.

The Feud and the Duello

A GANG leader in an American city leads a precarious existence. There was Frankie Yale, for instance, who was killed a few days ago. As he was driving through street of Brooklyn, New York, in his Lincoln car, a machine n opened fire on him, and ended his career. But for the ks he ran he received much money and adulation. He colcted some of his money from small places of business that lied on the protection of his "mob," and some of it, it is id, in fees for supplying industrial alcohol to bootleggers; d by being good to the poor he made sure of the adulation. e got jobs for the out-of-work and coal and what-not for the nniless. And he had a fine funeral. At mass said for his ul the multitude overflowed the church and packed the street r four blocks. His body was buried in a silver coffin that st fifteen thousand dollars.

In free America we have abolished the code duello. But the crowded cities of Chicago and New York we still maintain the feud. And when a gang leader dies, politicians—Republican in Chicago, Democratic in New York—honor his memory. It is said that Dion O'Banion had more judges and Senators at his funeral in Chicago; but Frankie Yale had a bigger crowd of people. In the mountains of Kentucky the feudist gets no such send-off to another and perhaps better world as does the feudist in the centers of our urban civilization.

The code duello was hedged about with rules and custom, and accorded the principals in a quarrel at least a sporting chance. If it could be substituted for the feud, there would be some improvement; but it is permanently outlawed, and, besides, would not appeal to the feudist's taste for ambush. The feud, too, is outlawed; but what is outlawry to a feudist? It is the very spice of life. What matters it, whether outlawed or not, so long as it leads to silver coffins and a funeral with sixty cars of flowers and two hundred cars of mourners?

Wars between nations have been likened to duels between individuals. Let us outlaw the war code, it is urged, as we have outlawed the code duello, and we shall get rid of war. Shall we? Or shall we simply substitute the ambush of the feud? If multilateral treaties ever get rid of war, it will be not by abolishing a code, but by developing a public sentiment of the world that will put something better—not worse—in its place.

"Pack Reporting"

TWO great New York newspapers have issued fiats against "pack reporting." This is the system under which the members of a group covering a story exchange information, or even parcel out the work. It is one of the evils of big-city journalism.

The New York "Times" posted a notice on its editorial bulletin board announcing that reporters had repeatedly offered the defense, when demand was made for correction of statements in stories they had written, that they had received the information from other men. "The folly of such a system is obvious," said the notice. " 'Times' reporters are not salaried to collect news from other reporters or to contribute their news to other newspapers. Hereafter, every man turning in news, from whatever source he obtains it, will be held personally responsible for such matter."

The executive editor of the "World" promptly followed suit, reiterating, so he asserted, "what has been said countless times."

The multiplication of error, in the manner described, is in truth but one of the evils of herd reporting. Its effect is to level the whole group; the best reporter is no better than the poorest. The custom is a part of a general trend to newspaper standardization. Deprived by the system of any premium on initiative, reporters tend to become indolent and stereotyped. In those places where they are provided with rooms, as at municipal halls and police headquarters and courts and custom-houses, it is the practice even to pass around carbons of stories written by the men assigned to that post.

The practice brought nothing but bad results; that it has been tolerated so long is surprising. The stand that has been taken against it, however, by two of the foremost journals in the United States, gives promise that it will be broken up or abated. If that promise is fulfilled, we shall have a better daily press.

Alcohol and Human Life

By LOGAN CLENDENING

The author has been finding out what happens to the truth seeker when he puts out an observation that contradicts emotional preconceptions. Dr. Clendening has written a book, "The Human Body," that manages to be as amusing as it is sound. He lives in Kansas City, Missouri.

IT is several years now since my mind was suddenly turned entirely around on this subject. We seldom realize how blandly we ignore observations which do not advance some preconceived notion which we instinctively support. The most brilliant of our dramatic critics, Mr. Nathan, told us once that the difference between the American and the Russian playwright was that if they were both to visit a cemetery the Russian would see only the tombstones and the American only the flowers. For a long period I held the classic view of the relation of alcohol to human health. The wax models of the anti-alcohol society worked their expected horrors on my youthful mind. Then one day an older practitioner began to point out a number of people we both knew who had, in spite of rather excessive indulgence in alcohol, remained in perfect health and acquired advanced years. He also recited the case histories of certain people notably abstemious during their whole lives who died comparatively young of degenerative diseases often ascribed to excess. Since that conversation I have been a converted and changed man.

When, therefore, not long ago I was inveigled into writing a short account of human anatomy and physiology, my evil genius suggested to me that it would be well to refer to the harmlessness of a moderate use of alcoholic beverages upon the tissues of the human body and to the entirely neutral influence of their consumption upon the span of human life. For allowing myself to be enticed into this, to me, quite innocent set of statements I have been most roundly abused, not only in print, but also by letter and in private conversation. My very integrity has been impugned. Men have said to me: "Of course that was startling, and made people discuss you; but you don't really believe such stuff—we know that."

I confess I have been somewhat surprised at all of this for a number of reasons. In the first place, I find myself in the position of an old friend who read a paper at a medical society and was afterwards complimented by some one for the soundness of the doctrines therein expressed. "They should be sound," he replied, "I stole them from the very best authorities." I too stole my ideas from the very best authority: in this case Dr. Raymond Pearl, Director of the Institute for Biological Research of the Johns Hopkins University. I even performed the customary honor among thieves in the literary world of mentioning his name and referring to the book and page where his researches might be examined in detail. It really seems to be a little bit unfair; Dr. Pearl continues to be loaded with honors and emoluments, while I am heaped with epithets and vituperation. It is as if Dr. Pearl were the manager of a side-show and made all the profits, while I am the tinctured gentleman who sticks his head through the hole in the canvas and gets hit with the billiard balls.

But I was surprised also because I had prepared the statements to which objection has been made with an unusual amount of care. My theme was confined to the effect of the moderate ingestion of alcohol upon the human body. I said nothing about its effects upon the soul. I particularly went out of my way to announce that, in my opinion, it totally unfitted a man or woman for good work in whatever field that work was undertaken. I suggested a scoff at the idea, widely current, that Poe and Verlaine did their best work while saturated with brandy and absinthe. And not a few admirers of Poe and brandy and Verlaine and absinthe have rated me roundly for such breach of faith. This even was not the full extent of my circumspection: I acknowledged that alcohol had an undesirable effect upon certain otherwise lovable and industrious characters, causing them to pull out the hair of their wives by the roots, hit their little girls over the heads with gin bottles, and renounce entirely their routine daily attendance at the lumber yards; and I felt called upon to admonish such individuals to abstain, in the name of the great Je vah and the Continental Congress, fr indulgence in the use of alcoholic bev ages in any form and to any ext whatsoever.

Furthermore, I distinctly said "m erate." I freely admitted that an moderate and continuous use of alco had seemed to result, according to experience, in cirrhosis of the liver, pc neuritis, ventricular extrasystoles, delirium tremens. Having gone so It did appear to me that I might be lowed peacefully and quietly to disc the biologic problem I outlined ab without being called a liar, a blasphem a *poseur*, and an enemy of the Repub

FOR, you see, what I am proposing purely scientific problem. And order to make the solution of a scient problem at all likely it is advisable eliminate as many variables as possi The significance of this plainly obvi fact is far more widespread than may at first apparent. A disregard of principles enters into the attempt to rive at a conclusion to all the so problems which I ever hear discuss For instance, at a little luncheon gath ing where I am frequently present, one the members is by profession a psych trist. He not infrequently returns to midst fresh from the pursuit of dreadful duties, which are to explain t jury that, in his opinion, a man who cleft a business associate over the h with a meat ax is mentally somewhat balanced. His reappearance immediat provokes an extremely heated argum on the ancient subject of capital puni ment, and invariably it may be obser that no two entrants to the debate talking about the same thing. Of t they are absolutely unaware, and it is that reason that I venture to mention My psychiatrist friend is interested o in the scientific problem presented; aims to classify his specimen and stu the causes of his malady; to hang would interrupt a beautiful natural periment. A novelist member appe to agree with the alienist, but he d not agree at all, because he is opposed hanging the man for the sentimental r son that the soul torture involved rev all his sensibilities. And a sociologis moved to discuss the matter upon a tally different basis, which is the eff

n society and other potential murderers f either hanging or not hanging the vic-im. But they all think they are discuss-ng the same question. Now the problem f capital punishment and the problem f alcoholic ingestion are both human roblems, and their solution, if such a hing is possible—perhaps adjustment would be a better term—is bound, for hat reason, to be extremely complex. But it is one of my deepest convictions hat the biologic problem involved is one f the items to be considered in the final djustment. Far profounder is my cer-ainty that the biologic problem cannot e solved if anything else is allowed to loud the issue.

In this particular case, for instance, if t can be proved that alcohol has no dele-erious effect upon human tissues, we are ertainly privileged to turn to the prohi-ition societies and say to them: "This eing true, just exactly why do you ob-ect to the human consumption of alco-olic beverages?" Equally certainly we an say: "This being true, you are not rivileged to provoke the police power of he State to prevent the consumption of lcoholic beverages on the same ground hat we invoke the police power of the tate to enforce universal vaccination gainst smallpox."

So logical must such ideas appear—so lainly fair and ethical—that it is some-hing like a shock to learn that in many tates statutory law compels the authors f text-books on physiology and hygiene sed in schools to include a chapter on he deleterious effect of alcohol on hu-nan life and health. I know of nothing n the American scene today more down-ight immoral! Here is, at best, a highly lebatable subject, one to be settled only y the methods of science. And by law n interpretation is imposed upon the esult of those investigations before they re made. Science by legislation. Truth y legislation, when the object of legisla-ion is justice. The people who support hese grossly wicked practices are the nes who consider themselves the most noral individuals in the community. ast year, in discussing some public re-narks which I made jointly with the rofessor of Biology at the University of Kansas, a clergyman said that "scientists nust make their discoveries harmonize vith the beliefs of the American people." And neither then nor at any later time lid he appear to realize the enormity of vhat he had uttered—how blasphemous t was, how immoral. Because, trans-ated into his own phraseology and phi-osophy, what he said was that if a man liscovered one of God's truths and that truth was not what the American people believed he must announce that the truth of God which he had discovered was a lie. Yet this minister's statement was a revelation of the real and unconscious attitude of his soul.

Our ideas of hygiene have largely been built up in this way—they are Puritan and ethical rather than scientific. A person thinks alcohol increases crime and economic distress, so it is natural to assume that it injures the body. It is almost impossible not to wish that a person who is obviously having an uproariously good time on a succession of sprees will shortly fill a drunkard's grave. It is distinctly disappointing to observe such people going on for years in the enjoyment of nearly perfect health. So such cases tend to be forgotten; the ones remembered are the ones who "drank themselves to death."

THESE general principles being laid down, let us approach the different problems involved. We must separate them into constituent parts, and we will take as the first one the effect of the ingestion of alcoholic beverages upon the length of human life. Now, notice that this is all we are discussing—the length of human life. We are not discussing whether alcoholic indulgence makes a person feel well or ill in the morning, nor whether it causes congestion and the formation of mucus on the inner coat of the stomach, or whether it may result in multiple neuritis, or whether earthworms exposed to its influence are undermined in their ability to produce vigorous progeny. We are discussing the effect of alcoholic ingestion upon the length of human life. None of these other matters has anything to do with the subject, for people with headaches, and tremors, and gastritis, and alcoholic neuritis, may live a long time, and the only animal which concerns us just at present is man, not earthworms; various animals may react entirely differently to the same chemical. (For instance, dogs do not get typhoid fever and humans do not get distemper.) Obviously, the way to solve this question is to compare the longevity of a group of individuals who drink alcohol regularly with another group who never drink it. This Dr. Pearl has done, using several entirely different avenues of approach, and he has found that the difference in the span of life of the two groups is negligible. To be exact, he found that heavy and continuous drinkers live a somewhat shorter life than total abstainers, and that total abstainers live a somewhat shorter life than moderate drinkers, but in general the differences are hardly worth considering.

Leaving that question, then, and taking up another, it is fair to ask whether the ingestion of alcohol causes any human diseases. The one most prominently mentioned is cirrhosis of the liver. There are many others which have been ascribed to alcohol, such as hardening of the arteries, Bright's disease, and high blood-pressure, but this is one of the two or three in which, by the general suffrage of students, the probabilities are so strongly in favor of this relationship that men with wide experience can argue with some face of credibility that no example of the disease ever occurs in a total abstainer.

Even at this point, however, there is not general agreement. It is only fair to warn any ministers of the Gospel or Christian statesmen who undertake to treat of the matter that the technical problems involved are so considerable as to make it unlikely that they can be resolved by the somewhat cavalier dialectic which characterizes these gentlemen in their disposition of biologic problems. Not long ago a patient of mine succumbed to this disorder; an autopsy was performed, and parts of the liver were placed under the microscope; and even yet two pathologists of my acquaintance are locked in debate as to whether this was an example of cirrhosis of the liver. Now when so much difficulty occurs in actually recognizing a disease when the very tissues involved can be examined under the microscope, how much do difficulties increase when the unified cause of all the cases all over the world is to be determined. The entire force of one department of the Mayo Foundation for Medical Research has for the last five years been concentrated on liver disease, and in one of their latest publications Dr. Rowntree, the head of that department, has invoked the spirit of Richard Bright in the hope that some order could be brought out of "the chaos of the cirrhoses of the liver."

When such a state of affairs exists in one of the foremost laboratories of medical research in the world, it does seem a little unlikely that the equipment in the Senate chamber or in the study of the First Baptist Church of Ottumwa, Iowa, will be adequate to the task. Of course, this confusion in anatomical classification applies only to the less characteristic forms of liver disease. If it is of aid or comfort to any one, I may say that my experience indicates unqualifiedly that a certain kind of liver

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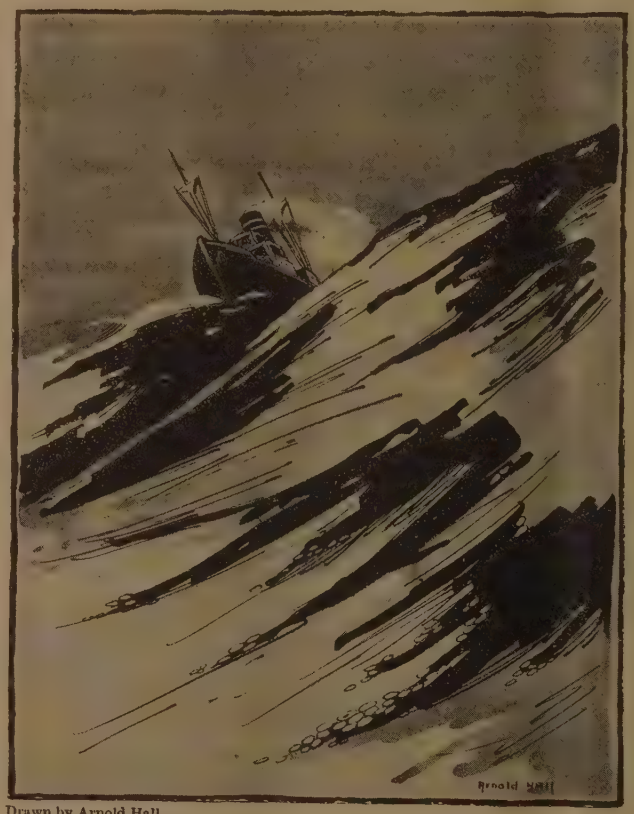
Chips from a Third Mate's Log

By KENNETH GRIGGS MERRILL

DECEMBER 6, 1918. Barry, Wales. In looking forward to my first day as an officer on a cargo vessel, I have always taken it for granted that I would come aboard in an orderly fashion: I would meet the captain, the various other officers, and then be given a day or so to "find myself"—to unpack, to acquaint myself with the ship—before my actual duties began.

Instead, when I reported aboard the Caroline this morning, I was met at the gangway by the second mate, who informed me that the captain was ashore and that I was to go on watch in ten minutes. Throwing my bags in a tiny stateroom, I hastily stumbled out on deck again and found the second mate up for'ard. Without looking up, he muttered: "Loading 'ospital supplies. Bum stevedores. Got to watch dem everyt'ing makes tight." With which enlightening message he turned on his heel and, relieved of the watch, stalked ashore.



Drawn by Arnold Hall

Intent on getting a better idea of the nature and stowage of the cargo, I scrambled down into No. 1 hold and turned what I hoped would be taken as a fiercely discerning eye on the stevedores. I had not been down there three minutes before I heard a deep, raw voice booming down at me from the hatch combing: "Mr. Mate! Mr. Mate!" Looking up, I saw a very red face, and, as the face was surmounted by rather an official-looking cap, I lost no time in climbing up to it. The gentleman to whom the face belonged proved to be the Harbor Master, and the ship, he declared, must be moved immediately to dock No. 17 if we were to coal. I thanked him, and hastened away to give his message to the mate. To be sure I had not yet seen the mate, nor did I know where his quarters were, but I soon found a mess-boy who could help me out. With a leer which I understood a minute later, he pointed to a door. I knocked.

"C'min," bawled a thick, uncertain voice. On entering, I made out the form of a heavy man sprawled on the bunk. One look was enough—he was dead drunk.

"The Harbor Master tells me we must move to dock No. 17 at once, sir," I said. The mate waved his hand—an indescribably care-free gesture it was—and grunted cheerfully: "Aw right. Move 'er."

I had been on board this ship just twenty minutes, I had not even been on the bridge, I scarcely knew her bow from her stern as yet, and here I was being told to move her a matter of three-quarters of a mile and tie her up at a coal dock! Oh, well, I knew how. I simply had never *given* the orders before. I jumped on the bridge, whistled down to the engine-room, grabbed a megaphone and shouted down to the stevedore boss that we were moving, had a boy find the bo'sun and tell him to get a couple of men up on the fo'c'sle head, Chips and two more men the poop. I think I reali the meaning of the w "responsibility" for the f time in my life. Seventy-f hundred tons of steel, fo souls; a fairish twist to tide; and the ship as ye complete stranger to me. was in a fine perspiration the time we got to Dock —but get there we did.

About three o'clock t afternoon, a short, power man, his face purple w rage, came over the gangw faced me, and bellow "Who in the hell moved t ship?" It was my introdu tion to the captain.

"The Harbor Master ca aboard at 8:10 this morni and said we had to move this dock, sir," I replied.

"Who in the hell mov this ship?" he repeated.

"The mate was aboa sir," I hazarded desperately

"Humph!" growled t captain, and left me. E dently I had said the rig thing.

At dinner tonight the ma appeared, sober, steady, a looking altogether like a particula bland prelate. Not a word was s about moving the ship, but once wh the captain was talking with the seco mate he favored me with an elabora wink. It was alike a comment and acknowledgment.

DECEMBER 7, 1918. My watch r through until eight o'clock t morning, and now I have had a f hours to stow my things and look abo me. The Caroline appears to be stanch, commodious ship, bluff bow deep bellied; built for a leisurely pac great carrying capacity, and economic operation. She is not new—we have lamps in the mess-room and the mat rooms, although the captain has had l roomy quarters and chart-room wir and electric lights installed. The cha room is directly above the little cubb hole I withdraw to, and I can hear t captain walking to and fro as I writ He seems to have the relentless ener

hich characterizes so many sea cap-ins, and when the ship is placidly tied p in port—where the strain of long ours and responsibility does not beset im—he is very restless.

This evening after dinner I was told hat the captain wanted to see me "on he topside." He asked me a few ques-ions, told me I would have the eight-o-twelve watch at sea, and said we'd be etting under way day after tomorrow. found him to be a young man—possi-ly thirty-six—businesslike, impersonal, ith hard eyes and a pleasant mouth. He is a man of two voices. In conver-ation his tone is low and pleasant, his peech staccato, conveying much by in-ection. In giving orders his voice is a nonotone of surprising carrying power, nd the most utterly definite thing I ave ever heard in my life.

December 8, 1918. Mr. Gadge, the nate, hails from Boston. This is his rst experience in European waters, al-hough he has been a sailor for forty ears. Heretofore he has always found erths on ships plying between North nd South America, and he entertained ne for an hour today with stories of the ld sailing-ship days when a "v'yage tuk nebbe a hundred and twenty days." He s a vast, big fellow of five-and-fifty, I hould say, with a full, smiling face and winkling blue eyes. Very much the ld-time Yankee in his speech and his umor, yet he has a power of mimicry hat I have seldom heard surpassed on he stage—a queer combination.

Without seeming to notice anything hat is going on aboard the ship he has n uncanny faculty of knowing every-hing—nothing escapes him. He was shore all morning, and yet he had not een aboard ship five minutes before I eard him telling Mr. Pulke, the second nate, that he'd "nuticed one o' them imeys hed scratched a chunk o' paint ff the for'd hatch as big as a lobster utt." A few minutes later, the steve-lore gang having been transferred aft, here was a boy up for'd with a pot of aint and a brush, repairing the damage.

We sail for Bordeaux some time early omorrow morning.

DECEMBER 10, 1918. When I came aboard this ship, I took Mr. Pulke, he second mate, for a Finn, but he is ot. He has that love of a sense of in-ury which proclaims the Slav; he pur-osely will leave his room askew on an nspection day that the captain's vitriolic omment may furnish him with a ration f mutterings. Lean, intense, given to ery marauding ashore, he takes his re-ctions back to the ship with him and mixes them with his introspections; the Italian mess-boy moves with catlike stealth in serving him, lest this smoldering man erupt and the flames consume. Pulke is an atheist, a Socialist. He keeps a volume of Kipling beside his Tolstoy and Turgenev so he may cleanse his mind of men by reading of monkeys. At mess his attitude is one of sharp arrogance towards superior rank, studied geniality toward juniors, and his sardonic humor reeks with the sulphur of hell. He believes motive is a constant; there are no subconscious actions. Do you leave the table hurriedly? You slight him. Do you linger? You spy upon him. One never argues with him twice, for he cannot weigh your opinions, only plumb your reasons for holding them. Yet he is a splendid seaman, an officer whose lightning brain fairly leaps the logarithmic chasms of navigation, and whose soul, not knowing the emotion fear, is unable to comprehend it.

We left Barry and dropped down the Bristol Channel early this morning. It was my watch below this afternoon, and I was dimly conscious of disquiet as I slept, but it was not until I stuck my head outside after mess that I realized the vastness of the seas which were sweeping over us under the malicious urge of a southwest gale. Straight from the Horn came that wind, with five thousand unbroken miles to spur its rush of conquest, and the sea, lashed and pricked into startled fury, rose as though in retaliation, flexed its mighty muscles and spat.

At six bells on my evening watch the captain appeared on the bridge and for some time paced up and down in silence. Then he sent a seaman below for the mate, who soon joined him. I heard them discussing the advisability of laying to. Heavy seas were pounding our deck-load of five-ton trucks, and the weight of these trucks, perched so high above our plimsoll mark, was making the ship a bit clumsy—"top heavy," as a landsman might say. To put about would involve real danger. I had not seen Mr. Pulke come up on the bridge, yet his lean face suddenly grew out of the darkness, illuminated by the queer dismembering light of the binnacle, and I saw neither excitement nor self-control there, only exultation. A moment later I brushed against him in the wing of the bridge and stopped. Bare-headed he stood, shaking a joyous fist at the wind, his upturned face indistinguishable, but from its very cast, ecstatic. As I listened I heard in the voice of the wind a strange obligato, for he was singing:

Blow, damn you, blow!
Blow, and howl, and moan
Like twenty t'ousand
Meelion moaning cats!
Blow, damn you, blow!
As we near d' rocks,
Blow, damn you, blow!
Den quad-rupple d' quantity!

He turned, sensing rather than seeing me. "In Russia," he said, "many songs are sung. Forgive such poor translation." Abruptly he swung himself down the ladder and was lost to sight.

But it was not a time to be thinking of Mr. Pulke. The captain decided to put about, and the order was given just as I went off watch. Emerging a few minutes later from a welter of rushing water—up for'd where the gale bounded upon one's chest with a shriek and stifled him—I made my way back to the deck-house to see whether, God grant! we pulled out of the trough as we swung around. I took a short cut through the mess-room and the companionway, led by Mr. Pulke's open door. There, snug in his bunk, with his clothes a-swing on the wall beside him, lay our second mate, purring to himself a snatch of his beloved Kipling:

Dis is a sorrowful story
Tol' as d' twilight fails,
While d' monkeys walk in a circle
Holdin' each odder's tails!

DECEMBER 11, 1918. Last night I turned in to the terrific orchestration of a gale. Howling winds were my reeds, the sigh of taut rigging my strings, the creak of straining stringers my brasses, and the boom-boom! of tons of green water catapulting over the fo'c'sle head my tympani. *Quel ensemble!* But I awoke this morning to an almost pastoral calm. My bunk maintained a perfect horizontal, my clothes on their hook an equally faultless perpendicular. Utter peace and quiet reigned. Yet my half-aroused faculties pleaded with reason that something was amiss. I had wakened suddenly, with no subconscious recollection of violent sound or incident. What was wrong? As I pondered, sleepily, I heard the cataclysmic roar of chain as the starboard anchor was let go, and simultaneously I knew what had been troubling me. I had missed the throb of the propeller! Looking out my port-hole I saw that we, together with some ten or twelve other vessels, were huddled in the lee of an island like a brood of chickens seeking shelter behind a straw stack.

It proved to be Lundy Isle—that refuge of tens of thousands of mariners since ships have set out to sea—and we lay at our snug berth all day. By night

there were forty of us—tramps, trawlers, and windjammers—all, as Mr. Pulke phrased it, "outvitting such veathers outsite."

December 12, 1918. We left Lundy Isle at midnight, and all day we have been fighting our way down the northern coast of Cornwall. Our deck-load is raising the devil. Heavy seas all day, and just as I came on watch tonight one or two of the trucks, though secured with all the ingenuity Mr. Gadge could bring to the problem, broke from their lashings. Happily, we were abeam of St. Ives at the time, so we put in and lay to.

December 13, 1918. Exactly the same story as yesterday. Buffeting our way around the tip of Cornwall most of the day, only to encounter worse going than ever when we made the Channel. Immediately, one of the trucks on the after well deck "went temperamental," and we had to steam into Penzance. I could have howled for joy. We "let go the hook" at about six o'clock, and for an hour and a half I stood on the bridge sweeping the hills with my glasses. I gloated in the discovery of what I took to be the old castle of the robber barons, where, centuries ago, lived the stout rogues who so cleverly preyed upon shipping. Penzance, then as now, was a haven for the storm-tossed. Legend has it that there was a great chain stretched across the mouth of the bay. When the barons spied some wind-harried ship making for shelter, they would lower the chain. In would come the ship. Then up would go the chain and the ship was imprisoned until scandalous tribute had been levied.

Bumping into old McGraw, our bo'sun, a few minutes ago, I told him the legend. I'm afraid he is a born skeptic. He swept his eye across the mouth of the bay, lowered his head in thought for a moment, shifted his quid: "Aw-w-w-r," he growled, "there ain't enough men in Cornwall to turn a capstan that'd heave in a chain that long!"

DECEMBER 14, 1918. Bay of Biscay. A day to make one think of Indian summer at home, warm and hazy. As the captain was marking our position on the chart this noon, he pointed out the Raz de Seins—a current-torn inner channel of some miles' length, skirted on either side by voracious reefs and rocks. "See that?" he said in his staccato manner. "Well, the Raz saved my ship three months ago. Fourteen of us coming down to Bordeaux in convoy. Steaming slow—nine knots. Night. Running without lights. We gets abeam of the Raz and bang!—a damned Spanish coal ship next to me gets it! Torpedo 'midships. I looks over to starboard, little way astern. Sub. To hell with the convoy destroyers! I beat it. Yelled down to the engineer to shove some of them rosin blocks we're loaded with in with his coal. I wanted plenty o' steam. Headed full speed for the old Raz. Dark—black as your hat. The rosin gives me two knots more speed 'n I thought the old girl had in her. Beat the sub to the mouth, and in I went. Sub scared to follow—too many rocks. Lights 'r no lights, I knew the channel. Pounded right through. Fooled 'em that time!" As abruptly as he had spoken, he left the bridge.

December 17, 1918. Bordeaux. We had scarcely become attuned to the roar of winches and the rattle of straining "falls" when Mr. Gadge appeared at the gangway accompanied by Mr. Hogan, the chief engineer—a sly Hibernian of Gargantuan girth—and announced that "me'n the chief is goin' ashore t' look at some of the public buildin's of int'rest." As Mr. Pulke had the watch, I soon followed their example and went ashore myself. In a little side-street branching off from a most imposing boulevard I found a tiny grotto of a restaurant with room for but three tables; yet it had a little fountain which tinkled pleasantly and a rather decent bit of statuary standing by the casement window. Here I was served with onion soup, a great steaming caldron of mussels in an indescribably piquant sauce, a thin slice of "beef" (about which one would not inquire too closely), a salad, a pastry, and a bottle of Bordeaux Blanche—all for five francs—and I arose from the table a friend of France.

The Cathedral is not large, but it is very beautiful, and I entered just in time for a burst of music from the organ. A service was in progress, and, fascinated by the ritual—which was strange to me—and the musical intoning of the priests, I stayed until the end. Then out into the bright sunlight, and, driven by the incredible actuality of being in France for the first time, I walked for hours. Bursting with kaleidoscopic impressions, I returned to the ship to assort and digest them. As I clambered over the side and set foot on the deck, I saw a flushed and unsteady Mr. Gadge leaning on the rail and staring off into the twilight. All too obvious was the nature of the "public buildin's of int'rest" he had been visiting. Looking up, he spoke—rather forlornly, I think:

"Mist' Merrill," he said, "the chief engineer is Irish, and the Irish is dirty. Fust thing we got 'shore, him and me hed a pint of that French cunnyac apiece. I bin drunk ever since, an' he ain't even *started* yet. Mist' Merr that ain't decent in a man"—

Sure enough, as I passed the ch engineer's room a few moments lat there he was at his desk, calmly casti up his coal accounts.

DECEMBER 19, 1918. Bordeaux. M Gadge has at once the sorc sophistication and the superb innocen of a coastwise sailor. As we ate our di ner today he fixed me with his guilel eye and talked. "Me an' the chief h bin ashore, Mist' Merrill, lookin' ov the public buildin's of int'rest, an'—w lemme tell you, these French people got a funny way of talkin'! By Godfr 'mighty! Me'n the chief, we listen and listened, and we couldn't understa what in the hell they was a-sayin'; w these Frenchies they jist says the sa word over and over 'gain—'Ong-a-wor a-wong-a-wong,' they says, an' ev word they says is jist the same as ev other word they says. Now, Mist' M rill, when people sit 'round caffees a rest'rints jist sayin' the same word ov an' over, it don't mean nothin' and do make no sense to nobody!" He lit h pipe, a bit proud of his epic on t French tongue.

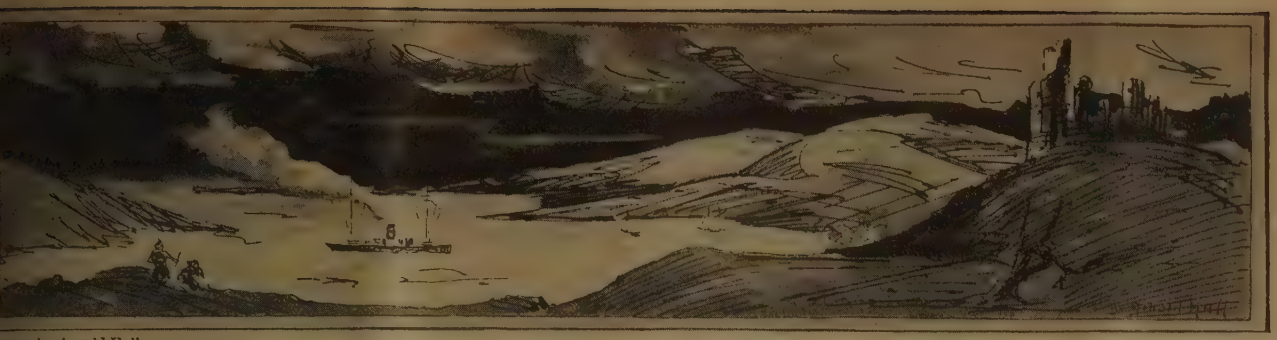
Just then a little French port offic stuck his nose into the mess-room. dress he was fussy to the point of dain ness, and his little lacquered mustac and high color gave him an almo theatrical appearance. With one bou Mr. Gadge cast his great bulk across t room and caught the man roughly the throat. "Git the hell out of here, y little ——!" he roared.

"But, Mr. Gadge," I broke in hastil "this man is a port official—he w around here this morning."

Horrified, Mr. Gadge let go his ho on the man. "My gosh!" he groane "I thought he was another one of the fellers a-sellin' postal cards!"

December 21, 1918. Six eggs, half pound of bacon, a platter of toast, a a pot of coffee is just a little snack Mr. Hogan. I have never known a m of such unlimited food capacity. Ye terday, while roaming around the ma ket-place, I saw some rather temptin Roquefort cheese, and, thinking to gi the rest a treat, I bought a pound a bore it back to the ship. Some litt premonition, perhaps, accounted for m hiding it in the pantry just off the mes room, but after I had hidden it on high shelf, I thought it safe.

This morning I spoke to the mess-bo after breakfast, and told him to ser the cheese tonight. A comical look concern came over his mobile Italia face. "Misser Merrill," he said, ea



rawn by Arnold Hall

estly, "las' a night, I come een here. Vas-a Misser Hogan een da pantry—niff-sniff like beeg-a dog weet hees nose. Mess,' he say-a to me, 'getta me some-a oast.' I go get. Come back, hees got eeg piece-a cheese een hees-a hand. Eat-a cheese an' toast. Drink-a coffee. -z-z-zt! Ees all-a gone!"

Next time I'll buy two pounds!

December 25, 1918. Last night we ropped down the Gironde River, and ere we are fog-bound, half-way to the outh. Christmas day! Instead of oking out the window upon a bright now-tufted evergreen landscape, I look ut a port-hole into an impenetrable gray eil of fog. Instead of wakening to the lear, lovely voice of my mother and the xcited cries of my little sister, I was roused this morning by the beating of eavy feet on the deck plates, as some of he seamen fight off nostalgia with horse-lay. The only relief I have found is in riting a long letter home—to be mailed our or five days hence! I have not seen he captain all day. Mr. Gadge and Mr. Pulke move around mechanically, ith the glazed eyes of far-away thought. caught the Italian mess-cook crying in is galley this morning—crying as he trove with all his warm little heart to volve a suitable Christmas cake from oarse ship's-stores ingredients. This vening he begged a tallow candle from ne of the oilers, to burn in front of a acred picture that hangs over his bunk. Ie was happier after that.

Every sailor is a child on Christmas—child whom Santa Claus forgot.

December 27, 1918. At sea, off Ushant light. Sailors are just as superstitious as they were in the days of clipper ships. Today we sighted a vagrant oating mine, cast adrift, mayhap, by eavy seas. There are a lot of them round this part of the coast. They're rightfully dangerous things—a menace o shipping—and we see a good many French patrol boats out looking for hem. The captain has a unique way of isposing of them without help from the atrol. He keeps an elephant gun in the hart-room, and when a mine is sighted, he hops out on deck and blazes away at it with his rifle. The first shot that hits the mine pierces its sheet-steel sides, and the mine, filling with salt water, sinks harmlessly enough.

Today, however, his second or third shot, by purest accident, caught a pretty sea-gull on the wing, and the poor thing dropped into the water, dead. I heard a suppressed curse, and, looking around, saw McGraw, the bo'sun, gripping the rail with his fingers—his face as white as the gull's breast. He turned to me, and growled hoarsely: "Bad luck, Mr. Merrill, bad luck! Mark my words, we'll have bad luck before we tie up in Liverpool—damned bad luck! It's awful—awful, t' kill a sea-gull!" It's pathetic to see a great hulking fellow like McGraw so upset by superstition.

DECEMBER 31, 1918. Liverpool. As we were warping into our dock here this noon a twist of the tide swung our nose into the quay, and stove in three plates—so badly that we will be laid up ten days for repairs. Did I say superstition?

January 4, 1919. Liverpool. I learned not to drink port when I'm "low" this evening. What with our loading waiting upon the repair of our bow plates, we haven't much to keep us occupied, and I was so dejected this afternoon that I sought to cheer myself with a change of scene. Accordingly, I went over to the Adelphi Hotel, and whom should I meet there but that charming old Mme. Roullier, whom I met on the old White Star Canopic coming over a few months ago. We had dinner together and, under the spell of her Victorian appearance and motherly sympathy, I spoke of my recent depression. She laughed. "Ah, my boy," she cried, "what you need is a glass of port!" So I ordered port. With reverent care the chubby little waiter poured me out a glass. I drank it, and, finding no immediate warmth in it—the dining-room of the hotel seemed beastly cold to me—I essayed another glass. As I finished it the gray groping cold of Liverpool, as though challenged by my combative gesture, crept into the very marrow of my bones and chilled them until my teeth chattered. At 60° below zero, walking across the plains of Minnesota on my way to school, I was never one-half as cold. It was not until I had consumed a whole pot of coffee that, slowly, like a man resuscitated from drowning, I felt the return of warmth and life. Br-r-r-r! England in January!

January 6, 1919. Loading at last. Captain moody, Mr. Gadge drunk, Mr. Pulke very injured and abused about something no one can determine, Mr. Hogan quarreling with his assistant, Mr. Larsen! Or, to put it another way, no mail has reached the ship since we arrived in Liverpool.

January 8, 1919. Just an hour before sailing time a mail-bag came aboard. Letters for every one but McGraw, the bo'sun. After the mail had been distributed, I saw him standing disconsolately by the rail, and thought to cheer him with a "better luck next time"! He turned a dead eye upon me and grunted: "Don't know anybody 't can write but my sister," then, almost to himself—"and she ain't got much to say."

January 10, 1919. "Butting through the Channel in the mad March days"—only it's January. Without a deck-load, however, the Caroline is a steady, comfortable ship, "and not," as the captain says, "like these cheese-boxes they build nowadays." With surprising deftness for so heavy a ship, she meets the combers, sticks her hearty nose into them and tosses them aside.

While I was on watch this evening the sky cleared for an hour, and I watched the swaying foremast pick out the stars. I have the feeling that no one but a sailor can really know the stars. Think of the hours he spends in their silent company! Not all the seafaring man's tranquillity comes from his regular life; surely the heavens' infinite wonders, as he paces the lonely bridge, come closer to him than they ever do to his land-held brothers. Perhaps that is why sailors cling so passionately to sea life.

Do Juries Make You Tired?

By CHESTER T. CROWELL

Somewhere in this country twelve men are always under fire for sins of omission or commission. How do juries get that way—and what can be done to make trial by jury a less fallible instrument of justice? Mr. Crowell is entertaining, if not very hopeful.

PROMINENT among the most popular of American indoor sports is expressing shocked amazement at the verdicts of our juries. Why we should continue, decade after decade, to be amazed is more than I can explain in view of the fact that our jurors have been running true to form since the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. Their reactions are just about the same, no matter whether the case is tried in Texas or Maine, California or New York; likewise it makes no difference whether we cite verdicts returned this year or twenty years ago. Confronted by this long record, I think we might as well admit that if twelve resentful critics of a verdict had sat in the jury-box instead of the jurors who actually heard the evidence and argument, the verdict would probably have been the same. We have no segregated, special class of men and women set apart for jury duty. Our jurors are, and always have been, representative of us all. The plain and obvious truth of the matter is that we are not very good jurors; moreover, we know it. But instead of saying, "I am not a good juror," or "We are not good jurors," what we actually say is, "That jury made me sick." It is always the other fellow who makes us sick. Not until we take cognizance of the fact that thousands of jurors have shocked and amazed us will we begin to suspect the unpleasant truth.

WELL, what is that truth? What is the matter with us, that our record as jurors is so unsatisfactory, even to ourselves? After some twenty years of familiarity with the doings of courts and jurors I could set down rather a long list of shortcomings, but I shall name only three—first, because they are the most important; and, second, because they require no qualifying phrases. Here are the three:

First, an appalling number of us are acute sentimentalists, as defined by Mr. Ruskin. An acute sentimentalist is a person whose emotions run riot at the sound of certain words without the necessity even of forming sentences around them. For example, you lift your eyes reverently, make your voice quaver—which is extremely easy—and say: "Mother." And the acute sentimentalist drenches his cheeks with tears. Why? He doesn't know. You haven't said anything about mother; she may be a very bad mother; there are such mothers; but the acute sentimentalist is swept entirely clear of his reason by the mere sound of the word. Every shrewd trial lawyer carries in his tool chest a great many of these words.

Second, an astoundingly large number of us do not understand the nature of a crime involving the illegal conversion of another person's property unless the conversion took some such utterly simple form as burglary and theft.

I have seen many criminal cases tried, but never have I known the prosecutor to obtain a conviction if as many as three large ledgers were introduced in evidence. The reason for this is that a man who has no experience with ledgers, bank records, etc., believes (first) that they are easily falsified at a moment's notice, and (second) that the possibility of a horrible error in addition might send an innocent man to the penitentiary. On nearly every jury there are men and women or both who do not understand ledgers. Moreover, when the victim of the thievery in question happens to be a corporation, it is entirely possible that some of the jurors have no objection to the fraud or theft. They do not realize this because their way of expressing it is indirect and involved, but the mental process can easily be explained. What this type of juror does is to draw a sharp line between persons and corporations in an absurdly illogical manner that necessarily makes injustice probable. If Mr. A cheats Mr. B out of $100,000, it is clear to the juror that Mr. B has lost some property, and he feels sorry for Mr. B; but if Mr. A cheats a fire insurance company out of $10,000 it is not at all clear to the juror that the fire insurance company has lost $10,000. Mr. A has had the good fortune to come into possession of $10,000, but, miraculously, no one has lost it. A corporation is a mysterious mechanism whose losses become mere bookkeeping transactions. It is impossible for the corporation to weep or starve because of them. That ruined stockholders may both weep and starve calls for the exercise of more imagination than the juror possesses if he simply does not know what a corporation is. If he were told how many of them fail in the course of a year through no real fault but merely the mutations of business, he just wouldn't believe the figures.

In a country where business interests people as keenly as it does in the United States this seems highly improbable, but the record is overwhelmingly convincing. Let me cite just a few items of proof. It is almost impossible to get convictions against persons who practice frauds against insurance companies. It is very difficult to get convictions against persons who bring fraudulent and perjured suits for damages against railways and other public utilities. It is very difficult to get convictions in cases involving what the statutes in some States describe as theft by bailee. Broadly speaking, theft by bailee is converting to your own use property that was left in your care. Such cases are bound to be just a little complicated—and just a little seems adequate to confuse the average jury hopelessly. We will convict burglars and highwaymen when the evidence is clear, but there is no State in this Union where it is easy to convict a professional receiver of stolen goods. Those cases are complicated. It is also very difficult to get convictions in any case involving malfeasance by the officer of a corporation. In the latter case the defense always charges that the accused rascal is the victim of jealous business rivals. He is an intrepid builder and organizer whose destruction is sought by those who fear his genius. To twelve stock-brokers the case against a seller of blue-sky securities or the operator of a bucket-shop would be utterly clear, but it is not at all clear to a street-car motorman, a housewife, a carpenter, and an automobile mechanic. They ponder over the doubtful regard in which Henry Ford was held while his first automobile was being constructed, over the early financial trials of Thomas A. Edison, and similar legends. Reasonable doubt enters their

inds, and they act accordingly. They ould prefer a case in which a horse or w had been stolen.

Third, we have no instinctive, immeiate, emotional objection to homicide. 'e think we have, but what we actually el is vast curiosity, considerable excitement, and almost no revulsion at the ery thought of the destruction of a huan life. Many of us experience sickeng horror at the thought of divorce, dultery, violation of the Volstead Act, toxication, and the use of profanity. he reaction in these cases is instinctive, notional, and tremendously powerful. ut homicide has been common in this untry since colonial times and is acpted as an ordinary phenomenon of uman misbehavior.

As a result of this rather odd psychogical quirk we are inclined to examine defendant charged with murder, not cording to the law prohibiting murder, t according to our ideas as to whether or she was in the habit of behaving cently as we understand decency—remembering that homicide is neither dent nor indecent—it simply is, that's l; and we are used to it. As jurors we vide our murders into two classes: roantic, or low and vile. The actual tter of the law scarcely interests us at l, for under the law there can be no ch thing as a romantic murder. Either was murder or it wasn't. Let me cite illuminating example. In the case of dd Gray and Ruth Snyder, who were ied in New York State for the murder Ruth Snyder's husband and convicted d executed, the prosecution proved at the two defendants had been carryg on an illicit love affair and that they ere frequently drunk together. The otive for the murder, however, was the ctim's life insurance, so that legally it ade no difference what the relations ere between the two defendants. Snyer was killed with an iron sash weight, s skull being crushed while he was leep in his bed. From the time that e story of the relations between Ruth nyder and Judd Gray became public ere was almost no doubt about the tcome of that case. By the moral test en the woman was cut off from the sual appeals to sentimentality. Now, t us suppose that instead of being a aceful, home-loving person Mr. Snyder d been quarrelsome, and that he, not e, had had a love affair. Let us supse that his wife, wearied and angered his nagging, had murdered him in his d in just the manner which the prosetion proved on the actual trial of the se. That would have been murder in the first degree no matter what her motive, because the victim was asleep and couldn't possibly have done anything to give grounds for a plea of self-defense. But does any one doubt that in the supposititious case she would have had a much better chance of acquittal? The moral test, far more than the legal test, was what consigned her to the electric chair. She had done wrong within the understanding of any group of twelve citizens. There was nothing complicated about it. But scores of women have killed their husbands or lovers in this country and been acquitted on grounds that would barely be adequate for divorce and were in no sense legal defenses against the charge of murder.

Let me cite another case illustrative of this important point. The driver of an automobile ran over a child. He had long been known to his neighbors as a reckless driver who apparently could not resist the temptation to speed at upwards of forty miles an hour. At the time the child was killed he was going about forty-five miles an hour. With him in the car were his wife, his three children, his sister-in-law and brother-in-law. They were on the way to visit his mother. He was acquitted. At almost the same time another automobile driver in a near-by town was tried because he had run over a small boy and crippled him for life. It was shown that the small boy and various playmates were in the habit of dashing out onto the road in front of passing automobiles just for the fun of watching them skid when brakes were suddenly applied. I have seen that stunt performed by small children many times, and it is a hair-raising experience. The unfortunate driver of this car, however, was riding with the wife of a neighbor and they were returning from a roadhouse where they had had three highballs each. The defendant introduced proof that he was not drunk, that he was an exceptionally capable driver, that he had not been in an accident for twelve years, and that he was going twenty-eight miles an hour when the child was struck. He was convicted. Does any one doubt that the difference in destinations and companions of the two drivers had something to do with the verdicts? Moral tests were applied rather than legal.

The difficulty, from the point of view of law enforcement, with jurors who apply such tests is that they enlarge the scope of a trial far beyond what would theoretically be its limits. If it is possible for jurors to say: "Well, it looked like he looted the company, but he seemed to be a nice sort of fellow and there was his good old mother and his wife and baby," then it becomes important for the defense to bring out these facts, or, if they are not facts, to manufacture the semblance of such facts. They are not often admissible testimony, under the law, so it is necessary to bring them to light indirectly, and this leads on and on, even to perjury. Lawyers get the blame for this, but jurors are equally responsible. This development had gone so far, years and years ago, that as citizens and jurors we have adopted an extra-legal form of punishment which relieves us of the unpleasant necessity for sending all guilty defendants to the penitentiary. Instead of performing that harsh and thankless task we can hurl them to the lawyers. The cost of trials is enormously higher in this country than anywhere else. As a rule the defendant who is guilty but manages to fight his way out of the clutches of the law by using every fair and foul means, including the whole vast array of technicalities available to shrewd counsel, finishes his battle bankrupt, and probably ruined, anyway.

What we forget is that this system is not very encouraging to an innocent man who happens to find himself accused of crime. He also stands in dire danger of emerging ruined rather than vindicated. And yet, stripped to its bare essentials, this might be described as virtually a part of our National system of administering justice. Recall, if you can, some case in which a wealthy man was accused of fraud in the conduct of his business and had to fight a long and expensive legal battle to escape imprisonment. Did he remain the head of his business enterprises? Or did he somehow or other go out? They usually go out. First they are thrown to the lawyers to be more or less stripped, and then the business is reorganized with a change of executives. That seems to be our way in these situations. Being sentimentalists, we vastly prefer some hazy sort of poetic justice to legalistic conceptions. Like the man in a certain very ancient story who had conscientious scruples against the use of force, we will not strike our enemy, but we will hold his head under water long enough for nature to take its course. The result is thus not vengeance but fate, and we emerge from the jury-box with spotless records for mercy and charity.

THE charge is often made that a rich man enjoys outrageously unfair advantages when he appears before our

courts either as a litigant in a civil suit or defendant in a criminal action. There is, of course, considerable truth in this complaint, but it is as old as courts themselves. Nor would it be easy to change that condition. The rich man also enjoys advantages at his breakfast table, when he travels, when he borrows, when he takes a wife, and when he turns his talents toward the preservation or restoration of his health. His advantages are too obvious to be worth serious discussion. Before the courts he can be represented by exceptionally able counsel if he has the wit to use his wealth shrewdly, and in the event of failure on the first effort he is better able than a poor man to prosecute lengthy appeals; but before twelve jurors his advantage is not very great—and here we are dealing solely with the peculiarities of jurors. The cases he wins on appeal are not germane to a discussion of jury-box psychology. Nowhere is that shown more clearly than in our abundant annual crop of murder trials. Very few of the thousands of defendants who appear in these cases are executed, yet not many of them are wealthy. Their escapes are due far less to the use of money than to jury-box psychology, which is such a simple thing that quite ordinary lawyers understand how to manipulate it and obtain acquittals.

Proof of this statement is so abundant that the selection of one typical example instead of a dozen becomes difficult. One, however, should suffice. I recall a murder trial which found the defendant in the far from unusual situation of being guilty under the law but with grounds for appeal to the well-known sentimentality of the jurors. His attorney had the shrewdness to realize that some one else could make better use than he of this raw material for oratory, so he employed a man who was famous for his successes in such situations. This man had been originally pastor of a Protestant church, then an evangelist conducting revival meetings; later he had been a practicing attorney, and after that he had returned to the Christian ministry until a scandal relating to a choir member returned him to a law office. At the time of his employment in this case he was unacquainted with the testimony, but the defendant's attorney assured him that that was not important. The date was December 22. He made a speech in which he described the happiness of the defendant's wife and two small daughters if the defendant should return home a free man in time to trim the Christmas tree. That was all he had to say. The jurors could send this man to the gallows or penitentiary or they could make his family unutterably happy by sending him home a free man. It was a situation from which tears could be wrung, and the ex-evangelist did his best. The defendant was acquitted, and all who attended the trial from beginning to end agreed that oratory turned the trick.

LET us consider for a moment that ancient subject of jest, the plea of insanity. If your acquaintance with any given case is solely that of a newspaper reader, you know only what the defendant did to his victim and what the police told the reporters shortly after the crime. Usually this information indicates that the defendant ought to be hanged, not once, but two or three times. Your ire is aroused. Finally the case comes to trial, and counsel for the defendant, seeing clearly that there is no ground for a plea of self-defense, which is the only logical plea against a charge of murder, introduces evidence to show that the defendant was insane. Strangely enough, we—meaning the major portion of our population—do not seem to understand the legal basis for that plea. In all probability the jurors do not understand it either at the time they are sworn, but the matter is easily explained. If a person is crazy, he can't be guilty of crime under the law—that's all there is to it; he can't be legally guilty because he wasn't sane and didn't know what he was doing. All of this is explained to the jurors, and when they hear the testimony of the experts they send the defendant to an asylum instead of to the gallows or electric chair. Then the critics of our jury system rise to remark that sharp practice saved a cruel and horrible murderer from his just deserts. But if they had served on that jury they would probably have returned the same verdict. If we don't want the law to excuse crazy persons for their homicides, we can easily remedy the situation. Insanity is not protected by the Constitution; a new statute would change all this at any session of the State Legislature. Would you enact such a statute? Well, if you wouldn't, why complain? I don't know whether I would or not. I have thought the matter over many times, without reaching a final conclusion. Let us suppose that we have a case in which an insane man, misled by delusions of grandeur, thinks it perfectly moral for him to kidnap the baby daughter of a banker and hold her for ransom, in order to raise money to perfect his invention which will draw unlimited power from the air and thus revolutionize all industry. The father doesn't pay the ransom and he kills the little girl. He is plainly crazy, and horrible. Given an opportunity, he may do this same thing again. He is dangerous, no good to himself, and an enemy to society. Nevertheless, the law says that he shouldn't be executed that he must be confined; and—mark this!—if he subsequently recovers his reason, he should be liberated. Now opposed to this lunatic, let us consider the case of a healthy, productive, honest young man who is heels over head in love with a beautiful girl who loves another man. Made desperate by this situation he kills some one. Immediately there after he suffers agonies of remorse, but it is quite clear that he did not strike in self-defense; on the contrary, he lay in wait for his victim. Proof of express malice, the calm, deliberate mind, fatally bent on mischief—these are the exact words of the murder indictment in some States—are perfectly clear. Well, then he is guilty under the law and should be executed. If he were pardoned, he would probably never again commit such a crime, but to the end of his days be a productive member of peaceful society. Wouldn't it be better to excuse him and execute the dangerous lunatic? There's your problem. The law holds him guilty and excuses the lunatic. But we made that law, and we can change it at any session of the Legislature. Meanwhile, why abuse the jurors who, under the court's instruction, return verdicts that comply with that law?

As a newspaper reporter in my early teens I thought the plea of insanity was usually the defendant's dishonest grasp at any straw, but as the years, rich in observation, rolled on I became less certain. The court-house offers an amazing display of persons who are queer. Insanity is not readily recognized even there, though enough of it is on display to educate any keen observer. In this connection I recall an illuminating conversation with an assistant prosecuting attorney who was telling me of the many odd persons he met in the course of a day's work. "We used to have a stenographer here," he said, "who was a wonder until one day he got the notion that the other stenographers were framing something against him. He complained about it, and I investigated, but there wasn't a word of truth in what he said. About a month later he came in again to repeat the story with melodramatic additions. I investigated again. Not a word of truth in it. Then he quit. We didn't

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Loaves and Fishes

By STERLING PATTERSON

TO your true angler fishing is at once a stimulant and an anodyne. Place in his hands a wand of split bamboo, a silken line with its fragile leader, a reel as carefully constructed as a watch. Discover for him a peaceful lake fringed with spruce and laurel, spattered with water-lilies. Leave him to his pipe and solitude. It is Nirvana. As far behind him as a drunkard's future are the fretful occupations of the city, the brief alarums and excursions of domesticity, the insistent nickerings of the "stern daughter of the voice of God." He is as ringed about with peace as was Brunhilda with flame.

Long before cock-crow the angler had been astir. From the porch of his cabin, sprawling at the feet of garrulous pines, he had looked down upon the lake. How still it lay! The high and eerie cry of the loon pierced the darkness. Some small animal rustled in the underbrush. A twig crackled. The angler filled his lungs and went within to light his lantern and awaken his companion. There would be a companion. "Good company and good discourse," old Izaak said, "are the very sinews of virtue."

Soon a poet's dream of coffee mingles with the piny breath of morning. Eggs splutter cheerfully in the pan. Slices of prosaic bread become transformed into golden-brown squares of tangible delight. Bacon, crisper than a schoolma'am's greeting, completes the pre-morning breakfast.

It is still dark. The angler, with rod, tackle-box, and landing net, winds down the mossy path to his boat. Behind the fringe of Eastern pines, standing stiff and scraggly like a three-day beard on the face of nature, faint light is showing. Stars are still out. The mists are lifting. Black as witchcraft is the water. And quiet, quiet. The chirp of cricket booms like bittern. The drowsy hills fling back the rasp of oar against oarlock.

"South wind, old-timer."

"Right, and a nice ripple. We'll try the Horseshoe Cove?"

"Drift down on it. We'll hook that old So-and-So that gave us the raspberry yesterday."

Carefully, now, carefully. No noise. Bass are shy for all their scrappiness. Down goes the anchor. The right spot? Six inches to the south. That does it.

Underwood & Underwood

Inches are important if there's to be still fishing after the sun rises. Now the other anchor. Easy on that rocky bottom.

"Can you cast to the pads with your fly rod?"

"Guess so; I'm giving him Yellow Sally. What you trying?"

"White Mouse."

Line speeds out. False cast. Back. Out again. The lure settles lightly, inches from a clump of lilies. Gaudy, unbelievable insect! A fish must be an awful fool. The water boils. A bronze fin shows. The line goes taut.

"You've got him." A meaningless running fire of comment. "On the first cast and damn well hooked. Watch him, boy, watch him! Don't let him get in those weeds. Judas Priest! Not so rough! You'll break your tip. Good boy! Here he comes. What a leap! Some fish, boy! Not too fast. Let him take line. Fine, fine! You're playing him to a fare-thee-well. Steady, now. Don't let him get slack on you. Pretty. Get him up close. Here's the net. Take it easy, now. He may not be through yet. Attaboy! Landed. And a beauty, too. Three pounds if he weighs an ounce. Bass fish for supper, boy, bass fish for supper."

THE sun is up now. Bait rods are in order; bait rods and patience that makes of Job an amateur. Hour after hour anglers sit, scarcely moving, scarcely breathing. Perhaps you hook into a bass or two. If you do, you smoke a bit until your heart beats normally again. Perhaps not. It matters not a great deal.

I know. Every year I travel to a sparkling little lake in the Kittatinny hills to commune with such gods as are partial to fishermen. I, who swear at my cat for stamping across the rug, am a veritable statue for hour on end. My hands and arms are ready to take on all comers; but my mind is off on a flight of its own.

"How good to be alive!" my brain confides to itself. "How good to breathe, to watch the shifting pattern of light and shade, to feel hunger! I must be a little drunk with health. There's no sense in a grown man feeling this way. After all, a fish is only a fish. But not a bass. Maybe Washington Irving was right—'Angling is something like poetry . . . a man must be born to it.' Well, that let's me in. I come by it honestly enough. My father was an angler. And his father before him. Grand old boy, my grandfather. I wasn't old enough to have known him, but I've made up a swell picture of him. Quixotic, he was. Settling down in Louisiana to preach the brotherhood of man to Southern cotton planters. Fighting on the Yankee side, shooting at the father of his future daughter-in-law, coming back to Baton Rouge to preach and farm. A good farmer, I'll bet! There's a wheat named after him—the first grown in Louisiana. Wonder if any one tries to grow it now. Six feet four. Always gave the impression of stooping under doors. Never looked at home in the house. And strong. They tell me if a mule got sassy he'd grab it around the middle, lift it off its feet, and

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Fame While It's Hot

By DANIEL ROBERT MAUÉ

With everything from the shoe-button industry to the clergy proclaiming its necessity to the world, there is no longer need for any one to worry that fame will arrive posthumously. This is the publicity age. Press agents, and not editors, control the news. So says Mr. Maué.

Edward McKernon in his article "News Fakers," which we published a few weeks ago, took a somewhat more optimistic view of the part publicity plays in the press.

LO, the poor newspaper reporter! His present-day status is comparable to that attributed to the American Indian. He may not be gone, but he's going.

"The Village, hell!" snorted one member of the New York species. "Move to Greenwich Village? Not me. I'm going to live on Park Avenue inside of three years."

The opening vistas had him in hysteria. He would leave newspaper reporting, or any other newspaper work, and go where all good young reporters go, where the really big money grows handily on every typewriter able to click off copy. He would go into "publicity."

Even as this man was, an acquaintance of his had been—a ship news reporter on one of New York City's greatest "blanket sheets." For years this *confrère* had weekly been accumulating columns and columns of news copy about storms at sea, what the ship's captain said of the marriage he had performed for two "runaway" movie stars, what the chef said relative to the number of sardines consumed during the voyage, together with other columns setting forth the chief engineer's alibis as to why the boat was late in docking, and what Senator Peppergrass, a sheep rancher from the Far West, thought of the Venus de Milo. And then one day the apt young reporter told the general manager of a steamship line that the line's officials, passengers, and boats were missing much favorable mention in the periodicals, more especially the newspapers. History does not relate how the G. M. fell upon the bosom of the youth, or any other of the details, but, at any rate, the ship news reporter speedily became a publicity director.

Today that one steamship line pays him something like six thousand dollars a year for the free advertising he manages to have crammed into the press of this and several other countries.

Since he had friends galore on the newspaper staffs of New York City and State, he did not always deal direct with editors. No, as often as not he dealt with those persons who remained in the rut of ship news. These lesser lights clipped the nice copy onto the city editor's desk, from where it in turn found way into the printed columns. Finally, this procedure griped the particular friend of this story.

"I'm the man's puppet. I'm his damn fool," he screamed in telling the story. "I get his stuff into the papers. He gets all the money. That's the racket—everything's a racket nowadays." I could only soothe him by reference to his new Park Avenue business.

Well, with another friend, he would take an office on the famous thoroughfare; that is, the two would have desk space in some establishment, just enough space to get the address. Given desk space, one can function as a publicity agent, two as a publicity bureau.

As it is with the ship news, so it is with the financial, the real estate, the theatrical, the church, the sports—almost any other news. All of the newspapers, practically, to an amazing extent run into their columns this straight, or slightly reworked, publicity material. The percentage may go to ten, twenty, or perhaps thirty, of the news space.

A staff member of a metropolitan journal estimates that more than three thousand young women alone in New York City are engaged in doing publicity copy for corporations or private persons.

These feminine workers are, largely, the lesser fry. The upper caste includes the male "directors," the "personal representatives," and even the "ghost writers." (Space will not be given here to the procurers for the magazines devoted entirely to the publication of publicity items paid for by copy purchase.) With this horde of workers in the field reporting isn't quite what it was formerly. Leg work has been cut to a minimum. The prepared copy changes hands, or the mails and telephones come into service. Copy or messages give out just so much as is proper—no more, for mention must be favorable. It daily increases in volume.

Within the past few months an enterprising New Jersey editor brought out a sample weekly "Publicity" edition in which he caused to appear little other than a few days' accumulation of free copy. "Effusions" from the type machines of several dozen different concerns or persons went into this "unabridged" issue of a small-city press. This "fried tripe," said the editor, "represents a tremendous waste of effort and ability."

Medical or manufacturing research councils, the association of pickle packers, automobile builders, the sugar-beet industry, army corps, fish and game commissions, candy bar manufactories, church and evangelical societies, political candidates, one-horse traveling shows, high-geared movie companies and stars, universities, authors of treatises on everything from tailless tadpoles to birth control, artists, financiers, fish merchants, mayors, villages, sections of cities, cities, and nations—well, what or who hasn't a creature or creatures responsible for advantageous mention?

Any first-string publicity director, if given a few hours with his stenographer or typewriter, can plaster his product over the entire Nation. No mention is too trivial, no obscure village paper too small. Phinius Dillswingle, the noted lead-pencil expert, says nothing in an address before the Cedar Producers' Association. His picture freely spreads through the lesser press. Isidore Eisenglasser, inventor of the machine for making shoe buttons, returns from a Western tour over a certain railroad. The railroad notifies the newspapers. The newspapers send representatives to the specified hotel. Fortunately for the representatives, Isidore lisps, or perhaps has stage fright, and cannot speak; but the personal agent is right there with a nicely prepared interview on the future prospect of the shoe button. Much research may be necessary in the finding of something to say about the illusive shoe button, but it will pay in the long run.

Isidore, again, may be of sufficient importance to warrant a "personality" sketch. He may also be inordinately sensitive about a bald head. When an eager young woman calls, then, a personal representative conducts her to

ome restful retreat and bit by bit, with "You mustn't print this" about every it, talks of his employer. Result: a enuine "success" story, but never a omplete picture of a personality. It is mply taken for granted that the bald-eaded one has such hair as could easily uff the hide of Jumbo, the Bronx Zoo lephant.

THE newspapers at Christmas time run an "Interview with Santa." A department-store writer prepared the copy, nd the store's name appeared somehere in the article—appeared obcurely, but appeared. A police dog is harged for the murder of six fat geese. ventually, the owner and a vaudeville ouse cashed in on the animal's name. he dog had a—let's see—it would be personal representative," no doubt.

A young woman of my acquaintance as done much free-lance publicity for rganizations about to lay corner-stones. he's the best little corner-stone layer in he East. There are, she tells me, few orners that she hasn't laid at some time r other.

Now a reputable firm of soap-makers, et us say, puts out a new form of leanser—or at least something that ounds new and revolutionary. Some enchman of the makers calls on a pubcity worker; and forthwith from this nion is born an idea. The henchman urnishes historical material, the pubcity person tunes up a story of cleansrs from the time Helen of Troy first sed them until this latest, most revoionary form appeared, and then the onspirators trot out in search of some Nationally known syndicator of stillborn hilosophy. The philosopher signs the tory, whereupon a syndicate turns over nuch good money. The three conspiraors now split the round number of dolars, go out to tea on the remaining odd ents, and then wash their hands of the hole business.

A prosperous condensed-milk establshment recently cut its advertising appropriation from $2,000,000 to $1,200,-00. For the difference it made up by nstituting a publicity department with n appropriation of $50,000. It seems kely that the more insidious method of romoting a market pays best in the long un.

There are those, indeed, who predict hat eventually the newer form of promotion will take the strong position once eld by paid advertising. But to go n—

Notions and principles, too, must be ublicized.

The Church and Drama Association of New York, for instance, spends several hundred good dollars each month that the good will between Church and theatre may be promoted. The earliest established church in the Eastern metropolis suddenly comes alive and decides to set aside two or three hundred dollars, or much, much more, to have a publicity bureau put across the church tercentenary. A college and seminary for women, back Pennsylvania way, calls in a New York expert to put out a sop to donors of a quarter million fund just collected from the generous citizenry. The contract specifies that the names of the donors be given prominence. Small wonder that the clergy has caught the modern spirit!

As one pastor explains it: "In my pulpit I may preach to no more than three or four hundred persons. Through the newspapers I may reach a hundred thousand—who knows, perhaps a million." He has some difficulty in convincing his committeemen that they are not "paying too much for advertising" his ideas, but he manages the appropriation.

Judging from the newspapers themselves, it seems logical to suppose that publicity offices or writers are actually dictating the sermons that shall be preached from the more modern pulpits.

Foreigners, even foreign governments as such, now go out for international mention—mention that will, it is hoped, ultimately sink into the American mind and pocketbook.

WHILE in London recently I suddenly appeared as a godsend to Lady Thomas Beecham. She conceived the remarkable notion that I and an item or two of favorable mention in the newspapers could easily procure from Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler and the Carnegie Peace Foundation the slender sum of £200,000—a mere million dollars or so. Lady Thomas hopes to establish an "Imperial Art Center" or something like that for the cultivation of Anglo-American relationships. The acting head of an American newspaper's bureau in London told me of certain stories he would do for his paper—stories designed to bring an American foundation to realization of the need in a certain London hospital.

Germany will follow the American method in obtaining both firm and personal public mention. Germany today will pattern after anything American. Almost as far away as Timbuctoo the American failing is known; therefore when the Governor of Rome, say, appears for a brief hour in the country of the Gullible, he must at once engage a herald to write of his approach and deeds. This cannot but have its reaction at home and abroad.

In Vienna, center of all that is Near-Eastern, the need for world mention of any sort has become positive greed. The proprietors of strictly first-class hotels make a practice of fêting all, but particularly the American, journalists. When I met an old friend in Vienna, where he served as representative of an international news syndicate, he told me that a journalist in that city could scarcely expect to avoid offers of publicity money from the officials of foreign governments. To another correspondent I voiced my wonderment at the hunger for governmental or personal mention.

"Hunger?" he said. "Why, the whole country down here around Vienna vomits propaganda and publicity stuff." We were merely using different figures of speech.

Where daily journals know no allegiance other than that given the highest bidder, where government officials from many countries foregather and forget all scruples, and where the aftermath of the World War left many desperate jealousies and heavy debts, there is abundance of copy for all—if the all somehow carries the message to America.

IN our own country, however, the crying need for favorable mention of the personal order has reached its greatest peak. Examples a-plenty!

A grocery clerk out in Snake Creek, say, conceives a paper shopping bag with cord handles and colorful pictures on its sides. After some years he has amassed a couple millions of dollars and a vast pride. Almost in one breath he recognizes his lack and his opportunity. He wants to make a noise in the world, a noise somehow comparable to that one of his bags might make if it were blown up with air and suddenly given a smack. He wants to write something like, say, "The Unpermanency of the Permanent," and have this printed under his very-own by-line. He can't write, of course, but if a bureau could put out a story for him, well— The pause indicates readiness to part with money.

Rosamond Shodden Pike—as she must be called here—after having had three or four husbands becomes a self-made sort of person. Having ridden to the hounds, operated an employment bureau, doubled her money in a real estate office, written a manual for housewives, and

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The Lost Leader

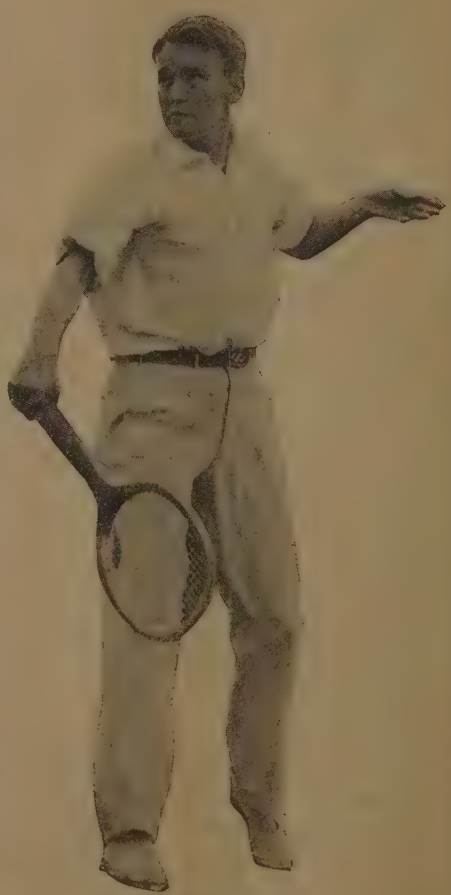
By HERBERT REED
(Right Wing)

VINCENT RICHARDS, in my opinion the world's greatest tennis player, did not represent the United States at Wimbledon, and our team, gallantly led by William T. Tilden 2d, lost. Vincent Richards will not represent this country in the challenge round in France for the Davis Cup, and I believe that our players, gallantly led again by Tilden, will lose. Vincent Richards cannot represent us, because he is a professional tennis player, and now is a professional tennis instructor. Granted that tennis followers will agree with me in my estimate of Vinnie's playing ability and leadership—and I think a large proportion of them will agree—the net result is that blundering has accomplished a defeat not otherwise to be envisaged. In the challenge round we shall meet the French—the young Frenchmen who have been pursuing the even tenor of their tennis way with less temperament than is commonly attributed to the Gallic disposition. And we shall meet them without the help of Richards, who can beat any of them at any time, either in singles, or in doubles, if that doubles team could be left to his own selection.

Canny, flashing Bill Tilden, rich in experience, a great player in the pinches from time to time, has been beaten once more by the cold-blooded and finished—and still youthful—Lacoste. With Francis Hunter he has been beaten in the doubles by that somewhat old and always dangerous team of Patterson and Hawkes, that team with the odd generalship based on Patterson's terrific driving and Hawkes's left-handed net play. With Richards in action, the doubles had not been lost against the very team that his clever campaigning shut down at Longwood some years ago, and it is inconceivable that he would not have been able to clear away at least one of the Frenchmen, whether the scientific Lacoste, the more superficially brilliant Borotra, or the machine-like Cochet.

I think, had Vincent Richards been able to look into the years ahead at the time he made his momentous decision to go gypsying with C. C. Pyle, he never would have made that decision. I think, too, if the officials of the United States Tennis Association, men like George Adee, Holcombe Ward, Julian Myrick, and Beals Wright, had been able and willing to dip into the future, they would not have been so insistent on the player-writer rule. We know, of course, that both Tilden and Richards had been tempted before. We know that they had some legitimate grievances. We know, too, that the responsible men of the Association were jealous of the uses of a game that had been rooted, time without end, in the purest amateurism. The result is just what? That Tilden avoided the breach of the technical rule, and gallantly set about building up a Davis Cup team in his own rather dictatorial, if efficient, way; and that Richards, in disgust, went along with Pyle on the road to oblivion along which Mr. Pyle leads all his athletes. And when the athletes reach the state of oblivion Mr. Pyle is through with them—as, of course, he should be.

Pity it is that Vinnie Richards could not take the advice of friends who knew what he would be just now in the tenni world—how greatly he would be needed And pity it is that Pyle came along a just the moment when both sides wer doing their very best blundering. I stil believe that had there been a concession ary attitude on the player-writer rule Vincent Richards might have been ou expeditionary leader—and a winning leader—today. In the case of Richard the rule was most exasperating. He wa not one of those who sold "ghosted" stories of the day's play. I have sat be side him many a time when he was turn ing out his copy, and I know that it wa good copy. Further, he had been writer for a newspaper in Yonkers, an on other subjects than tennis, long be fore he had ever attained a reputation o the courts. Until he took up insurance it was his profession. Tennis was hi pleasure, and it is today. No amount o pay for his tennis play or his instructio can destroy the unmistakable amateur ism that is in him. And yet our double team is beaten by Patterson an Hawkes.



Vincent Richards

It wasn't so many years ago tha Richards sat up in a Boston hotel on night and planned the defeat of Patter son and Hawkes in sparkling collusio with Norris Williams 2d. Williams is from the book-plate view-point, the per fect tennis player. He has denied tha he reached this perfection while at schoo in Switzerland, yet one must believe tha he learned at least something of his per fect style in that environment. The ne result, at any rate, is that a perfect stroke by Williams is not returnable while a slightly imperfect stroke is either out of court or in the net by inches How to make the most of Williams's per fect shots and the least of his "perfect misses"—that was the problem. There was no doubt that Williams would have to play at the net. At first glance, it seemed reasonable that Richards should be there also, since he shares with La coste the reputation of being the great est volleyer in the game. But here was the decision: "Williams is there to make decisive points or decisive errors, as the play turns out. He is not to be crossed by the left-handed Hawkes. He is to kill the menace of that left-handed position. As for me, my job is to keep the ball in play. I will out-Patterson Patterson, which will permit Williams to out-Hawkes Hawkes." The result was a narrowly won victory, but a superbly

won victory. And now the team that Vincent Richards outguessed at Longwood has beaten our team at Wimbledon. Had Richards been there, I have no doubt that he could have won, no matter whom he might have chosen as partner. His generalship was better than that that had been handed down to Patterson and Hawkes by the two great Australian field generals, Norman Brookes and Anthony Wilding, and beyond that there simply is no traffic.

Now it is apparent, even at this long range, that Tilden was beaten by Lacoste through the Frenchman's ability to stand up better under numerous games that went to deuce—games in which the rallies ran into fifteen or twenty strokes. This is the type of game that Tilden can no longer stand. In the case of his aides—Hennessey, Lott, Hunter—they are simply not up to the French pace most of the time. It is just a matter of seasoning. In this concrete case it is a matter of leadership, and we have not in action the leader that we should have. It isn't that Tilden's game has deteriorated scientifically. But he has reached the age when he can no longer "waste" a set, that wasting being as fundamentally a part of his generalship as any of his strokes. Lacoste had him beaten at Philadelphia two years before he actually did beat him, and failed to get the verdict because of two poor decisions on the lines. Tilden himself knew that beatings from Lacoste, and sooner or later from Cochet and even Borotra, would also be inevitable. Richards, on the contrary, is at the age when he can afford to "wait out" an opponent, should that be necessary. In his present class, the professionals, he has nothing to beat, since the professionals, like Agutter, McNeil, and Burns, are primarily instructors, and cannot afford to take chances with form in order to make killing points. A little slip from form, and the usefulness as an instructor is over. So our lost leader now occupies the lonely eminence of an unbeatable player in his own class.

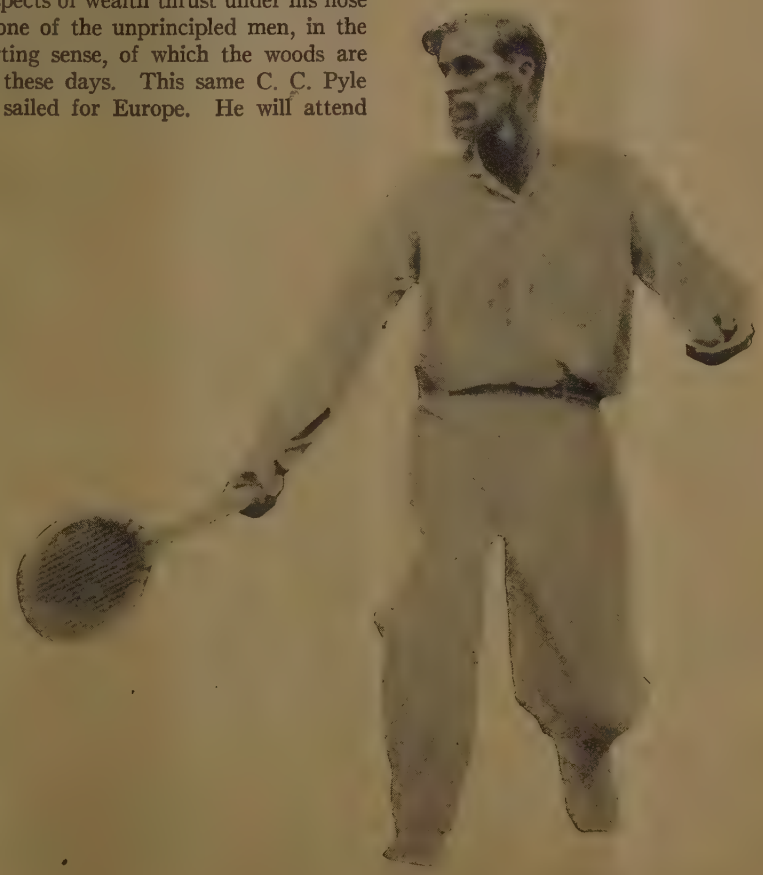
This condition has been brought about by what is, to my mind, a misconception of American amateurism. The leaders in tennis, whether on the courts or in control of the game, undoubtedly profit in a business way through connection with the game. Julian Myrick, for instance, does not have to leg it around to sell insurance. Dean Mathey probably has some bond customers on whom he does not have to call. Both are profiting by an acquaintance built up through sport. And yet among sportsmen this is not considered a blemish on their characters. The best and most useful acquaintance in the world is built up through sport; but it does not follow that that acquaintance is deliberately made, with malice prepense, or with designs on the other fellow's pocket. There are men who are in positions that are not affected in the slightest degree by their acquaintance with sportsmen. They are lucky. And, too, there are youngsters who come out of college with the deliberate intent to capitalize their athletics in the business world, and the business world accepts them and thinks none the less of them.

There are golf resorts frequented by men who want to get away from business for as long a term as possible. If, in such circumstances, the salesman and customer can prolong their vacations by doing business on the spot, why not? They still do not play their matches in a professional spirit.

So, in the case of Richards and Tilden, the former admittedly using his acquaintance in one line of business, and the latter trying to make what he could out of writing, there would seem to be nothing wrong. And there probably would not have been the present *impasse* had not the strange and delightful boyman Richards had all but inconceivable prospects of wealth thrust under his nose by one of the unprincipled men, in the sporting sense, of which the woods are full these days. This same C. C. Pyle has sailed for Europe. He will attend the Davis Cup matches, and no doubt he will angle for the winner. Unfortunately for his purpose, Lacoste, the scintillating French star, is far beyond the reach of want, and Borotra is a well-established and successful salesman even in this country. Tilden, having once stalled off the blandishments of a Hammerstein, is probably immune from any temptation save the stage, whereon he is anything but a remarkable actor, and the public prints, wherein he is an interesting writer on his favorite subject. There is a vast body of tennis followers who like to know what the stars have to say on the making of shots, court generalship, etc., and that angle of it seems to me quite harmless.

Well do I remember a syndicate salesman going into a certain office with the pen products of the late Percy D. Haughton for sale. "The only trouble is," he said, "that this man insists on writing his own stuff."

Blame attaches to Vinnie Richards for our fall-down at Wimbledon, and our probable fall-down in France. Neither was far-sighted. But the pity is that the greatest tennis player in the world has been put out of action without a shot fired at him across the net.



William T. Tilden 2d

Miniatures from the Life

Reputation

By IBBY HALL

EVERY one remembers from childhood that warm, friendly feeling of trustfulness that came with the first sight of an elephant. Here was a beast bigger than the most terrible object ever encountered that would yet accept peanuts gratefully from tiny hands and was even converted at times into a mammoth pony able to carry a whole picnic of children on its back.

The city of Rome was aghast the other day when one of these gentle pets crushed the life out of her keeper by hurling him against the bars of the cage with her trunk.

At the same time tradition was dealt another blow through the Central Park Zoo in New York. There is a tiger in that Zoo named after a well-known political organization. Lately the tiger has not been feeling well. Day after day he has lain gloomily behind iron bars, gazing with a baleful yellow eye at little children, until it has seemed that he would like nothing better than to make a swift mouthful of one of these friendly visitors.

The keepers have offered him other food, they have taxed their wits trying to think up tiger delicacies, but the big beast finally refused to eat at all. When a month had passed and the tiger was still refusing food, the authorities became alarmed. A veterinary was sent for, and after the fearful process of tying up the yellow menace with great ropes, the doctor entered the cage. The beast turned his baleful glare upon the newcomer, but found himself helpless. For under that very glare the young veterinary cut three of those great claws—which had become ingrown and were the cause of the animal's suffering.

As the tiger watched the operation some flicker of intelligence and humanity must have been transferred from man to beast, for the great head struggled closer and closer towards this human being in the cage with him. Suddenly it dropped on the hand that had attended it. With a great purr of gratitude, the tiger licked gratefully that healing hand.

Return

MORE than seventy years ago, when the nineteenth century was only half over, a little girl of eight was living in Russia. Her mother and her father, who were Jews, made up her world. When they died, she became suddenly a small orphan in a vast somber country whose people looked at her with unfriendly eyes, hating the blood in her veins.

The dark-eyed little girl was solitary. She had no relatives—none except a few so distant as to be almost strangers.

Among the distant relatives was a young woman still caught up by the fairy tale of her new marriage. It was too soon for her own children. But the years were all in front of her, and she was little more than twenty. Nevertheless she knew at once that the first child in her home must be this frightened one. She would have her for her own—she would adopt her.

Soon the little girl was at home again. The strange air about her, so difficult lately to breathe, became once more familiar. Here were new parents and a new world, bright and hopeful. Soon came those others, tiny dolls to play with—growing into sisters and brothers—into big children.

And now the world was changed all over again. The little girl of eight had disappeared—she had grown up. She had a lover. She herself was to be a bride.

This second loss of home was not so sad, perhaps, but still it was a wrench. This was foolish, for was she not happy? And would they not be near each other?

The nineteenth century hurried on faster than ever for the child who had been an orphan. There were her own children; and her adventurous husband. She never knew what the next year would be like, uncertain even when it was really behind her. By the time she had seen fifty of them, all told, there was suddenly another ending and another beginning. For her husband had made up his mind to leave Russia. There was another country—America—where their race might be happy.

Once more she started out hopefully to find this new home. She said good-by to the old woman who had become her mother. Time was already heaped high between them—now an ocean would be added. They would never see each other again. They had learned by this time that life rushed forward with never any returning. Each woman looked long at the other's face.

In America all the days were new and bewildering. Perhaps she was getting old, and to change was difficult, but this new home was the strangest of them all. The thought of Russia hurt her like a familiar pain. She had left part of her heart there, aching at first, but gradually numb. Letters came seldom; then not at all. Her mother perhaps was there no longer.

The century was over. A new one rolled on, and with it the Great War. The thought of Russia grew to be a fear. The Jewish woman, growing old in her new country, could find only dread in the memory of her far home. Were they living—to go through with this horror? Were they mercifully dead? She would not remember them.

The war ceased, the new century climbed into its twenties, memories of Russia became dim. This strange new country held much for her race. Orphans were the children of all—old people, the parents. Fine buildings and endowed institutions had been reared to shelter the homeless.

It was to one of these homes finally that the old Russian woman made her last move. Her husband was dead, her children settled in homes of their own. She was close to eighty now, and had learned well the lesson of moving on. This home was in beautiful surroundings. Only a few miles distant was the sea—the same sea that separated her from youth and childhood. She began to tell her new friends about Russia. It was easier now to remember. The distance did not seem so great.

They told her one day, since her speech held so much of Russia, that she would be glad to learn that a country woman of hers had just entered the Home; an old woman who had come to this country just before the war—an old woman who held so sturdily to life that she had seen nearly a hundred years of it.

The two old ones from Russia met and looked long at each other. Here, then, thought each, was a listener; one who knew that other land and those lost roads. They began slowly, shyly. Yes, the other remembered that! Yes, yes—with her also—the same spot—the same familiar names. The old eyes looked again—through wrinkles—through time—through devastation. Here was a miracle at least. Here was recognition.

"You!" whispered one; and the other answered, "You!"

Lively Summer Humor

IT takes something pretty lively to genuinely entertain New York these warm days, but it looks as if George White had succeeded in doing it—if one is to judge from the audiences which are gathering nightly to hear his latest edition of the "Scandals." So far as we were concerned, we were completely captured in the opening five minutes; mainly, we must confess, by our first glimpse of a most beautiful curtain of blue which drew itself into artistic contours and curious patterns to the accompaniment of the prelude by the orchestra.

We don't remember ever having been fascinated before simply by a curtain. But this one did the trick, both æsthetically and intellectually. Design, come to life and followed by beauty, is the only way we can describe it. Its changing, vanishing patterns melted second by second into new arrangements and new designs, with the whole mass continually tending to disclose more and more of the stage, until finally the whole thing came to rest as a new dress for the proscenium arch—and we were enthralled.

Whereupon stepped forth a group of most presentable young ladies, who assured us in chorus that they knew what we were going to say: That they were not as good as last year. And the show wasn't either! But they recognized the challenge, and were inclined to ask us as an audience were we as good as last year? Whereupon appeared two terrible children—Willie and Eugene Howard—apparently reduced in age by a special operation by Dr. Voronoff; and proceeded to be as uproariously funny as anybody we've seen this season. And the new "Scandals" was off! And to a good start.

For an air of general liveliness and good humor seems to reign over all the proceedings in the Apollo Theatre this summer. In our mild judgment, Harry Richman is rather terrible and we can no longer, at this late date, remember just why Ann Pennington is supposed to be any good. But the deftness of George White is so evident throughout all the dances and playlets and musical numbers that somehow these drawbacks don't make much difference to us. We will even retract a little on Harry Richman and admit that he was really pretty fair in one or two moments, particularly in Mr. White's version of "Strange Interlude," wherein the husband, the friend, and the wife acted their thoughts in a desperate triangle situation. The final remark of the husband is, "I'd trust you with my wife anywhere." His action is to shoot his friend with a revolver. Indeed, the discrepancy between the pleasant dialogue of this playlet and the dreadful actions of its characters presents a new form of drama which makes "Strange Interlude" seem very pale in comparison.

The prize moment of the evening, however, so far as we were concerned, came when the four comedians, each with a baby in his arms, sang a hollow sentimental ditty entitled, "The Fathers of the World." This simple piece is as good a take-off on our American sentimental attachment to Mother as we've witnessed in a long time. Followed humor and broad comedy in generous amounts until the whole affair became almost exuberant.

This is not to praise the whole entertainment, nevertheless. For it has some genuine defects which ought to be remedied. One of the most serious is in the realm of singing. It cries aloud for a Fritzi Scheff or a Gertrude Lawrence or an Adele Astaire—somebody who can really sing the music. We would even have welcomed somebody who could have made it melodious. Because the music in itself is very fair; or would be, we imagine, if it could be heard. But as it is, the band brays pretty loudly and the exuberance that is very much in the picture in the comedy scenes is carried over into the musical numbers to their lasting detriment.

Indeed, for a poor scene done without any taste at all, sung perfectly vilely—with the exception of one girl—give us the Hall of Fame tribute to Victor Herbert, which Mr. White has allowed as the end of his first act. The comparison between Schubert's "Ave Maria" and Herbert's "Kiss Me Again" is a little obscure, anyway. But as done in the "Scandals" it is enough to make anybody weary.

The whole show, of course, is full of the usual acts, including such ones as the Mexican bandit and the girl, life in the trenches in Chicago streets, existence as it would be if every merchant in ordinary conversation exacted a credit line for his achievements, and, finally, a very amazing take-off on the Vitaphone, called, in this instance, the Vocafilm.

This is really funny—and, to us, seemed original; particularly when Willie Howard, sitting in one of the boxes, began to object to Harry Richman's singing as reproduced by the Vitaphone. And did it so vociferously that, to everybody's surprise, Richman himself stopped singing on the screen and proceeded to argue with Willie Howard in the box. Before the two idiots got through it was impossible to tell what was movie and what was stage, who was real and who was a screen picture, and, at last, whether the Vitaphone was speaking or Willie Howard himself, or Richman or George White.

Such ingenuity is rare, and the "Scandals" this year decidedly has it. For a good hot-weather show it would be hard to beat—except for one thing: The last act is nowhere near so good as the first. If Mr. White will only take this into consideration, there ought to be a steady stream of people going to the Apollo Theatre all summer.

F. R. BELLAMY.

Wall Street Likes Al Smith

By
THOMAS H. GAMMACK

GOVERNOR SMITH is, from Wall Street's point of view, the most acceptable Presidential candidate offered by the Democratic Party since Grover Cleveland. Perhaps, indeed, it is only the prestige that Cleveland's name has gathered since his death that causes one to put him ahead of the present candidate.

William Jennings Bryan was little more popular in financial circles in his heyday than Nikolai Lenine was in his. It was, in fact, the threat to sound money inherent in his candidacies and the resultant declines in security prices that are chiefly responsible for the nervousness always apparent in the business world, until this year at least, during Presidential campaigns. This nervousness persisted even when such adherents of the *status quo* as Calvin Coolidge and John W. Davis were the party leaders.

No community is without its band, big or little, of enthusiasts for Woodrow Wilson, and the war President has been canonized in not a few mighty financial offices. But, generally speaking, Wall Street men could not understand Mr. Wilson and did not like him, even when they were generous enough to give his Administration the major credit for the Federal Reserve Act. His advocacy of a low tariff was the specific basis of many objections, but the antipathy extended to his whole outlook.

John W. Davis left the office of a famous corporation law firm to run for the Presidency, and he knows extremely well many bigwigs who could throw stones from their windows and hit the Stock Exchange, but he probably did not garner many more votes in Wall Street than did James M. Cox, who was not taken seriously even by those who supported him on the League of Nations issue. The political situation in 1924 forced Mr. Davis to conduct a campaign of abuse, with the Fall-Sinclair-Doheny and the Daugherty-Miller scandals as his material, which his friends and the friends of his friends found distasteful. Whatever history may say about him, Wall Street is in almost complete agreement that Mr. Coolidge is the ideal President. Criticisms even milder than Mr. Davis's, which were not exactly scorching, were received with marked disfavor.

The anything but overwhelming popularity of his opponent is unquestionably one of the reasons for the high regard enjoyed south of Fulton Street by Governor Smith's candidacy. But there are others. In the first place, with the exception of one controversy which will be discussed later, he has never been seriously at odds with business, big or little. As for the tariff, he has already made it obvious that he plans no drastic revisions of the present schedules.

He has not, to be sure, Mr. Davis's broad acquaintanceship with financiers. He has nevertheless several intimates standing on the top rungs of the business ladder. John J. Raskob, Chairman of the Finance Committee of the General Motors Corporation and one of the biggest powers in that mighty organization, is the outstanding example. Owen D. Young probably could not be classed as one of the Governor's inner circle of friends, but the two know each other well and have conferred often on major questions affecting the business of the State. Many other leading financiers and industrialists also have had similar conferences with the Governor, and carried away from them an almost uniformly favorable impression.

Only recently has the country at large realized that Governor Smith is influenced greatly by a small group of advisers, among whom Judge Proskauer and Mrs. Moskowitz are the most prominent. Those who have been at all familiar with the development of the Governor, however, realize how powerfully this group has shaped his policies. The high places of Wall Street have been familiar with his development and have approved the ascendency of these counselors over those from Tammany Hall.

The one occasion on which the Governor and an important section of the business community clashed was at the time of the "water power" controversy. He opposed with all his energy the leasing to private companies of the State's title to power rights on the St. Lawrence. He won his fight, but only under heavy fire. At present, though, most of the leaders of the public utility industry f that his position, even if mistaken, w not a really radical one. He was willi to allow private companies to distribu the power, but he insisted that the St should generate it and sell it wholesa No one in the industry is apt to lo with favor on anything that smacks Government ownership, but this propo won support from some utility men the highest standing.

The "Wall Street Journal" pretends have more authority than it actually p sesses as spokesman for the Manhatt financial community, but its editor columns give a fairly good idea of t reasons why this community will asked to vote against Governor Smi The obvious reluctance with which t paper attacks him, moreover, shows standing with its readers.

His attitude on water power, of cour will be featured. The epithet "spende will be applied at every opportuni The Democratic candidate claims have given New York State an efficie administration, but he could harc claim that it was conspicuously econor cal. In his appeals to the voters he h virtually admitted as much.

"We need these hospitals, these pr ons, these asylums," he has pleade "Humanity should take precedence ov economy."

But the epithet will handicap him a his opponents will not be chary with use.

"Democrat" is the other appellati that will be used most frequently to d credit him. The party's membership i cludes several great bankers, but neith their reasoning nor that of the able campaigner that ever lived could co vince thousands of Wall Streeters that Democratic Administration, under a leadership, would not be harmful to bu use.

Governor Smith has not made his fi campaign speech, and the situation u doubtedly will be changed by Novembe At present, however, the metropolit financial community likes him about well as it could any Democrat, becau they know him to be an able public se vant, because they drink and vote w and, perhaps most of all, because the no more than any one else, are immu to his amazing magnetism.

A Viennese Serenade

By EUGENE BONNER

Vienna.

THE "Vienna Festwochen," or Festival Fortnight, from June 3 to June 17 inclusive, might just as well have been called the Schubert-Strauss Festival, as, while other music has, of course, been heard, the compositions of the two above-mentioned composers have quite dominated both the concert and, in the case of Strauss, the operatic programs.

Which, under the circumstances, is entirely as it should be, this being the Schubert centenary year, which is being celebrated in one way or another throughout Europe, while Richard Strauss has taken this season to launch his very newest opera, "Die ägyptische Helena," in Dresden, to be followed five days later by its production here in Vienna, all of which has been previously discussed.

In connection with the Schubert festivities, preparations are now well under way for the great commemorative choral festival, lasting three days, to be given here beginning July 19. It is to take place in a great hall specially arranged in the Prater, the beautiful public park of Vienna. There will be seating arrangements for more than seventy thousand people in the audience and thirty thousand on the podium, or platform, arranged for the singers, making a seating capacity of over a hundred thousand altogether.

Singing societies from all parts of Austria and Germany are coming to take part, different societies being assigned for the various programs. It is estimated that over one hundred and fifty thousand singers will participate in this gigantic and unique celebration.

Having heard of the lost gayety of this famous and beautiful city since the war, we would like to go on record to the effect that if it was any gayer (that is, on the outside, which, after all, is what chiefly concerns the traveler) we would be obliged to take a rest cure, and that very soon!

Among the many celebrations in honor of Franz Schubert was the unique "Serenade" given a few evenings ago in the Josefsplatz, the program being offered by the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra in conjunction with the chorus from the Staatsoper under the direction of the eminent conductor of that institution, Franz Schalk.

The Josefsplatz is the irregular square formed by that part of the Hofburg (the former imperial palace) containing the famous library and great ballroom used on state occasions. This part of the Hofburg, dating from 1721, is built around three sides of the square, the other side being taken up for the most part by the Pallavicini Palace, one of the most beautiful in Vienna. The orchestra and chorus were placed in that part of the square in front of the main entrance to this wing of the Hofburg, just under the balcony which overlooks the Platz.

The night was perfect, and every window in the old Hofburg as well as those of the palace opposite were wide open, the huge piles themselves blazing with lights from the great crystal chandeliers, clearly visible from outside in the square. From the main balcony of the Hofburg, where we were fortunate enough to be on this occasion, the scene was more like some very perfect stage setting, or one of those exquisite old eighteenth-century paintings of a fête such as Canaletto or Guardi loved to depict, rather than a scene in this twenty-ninth year of the twentieth century.

The program itself, an all-Schubert one, was simple and perfectly adapted to the occasion. Opening with the "Overture in the Italian Style," the choruses followed, the first being a chorus for women's voices, "Chor der Genien," from "Die Zauberharfe;" the second a chorus for men, the "Geisterchor" from "Rosamunde." These were beautifully sung, the stillness of the night and the unusual surroundings serving to cast a glamour over the proceedings.

The first half of the program finished with the variations on "Der Tód und das Mädchen" from the Quartet in D Minor. The second part consisted of the "Mondschein" quintet and the "Nachtmusik" quartet, both for men's voices, and finished up with a very fine performance of the "Rosamunde" overture.

Another interesting feature of this centenary celebration is the issue of a two-shilling piece with the head of Franz Schubert on the obverse or reverse side—it all depends upon which part you look at first. Here is indeed honor—a composer of serious music who for a time at least finds himself associated with the financial affairs of a nation!

Surely the modest, quiet, and bashful Schubert, cut off so tragically at such an early age, would be more than surprised, and let us hope gratified, if he could pay an impromptu visit just at present to the Continent of Europe in general and the city of Vienna in particular, and see the honors paid to him after the interval of a century. Would his gratification perhaps be tinged with just a little bitterness, considering his struggles when alive? Who knows?

Josefsplatz

By W. R. BROOKS

WE have never said anything about radios in this department, for several reasons. For a long time we were just as bitter about them as every one else. We said they were a nuisance, that the artists and *artistes* who performed before the microphone at the behest of mouth-wash magnates and underwear kings were a lot of hams whose voices and technique would be insupportable if they didn't come from several hundred miles away, and that the loud speakers distorted the tones so that, instead of giving off music, these machines filled the house with foul howlings and chitterings that gave probably the first really credible answer to that vexed question, Why young girls leave home.

We were bitter also because our friends' radios have ruined many otherwise pleasant evenings for us. We are not extremely talkative, as a rule. But occasionally we feel that we have something to say, the words are put into our mouth, the divine afflatus fills us—and just as we get well under way our host invariably turns on the radio. "Sorry, old man," he says. "You can tell us that later. I want to hear the Peruna Hour. They have a swell program." Of course you can't shout against a radio. Your best *mots* are whirled away in a furious shrieking of static. And if it isn't the Peruna Hour, it's the Lydia Pinkham Symphony Orchestra or the Pipe and Foundry Quartet.

Another reason for not mentioning radios was that we don't know anything about them. But that really wouldn't have restrained us, all by itself, as you, if you read these maunderings, have found out. We can write, we believe, about anything, and we defy you to discern whether we know anything about it or not.

But recently a radio was put in this office for a time, and, as one of the political Conventions was on, we went in to listen to the roar of the bull-voiced politicians deciding whether the helm of the ship of state should be put hard down, held steady, or just pulled out by the roots and thrown overboard. And we were surprised at the excellence of the reproduction. We listened without pain or disgust—that is, such pain and disgust as we felt were no fault of the machine—and were forced to admit that the distortion of tone of which we had always complained had been reduced to a very unimportant minimum.

So we decided that maybe we were wrong. That happens to us more often than you, with your touching confidence in us, might believe. So we glanced over a list of the radio programs, and discovered that our pronouncements about these too had been exaggerated. And then we went and cornered a man who knows all about radios, and made him tell us which, in his opinion, were the best, and why.

He gave us the names of four. First, the Fada. This company, he said, had gone into the business heavily on the engineering side. The result was high all-around efficiency and great fidelity of tone.

Next, the Atwater-Kent. These radios are fool-proof and will work anywhere. They are a sturdy, reliable machine for the man who doesn't know and doesn't want to know why the things he listens to come to him.

Then the Grebe Synchrophase. These are built with a meticulous German thoroughness.

Lastly, the Radiola, made by the Radio Corporation, which controls the patent situation in the radio field. The machines are efficient, and there is a nice choice in the varieties of cabinetwork and price.

We asked about the radios that do without batteries, simply plugging into a light socket. These, it seemed to us, would be a very good thing if they were practical, since they do away with the necessity of replacing and recharging batteries—a task over which we have heard even the most confirmed radio enthusiasts use evil words. But he said that they hadn't yet been brought to the degree of perfection that would justify getting one and expecting it to work continuously and efficiently. Any one who wants one of them should select it with the greatest care, and should give it a careful try-out before buying.

We couldn't think of any more intelligent questions to ask after this, so we let him go. After all, if you know nothing about the subject, that is about all you want to know to start with. The rest is between you and the salesman.

ANY small boy who likes to play with lead soldiers will like the outfit which has just been brought to our attention. He will have found—as a number of kings are reported to have found—that the cost of getting together a decent-sized army that will be of any use at all is almost prohibitive. But this set includes molds for casting soldiers, metal, a ladle, and several cans of bright-colored paint for putting on complexions and uniforms. There are molds for animals, cannon, landscapes, and for a hundred different soldiers. Any number of soldiers, of course, can be turned out from one mold, and a boy of eight can manage it. He will probably burn his fingers, but he will burn them anyway, somehow, and he might as well have a good time doing it.

FOR solitaire fiends—we used to be one, but we've recovered—there is a very good lap table which is square when folded, oblong when open, with a scallop cut to fit snugly in the lap. It is lined with colored moiré silk that makes pockets to hold the cards.

The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

End of the First Half

THE initial—or, call them the first—six months of 1928 have witnessed some arresting developments in the art of the motion picture. Perhaps the first happening of note was the definite establishment of Emil Jannings as a Hollywood fixture, and a successful one. Mr. Jannings followed his first American-made film, "The Way of All Flesh," with a second artistic and box-office hit, "The Last Command;" and proved beyond all question that he can be just as effective under a eucalyptus tree as ever he was in the heart of the Hartz Mountains.

"The Way of All Flesh," produced last year, was remarkable in that its director had never done anything to write home about; and yet Jannings has seldom been better directed than in his Hollywood début, and much of the credit for "The Way of All Flesh" is due the man behind the megaphone—Victor Fleming is the name.

This might have been merely a lucky freak; it remained for "The Last Command" to prove that it was nothing of the sort. For Jannings showed in "The Last Command" that varying climatic or directorial conditions were but gossamer burdens for his shoulders. That his third offering, "The Street of Sin," was pretty painful detracts in no way from his personal glory. It was just a mishap, that's all.

The next event of the budding year was D. W. Griffith's "Drums of Love," in which Lionel Barrymore outdid himself and Mr. Griffith on his part made up for some pretty unproductive years. Some there were who thought this picture top-heavy and overly pretentious; perhaps it was. But it was good entertainment.

Less commendable in this regard was the William Fox feature output. From "Four Sons" up to and including "Fazil," this intelligent and highly organized film factory bore down far too hard on sentimentality. "Mother Machree," the least promising of the lot, turned out, in our opinion, to be the best; but it, too, carried sentiment to the danger-point rather too often. Following "Fazil" Mr. Fox put on "The Red Dance," in which Raoul Walsh gave more than a hint of the ability he showed in "What Price Glory?" The result should be placed at

the head of the list of Fox feature offerings for this year.

In addition to the big ones, the following program pictures—all good—are to be credited to William Fox: "Dressed to Kill," "Hangman's House," "The Escape," and George Bernard Shaw's Movietone appearance.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "The Trail of '98" was outstanding for its scenic effects and epic magnitude. To our mind, it was a grand picture, although critical opinion varied no little on its excellence as melodrama. "The Man Who Laughs" was a masterpiece of screen adaptation, acting, and direction. Universal made it, with Paul Leni directing and Conrad Veidt in the title rôle.

In the comedy field there were "The Circus," "Speedy," "Steamboat Bill, Jr.," and "Partners in Crime," and we feel inclined to add another which, while it can't be ranked with the four above, still deserves special notice; we refer to "The Big Noise" with Chester Conklin.

Jack Barrymore in "Tempest," the Sovkino achievement "The End of St. Petersburg," "Simba," "The Drag Net," "Skyscraper"—all these were worthy of practically unqualified commendation, and this brings us to "Dawn."

After the soberest sort of reflection, this department has decided that we liked "Dawn" better than any picture we have seen since "Sunrise." Since we have already gone into our reasons for liking it, and since these reasons were set forth in a very recent issue of The Outlook, we shall not repeat them here. But we do hope you'll get a chance to see "Dawn"—the best picture of the first half of the year 1928.

Of the talking pictures of this interval no mention need be made other than to call attention to the enormous possibilities they suggest. None of them has been worthy of serious consideration as a motion picture. In only one of them ("The Lion and the Mouse") has an actor appeared (Lionel Barrymore) who was able to give us a hint of what to expect when voice culture hits Hollywood. But a hint he certainly gave us, and a powerful hint, too. We beg leave of the Warner Brothers to renew our congratulations to them on their courage and tenacity in the exploitation of a new kind of amusement.

"The Michigan Kid"

IRVIN WILLAT has introduced into "The Michigan Kid" one of the most convincing double-exposure sequences ever screened. The three principals of this Rex Beach story are shown tearing along a foaming river in a canoe, escaping from the inevitable forest fire. They shoot rapids, duck falling trees, and finally go over a waterfall; and the thing is wonderfully well done. Not a trace is to be seen of those luminous edges which customarily surround high-priced movie stars in perilous situations. Except that you feel reasonably sure Conrad Nagel and Renée Adorée wouldn't be risked in any such fashion, even if they were agreeable, you might well believe it was all genuine.

Unfortunately for the general effect of "The Michigan Kid," Mr. Willat has nullified this big scene by leaning too heavily on meaningless detail in other parts of the picture. He seemed to be put to it to make the story hold out for the requisite number of reels—something which is difficult to understand, since the said story was written by the voluminous Mr. Beach. But it isn't such a bad picture—not by any means.

"The Big Killing"

THERE are many funny things in this Beery-Hatton comedy, and there is also a good deal of cruelly forced humor. The comical fellows appear as two sideshow fakers who get mixed up in a mountain feud, and the idea is funny enough to make one wish that all concerned hadn't tried so desperately hard to extract more humor from it than had originally been put there. This is the last Beery-Hatton picture, we are told; we, for one, will bear up as best we can.

Alcohol and Human Life

(*Continued from page 453*)

cirrhosis is always associated with a long and continuous and excessive indulgence in alcoholic beverages. One thing is certain, however, that the particular form of cirrhosis associated with alcoholic ingestion is a relatively rare disease either among drunkards or in the general population. Heron found only two doubtful cases of cirrhosis of the liver among all the inmates of inebriate reformatories in England during two years, while Formad found only six examples in 250 autopsies on confirmed drunkards. Space will not here permit any consideration of the other diseases, such as neuritis and delirium tremens, associated with alcohol. I believe the evidence for such causative association is quite complete.

The question arises, though, whether a moderate indulgence which is probably physically harmless does not lead to excessive indulgence which is not so harmless. It is a perfectly fair question, and one entirely proper for scientific inquiry, because the one thing a scientific inquirer does not want to do is to take sides or leave uninvestigated any aspect of his question. The only difficulty here is that there is absolutely no opportunity to answer it because there is available nothing resembling data with which to work. Most opinions on the subject would, I judge, be in the affirmative. But it would be only opinion. My own opinion is that when a man or woman uses alcoholic drinks at all, usually at some time in life the indulgence becomes excessive. This period in life is apt to be between the ages of thirty-five and forty-five. That is more or less the zero hour of existence; the hopes and ideals of youth have been either frustrated or satisfied, the stress period of fatherhood and motherhood is over, and the spirit is restless for a new activity; frequently this activity is simulated by alcoholic excitement. After forty-five new interests arise or a new calm occurs, and quite gradually and imperceptibly the daily amount of alcohol, if daily quota was used, or the depth and frequency of sprees is cut down, and with rare exceptions the drinker after fifty is a very moderate drinker. This, however, is plainly an opinion, and limited so far as its scientific value goes by the question of how accurate or representative my observations are. Obviously, its elements render it necessarily far more complex than the other problems we examined, complicated as we found them to be.

How much more complicated, then, must be such questions as the effect of alcohol on crime, on economic distress, on industry, and so forth! There is no reason why these questions cannot be settled by the methods of science, save that in all problems in social science the reliability of the data is always under suspicion. They are, however, only remotely related to the problem I have set myself, which, as I have so often repeated, is a problem in natural science. And in natural science we have no constituents, and no juries, and no clients, and no parishioners. The problems of science are not settled by majority vote.

Do Juries Make You Tired?

(*Continued from page 460*)

see him again for three months; then, one day, he came in, looking kind of wild-eyed, and said that people on the streets were making fun of him. He said the people hissed at him as he passed them and that the drivers of automobiles honked their horns at him just to make him miserable. Can you beat it? Talk about queer ones! We get 'em here in the court-house!" Now, I make no pretensions to being an alienist, but I have heard many of these gentry testify on the witness-stand, and most of them seemed to be honest men. Taking what I learned from them as a basis, I judge that this stenographer was suffering from a clear case of delusions. He had gone crazy. Perhaps it was merely a nervous breakdown; I don't know; I never met the man in question. But what interested me was that an assistant prosecutor coming in contact with border-line cases probably once a week at least didn't have the slightest suspicion that this stenographer had lost his reason. He may have been dangerous, too; I don't know.

Since that day I have never scoffed at a plea of insanity. I am convinced that a great many criminals are insane; that hundreds of them are serving terms because their insanity was not recognized; that thousands of border-line cases are walking the streets today when they ought to be under treatment, perhaps under restraint. The public simply doesn't know much about insanity. The result is that only a few defendants are fortunate enough to be able to claim the law's mercy. It is the others who arouse my emotions, not those who escape execution. We ought not to be such hypocrites on this subject—either we desire to extend mercy or we don't. It is strictly up to us. If the people wish to hold the lunatics accountable for their deeds, it is all right with me; but if they don't, then they ought not to be so bitterly critical of jurors who return verdicts that perfectly conform to the State laws.

One of our most striking peculiarities as jurors in murder cases is that we are unable to visualize the dead person. We see the defendant before us; he is a living, suffering, hoping human being, and it is within our power to stop his breathing and close his eyes forever. Horrible thought! But the person whose breathing and hoping and loving he forever stopped is not before us except as a shadowy, disembodied name. If we felt instinctive horror at the mere thought of homicide, that corpse would be very much before us; but we do not approach the case from any such angle. If it were possible for the murdered to rise just long enough to go on the witness-stand and say: "I am the one who was killed. I was also throbbing with life until struck down. Now I must return to my grave to become worm's meat," I think the percentage of convictions would rise enormously. However, the percentage could treble and still be nothing much to write home about.

Whatever else may be said in derogation of our criminal courts, we have very little malicious prosecution, but the fear of it is ever present in the minds of jurors. Tradition, in marked contrast to the record, says that many innocent men face trial as a result of the wicked machinations of their enemies. So sturdy is this legend that if the bereaved family of a murdered man employs special counsel to assist the prosecutor they are much more likely to cause the defendant's acquittal even though he appears at the bar of justice with three or four lawyers. Prosecution is viewed with suspicion. Likewise the unsupported testimony of peace officers will seldom be accepted. Even a written and signed confession is worth scarcely anything at all before a jury; it merely helps the officers develop their case. Apparently we live in almost hysterical terror of being "railroaded" to the gallows or penitentiary by a "frame-up." And yet in our calmer moments we know that the "frame-up" is nearly always the other way round. So-and-So did thus and thus, but influence was brought to bear and the case was dropped. These are the cases we actually know about, but in the jury-box we are on guard against hobgoblins. The plain truth of the matter is that we have an almost insuperable objection to convicting anybody if we can get out of it and we wait eagerly for any excuse the defendant's counsel can suggest. At the same time we want the law upheld, the public safety protected, and criminality suppressed. But the other fellow must do it. If he doesn't, he makes us sick.

Chased by a Privateer

A Tale for Children

By HARRIET EAGER DAVIS[1]

Illustrated by Arnold Hall

N the days when a three-masted schooner was a big vessel, Louise's father, Captain Crowell, sailed the ute from New York to South Africa d the West Indies, carrying "bread ff" and bringing back sugar, molasses, d coffee. Until Louise came, stanch le Mother always shared these trips; e had crossed the equator eighteen es, and her small girl never tired of aring of the beautiful West Indian ves, the houses built around an inner rt (so different from New England's ainted white with green blinds"), eakfast in bed and dinner in the cool the evening, the fun-loving people—pictures of an enchanted existence to ittle native Cape Codite.

When his vessel was wrecked on Nanket Shoals and baby care kept Mother home, Father retired, but Louise's ldhood was enriched by the adventes of her parents' younger days. Long er she was too old to sit on Father's ee she loved to shiver over this story Civil War perils.

Chased by a Privateer

As remembered by Louise Crowell Earley

WAS a young fellow just making my way and captain of the brig Scotland, en we were ordered to Buenos Aires th a cargo. The Civil War was going , to be sure, but neither your mother r I thought much of the danger. She t said she had never seen South Amer- and would love to go, so she packed her best dresses and we were off. Our bin was small but cozy, with an organ, ur mother's sewing-machine, and a ck of books from the Seaman's Lend- Library.

We made a quick trip, and unloaded d reloaded without a hitch. Your ther had been pleasantly entertained our hosts who received the cargo, and was feeling very pleased to have my ew—mate, second mate, cook, four ilors, and a cabin boy—all aboard half an hour before sailing. That wasn't always easy, for one never knew when those rough fellows might choose to go off on a last spree.

Everything looked like smooth sailing, when on the wharf I met the captain of a Boston vessel.

"What's the news?" I asked.

He looked grave. "The South has been blockaded," he told me, "and their privateers are trying to break the blockade by capturing Northern merchant vessels."

This looked bad. I hurried back to carry the news to the captains of the other two company vessels which were to sail with us. We agreed to keep together until well up the Florida coast, then separate—the Southerners couldn't capture all of us!

I thought the crew had not got wind of our danger, but bad news travels fast, and the second day out I knew by black looks and mutterings that trouble was brewing. Those foreign sailors didn't care a hang for the honor of our ship and would stop at nothing to save their own skins. If they mutinied, we would be short-handed and in trouble.

They had to learn once for all who was master, so, ordering all hands forward, I announced there could be no turning back; we were bound for New York, and the first man to disobey would be put immediately into irons.

All this time your mother kept perfectly calm—indeed, I think her courage did as much as anything to shame those men into obedience. At any rate, there was no more trouble.

But as we separated from our other company vessels at Port Royal and entered the enemy's territory, I grew very anxious. We kept a lookout day and night, and from dark to dawn we sailed without lights, taking our chances on running into other craft.

Just before sunset off Cape Hatteras the lookout shouted: "Sail to port, sir. Think she's a privateer."

I rushed for the glasses. It was a sail all right, and, I believed, a Southern privateer. I ordered on all the sail the brig would carry and took the wheel myself, steering even farther out to sea. Your mother said nothing, just came and stood beside me, watching until night fell.

Nobody slept that night. We all knew what capture meant—our vessel burned and ourselves taken prisoners. Your mother packed our sea-bags and put on two dresses—why two she has never been able to explain—first a green merino, and over that one I especially liked, a blue-and-white plaid silk with tight waist and full gathered skirt, yards and yards around the bottom, with embroidered collar and cuffs that had been her mother's. Then, in her gold beads and the brooch with my picture, her black mantle, and her bonnet with the little pink rosebuds, she sat calmly down and waited.

Meantime, up on deck, we were watching the strange light gain on us. I knew then she was a faster vessel than ours, and that, short of a miracle, capture was only a question of time.

About midnight, back in the direction of the privateer, we saw a bright flare.

"She's got some poor fellow nearer home," exclaimed the mate, and we all drew a breath of relief. But we were still not out of danger. Soon after sunrise we sailed through a pile of burned wreckage, and when at last we docked safely in New York the first news we heard was that a Southern privateer had captured and burned one of our own fleet.

[1] The stories in this department are the favorite tales of various families which have been handed down to each succeeding younger generation. The Outlook will be glad to receive and to pay for any such stories which our readers remember from their own childhood and which are found available. They should be told as simply as possible in the language one would use in talking to a child. We should also be glad of suggestions from older and younger readers as to well-known people whom they would be especially interested to have Mrs. Davis interview for stories remembered from childhood.

Speaking of Books

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

"BAMBI," by Felix Salten, translated by Whittaker Chambers. Simon & Schuster. In the foreword to this charming book, Galsworthy, who has become quite an impresario of new talents, recommends it to sportsmen, and describes it as having, in galley proof, held the Galsworthy family spellbound during a Channel crossing. We should not, personally, care to depend on it in such a crisis; but, having once seen a pheasant shoot in England, the crowding victims of which had been the day before sheltered and admired and fed on the lawns of the man whose guests now slaughtered them, we too recommend "Bambi" to sportsmen. The game battue which is described in it is horrible.

Children will like "Bambi," and those adults who can empty their minds these hot evenings of man-made turmoil and open them to the sights and sounds of nature. "Bambi" is the story of a deer —a direct, unsentimental, tender, almost humorless story. It is written in a style which is a model of effortless simplicity. Not to be compared with the "Jungle Books" and other animal stories which we all know and love, it lays, actually, no claim to competition with them. Granted that it is written by a man and not by a forest deer, it does not beyond that endow the creatures with men's thoughts or speech, does not make villains or heroes of them, nor clothe them with other vices than the will to live or other virtues than the courage to suffer.

"Bambi" may be taken as an allegory by those who are bound to find sermons in stones. Into it may be read the doctrine of the calm acceptance of life, expounded by means of the picture of lives bound to accept because they cannot conceive of refusal; or one may find in it the doctrine of the oneness of all created things, illustrated by the fact that the hunter meets the same end as the hunted; or even the obvious "live and learn" is there, expressed through the life of Bambi, who begins as a foolish fawn and ends a wise, benevolent old stag. Conceivably, it might also be taken by those determined to give it false weight as a mild little social satire, as every animal in it has certain foibles, just as every man has. For us, the distinction of "Bambi" lies in the very absence of the moralizing tag which ruins so many animal stories. A book of so much charm should be suffered to rest simply on its merits as a moving and delicate little story of a life in the woods.

The Torches Flare

"THE Torches Flare," by Stark Young. Charles Scribner's Sons. In "The Torches Flare" the story, dramatic enough in action, is nevertheless secondary to the style, setting, and author's philosophy. Stark Young, the accomplished essayist, handles his material to the best display of his talents as a writer and of his wide experience in the artistic circles of New York and in the life of the South. And Stark Young the philosopher, in the person of the narrator moves as a sort of Greek chorus behind the torches which alternately gutter and flare about Eleanor, the heroine of his book. A perfect example of the philosopher-essayist's novel, this one is concerned with the exposition of the belief, neither new nor unsound, that "capacity attracts," that the individual's attraction to himself of love and pain is commensurate with his capacity for drinking from those twin or, if you choose, identical sources of life. The story is a tragedy of ideals betrayed, and is trite as any story of ambition, young love, courage, weakness, and despair is trite. It concerns Eleanor (Lena) Dandridge, who comes from the South to go on the New York stage. She falls in love with a poet from Kentucky, the charming, talented, and insubstantial Arthur. After an unexpected stage success, she goes to live with him. As it becomes evident that the basis of their love is false, she goes back to her father and aunt in Mississippi, weaves the proverbial web of deceit and becomes tragically entangled in it. Her past finds her out in the person of a neurotic lad who kills himself out of his disillusion concerning her. Eleanor's honesty and sensitivity torture her almost beyond endurance. She dies a thousand deaths in expiation of her sins, and finally sends Arthur away and moves forward on the hard road which is the way of perfection for the honest and sensitive.

The first half of the book is interesting in its picture of the stage, as might be expected, but is otherwise disappointing. Young's handling of Bohemia is pretty bad. Actual characters appear either under their own names or thinly disguised, and places, things, and people are described with all the topical patter of a chit-chat column, an unworthy business for so gifted a writer, and one which detracts to an unfortunate extent from the emotional effect of the first half of the book. But when the story moves South Young is at his best. Here the scene becomes as real, as moving, and as valuable as was the lovely scene of "Heaven Trees," Young's earlier and insufficiently appreciated novel

Stark Young's work as a novelist is marked by the clearness of mind, love

THIS list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by the following book-shops each week:

New York—Brentano's;
Rochester—Scrantoms Inc.;
Cleveland—Korner & Wood;
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort, & Barney;
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Company;
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company;
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.;
Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company;
Kansas City—Emery Bird Thayer;
Atlanta—Miller's Book Store;
Los Angeles—Bullock's;
Chicago—Marshall Field & Co.;
Cincinnati—Stewart Kidd.

Fiction

"The Bridge of San Luis Rey," by Thornton Wilder. Albert & Charles Boni. Those who have not yet read this beautifully written story have a delight in store.

"Octavia," by Margot Asquith. The F. A. Stokes Company. This comedy of manners is excellent reading. Reviewed June 20.

"Brook Evans," by Susan Glaspell. The F. A. Stokes Company. This strong novel of three generations is marked by excellent writing and fine character drawing, especially of the two women in the story. To be reviewed next week.

"The Battle of the Horizons," by Sylvia Thompson. Little, Brown & Co. You will find this story of an international marriage capably written, and lit by flashes of wit and understanding. See June 27.

"But—Gentlemen Marry Brunettes," by Anita Loos. Boni & Liveright. If you enjoyed the first of these, you will find this almost as good. Reviewed June 6.

Non-Fiction

"The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism," by Bernard Shaw. Brentano's. Almost every one will agree with G. B. S. this time; and any one with the patience to read his long book through will find it marked by his usual wit and wide interests. Reviewed July 4.

"Disraeli," by André Maurois, translated by Hamish Miles. D. Appleton & Co. You will enjoy this charming and vivid biography. Reviewed February 22.

"Poems in Praise of Practically Nothing," by Samuel Hoffenstein. Boni & Liveright. If you appreciate light verse, you will find this the very best.

"Jesus, the Son of Man," by Emil Ludwig. Boni & Liveright. This is interesting, but not within the scope of Ludwig's particular abilities. To be reviewed by Amos N. Wilder.

"The Rise of the House of Rothschild," by Egon Cresar Conti. The Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. An interesting and valuable book which all readers of biography will enjoy. See issue of June 6.

f beauty, and dis-
riminating taste which
arks his criticism.
nd he writes with a
ool detachment un-
arked by the chill of
itter irony, and a
arm pity unsmeared
y sentimentality.

From "Bambi." Published by Simon & Schuster

Reviewed on page 474

In the Far East

By

AWRENCE T. GRISWOLD

"The Pacific: A Forecast," by P. T. Etherton and H. H. Tiltman. Little, Brown & Co.

"China and World Peace," by Dr. Mingchien Joshua Bau. The Fleming H. Revell Company.

"Within the Walls of Nanking," by Alice T. Hobart. The Macmillan Company.

The halt in the
Vorld War brought
ith it the alert sig-
al for shifting of at-
ntion, and extreme attention at that,
ward the Pacific. Europe, financially
ankrupt, war weary, and painfully in
eed of commercial expansion, found
at China and Japan specifically, and
acific territories in general, were well
ell worth watching. This with either
view to the protection of interests
ready established or with a view to-
ard expansion of these interests. In
ddition, the vigorous imperialism of
apan as expressed so clearly during the
ar gave impetus to an already hurried
cusing of Occidental eyes.

It is only natural that the jingoism
nly half expressed previous to 1914
ould find full vociferousness following
ne Armistice. Multitudinous are the
ooks written on the subject of conflicts
n the Pacific, and many with detailed
utlines of supposed events occurring in
ich an interracial war. It is gratifying
o state that one does not find this here.
While the book has a faint but unmis-
akable apprehension running through
ne pages, it is accountable by the logic
f its résumé. While occasionally ex-
ressing the naïveté of the British sol-
ier, the authors have endeavored to go
nto the problem dispassionately, and
ave arrived at their conclusions in a
anner difficult to reproach.

While the economic condition of Ori-
ntal nations is such as to lead many
eople into the belief that war is im-
robable for a number of years, it cannot
e denied that this forecast is one that
ay be closely followed by actual events.

"China and World Peace," by Dr.
Bau, of the University of Peking, is in-
teresting from the Chinese point of view. It would be difficult to label it propaganda, but the wide divergence in the respective statements of Dr. Bau and various Western commentators may be laid to inaccurate information of one side or extreme partisanship of both. One item that makes the volume worth while is a record of the unfinished Russian negotiations with the Chinese Nationalists from the year 1922.

Another book, "Within the Walls of Nanking," is one that may be grouped in this trinity purely because of the personal reactions of Mrs. Hobart to the incidents in Changsha and Nanking during 1927. The volume has not particular historic or literary value, but as the diary of an American woman's experiences during the Nationalist invasion of the central provinces it has moments that are distinctly thrilling.

Certainly the Pacific warrants attention. The condition of Japan is critical, and China's newly found nationalism is likely to precipitate history in rather startling degrees.

An Italian Novel

By MILTON BYRON

"The Old and the Young," by Luigi Pirandello. Translated by C. K. Scott-Moncrieff. 2 vols. E. P. Dutton & Co.

"The Old and the Young" combines a series of disjointed character studies with a detailed description of political conditions in Rome and Sicily prior to the advent of Premier Mussolini. For this reason, it is a good book, although, judged solely on its merits as a novel, it is not without faults. There are, for example, entirely too many characters, and the fact that they have long Italian names and titles which are quite similar is very confusing.

The style, although beautiful, is involved and requires a great deal of concentration to be fully understood. The first volume is labored, but illuminated by occasional flashes of genius—of Pirandello at his best. However, this reviewer believes that much would be gained, and little lost, if the story began with the second volume.

It is much as though this were the first book Pirandello had ever written and he feared it would be his last. It is crammed with love, disillusionment, murder, rape, arson, suicide, madness, and political and social scandal, with little or no regard for unity or coherence. Naturally, these elements cannot all be woven smoothly into one narrative in the brief span of two volumes. Pirandello has done well with his material, but this reviewer feels that "The Old and the Young" would have been a more creditable piece of work had the author limited himself to a single theme.

By the process of elimination one finally concludes that the principal *motif* of this novel is the story of a Sicilian gentleman storming and cursing his way through life in a vain attempt to adjust himself to his surroundings. An exotic and erratic character, it requires a broad and adjustable literary appreciation to enjoy and understand him. This story, however, is incidental to the book.

Pirandello, in the opinion of this reviewer, is never dull. Despite the confusing maze of lengthy sentences and involved descriptions that confront the reader through some four-hundred-odd pages, there is life—morbid, sordid, and distinctively unpleasant—but life. There is a tenseness in the dialogue; stark tragedy and grim emotion subtly revealed through commonplace conversation that counteracts the lesser faults of this book. "The Old and the Young," like most of Pirandello's work, would gain by being read backwards.

The background of this novel is based on the turbulent conditions existing in

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More Books from the Summer Shelf

"THE Fall of the Russian Empire," by Edmund A. Walsh, S.J., Ph.D. Little, Brown & Co. If we can read a book about the Russian Revolution, anybody can, and this one held our interest successfully. It is excellently well written, and by a man who has the proper temper for such work, a solid knowledge of history, a scholar's detachment, and an idealism which has survived experience. Closing as it does with the flight of Kerensky, the book avoids some of the pitfalls which propaganda, White or Red, has laid, and preserves a fine balance.

"THE People of the Twilight," by Diamond Jenness. The Macmillan Company. This is the best kind of a travel book, though few readers are likely to travel to the land which it describes. It is the account, simply told and lit by warmth and humor which somehow endears it to the reader, of three years spent intimately among the Eskimos of the north Alaskan coast. These potentially useful people are most forlorn, for they are doomed, unless the helping hand of the Government is extended with equipment and supplies, to speedy extinction.

"WORDS and Poetry," by George H. W. Rylands. Payson & Clarke. We admit peeping for this book, because we want it. Of the two things in life which have for us a quenchless fascination *words* is one. From etymological dictionaries to such books as this, any volume which contains in its title *words* can be counted upon by its publishers to have at least one reader. This is not the best book on the appreciation of poetry which we have read, but it is an excellent one, and they are not too common. It would not hurt teachers of English to read it this summer.

"CONTEMPORARIES of Marco Polo," edited by Manuel Komroff. Boni & Liveright. This contains all the material which used to be compressed into the addenda of the Macmillan edition of Mandeville, and is great fun to read. The travelers of the Middle Ages were about as dependent upon hearsay and imagination as are most of the travele returning nowadays from Russia, an since their gullibility took other form their books are vastly more entertai ing. None of the men whose journa Komroff edits had Marco Polo's weal of fantasy, but their work is delightfu And all the "Black and Gold Librar books are pleasant to handle and bea tifully printed.

"How We Got Our Liberties," L Lucius B. Swift (The Bobb Merrill Company), and "The Sanctity the Law," by John W. Burgess (Harp & Brothers), are two books widely diffe ing in literary quality but touching many points. Just at present, her abouts, it is possible to have one thi in mind and to wonder, concerning it— we have got our liberties and just ho sacred the law is, anyway. But Swif book, written with no pretensions style, is a picture of the march of liber from the days of Magna Charta to t day on which the Constitution of t United States was adopted. He sto there, perhaps fortunately. And Bu gess's, written by a distinguished schol in an admirable style which augmen its readability, is a survey of the attai ment by man in law and order from t Roman era, and closes with a fine pl for a rational and just approach to inte national demands. Swift's book w please the vacationing lawyer who mu stick to his last even when loafin Burgess's will be a natural part of t study of historians, economists, a teachers of civil government.

"EXTREMES MEET," by Compton Ma kenzie. Doubleday, Doran & C If you like stories of adventure, full excitement and suspense, but balk at t atrocious writing which so often ma them, you may take this book up wi the certainty of finding it admirable style and sufficiently absorbing in co tent to hold the most wayward attenti on a hot train trip or during a tedio day at sea. It is a rattling good stor well told, of Secret Service in Asia Min during the war.

THE editor of this department will be glad to help readers with advice and suggestions in buying current books, whether noticed in these pages or not. If you wish guidance in selecting books for yourself or to give away, we shall do the best we can for you if you will write us, giving some suggestions, preferably with examples, of the taste which is to be satisfied. We shall confine ourselves to books published within the last year or so, so that you will have no trouble in buying them through your own bookshop.

Picked at Random

By WALTER R. BROOKS

Naomi Mitchison's
Black Sparta
Harcourt, Brace

We are apt to forget that the ancient Greeks were people like ourselves, living omfortable, rather humdrum lives, in-olved occasionally against their wills, ke ourselves, in great events—events hich to them were not great or histori-lly significant at all, but only horrible d disturbing. These stories make the partans and Athenians and the various landers real to us, because Mrs. Mitchi-n is primarily occupied with writing, ot a historical story, but just a story. he historical background is correct, the escriptions, the customs, have solid undations of knowledge; but if there is nything ponderous it is in the founda-ons, not in the superstructure which e author has built upon them. Some the characters—Pindar, Aspasia, Plato -are historical, but they too are real us. Their reactions to things are the ormal reactions of all of us, their words e the colloquial speech of all of us, not e magniloquent bombast of Bulwer-ytton's heroes. And so, aside from the istorical interest, the stories are worth eading. We enjoyed them thoroughly.

Wood Kahler's
Early to Bed
Knopf

Alden Brent went to Paris to write the Great American Novel. But there he et the devastating Countess Olishga arpovna, and the pleasant life to which e had looked forward became a sort of notional whirlwind in which he was aught up with Olishga and Tutu and uibka and Boris and Bostroff and a umber of other Russian waifs—not for-etting Dostoevsky, the cab driver—who ere an inseparable part of Olishga's en-ironment. The adventures of this group re intensely diverting—and something ore, for there is reality in Alden's truggle to get away from Olishga, in his espair at the impossibility of making er conform to his ideas. Nevertheless eir adventures will amuse you. Some f them are not exactly proper—but do ou mind that?

Gerard Fairlie's
Scissors Cut Paper
Little, Brown

We have seldom met a more ruthless and efficient gang of criminals. It was ell for the heroine that her two self-ppointed rescuers knew no fear. They et dauntlesser and dauntlesser as the ction unwinds. In the face of pistols, nives, gas bombs, poisoned darts from blow-pipe, electrocuting door-knobs, nd a searchlight with a green ray which curls up French policemen as if they were made of paper, their dauntlessness still pursues her, and at last, of course, rescues her in that mysterious villa at Biarritz where the gang has its head-quarters. We rate the plot 3, the characters 3, the action 5, and the thrills 7 out of a possible 10. Not a bad average, really. If you start it, you will finish it.

Mary Roberts Rinehart's
Two Flights Up
Doubleday, Doran

When Howard Warrington, the young bond salesman, kindly sold a bond for his landlady, he didn't know that her husband was in jail, or that the securities which that gentleman had misappropriated had never been recovered. Add to this that Howard was in love with Holly, the landlady's daughter, and that Holly was being forced into one of those loveless unions with a wealthy society gent, and you hear at once the mutter of an approaching storm. But the course of true love gets all ironed out in the end. It's a simple story of nice people—and why not? And Mrs. Rinehart does know how to put a plot together—even if she hasn't anything very important to say.

The Movies

(See page 471)

"Across to Singapore."—Ramon Novarro and Ernest Torrence pulling nautical rough stuff.
"The Big City."—Lon Chaney using his regular face.
"The Big Noise."—Chester Conklin and some pretty biting satire.
"Burning Daylight."—Won't set fire to anything.
"The Chaser."—Harry Langdon scores a miss.
"Chicago."—Just like the play—this is praise.
"The Crowd."—A sad story, beautifully directed.
"Dawn."—The soul-stirring drama of Edith Cavell.
"Dressed to Kill."—The ace of the crook plays.
"The Drag Net."—Don't ask us why you'll like it—go and see it.
"Drums of Love."—Pomp, pathos, and Lionel Barrymore.
"The End of St. Petersburg."—Startlingly fine Russian production.
"Fazil."—Charles Farrell and Greta Nissen in something terribly phony.
"Four Sons."—It's a fine film, but too long.
"Fools for Luck."—Chester Conklin and W. C. Fields—but the verdict is "No."
"Glorious Betsy."—The second talking movie. Still not good enough.
"Hangman's House."—Swell photography, good direction, and good acting.
"How to Handle Women."—It doesn't tell you how, or anything.
"Ladies of the Mob."—Clara Bow gets a chance to act in this one.
"The Last Moment."—Good photography, but little else.
"The Lion and the Mouse."—Lionel Barrymore talks—making this picture worth going to.
"Love."—Greta Garbo and John Gilbert. Recommended.
"A Night of Mystery."—Adolphe Menjou—just fair.
"The Man Who Laughs."—An impressive, entertaining picture.
"Mother Machree."—A nice, mushy Irish-American drama.
"The News Parade."—The cameraman and his adventures. Pleasant enough.
"Partners in Crime."—Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton in a darned good comedy.
"Ramona."—Scenically beautiful, but pretty syrupy.
"Red Hair."—Clara Bow in her big disrobing act.
"The Secret Hour."—Pola Negri in a good picture.
"Shooting Stars."—Don't bother.
"Skyscraper."—Thoroughly enjoyable.
"The Smart Set."—William Haines at his worst.
"Steamboat Bill, Jr."—Buster Keaton in a really funny one.
"The Strange Case of Captain Ramper."—Out of the ordinary.
"Tempest."—John Barrymore comes into his own. Cheers!
"Tenderloin."—The first (and worst) talking movie.
"Three Sinners."—Pola Negri in a bad picture.
"The Trail of '98."—The grandest scenes now on view.
"The Triumph of The Rat."—Ivor Novello and Isabel Jeans in a British effort.
"Two Lovers."—Last of the Colman-Bankys. Interesting.
"We Americans."—Mediocre melting-pot stuff.

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Fame While It's Hot

(*Continued from page 463*)

accomplished much else, she suddenly bethinks herself of the printed space she is not having. Shyly she approaches the publicity people; suavely the publicity people approach her. Directly a bureau is telling the world about Rosamond.

Our murderers and murderesses, or others of their class, are perhaps the only Americans of today who do not want the personal attention of the press—least-wise, these are among the few who do not need to seek it. And as the public reads of the accomplishments, the wealth, and the life of the great, or would-be great, other individuals catch the fever and day-dream of what type can make them.

The partners in one publicity firm, in fact, are thinking of putting on their shingle: You dream your dreams; we build them.

Another lone operative likes to think of himself as a "Specialist in Telling the World." Others, of course, see no need of changing from the sedate designation, "Feature and Personal Publicity."

Institutional desire for publicity can be explained away more easily than that of the personal order. When competition among advertisers became too great, a new medium must inevitably find a market. The new method of increasing sales or profits is the more slow, as it is the more insidious, but it is reasonably sure.

Any thoroughgoing treatise on the desire for personal mention would become an economic and psychological history of the present era. In brief, we have the material accomplishment, we have the leisure time come with a machine age, we have the wealth. Under the circumstances, no person need sit and pine over the thought of posthumous fame.

We want our fame now, while it's hot, and beneficial.

WHAT, meanwhile, of the editor and publisher?

Poor devils! They have it put to them with each day's submitted material. Not all that is trifling is "tripe," for it cannot be gainsaid that out of these releases from press agents—call them what you will—comes much that is of genuine value to the reading public. The press relations department of a university, for instance, undoubtedly hastens into print much interesting and valuable scientific, controversial, and other data. Great financial houses, through special departments, aid in making the economic crush the more crushing. The hirelings for theatrical and music halls attractively serve up a large portion of our dramatic or musical news. Firm personal representatives assume ge ously the responsibility for fresh liter jottings. The writers of purely perso mention, through warm human inte stories, assist in holding us closely to business of human life.

How now? Well, the editors and p lishers must keep their wits about th They must go cautiously in any atter to turn the tap on this flow of mater Yet turn it they must, somewhere partially, or shortly put a price up space in their news columns.

Loaves and Fishes

(*Continued from page 461*)

fling it to the ground. Think of it— runt of the family, the weakest of th brothers, doing a thing like that! bet no congregation ever walked out him!

"THAT's the sort of stock I co from. Pioneer stuff. Grap with the wilderness, if you are sure y won't miss your train back to to Wrest your meat and bread from soil, provided there's a good restaura not too far away. Bake your own loa and catch your own fishes, so long you are certain there's plenty of st bread and beefsteak in the lard That's me."

So it goes—disjointed, without s nificance, but marvelously conte Hours pass, swift as dragon-flies. T sun's rays begin to burn. Bass seek t springs at the lake bottom. Angl make their way back to camp. A me old Walton's "good, honest, wholeson hungry repast," is eaten. Pipes co out. Talk goes round. You take a n and smoke and drowse again.

That is living. When my time com I know what I want. If old St. Pe gives me a chance to pick out my p manent address, I shall just ask him make room for one more with—

Noah an' Jonah an' Cap'n Joh Smith,
Fisherman an' travelers, narreratir myth,
Settin' up in Heaven all eternity,
Fishin' in the shade, contented a could be!
Spittin' their terbaccer in the littl shaded creek,
Stoppin' of their yarns fer ter hea the ripples speak!
I hope fer Heaven, when I think o this—
You folks bound hellward, a lot o fun you'll miss!

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WE are receiving many letters just now asking us where The Outlook stands politically, and why we don't come out for Hoover or for Smith—as the case may be.

OUR feeling in the matter is that for a journal of this sort, independent and non-partisan, the campaign hasn't developed sufficiently to make it clear that the election of either candidate is necessary to save the Republic from destruction.

WE believe—despite the manly attitude of many of our great newspapers and the efforts of prominent men in both parties—that the campaign is going to be an exceedingly bitter, highly emotional one, viciously shot through with prejudice of the most unattractive, deep-rooted sort. Men of both parties—with some notable exceptions—may be arguing the issue in print with intellectual clarity and sober sense. But the private discussions we hear partake more of the nature of Kilkenny riots.

IN such a situation, it seems to us that both fair play and good citizenship demand that we pause and take thought. It is true that Governor Smith has come out unequivocally on several of the important issues. But Mr. Hoover has not yet begun to discuss the campaign. And neither candidate has delivered his formal speech of acceptance.

UNDER such circumstances, for a journal of inquiry to close its mind to all further argument and come out for either candidate would be to argue that it had only made a pretense of independent thought. We do not think it wise at this juncture to place ourselves under the necessity of defending every statement a candidate may make or every action he may propose. We doubt whether there exists between the parties any difference essential enough to make it necessary, at this moment, to follow such a course.

SO far, only one thing seems clear. If you regard the prohibition issue as paramount and want the Prohibition Law modified, it would be good sense to vote for Governor Smith—always granting that Mr. Hoover doesn't alter his views on the subject, and that you are not by tradition or temperament a member of the Republican Party. Vice-versa, if you want prohibition, as it is, given a better and longer trial, it would seem reasonable to vote for Mr. Hoover.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

From "The Woodcut of To-Day at Home and Abroad," published by The Studio Ltd.

GLITTERING SEA

A color woodcut by Yoshida Hiroshi

The Outlook

July 25, 1928

The World This Week

Dubious Compliments

THE leading editor of Emporia, Kansas, and the Governor of New York have been exchanging dubious compliments.

William Allen White began it by saying that Smith was a man of "unusual intelligence, splendid courage, and rare political wisdom," and then reviewed his record in such a way as to make him appear the champion of gambling, prostitution, and unrestricted sale of liquor.

Governor Smith retorted that the Emporia editor must have been reading the propaganda sheets of one Rev. O. R. Miller, a professional reformer whom Smith characterized as a "parasite who makes his living . . . by circularizing false information." White, he said, "has more brains and ought to know better" than to make such charges.

Mr. White's Charges

"THE whole Puritan civilization which has built a sturdy, orderly Nation is threatened by Smith."

"It is not that Governor Smith is a Catholic and wet," Mr. White explains, "which makes him an offense to the villagers and town dwellers, but because his record shows the kind of President he would make—a Tammany President. He is a man of unusual intelligence, splendid courage, and a rare political wisdom, yet he has a curious record. He has risen on that record to a place of great power, but chiefly by the aid of Tammanies, big or little, in great cities." In a review of that record, Mr. White said, according to the Associated Press despatch summarizing an address of his at Olathe, Kansas, that Governor Smith had voted ten times against allowing the people to vote on any sort of restriction on the sale of liquor, four times against stopping gambling and prostitution in connection with saloons, three times against repealing the law for keeping the saloons open on Sunday, four times in favor of removing zoning restrictions which would keep open saloons from churches and schools, and three times in favor of laws sponsored by organized gambling associations.

Governor Smith's Reply

WITH promptness and in evident anger, Governor Smith replied to these charges specifically: "Let's just take the worst thing he says: 'Four times in the Legislature Smith voted against stopping gambling and prostitution in connection with saloons.'

"What kind of a statement is that for a sane person to make? Was there ever any law in this State to let gambling and prostitution go on in a saloon? Was it ever necessary to adopt a bill to stop it?"

The Governor read: "Three times against repealing the law keeping the saloons open on Sunday," and he replied:

"There never was such a bill introduced in this Legislature. How many of you men who have been around here for years ever knew of such a bill of that kind?

"Now he talks about a bill to remove zoning restrictions which would keep open saloons some distance away from churches and schools. Here is the story of that: In 1911 the Court of Appeals handed down a decision which, in effect, said that if a saloon and a hotel with a liquor license established itself before a church was built and a church afterward came within 200 feet, that liquor license could not be renewed. That was never intended by the original drafters of the Raines Law. The effect of it would have been to close up the bar in the Hotel Astor, the Hotel Knickerbocker, and the Waldorf after the hotels had been built and in operation, provided somebody established a school or church within 200 feet of it. The Court of Appeals in its decision said the Legislature would have to correct it, that they could not have it in any other way, and the Legislature corrected it. That is the story of that."

Governor Smith then read the following from a memorandum: "Three times he voted for laws favored by organized gambling and refused to go on record as voting for a bill against bribing labor-union leaders."

Governor Smith then commented:

"I have no record or anything on it. It must be I was absent. But I understand it was some twenty-four or twenty-five years ago that it happened, and I have no recollection of it."

He ascribed these charges as having been disseminated by a Rev. O. R. Miller, whom he called, "a parasite living on the people of the State of New York by circularizing false information," and he called him "revered for nothing."

When reminded that these charges were made by William Allen White, the Democratic nominee answered, "He has more brains and ought to know better."

Mr. White's Rejoinder

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE denied that he had ever heard of the man Miller, and declared that he had got his information from New York newspapers. Moreover, Mr. White added: "Because Al Smith is smart, because he has brains, because he hates the Volstead Act and the Eighteenth Amendment he is dangerous. He will not wait for a dry Congress. . . . The undertakers are looking wistfully already at three members of the United States Supreme Court, and with Al Smith we should have in that Court as quickly as he could name them three of the most brilliant lawyers from the

seaboard who are big enough to satisfy the Tammany interests. These lawyers would declare the Eighteenth Amendment unconstitutional before a cat, even such a cat as the tiger cat, could wink her eye. Dry Democrats should not feel safe in the belief that the country is protected with a dry Congress."

This rejoinder brought from Governor Smith the following comment:

"I have said what I have to say; my position is clear; and as far as I am concerned, that is all there is to it.

Reed "Supports the Ticket"

Senator James A. Reed has had breakfast with Governor Smith and has promised to support the ticket.

"No need asking me that," he told reporters afterward. "Everybody knows I am going to do that."

He was asked for his opinion of Democratic prospects.

"We hope to win," he said. "I do not think the people of this country are ready to elect as President a man who has spent his entire adult life abroad and whose investments and interests are all in Great Britain. He was so close to Great Britain that he was offered the post of Minister of Munitions before this country entered the war. He was also offered a British title. He is a man who came to this country for no other purpose than to beat down farmers' prices, and he has accomplished his purpose."

This kind of talk will make votes, but it will not put them in the Democratic column. Any more of it, and Governor Smith and his friends may rightly ask Reed which ticket he is supporting.

Deuce!

Let the friends of Al Smith be not too fearful, however, of the consequences of Jim Reed's support. The Ku Klux Klan of Alabama seems bent on turning its Republican ballyhoo into good Democratic propaganda.

We quote from a despatch to the New York "World," describing a Birmingham rally at which Governor Smith was lynched in effigy.

"As the dummy was brought in the presiding officer cried, 'What shall we do with him?' There were loud cries of 'Lynch him!'

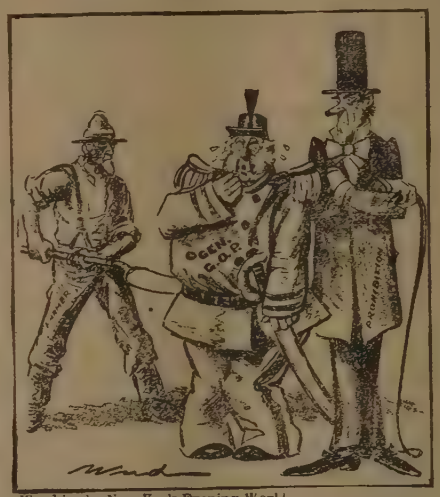
"A Klan official then cut the dummy's throat with a knife, at the same time pouring mercurochrome down the figure's chest to simulate blood. Revolver shots were fired into the dummy and, with a rope around the neck, it was dragged about the hall, many Klansmen taking advantage of the opportunity to kick the dummy heartily."

Such was the beginning of the Klan's campaign to put Alabama for the first time in the Republican column.

"Flops"

It is several months since Daniel Laulicht has "flopped;" but he knows a lot about it, and how it pays, and how the profits are divided. So they let him out of jail for a few hours to talk about it.

First, you find a defective manhole or sidewalk; sometimes a cellar door will do. Then you proceed to the spot, accompanied by a friend. Then you "flop;" that is, you fall and make a noise like an injured man. Then the friend takes the names of witnesses. Then you go to a physician who will swear that the injury was real. Then you go to a lawyer who will sue for negligence. There is money in it for every one, barring the defendant.



Weed in the New York Evening World
Copyright Press Publishing Company (N. Y. World), 1928

The unhappy warrior

Daniel Laulicht named Samuel Kopelton, an attorney, as one of his business associates. He also said he had brought negligence cases to Attorneys Charles D. Sprung, Fred Flatow, Morris H. Katz, Louis Tinkler, Harry Haberman, Moses Cohen, Abraham Gelman, Theodore Berger, Louis Katz, Maxwell Schenker, Morris D. Silverstein, and Joel Kirschner. Attorney Kirschner is in jail along with Daniel Laulicht; and for the same reason—automobile "flops."

Laulicht named as medical associates Drs. M. Ehrenberg, M. Waldinger, S. F. Braunfield, Leon Luria, and Philip M. Goldberg.

Insurance brokers are also helpful. Some properties are more heavily insured against accident than others. For five dollars some brokers will tell you which is which.

A really great member of the profession, Daniel Laulicht said, was his former associate, Irving Fuhr. Irving Fuhr specialized in vault-light, cellar-door, and manhole "flops." There were days when he would "flop" ten times, and every one of them turned into a case of negligence. Sometimes no more than two city blocks separated one "flop" from another.

This testimony of a professional "flopper" with its medico-legal aspects was given in New York City in the continuing investigation of ambulance chasing.

Paris Divorces

The French have decided at last to give some attention to the methods by which matches made in America are unmade in Paris. The Ministry of Justice has approved a request for disciplinary action against Judge Grenet, vice-president of the so-called divorce court, seven French attorneys, a bailiff, and two clerks.

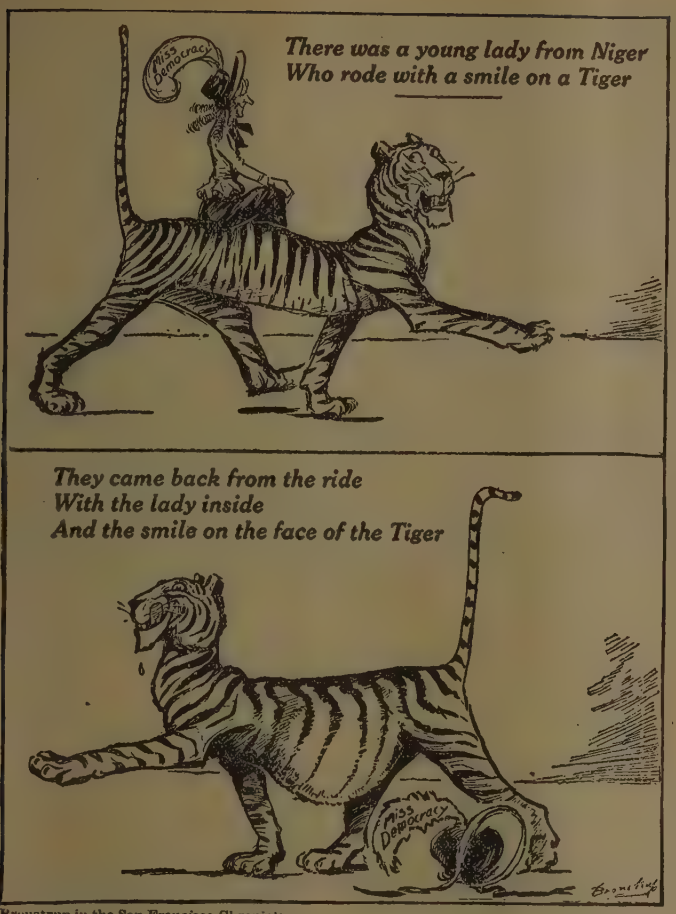
At the same time, it is promised, the records of every divorce granted during the past two years will be investigated; but while this may disclose plenty of evidence of unethical practices, divorced persons are told not to fear that their decrees will be declared void.

Whatever the outcome of the trials and investigations, it is believed that the divorce mill will not grind so swiftly again for those impetuous Americans.

The motive for this action is not apparent at the moment. The correspondent of the New York "Times" says it "comes to climax years of determined effort on the part of the French Ministry of Justice to put an end to abuses through which wealthy Americans have been exploiting the French courts as a quick and easy means of evading consequences, inconveniences, and delays of divorce laws in their own country."

What Kind of Conference?

By his statement that, if elected President, he will immediately call a conference of agricultural leaders to assist him in preparing a definite program for farm relief Governor Smith has placed the agricultural question practically along side the prohibition question as an issue in the campaign. It has been apparent for months that in very large sections of public thought these two things constitute the issues paramount. The Republicans, with mountains of precedent behind them, have pussy-footed both—farm relief by the record of the Administration, prohibition by the utterance of


There was a young lady from Niger
Who rode with a smile on a Tiger
They came back from the ride
With the lady inside
And the smile on the face of the Tiger
Miss Democracy
Miss Democracy

Bronstrup in the San Francisco Chronicle

Nice Kitty !

Chairman Work and by lack of utterance, thus far, of Mr. Hoover. Governor Smith, by bringing both to the front, is foolhardy—or sagacious beyond the race of present-day politicians. The election will tend to prove, among other things, whether caution or candor is the better political strategy.

There is, however, caution in what may appear to be Governor Smith's rashness. He has avoided committing himself to a McNary-Haugen Bill. Comparatively few farmers have ever believed whole-heartedly in McNary-Haugenism. Many of those who have favored it have done so because, beyond the recommendations of a conference at the beginning of the Harding Administration, nothing else at all comprehensive was offered.

Voluutary Compulsion

PRACTICALLY all postmasters in Georgia make regular contributions, most of them paying monthly, to the Republican State organization. This fact was proved before the Senate investigating committee in session in Atlanta by introduction of a card index showing names and sums paid. John W. Martin, treasurer of the Republican State Committee, and Ben J. Davis, secretary of the State Committee and until recently Republican National Committeeman from Georgia, admitted on the witness-stand that contributions have been received from practically all postmasters. They insisted, however, that postmasters contribute voluntarily and wholly without solicitation. They were unable to explain how it came about that every postmaster's contribution was in direct ratio to the salary of his office.

Senators Brookhart and Locher are directing the work of the Senate subcommittee. Probably these Senators, one from Iowa and the other from Ohio, do not know the story of the Negro farm-hand who, chaffed by other Negro farm-hands because he could not loaf around the general store on Saturday afternoons, said that he did not have to work on Saturday unless he wanted to—but that if he kept his job he had to want to.

Compulsory voluntary contributions are not paradoxical in Southern Republican politics.

Hoover's Handicap in the South

CONDITIONS similar to, if possibly less flagrant than, those in process of revelation in Georgia have been an important contributing cause through the past five decades to keeping the South solidly Democratic. Men in charge of Republican organizations in Southern States have frequently had fat-frying concessions which they would have lost if their States had by any chance gone Republican. Leaders of Republican organizations have had a greater pecuniary interest than Democratic leaders in keeping the Southern States Democratic.

This situation is today the greatest handicap to Mr. Hoover's chances in the South, a condition which may be counted upon to offset a considerable part of the disaffection which is said to exist toward Governor Smith. Many practical Republican leaders in the South do not even now want to see their States go Republican.

The Republican President—or Republican candidate—who finally cleans up this mess will be the benefactor, not merely of his party, but of his country. Perhaps it is too much to expect that a candidate, with all the limitations that are imposed upon him, will or can put a stop to the frying of malodorous fat. But there are signs not wholly unhopeful. Ben Davis, for instance, is no longer Republican National Committeeman from Georgia, though he is still secretary of the State Republican Committee.

George E. Chamberlain

THERE passed with the death of former Senator George E. Chamberlain, of Oregon, one of the tragic figures of our World War period—one of those who, having sat among the confidential advisers of Woodrow Wilson, finally had the outer door barred against them.

Senator Chamberlain was Chairman of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs when the war came on. He was one of the leaders in putting through in record time President Wilson's remarkable program of war measures. No man in either house of Congress rendered more efficient service during that period.

Later on, Senator Chamberlain said in a speech in New York that "the War Department has ceased to function." He cited specific reasons for his belief. This came at a time when, as a fact, the War Department had fairly begun to function. There was never any explanation as to why Senator Chamberlain made the statement.

The Outlook's Washington correspondent was at that time in a position of close relationship with the Oregon Senator. He believes that the Senator deeply regretted the incident. But when President Wilson asked him if he had not been misquoted Senator Chamberlain disdained to place the blame, as other men have done, on the newspaper reporters. His relationship with the President was ended and the break was shortly to terminate his career in the Senate, but he remained a stanch defender of most of the Wilson policies. When shortly afterwards there was a resignation from the Cabinet and many public men in Washington were criticising the President, Senator Chamberlain declared that "Wilson was righteously justified in kicking that fellow out."

When Harding came to the White House, Chamberlain received one of those pitiable political rewards that were doled out to Democrats not in the good graces of the preceding Administration. He accepted, but resigned in a little while and ended his days laboriously practicing law in Washington.

Between Acts in China

WITHIN the Great Wall, having made themselves masters in the eighteen provinces of the great land stretching from Canton on the south to Peking on the north, the Chinese Nationalists are deliberating whether to try to push their power farther into Manchuria. Japan has warned them not to carry civil warfare into this region where she claims a special interest and where the youthful son of the dead dictator Chang Tso-Lin holds sway in Mukden under her protection.

The Nationalists are said to be planning an expedition to clear the Mukden troops out of the Chahar and Sehol zones. They naturally want to hold Manchuria, where the population is overwhelmingly Chinese, as part of China; and they hope that in this way two of the three Manchurian provinces —Heilungkiang and Kirin—would come to their side, leaving the younger Chang's province of Fengtien to follow later. They can hardly envisage an open conflict with the Japanese.

Japan has meanwhile ordered home her forces from Shantung Province, where she sent troops to protect her subjects and their property during the civil war, and where they clashed with the Nationalists at Tsinanfu. She is demanding apologies and indemnities for lives lost and damages suffered then; but has decided that her people are safe enough to make withdrawal the wiser course now.

The Chinese Nationalists are seeking ways to insure the unity of action that won the civil war and at the same time disband their overlarge armies. Feng Yu-hsiang, the "Christian General," suggests that only the best-disciplined troops be kept. The other leaders at once reply that he has most of the best-disciplined troops. But Feng met with Chiang Kai-shek, Yen Hsi-shan, and Li Tsung-jen, in memorial ceremonies at the tomb of the founder of the Nationalist movement, Sun Yat-sen; and it may be that this gathering indicates a working accord among the possible rivals.

Venizelos Again Rules Greece

RUMORS of a general strike and a naval mutiny were the news a few weeks ago from Greece. Then Venizelos, the former war Premier and builder of "Greater Greece," emerged from a retirement of years and began to attack the fiscal policy of the Government—particularly an offer to public subscription of all shares in the newly created Bank of Greece, the gold reserve policy, and the plan for settlement of the French debt. To outsiders this seemed unexciting, but the return of Venizelos to politics was an event of the first importance in Greece.

The Finance Minister resigned. The pro-Venizelos Liberals withdrew their support from the Cabinet. The entire Ministry—a national republican-royalist coalition—then resigned; and President Kondouriotis made Venizelos Premier. He formed a liberal republican Cabinet, and at once took steps to dissolve Parliament and hold new elections, substituting the majority rule for proportional representation. The royalists are protesting, but the veteran Premier appears to be riding high.

Mourned by Two Nations

IN his tragic death as well as in his heroic aspiration Captain Emilio Carranza has brought into closer sympathy his country and ours. He was a messenger of good feeling between Mexico and America; he returned to us the gesture of friendliness Lindbergh and Morrow had extended to Mexico. It does not detract a particle from the purport of his international message that he was not permitted to carry out his purpose of a non-stop flight northward some 2,300 miles nor that his southern attempt flashed into early disaster and death.

Mexico honored Carranza by declaring a day of national mourning; the President of the United States honored him by offering a United States war-ship to convey his body home. In Mexico thousands of workmen stood for five minutes in silent prayer in honor of their heroic aviator. America by the tribute of its greatest airmen recognized his spirit when to describe him they used the words "modest," "unassuming," "courageous gentleman," and when our President pointed out that his character united the qualities of daring and common sense.

By the best judges who have studied the reason of Carranza's crash in New Jersey the first belief that the disaster was caused by a stroke of lightning is greatly doubted; the more tenable theory seems to be that, overwhelmed by sudden darkness and terrible storm, he tried to land, but was dashed down into the trees. No possible fault attaches to him. Nature in her most savage mood is not to be withstood by human skill or courage.

Junk

ASSISTANT ATTORNEY-GENERAL TIMOTHY J. SHEA, in charge of the Bureau of Securities of the New York Attorney-General's office, estimates that the State's investors have lost a billion dollars since the war in "unlisted securities," stocks and bonds which do not enjoy trading privileges on the Stock Exchange or the Curb Market. As a curb on the distribution of worthless securities, he recommends the formation of a third market.

Nearly every organized exchange investigates all issues applying for trading privileges, and, while not guaranteeing the value of those admitted, it can at least bar offerings of fraudulent and notoriously irresponsible companies. The unlisted market is open to whatever junk any one wants to put into it. Whether or not the value of such junk has amounted to as much as a billion dollars in the last ten years, it is obvious that a market without the power of rejection or completely effective discipline will be the depository for plainly undesirable offerings.

The third organized exchange proposed by Mr. Shea would widen the area into which investors could venture with moderate safety, but it would not close the unlisted market. Because of the small outstanding supply, or for various other reasons, there always will be legitimate securities which can change hands only "over the counter," and, mixed in with them, will be the junk. The law and the educational programs of the

Wide World

FRANCE'S FLOATING AIR-FIELD

One of the huge airplane carriers that took part in the recent French naval review off Le Havre

banks and the sound investment houses must continue the fight to keep this junk out of the hands of the unsophisticated investor.

The Tragedy of the Italia

MINGLED with rejoicing at the safety of members of the Italia's party and of some of the rescuers who have themselves been stranded we have now a clearer impression of the tragedy and of the all but mortal suffering of the survivors. Most heartrending of all is the story of the three men who left Nobile's stranded party and tried to reach help for the others. The horror is intensified by the fact that false and emotional reports had pictured the two Italians of this detachment (Mariano and Zappi) as having devotedly stayed for many days by the dead body of their Swedish comrade, Dr. Finn Malmgren, scientist and Arctic expert. Later there came from Moscow a positive statement sent from the Krassin by the head of the Soviet relief party on the ice-breaker, Professor Samoilovich, who reported Zappi's narrative in Zappi's own words. We give it entire as of world-wide interest:

In our march landward we suffered untold privation. For days we drifted on floating ice. Several miles southeast of Brock Island Malmgren was unable to march on and told us to go ahead and take all the provisions. Before leaving, Malmgren asked us to dig a grave in the ice, and he lay down. Quietly he stretched out his hand, bidding us adieu, and, handing us his compass, requested us to give it to his mother.

We plodded on slowly and in twenty-four hours were only 100 meters from Malmgren. We saw Malmgren raise his head. Hoping that, driven by hunger, he would go on with us, we waited. Realizing this, Malmgren cried: "Go! Go! At the price of my life you'll save all."

We marched on, suffering great privation. One mile from Brock Island Mariano became blind, and again we drifted with the ice. During our wanderings we saw six airplanes only about a mile distant, but none save Chukhnovsky (Russian aviator aboard the Krassin) saw us, despite our frantic signals.

For twelve days we did not eat anything. Mariano felt death approaching at the sight of Chukhnovsky's plane and begged me to place his body aboard the plane after death, should the flier land.

The Krassin has not reached the base ship, the Citta di Milano, at this writing. She has on board the two members of the Malmgren party, five members of the party from which Nobile had already been rescued, and Chukhnovsky and four other aviators who located the Malmgren party in a flight from the Krassin but had to make a forced landing at Cape Platen. Two members of the Sora expedition, which tried to reach the remnant of the Nobile party, have been rescued by a Finnish plane. Still unlocated are the great Norwegian explorer Amundsen and his party. Hopes are entertained that they may be found in the search of the Krassin for those men of Nobile's party who were carried away by the Italia after the cabin containing Nobile and others was shorn off.

Some ill feeling has been expressed in Russia and Sweden against the two Italians who "deserted" Dr. Malmgren, but, as they say, at his own urgent request. It is evident that the entire history of the Italia flight and disaster must be thoroughly sifted and all its living members and all the rescuers questioned in detail, not only to settle charges and countercharges, but to throw light on polar research and aviation. It is now two months since the Italia crashed, and there are still men in peril and news to be gathered.

The Duce Fights Malaria

THERE seem to be several things that a dictator can do more efficiently than a parliament. Mussolini has all but wiped out the Mafia—a feat deemed quite impossible when Marion Crawford was writing "Corleone" not so many years ago. Now the dictator is pressing forward war against another pest of Italy—malaria; to uproot it means not only to improve health but to raise standards of living and to open for cultivation enormous tracts of heretofore unlivable country.

Great strides have been made in the last two years in Italy's anti-malaria campaign. Two and a half million acres have already been reclaimed; plans are on foot for saving at least as large an area. Not far from a twelfth of Italian

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TO INVADE HOLLAND

The American Olympic team leaving for Amsterdam aboard the President Roosevelt

soil has been or will be rescued and improved.

The human side of this vast undertaking is as important as its economic side is valuable. The conditions in the past among those who tried to live in the malarious regions were all but indescribably degrading and filthy. Thanks to quinine, malarial fever has vastly decreased; the so-called "Roman fever" has become a legend; Italy consumes thirty tons of quinine a year—it is given away or sold at very low prices by the Government—and as the swamps are reclaimed it is safe to say that the mortality rate and the consumption of quinine will go down in proportion.

Flappers and Peeresses

THERE seems to be a rivalry for publicity between England's flappers and her peeresses. Properly a flapper is a fluttering young thing, but in today's talk she is a woman between twenty-one and thirty. She wants the vote now denied her, and she is going to get it.

The revolt of the peeresses—that is, those women who are peeresses in their own right—is for seats in the House of Lords. They have tried for it two or three times, and came close to success; now they say that if the flappers win the peeresses certainly must have a House of Lords and Ladies. Why the one thing should be supposed to balance the other is beyond American ken.

There are eighteen peeresses in their own right—not to count four Scottish peeresses, who in fact don't count—one duchess (the Duchess of Fife), two viscountesses, two countesses, and thirteen baronesses. Oddly enough, one baroness (Baroness Ravensdale) is the sister of Lady Cynthia Mosley, the Socialist, who hopes for a seat in the House of Commons and openly regrets her possession of a title. Baroness Ravensdale, on the other hand, is a proponent of seats for ladies. Both sisters are half-American by descent, daughters of Viscount Curzon, who married Mary Leiter. Baroness Ravensdale, the other day, spoke at the yearly service at Runnymede in honor of Magna Charta and said, "I am proud of being in the ranks of those very barons who gave us our rights."

Morbid Missionaries

A PSYCHIATRIST has come back from China to tell the National Committee for Mental Hygiene that there is an unusual amount of mental disturbances prevalent among the missionaries in that country. Dr. J. L. McCartney, who brings the report, has been studying mental diseases at the Peking Union Medical College and, as visiting psychiatrist, at St. Luke's Hospital, Shanghai.

He reports that out of 203 workers invalided home from a single mission, 25 per cent were tagged as "neurasthenic," 8.8 per cent as "insane," and 2.9 per cent as suffering from other neuroses.

It is customary, says Dr. McCartney, to place the blame for these conditions on the food, the weather, the economic situation, and the natives. He disposes of such diagnoses as "rationalizations" of people out of adjustment with their environment and unaware of the psychological sources of their difficulties.

He finds that most missionaries responded to the "call" during the impressionable period of adolescence, when young people are naturally susceptible to religious fanaticism. Many of them are away from home for the first time. Some are out there because a girl or a boy at home preferred another lover. Sometimes it is because life on Main Street had become humdrum.

"On arriving on the foreign mission field," the report continues, "the new worker finds himself or herself in a totally foreign moral environment, with radically divergent system of sexual and personal ethics. The possibilities for the stimulation and gratification of the sexual side of the psychic Occidental are more numerous in the Orient, and the continual flaunting of the erotic makes its impression on the unstable personality. If he evades it, he callouses his nature; if he succumbs to its wiles, it erodes him. In either case he may be thrown into a morbid mental condition.

"Many of the young missionaries suffer from the desire to be free from the dictates of a narrow moral standard, and the intolerant attitude of many missions toward their workers tends to break down the morale of the strongest men and women.

"The responsibility placed upon young men and women American missionaries often is colossal. The feeling that they are the final court of appeals in matters relating to their . . . work, that there are few to whom they can go for helpful counsel, . . . may necessitate a psychoneurotic escape. Naturally, such persons tend to become hypersensitive and phobic, or, what is more common, superlatively egotistical.

Dr. McCartney advises mission boards to choose their personnel more carefully.

"The question of the ability of the newcomer to withstand the foreign environment is one of no small moment," he observes, "when it is realized that failure to adjust means wasted ability and that the hundreds of dollars expended in sending out such an unstable

personality might just as well have been thrown away."

Raising the Cost of Credit

For the third time this year, Federal Reserve banks have raised rediscount rates, thereby indirectly raising the cost of all credit. The latest increases have been from 4½ to 5 per cent. Sometimes the reasons for these changes are not entirely clear, but the last two raises certainly, and probably the first, this year have been aimed at the stock market.

At least as many of the public as even glance at the financial pages know the aim of the Federal Reserve authorities, but the grounds for their action have been widely misunderstood. The authorities may well have felt that further pyramiding of prices might set the stage for a terrific reaction, but they would have hesitated to intervene solely to prevent the psychological unsettlement that would follow the pricking of a speculative bubble. As guardians of commerce and industry, however, they have been fully justified in trying to wring out of the stock market the abnormally large supply of credit which it has been using. With the crop-moving season close at hand and industrial activity picking up, an increasing amount of this credit will be needed for legitimate business. By boosting the price of loans, the Reserve authorities hope to make the stock market disgorge.

If the speculative community does cut down its borrowings materially, the Federal Reserve System presumably will be only too glad to reduce its rediscount rates. At their present levels they not only raise the expenses of the average business man, but they threaten to bring back here the gold which other countries need and which we do not want. But the authorities believe that the necessity of reducing the swollen total of brokers' loans as quickly as possible overrides other considerations. If the present rediscount rates do not accomplish this purpose, they probably will go still higher.

Ignorance Breeds Disease

Why should Great Britain have more than twice as many cases of smallpox in the year 1927 as the whole of Continental Europe? That is what the Health Commission of the League of Nations has just reported; 14,931 in Great Britain, 6,841 in the rest of Europe, and so far in 1928 there have been 7,000 cases in Great Britain.

The answer generally accepted by those whose business it is to follow dis-

(C) Keystone

HELEN WILLS IN ENGLAND

where she carrried off the victory at Wimbledon in the women's tennis singles

ease conditions is: Opposition to vaccination stimulated by intensive propaganda. For many years, for some queer reason, this propaganda has flourished in England more viciously than almost anywhere else; one writer says that espousal of the vaccinationist theory is equivalent to taking one's political future in one's hands.

There never was a clearer case of cause and effect. A single fact stated by the League's report is startlingly convincing: "In 1926 in Great Britain there was not a single case among children below twelve years of age who had been vaccinated in infancy, whereas there were no fewer than 3,980 cases among children below twelve years of age who had never been vaccinated."

Sometimes one feels that ignorance and prejudice engender more suffering than violence and deliberate evil-doing.

Helium Without Red Tape

Helium, until recently husbanded by the Government and forbidden export because of its scarcity, is becoming so common that it may now be purchased just as other chemical supplies are purchased—without red tape.

Not that there has been an absolute scarcity of helium, for it is contained to the extent of one part in about 150 in the ordinary natural gas burned under kitchen ranges in dozens of cities. The trouble which has made helium scarce is the difficulty and expense of separating it from the inflammable gases with which it comes commingled. On this account we waste six or seven hundred million cubic feet of helium every year in the United States. In order to unscramble helium from other gases it is necessary to liquefy these other gases. This involves reducing their temperature to about 330° (Fahrenheit) below zero, a process requiring large amounts of energy. The stubbornness of the helium itself in the matter of liquefying—it liquefies only at about 400° below zero—is taken advantage of in the same manner as in the endeavor to split grain and wood alcohols: one substance is inherently a liquid at a temperature at which another is a gas. In actual practice the natural gas containing helium is highly compressed, cooled, and allowed to expand again. The rapid expansion produces a cooling effect identical with the one employed as the working principle of the usual domestic electrical refrigerator.

Two years ago Professor Keesom, of Leyden, succeeded in actually solidifying helium at a temperature less than three degrees above no temperature at all or three degrees above the absolute zero of the physicist, 456° below "zero." It looked like ice.

One of the most promising uses of helium is for divers. It has been discovered that by substituting helium for the nitrogen in the nitrogen-oxygen mixture called air divers can work to far greater advantage than ordinary air permits.

Windows on the World

By Malcolm W. Davis

IF not yet an outlaw, Mars has at least come to be regarded internationally as a dubious character. The American plan for a joint treaty to renounce war, open for signature to all the nations of the world, has won its most difficult success in formal acceptance by France. The ready adherence of the other Great Powers is taken as a matter of course. Germany has already given her unconditional agreement; Great Britain's will follow—with reservations—as soon as the necessary exchanges of information with her Dominions can take place; Japan is known to be preparing a note of assent, with a few suggestions of modified phrasing of the treaty.

France, of course, wanted a much more detailed and precise document than the simple declaration against war proposed by Secretary Kellogg. Her experience of the uncertainties of European affairs and of the differences in interpretation to which diplomatic engagements are open—as well as her character and intellectual tendencies—have led her to place her trust only in carefully elaborated statements covering all the contingencies French statesmen can foresee. And they can foresee enough, whether they look across the Rhine or across the Channel or across the Alps. But American and English desires for a more general understanding, not so defined as to exclude any country, have prevailed; and France has consented to sign the pledge to renounce war. At the same time she has placed upon it her own construction, interpreting Mr. Kellogg's language to mean that all previously existing obligations remain unaffected—that is to say, the treaties that ended the World War, the Covenant of the League of Nations and the Locarno treaties of arbitration and security between the Allies and Germany, and the French treaties of alliance on the Continent of Europe. Great Britain will take a similar position.

So far as the French alliances are concerned, it is possible to argue cynically that the new treaty would then commit France to nothing new. But the plan is to have her allies—Czechoslovakia, Poland, and Yugoslavia—sign the treaty also. To bring them, with Germany—against whom the alliances were primarily directed—within the scope of the agreement against war would evidently modify profoundly the situation that led to the alliances. Further, Austria, Bulgaria, and Hungary may be expected to follow Germany's suit and adhere to the treaty, which would bring all the former European belligerents together in one compact. Such an understanding, as it gains confidence and force, should supersede other agreements and render them unnecessary.

Underwood & Underwood

FIRST AFRICAN KNIGHTED CHIEF

Sir Ofori Atta (left, seated), first African chief to be knighted by King George, speaking over the radio at Hayes, Middlesex, in his native tongue

Always there remains the question whether the present frontiers in Europe can be permanent. As to that, we are likely to hear more in League Assemblies about Article 19 of the Covenant, which, liberals in Geneva argue, opens the way to diplomatic or judicial procedure for revision of national boundaries.

Likewise there remains the question what attitude Soviet Russia may take—or be admitted to take—toward the arrangement for peace by the rest of the world.

ONE OF THE QUARRELS that unsettled northern Europe after the end of the war—that between Lithuania and Poland—has meanwhile broken out again. Since the Poles annexed Vilna, which the Lithuanians claim as their capital, the two countries have never been technically at peace—although a war by Lithuania alone against a neighbor so much larger as Poland would be out of the question. The League of Nations sanctioned an award assigning the Vilna region to Poland. Lithuania refused to acquiesce in this judgment, and continued to contest it. Last December, when the dispute became threatening, the League Council called the Lithuanian and Polish dictators before it, and they agreed to try to reach an amicable understanding. But Poland would not relinquish Vilna, and Lithuania passed a new Constitution declaring the city her capital. So the League Council summoned them again and told them to compose their differences somehow, rebuking the Lithuanian Premier, M. Voldemaras, for disregarding a League award. But lately negotiations for an adjustment have broken down again—and the deadlocked contestants will once more appear at Geneva in September, to be separated and admonished, whether to any better purpose it will be instructive to observe.

In the meantime Marshal Pilsudski has resigned from his post as Premier of Poland. He has made his associate, M. Bartel, his successor and remains himself as Minister of War. Rumors have it that—irritated by a chaotic and recalcitrant Parliament—he may take matters into his own hands, impose a new Constitution reducing the Parliament to a position of merely nominal authority, and vest power in one person, who would naturally be himself, as dictator—perhaps as monarch.

Another Normalcy Campaign?

IS the Presidential campaign a race?

Then Mr. Hoover seems content to let Govenor Smith set the pace.

Is it a fight?

Then Mr. Hoover seems content to let Governor Smith hoose the battlefield.

And Governor Smith has taken the initiative boldly.

Blow has followed blow in rapid succession. First his tele-ram to the Houston Convention, by which he committed him-elf to some kind of modification of prohibition through State ction. Then his speech on the Fourth of July, by which he ommitted himself to a defense of his association with Tam-nany Hall. Then his reply to the Indiana Farm Bureau 'ederation pledging himself, if elected, to a conference (even efore inauguration) to put into a plan the principle of mak-ng each crop carry the cost of marketing its surplus. Now -most vigorous of all—his selection of John J. Raskob as is campaign manager and money raiser.

This selection of Mr. Raskob is both a bold attack on the Republican position and an equally bold realignment of the Democratic forces.

Traditionally, the Democratic Party—the party of Cleve-nd—has been for a low tariff. Mr. Raskob has been till now sted as a Republican and presumably believes in protection. nder Bryan the Democratic Party was brought to the sup-ort of prohibition and opposed big business because it was ig. Mr. Raskob is an opponent, not only of the Volstead ct, but of the Eighteenth Amendment, and is financial head f one of the greatest organizations of big business in this ountry—the General Motors Corporation. Moreover, under ryan Fundamentalist Protestantism became as never before political factor. Mr. Raskob, like Governor Smith, is a oman Catholic. By selecting Mr. Raskob to manage his mpaign, and thus securing his election as Chairman of the emocratic National Committee, Governor Smith has cut con-ction with the Cleveland Democracy of "tariff reform" and as repudiated practically all that Bryanism stood for. At the me time he has occupied positions that the Republicans have aimed as their own—encouragement of business evolution d the cultivation of business prosperity.

Thus as the campaign starts the initiative is with the Dem-rats. Will it remain there? Why not? The Republicans e the ins and the Democrats are the outs. It requires initia-ve for the outs to get in; but it would not seem to require uch initiative for the ins to stay in. The intrenchments are ell dug. Only three times in nearly seventy years have the epublicans been dislodged from them. They have learned w to stand sieges. They have become accustomed to de-nd on their normal numerical superiority in the Nation. ey count on the margin of about six million votes and rely numbers to overcome strategy. But they may find before e campaign is over that their hope lies in recovering the itiative for themselves. Will they then be able to meet Gov-nor Smith and his reorganized forces on the ground of their n choosing or even on grounds that Governor Smith has osen? It may then be too late.

Did not the Republican Party learn after the Hughes cam-ign of 1916 that the normal Republican majority of six million or so can disappear into the camp of a sufficiently engaging Democrat?

Lawless Ministers

CERTAIN citizens of Dallas, Texas, complained recently that the Rev. Earl Anderson, pastor of the Baptist Fundamentalist Church, was making so much noise at night that they couldn't sleep. He was, it appears, building a tabernacle, and he didn't keep union hours.

Anderson ignored the complaint. His neighbors then got out an injunction restraining him from further work. He refused to obey the injunction. He was held in contempt of court, fined $100 and ordered to post a bond of $1,000 to assure his observance of the restraining order. He refused to pay the fine or post the bond, and was sent to jail.

Meanwhile, the Rev. J. Frank Norris, the shooting parson of Fort Worth, barged into the situation. He approved all that his colleague had done, tried to arrange for radio addresses from the prisoner's cell, and threatened to talk against the judge who issued the injunction unless the suit was settled to his satisfaction.

Plainly, here are two ministers who have a deficient sense of their civic responsibility.

The minister is, true enough, in a peculiar position in the community. He is, whether he wishes it or not, a man privileged and apart. Laymen temper their speech in his presence. Women are inclined to flutter. He is the sacrificial goat, except that he is loaded, not with the tribal sins, but with their uncomfortable virtues. An exaggerated importance is attached to his opinions. The editor has always other editors at his elbow. The lawyer makes his plea in the presence of an opponent more than ready to pounce on misstatements and exaggerations. When the minister mounts the pulpit, tradition makes him sacrosanct. The mantle of the oracle falls on him. Any criticism of him sounds like blasphemy. The ghost of theocracy has not yet been laid in this country.

It is not surprising, perhaps, that in such a position an unstable man acquires a swollen notion of his power. If it is a tenet of his faith to treat his pulpit utterances as infallible, then the minister may expect them to be received as such by the faithful; but only so long as he is in the pulpit, speaking of sacred matters. When he builds a tabernacle, he has no more right to make himself a nuisance than the carpenter working with him. And when his sermon proves to be a malicious political speech he should not be permitted to hide behind the pulpit.

Most ministers, we like to believe, are more concerned with their unusual responsibilities than with their privileges. They are conscious, we think, of their isolation and the danger of a warped mind and an inflated ego. They know that authority is not conferred by a degree, but earned by wise counsel, fair play, and temperate speech.

The Andersons and Norrises are a minority, to be sure, but we seem to have more than our share of them. They are the curse of America, the real enemies of religion. We commend the citizens of Dallas for their disciplinary treatment of one of them.

"Stir" Slaves

The Prison Labor Contractor

By NELS ANDERSON

"Stir" slaves is the name applied to themselves by the criminals confined in our prisons. In thirty States their labor is leased to private contractors. How does this practice of society bear out our theory that men are made over in prison? This is the first of a series of articles which will treat of various phases of our prison system.

THE present population of our hundred-odd prisons is 100,000. About four per cent of that number are women. The others are largely able-bodied young men.

They are in prison because imprisonment is in theory—whatever the practice—a means of protecting society while an attempt is made to reform those who have offended against it. Obviously, if an offender is to be restored to society as a useful member, training in a useful trade is involved.

How is this army of prisoners employed?

Many are not employed, because the prisons, having no resources, cannot give them useful jobs. Others work for the State, under a principle that is theoretically sound but actually has never come up to expectations. But the vast majority labor for the profit of private interests. Their hands are leased or sold to contractors. It is the easy way out of the dilemma of what to do with caged men.

The key man of the prison contractors is Milton F. Goodman. He is no uplifter. He will tell you so himself, as he stands, immaculately tailored, gray, strong-featured, keen-eyed, in his own office building in Chicago. He talks rapidly, forcefully, like an auctioneer.

"I'm just a plain American business man," he says.

It may be a vague uneasiness underlying his firmly announced convictions or it may be just habit that makes him flick motes of dust from the satiny top of his mahogany desk or stride across the room to change the position of a chair as he laconically discusses the business of running a prison factory.

Getting work out of prisoners is pure business with Milton F. Goodman. If the States cannot hire good business men as wardens, if they have to contract with good business men to run their shops for them, that is the States' affair. And if the States contract prison labor at a loss, permitting the profits to pile up for the contractor, that is the States' lookout too. If the States fail to look after the welfare of convicts, why should the contractor be expected to? That's business.

Milton F. Goodman is now at the peak of a spectacular business career which began in his teens, when he came to Chicago with a pack on his back and got a job with Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co., proprietors of a large wholesale and department store.

Scarcely had he attained his majority when Goodman's employers gave him an opportunity to bid on a contract with the Waupun Prison, in Wisconsin, for the manufacture of children's play suits. Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co. agreeing to take the complete output of this convict labor.

This opportunity proved a gold mine for Milton F. Goodman. For thirty years he has not ceased to be a National figure in the prison-contract business. He and his Reliance Manufacturing Company have become the symbols of contract labor everywhere; in fact, they have become the proud parents of four corporations—the Sterling Manufacturing Company, the Far West Manufacturing Company, the East Coast Manufacturing Company, and the Gordon Shirt Company—which handle their prison contracts.

"We own three factories now," says Mr. Goodman, speaking for the Reliance Company, and he points to the engravings of the factories hanging on the wall of his office. "The Reliance Company is out of the prisons. We leave that to the subsidiary companies."

When one has an estate in the country, a big building in the city, and three free factories, one prefers not to be called a prison contractor, though one may own subsidiary companies that take contracts and indirectly one can still profit by prison labor. That's business.

The guard marching from a prison shop

Most prison-labor contractors call it "a rotten business." Forced labor, they say, is inefficient and prejudice against prison goods hampers the market, and, too, prejudice hinders them as business men. As to the effect upon the men of the monotonous routine, the often unsanitary working conditions, the discipline that is strict to the point of brutality—that phase of the situation seldom occurs to them. The prevailing idea in officialdom of the States where prison labor is let on contract is to keep the prisoners busy. It is an idea that appeals quite naturally to the business man who is thus enabled to cut down his overhead and labor costs and turn

penny that is honest and plenty pretty enough. The law and the method of administering it being what they are, such contractors may even regard themselves as public benefactors.

"Did you ever see half-baked politicians who could run a prison?" demands Mr. Goodman. "Why, three years ago, Idaho came here and begged us to bid in their prison labor."

Yet Mr. Goodman, with the formation of his subsidiary companies, gradually is beginning to withdraw from the field of contract prison labor, profitable though he admits it has been, and patriotic though it may be.

He incorporated the Reliance Company in Indiana in 1898 with $25,000 capital stock. In the reorganization in Illinois in 1922 the capital stock was $7,000,000. The sales in the succeeding eleven months aggregated $8,788,161.86, according to a broker's announcement, with profits of $999,409.44, or almost four times the entire capitalization of the original enterprise fifteen years previously.

"It paid me well," he admits.

He does not always remember to talk in the past tense of his relationship to prison contracts, even though these are handled now by the subsidiary companies. To an outsider it sometimes appears doubtful whether Mr. Goodman wags the business or whether the business is wagging Mr. Goodman. From his action in organizing the subsidiaries to handle the prison contracts and from the tenor of his conversation, it appears at times that Mr. Goodman actually would like to separate himself completely from the business. Then again, it appears that he realizes the futility of such an effort.

"Sure," says Mr. Goodman when the suggestion is made, "I'll drop my contracts if you can get my competitors to let go.

"Fifteen years ago at the National Conference of Charities and Correction in Cleveland I said I was willing to get out. In 1923 I signed a contract with the International Association of Garment Manufacturers. I took no prison contracts for two years, in consequence. But they didn't make my competitors sign up, so I got tired of standing by while they gobbled up everything."

A prison shirt shop

THE prison contractor is somewhat of an industrial Ishmael. The hands of the trade unions, the prison reformers, and of the general public frequently are raised against him. Frequently, if not generally, the motive behind the criticism he meets is self-interest. It is not remarkable that he becomes somewhat cynical, especially in view of his conviction that it's all a matter of business, anyhow.

"Aren't department stores, mail order houses, and chain stores that sell prison goods as bad as the contractor?" demands Mr. Goodman. "They're a bunch of cowards. But the contractor is pictured as the greedy man who stands behind the guard with a whip."

There is no little truth in Mr. Goodman's statement. We are all in it as much as the contractor. Once the offender is caught and sent to prison, we shun him with the same squeamishness that we tabu the whole subject of penal justice. There is the weird finality of death itself to the prison sentence. We are most of us in the position of the ministers of an Eastern State who tried to prevent the chaplain of the State prison from officiating at funerals and weddings because they associated with him the atmosphere of prison. It's one of the realities of life that we prefer not to face, and we leave the prisoner in a class with the leper. We avoid him and his works, even to the shirt he makes and the contractor who offers it for sale.

The contractor for prison labor is a business man. He will be among the first to admit that he is not in business solely for his health. In thirty States of the forty-eight he is in a business which is not only lawful, but is encouraged by officials of the State and virtually is subsidized by the State, in that a good share of the expenses ordinarily borne by the manufacturer are paid by the State. It is a business which is encouraged by the public to the extent that continuous efforts are exerted to provide the State's prisoners with work to occupy their time, so that they will be less inclined to plot together and conspire to escape.

Yet the public so abhors the thought of the silent gray army which peoples its prisons that it refrains even from buying prison-made goods if it knows they are prison-made. The contractor, however, is a business man and determined to market those goods. He has paid from forty cents to a dollar a day for a day's labor of each convict employed in turning them out. It is not his intention to lose any such sum, nor, so far as can be learned, does he do so.

Kate Richards O'Hare reveals some of his marketing methods in her book, "In Prison." She was making clothing for the Oberman Manufacturing Company as an inmate of the Missouri State's prison.

"The first label which I ever stitched into a garment," she writes, "bore the name of the Sibley-Hess Company, of Sioux City, Iowa, and there was nothing to indicate that it had been made in a prison workshop by convict labor."

In garments which she made for the Lincoln Jobbing Company, of Lincoln, Illinois, in the prison she stitched this

label: "Lincoln Was True to His Country. We Are True to Our Trade." In the prison-made shirts "Roomy Richard," "Dixie Dan," and "Bigcey" the Worthy Company has this label stitched: "Worthy of the Workers." Another company, operating in the Newcastle Workhouse in Wilmington, Delaware, used to have this admirable legend stitched into the trousers turned out there: "Honestly Made, Truthfully Labeled, Honest Value."

If the prisoner retains his reason unimpaired through the monotonous years in which he makes precisely the same motions with his fingers hour after hour and day after day, he may find an ample field for philosophy opened to him through the thought that the State itself, through its acquiescence in this economically false system of industry, is a party to the deception practiced on the public.

This practice of implying that the jobber who handles the prison-made garments is the manufacturer, is defended by Mr. Goodman. As he sees it, there is no question of ethics involved; it is all a matter of business. If the customer demands a certain label on his goods, why, demands Mr. Goodman, shouldn't he have it? A label more or less makes no difference in the quality of the goods.

"Why," demands Mr. Goodman in a written reply to a question about the labels on prison-made goods, "why wouldn't we put on the ticket what the customer requests—whether it be 'Fort Brand,' 'Tailor Made,' 'Red Man,' or anything else? What difference does it make whether the goods are made in an institution or outside, and they furnish the ticket they want? We will put on anybody's ticket, unless they say 'Union Made' or 'Clasped Hands' to indicate it is a union proposition."

Mr. Goodman has firm grounds for his convictions. A few years ago he grew tired of selling his prison products surreptitiously and resolved to make a bold dash for the open market. He came out with the "Big Yank" shirt, a good, stout work garment at an attractive price. It was just after the war, when a shirt with a name like that was bound to make a hit. The Reliance Company, newly divorced from direct contact with prison labor, and now a free-labor firm, undertook the distribution. "Big Yank" was lavishly advertised in the most respectable magazines; Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co. put full-page ads in the daily papers. "Big Yank" became the vogue of the whole country. Jobbers and dealers knew it was a prison product, but the public didn't. Jobbers and dealers didn't care. The shirt was selling, and that was the big thing. The reaction soon set in. Free manufacturers began to inform the public. "Big Yank" sales dropped to zero. Goodman saved the day by putting it into his free factories, and now he offers $1,000 for proof that "Big Yank" is made in prison.

The repugnance inspired in the buying public by the knowledge that goods are prison-made is really the only handicap under which the prison-labor contractor does business, although he complains bitterly of the inefficiency of his labor and of the terms of his contract which compel him to accept every workman offered by the warden and to keep his workers employed regardless of the state of the market.

On these latter grounds, however, he could bewail his lot honestly if he were competing only with other prison contractors, instead of with manufacturers employing free labor.

It is true, in spite of a general assumption to the contrary by opponents of the contract system, that prison labor is less efficient, hour for hour, than free labor. Under the most favorable conditions, the convict worker may be sixty per cent efficient, though his efficiency is more likely to be less than fifty per cent. The contractor regards this as an actual loss to him, although it obviously is only a comparative loss, for if he is paying from 40 cents to a dollar a day for prison labor his margin of saving on labor cost is more than sufficient to cover him, so far as free-shop competition is concerned. So far as his prison-contractor competitors are concerned, they labor under about the same disadvantage. As a matter of fact, most prisoners work according to the piece-work system and the contractor pays only for what they turn out, so his loss from the inefficiency of his labor is a loss only as compared to the quantity of completed goods he might receive if his workers were one hundred per cent efficient.

As to his complaint that he has to keep the shop working, even at a loss, it is true that his contract calls for continued labor, no matter what market conditions may be, but it is extremely doubtful if he ever sells at a loss. Market conditions are the same for all, and he can well afford to undersell his free-shop competitors, having no labor problem, an exceedingly small labor turnover, and little overhead. It is true also that he has to take every worker sent him by the warden, but most prisoners are able-bodied, and such as are not are put on maintenance work.

The State, determined that its convicts shall be kept too busy to plot, sees to it that the contractor runs small risk of loss. Idaho equipped its prison with a factory at a cost of $18,433, and at the earnest solicitation of the State the Far West Manufacturing Company undertook to run it. During the first fourteen months of operation the State expended $50,283.24 for the maintenance of the 170 workers and received from the contractor $20,583.96. There was a loss, but it was not borne by the Far West Manufacturing Company.

So certain and so generous were the profits that, in the old days, at least, the competition among bidders reached a point where the payment of bonuses, as some might felicitously term them, to influential officials was regarded as a mere matter of business, if not a matter of course.

The regularity with which investigations in various parts of the country reveal politics and graft marching abreast of the prison-labor contract system indicates that there has been little change for the better in the years that the system has been in use. Its introduction marks an advance over the system of leasing convicts for work in outside mines or in labor camps, but that probably is the best that may be said for it.

The practice of direct leasing of prison labor is extinct now so far as State institutions are concerned, although it still flourishes in counties in Southern States, and probably will continue to do so for years to come. Alabama, the last State to relinquish the leasing system, changed to the contract system in 1924, expending $4,000,000 to establish prison industries for the employment of 3,000 convicts. In 1925 Alabama's prison shops and farms turned out products valued at $7,000,000, with net earnings for the State of $926,534. That was a better showing than the lease system ever made in Alabama. The contract system in that State is still in an experimental state, and probably has been under too close surveillance to fall in as yet with the evil companions it has found in some of the Northern States where it has been longer established.

The next step in advance in prison industry generally is regarded as the State-use system, in which convicts are employed only in the manufacture of articles used by State institutions. The principle is sound, but the practice is still far from perfection.

Queer People

A Personal Letter About Two Jews and Three States

By DIXON MERRITT

WE Southerners are a queer breed, and it is small wonder that we have always been misunderstood. Doubtless we always shall be. Perhaps we deserve to be. We differ among ourselves as widely and as violently as any people on earth. Yet on certain things, which may or may not be essentials, we seem instinctively to agree, and that without regard to kith, kin, or caste. Aristocrats we may be, or poor white trash; Nordic or Semite; home stayers or wanderers; but we are Southerners.

On the train between Cleveland and St. Louis as I went to Houston, I fell into smoking-room conversation with a gentleman. He was a New Yorker and a Jew, one of a firm of specialty manufacturers. But he was of what we call the Old Southern Jews, brought up at Montgomery, Alabama.

"You are going down to Houston," he said, "to help nominate Al Smith. I'm sorry. I'm wet—wringing wet. I think prohibition is the worst thing that ever happened to this country. As a Jew, I suppose I have some religious prejudice—equally, though, against Catholic and Protestant. But I just don't think Al Smith is the kind of man to be President of the United States, and I am not going to vote for him. I've never voted anything but a Democratic ticket, and it will go hard with me to mark a Republican one, but I've got to do it."

I have been North a good deal. My innate sense of the Southern grows weak. "Here," I thought, "speaks the manufacturer wanting protection." And I said good-night and went to bed.

My new acquaintance was waiting for me on the platform next morning. "You've got to wait here five or six hours," he said, "and it's hot. Better come up to my room and take a bath and lounge around."

I went.

Rather to my friend's surprise, his partner had come on from New York to help him work the St. Louis trade, that being the heavy distributing point for the transmississippi. He was a round Jew of German extraction. And ready to talk politics instantly.

"I'm a Republican," he announced; "always have been, and always will be. But Al Smith gets my vote this time."

My friend of the train took his head out of the wash-basin and, speaking through a quarter-inch of lather, said: "Your vote will not count, Moe; I'll kill it."

Moe's position is explicable. The other Jew's isn't. He is Southern.

For sixty years and more the Southern man who dared openly to vote or talk Republican incurred political death, even social ostracism in many localities. Nobody outside the South—perhaps nobody in the South—could quite understand that situation. Now suddenly something like half of the vocal Democrats of the South talk openly of voting the Republican ticket. And everybody seems to accept it as a matter of fact and of course. Certainly nobody outside the South—and I am reasonably sure nobody in the South either—completely understands the reason for that attitude, or change of attitude.

Just before I left Houston, after the Convention was well over, I talked with one of the most influential leaders of the Mississippi Democracy. "We are going to have hell," he said, "but if we are let alone, permitted to handle the situation in our own way, I think we can bring the party safely through it."

I eased along through southern Mississippi, by Gulfport and Biloxi, where little shrimps and water hyacinths bloom, trying to find what the gentleman meant by the short and sulphurous word. That is the Catholic end of the State, near the heart of the old French civilization of the Gulf coast. I checked four pages of the telephone directory. Forty-seven per cent of the names are French, Spanish, or of other uncertain Latin derivation. But men who say that they are going to vote for Hoover are to be found on every street corner. Finding that to be true, and remembering what the "red-neck" communities up State are like, I was convinced that the Mississippi Democrat back in Houston was well advised in his choice of a word.

In New Orleans the chum of my callow days introduced me to river shrimps and "buster" crabs. He is a Republican born and perhaps not to be trusted politically. But he is the head in that region of one of the biggest of American corporations, the Mister Fixit of complicated public relations, and as an observer of men's moods quite expert. He said: "Most of the Catholic Democrats say they are going to elect Smith by the biggest majority any candidate ever received. Most of the others say that he cannot be elected, many of them that he will lose Louisiana, and a large percentage of them that they will vote against him. That applies, not merely to New Orleans, but to Louisiana and the Gulf coast generally."

I talked with enough other people to find that my old friend had a pretty solid basis for what he said. But something like half of the Louisiana Democrats are angry just now because they had a delegation "put over" on them. They did not particularly object to the delegation, but they did quite particularly object to the manner in which it was chosen. Then, too, Louisiana has for forty years been a Republican State in everything except the habit of voting the Democratic ticket. Louisiana sugar has long been the Old Man of the Sea on the back of Democratic tariffs. Finally, flood relief gave Herbert Hoover a standing that no other Republican candidate has ever had in Louisiana. It would not be unnatural if many Louisianians should now drop the Democratic mask.

Through Alabama I rode on the slowest of slow trains, from Mobile among the bayous to Athens in the lap-over of the Tennessee blue-grass. It was the Fourth of July, and parties were getting on at one little station and off for a picnic at the next.

Alabamans talk just about as they did last October—to the effect that twenty per cent of Democrats will vote for Hoover, that forty per cent will stay at home, but that the remaining forty per cent will be sufficient to carry the State by a narrow margin.

All of this is queer, but it is queerer still that all of the talking is done by a small minority of the people one meets, and even that small minority is not in

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Youth and Love

By CLAUDE BRAGDON

The younger generation is hardly a new subject. But it is refreshing to find the question of love in the jazz age discussed so sympathetically.

Claude Bragdon is an architect and a writer on architectural and theosophical subjects. He is also interested in the theatre.

IN the Middle Ages, by reason of the worship of the Virgin, knight-errantry, courts of love, the *romans* of story-tellers, and the lyrics of troubadours, love assumed a complexion which persisted long after these things fell into desuetude and were forgotten, with the result that today "romantic" love tinctures the relation between men and women to such an extent that it is difficult for us to realize that this phase of love is not universal throughout the world, that it had a historical beginning in time, and that it must inevitably be superseded by some new and different phase.

Even now, with the younger generation here in America, the love of the sexes is no longer romantic—at least in the manner of mid-Victorian sentimentality. This change has come about by reason of the altered status of woman, her "sterilization," her new social, political, and economic freedom, the weakening hold of conventional religion, and the loosening of conventional morality.

"Mankind," says Stevenson, "lives principally by catchwords," and the emergence of the term "companionate marriage" is significant in this connection, for, though it fails to define the changed relation between the sexes, it fixes with a word one attribute of that relation which differentiates it from romantic love—*com, panis,* the sharing of one another's spiritual bread. To romantic love this was never altogether essential, for it is concerned less with the discovery of identities than of differences. Although the very root of the love of the sexes, and the chief source of its enthrallment, dwells in the unique, profound, and unalterable differences—physical, mental, psychic—between man and woman, modern love takes these more or less for granted, and tries to bridge these chasms of misunderstanding by understanding, while romantic love insists upon, exaggerates, and cherishes these differences. It feeds on glamour and enchantment, prefers moonlight to sunlight, is intrigued by intrigue, fares best on forbidden fruit, and finds stolen sweets the sweetest. The younger generation of lovers, on the other hand, impatient of mysteries, abolishing the curfew, the chaperon, the veil, the fan, are all for exploration and experiment; there is nothing they would not incur, experience, and try to understand. They would participate in one another's mental and emotional experiences, ravish one another's consciousness—for love in its initial stages is largely curiosity. In the dim Victorian limbo this curiosity was aborted and a merit made of the abortion, but today it is far otherwise, as every one knows, and as changed social usages, dress, manners, deportment, eloquently attest.

Love is today more free, more frank, more pagan, more nourished by the live sap of the senses, but though more sensuous, perhaps less sensual—less lustful, at any rate, because less associated with ideas of secrecy, sin, and shame. Young people no longer see reason to deny themselves contacts, familiarities, juxtapositions which used not to be permitted; they take frank joy in bathing, so to speak, in one another's auras, sunning themselves in sex.

BUT, instead of speaking about them or for them, let them speak for and about themselves. The following quotation is from an article published in an undergraduate paper in a Western coeducational college. It is entitled "In Defense of Necking," and, though written in a frankly humorous, exaggerated, and satirical vein, it has an undercurrent of earnestness and conviction, and evidently voices more than an individual opinion.

> One of our noblest customs is being viciously attacked by Prudes and Roundheads. The recent Anti-Necking Acts, we believe, have greatly endangered the moral and æsthetic welfare of the student body.
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> Petting parties, as F. Scott Fitzgerald has remarked somewhere, offer a good channel for the sublimation of sexual impulses. It is unfortunate, and perhaps unspeakable, that people have sexual impulses, but the fact remains nevertheless that they do.
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> Necking in itself has already lowered—and if properly encouraged would still further decrease greatly—the amount of vice among college men. Twenty or thirty years ago, so some of the boys of that time tell us, it was quite regular and ordinary for a large number of college men to visit the "tenderloin" districts, with of course terrible results. Some fraternities even maintained private institutions of this nature. This was in the pre-Necking era. The cloistered students had no contact with decent women, and so they used such means as were at their disposal. But with the advent of the petting party that has been largely changed. The sheik goes out and paws over vicariously comparatively respectable co-eds three or four evenings a week, and returns to his dormitory weary, but safely sublimated.
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> Yet, although necking is a highly pro-moral activity, and hence should be fostered, certain refinements are needed in its technique. Moralizing and legislation have placed the stigma—and hence the attraction—primarily on the physical, *i. e.,* the tactual, aspect of petting parties. Their æsthetic and artistic possibilities have consequently been left unnoticed. Rebellious youth, in the exhilaration of *shishing* (a good Russian word for thumbing the nose, which should come into general use) the authorities, hence absorbs itself brutishly in these forbidden tactual pleasures. Love, as even the preachers have been fond of telling us, has been the source of the greatest inspiration down the ages.
>
> Now petting parties represent the crude, inchoate beginnings made by American youth to break away from this prevalent conception of erotion as merely a mechanism of propagation, or as a brute, delightful sin. Some delicate-spirited boys and girls have already developed Necking into a Fine Art.
>
> The Art, however, at present has its limitations. Necking must be done furtively in the back seat of a broken-down Ford, or in some uncomfortable cranny of a stone wall, and in the dark. And in the dark, as Jurgen remarks, "almost anything is rather more than likely to happen." These, to say the least, are not conditions favorable to the nourishment of any Art.

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The Edgar Allan Poe Tradition

By MALCOLM COWLEY

This is the first of several critical papers which The Outlook expects to print this summer—revaluations, by contemporary critics, of the work of the great figures of America's literary past. Malcolm Cowley, who writes on Poe, is one of the most brilliant of our younger critics, and is himself a writer of distinction and originality. He is particularly well equipped to discuss Poe, both as an eccentric personality and as a great genius, and to solve some of the mysteries which surrounded Poe in life and which have clung about his fame. Poe's influence upon writers has been perhaps greater than that of any other American author. Malcolm Cowley's familiarity with French as well as English literature enables him to estimate it justly.

IN the seventy-nine years which have passed since the death of Edgar Allan Poe a great store of anecdotes has been collected, a great many researches have been made, but nothing has been definitely settled; the Poe mystery remains as deep as ever. We can even say that there are several Poe mysteries. There is, first, the psychological problem of how a brilliant, superbly competent youth was transformed into a vacillating, querulous, and sometimes demented man. There is the deeper problem of how this paranoiac—to borrow the language of his critics—was able to produce stories, poems, and essays which have influenced whole generations of European and American writers. Finally, there is the mystery of how, in his own country, this international figure has come to be so curiously misjudged.

For it now seems certain that Poe has been misjudged—not by the public, which has always been favorable, and not by the poets, who have usually been willing to acknowledge their debt to his work, but by professors of literature, moral philosophers, and critics in general. Of the last, a great number have dismissed his tales as adolescent fancies; others have called his poems mere jingles; still others have denied the value of his critical work. Like carrion birds, they have gathered round his carcass, choosing each a portion for attack, and having nothing but his bleached gigantic bones to be studied and reconstructed like those of some palæozoic monster.

This strange hostility, which has persisted for many complicated reasons, was originally based on the social and sectional prejudice of the years before the Civil War. The leading writers of that period were New Yorkers or New Englanders; in either case they were respectable; and a Southerner, especially a Southerner without means or family, had little chance of being received by them. Formally, they would have ignored him, but Poe's bitter attacks on the literati turned most of them into enemies, and they continued to revenge themselves for decades after his death.

Today, when much of this hostility has died away, Poe's work has begun to suffer for other reasons. Its popularity, especially with younger readers, has prejudiced the critics, who are always somewhat unwilling to admit that the public is right, and are still less willing to admit that they themselves were right at fourteen and perhaps mistaken at forty. Besides, literary fashions have changed since the death of Poe, and books are no longer judged by the same standards. In 1833, when a prize was awarded to "The MS. Found in a Bottle," the judges announced that the story was distinguished "by a wild, vigorous, and poetical imagination, a rich style, a fertile invention, and a varied and curious learning." The prize-winning stories of 1928 need possess none of these qualities; instead, they must be "penetrating, vivid, true," and perhaps even "photographically exact." Imagination being neglected, along with style, learning, and invention, the author tends to become a sort of reproducing or duplicating machine.

"And this popular idea of his function," I wrote last year in reviewing Mr. Hervey Allen's excellent life of Poe, "is supported by the many critics—some of them extremely able—who approach literature from the standpoint of sociology. They are seeking for 'significant' work—significant, that is, of something else than the author's talent for writing. Whitman was significant, since his poems were derived from strictly American sources, and can be used as a criticism of American life. Mr. Sandburg is significant. But Poe. . . . The critics read hastily, and are repelled by this spectacle of a 'wild, vigorous, and poetical imagination' which feeds on itself, is derived apparently from nothing, and can be applied to nothing outside the world of letters."

However, our chief reason for underestimating Poe's talent does not lie in his popularity, nor in his imaginative power, nor in his lack of social significance; it lies in the circumstances of his career. We like our heroes to be all of a piece; we prefer our geniuses to be men whom we can unreservedly admire. Poe's faults have been so vigorously advertised that many critics cannot refrain from tracing, or attempting to trace, the vices of the man in everything he wrote. "Poe," said President Hadley, of Yale, speaking with all the weight of his pedagogical experience, with all the dignity of his place on the Committee of Selection for the Hall of Fame—"Poe wrote like a drunkard and a man who is not accustomed to paying his debts."

And there was no Lincoln present to suggest that other American writers be given a keg of the same whisky.

IT was known before he died that Poe was a drunkard. It was also known that he was something of a genius, that he often lacked food, and that he owed small sums to several editors. Beyond this, his contemporaries had learned surprisingly little. However, gossip had led them to believe that he had proved ungrateful to his guardian, that he was expelled from the University of Virginia for dissolute conduct, and that he had been unfaithful to his wife. Modern research has proved that this gossip was untrue. It has also proved that Poe's career was far more tragic than any of his contemporaries imagined. Finally, in attempting to solve the various Poe mysteries, it has found that he suffered from an almost unparalleled collection of mental, physical, and environmental troubles and infirmities.

Of these, bad heredity was only the first. His mother and his only brother died of consumption; his sister was of subnormal mentality, and his branch of the family suffered from an alcoholic taint. His environment also was bad, for as the ward of a canting, lecherous, purse-proud merchant his pride was

incessantly kindled and incessantly quenched. He seems to have shown early indications of that system of interrelated disturbances to which different psychologists have given different names: "inferiority complex," "castration complex," and "mother fixation" are probably the most familiar of these terms. At the same time he was a healthy and extremely talented boy—"indeed, a leader among his playmates," as both enemies and friends have testified. It was in early manhood that his physical and moral constitution began rather suddenly to degenerate. He is thought to have taken laudanum, though not in very large quantities. His drinking began to be noticed, as did his moodiness and lack of dependability. Meanwhile, all his troubles were being emphasized by his living conditions—by financial worries, by insufficient food, and, let us not forget, by the emotional strain of producing masterpieces. There were intervals toward the end of his life when strange symptoms appeared—visions of white-robed figures in the night, delusions of insane grandeur, struggles against "a fearful conspiracy that threatened his existence."

Such are the facts revealed by modern research. Now, a school of psychological critics have interpreted his work in the light of these facts, using an imposing number of scientific names. They have called him a paranoiac, a drug addict, and a pathological liar; they have announced that he suffered simultaneously from persecution mania, heart lesion, psychological impotence, dipsomania, claustrophobia, and a brain clot. By these maladies they have explained, not only his life, but everything he wrote. They contend that dipsomania, impotence, and paranoia were inherent in his genius, were part of his poetry, were conditions without which his work could never have existed.

In a way these psychological critics have disproved their own contention by proving too much; they have proved, in effect, that Poe's mind was too deeply affected for him ever to have written a coherent page. It is true that not all these critics are so extreme in their views. However, even when their method is applied with moderation, it is not the highest type of criticism. It is confined to the psychological *causes* of literary works, whereas the more important function of criticism is first to study, and then to judge, their psychological *effects*. The causal critics have no real standards of judgment.

Let us suppose that they are called upon to criticise a pearl. After weeks of reading, and perhaps after months of research, they will report that pearls are the calcareous excretions with which certain mollusks surround the dead body of a parasite within their shells. They will report that shells irregular in shape, stunted in growth, bearing excrescences, or honeycombed by boring parasites are those most likely to contain pearls. They will announce, in other words, that pearls are the result of an unhealthy irritation, and perhaps they will imply that all beautiful objects are similarly caused. Here ends their criticism of the pearl; they will have disregarded its symmetry, its luster, its color, its texture, and all the elements which give effect to its beauty. Now the causal critics have proceeded in much the same manner when studying the works of Edgar Allan Poe. Having applied their stethoscopes to a great writer; having determined his basic metabolism, subjected him to Binet tests, and probed into his dreams, they report that his genius was morbid—and, furthermore, they imply that genius in general is the result of a pathological condition.

This implication, however, is partly based on a misunderstanding of the word "genius." In reality, it has two very different meanings. It is used to indicate transcendent ability, and also to indicate the direction taken by that ability. When we say that Poe "had genius," we are employing the word in its primary sense. When we say, however, that Poe "had a genius for the grotesque," we mean simply that he had a *bent*, a decided inclination, for effects of that character. Now the bent of Poe's genius was certainly influenced by his physical and psychical infirmities, but his *genius*, in the strict sense, was produced by more complicated forces which can probably never be determined.

There can be no doubt, on the other hand, that these infirmities thwarted his genius by preventing its fullest expression. Most certainly they narrowed his range of emotions. Most certainly they prevented his taking an interest in the world of living creatures, and thus led to the partly justified charge that he created no real characters. Moreover, his physical weakness was certainly one of the reasons for which he was unable to concentrate for those longer periods necessary to produce a novel or a drama.

There is one respect, however, in which his psychical maladjustments might be said to have encouraged his genius. They gave him a motive for its employment. As compensation for his feeling of social inferiority, he developed the bitter ambition to become powerful and successful, to grow famous. "I love fame," he might have said with the hero of one of his stories. "I dote on it—I idolize it—I would drink to the very dregs the glorious intoxication; I would have incense arise in my honor from every hill and hamlet, from every city on the earth." And the Rev. Rufus Wilmot Griswold, his biographer and most contemptible enemy, had a sudden intuition of the truth about Poe when he wrote:

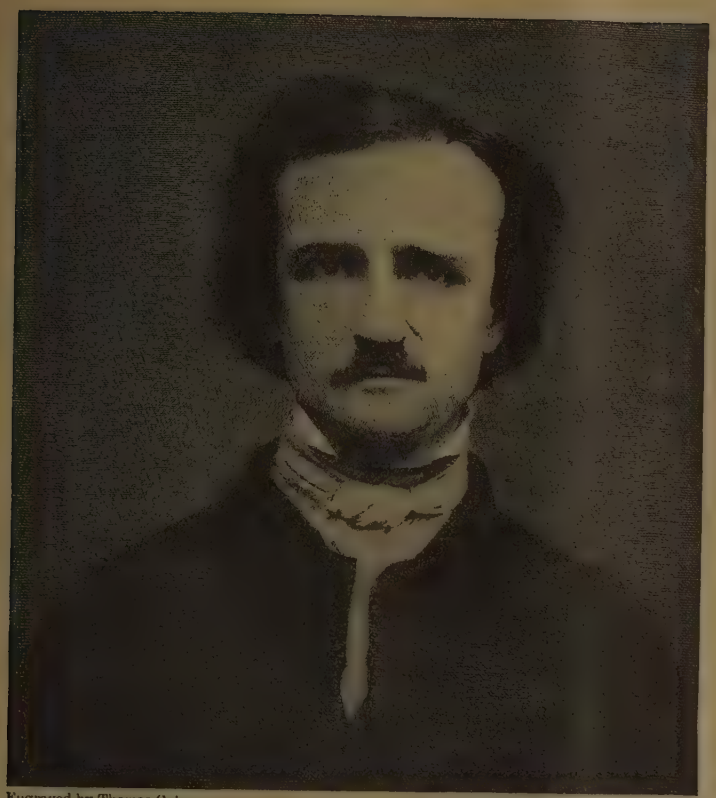
"He had, to a morbid excess, that desire to rise which is commonly called ambition, but no wish for the esteem or the love of his species; only the hard wish to succeed—not shine, not serve—succeed, that he might have the right to despise a world which galled his self-conceit."

Just as the virtues of the king may be the vices of the man, it is sometimes possible for vices of character to become literary virtues. I submit that the wish for artistic success, when carried to such purity and intensity as in the case of Poe, is, from the literary point of view, not entirely vicious.

Most of Poe's real faults as a writer have been described so often and in such detail that I scarcely feel obliged to enlarge upon them here. It is known that he had a limited number of effects; that he lacked humor; that he was unable to transcribe the real world or to create living characters. It is also known that he pretended to a false learning and was occasionally dishonest as a critic. However, one of his serious faults has rarely been mentioned. It consists in his lack of visualization; in his inability to *see*, or to make the reader see, the background of his stories.

I might illustrate by quoting a passage at random, and by italicizing all the descriptive words. Here, for example, is a sentence describing the ruined abbey which was the scene of Ligeia's resurrection: "The *gloomy* and *dreary grandeur* of the building, the *almost savage* aspect of the domain, the *many melancholy* and *time-honored memories* connected with both, had much in unison with the feelings of *utter abandonment* which had driven me into that *remote* and *unsocial* region of the country."

The reader will immediately observe that none of these words gives a definite picture of the scene; without exception they are vague and indeterminate. They do not tell us the plan, the material, or the color of the building; we cannot say



Engraved by Thomas Cole — Courtesy of the Century Co., New York

Edgar Allan Poe

whether it stood on a hilltop or in a valley; we could never recognize this abbey from a photograph or point to its location on a map. A passage like this evokes a definite type of emotion, but evokes it not so much by the sense of the words as by their sound, and especially by their slow, monotonous, melancholy rhythm. Most of our great writers have had a visual style—one which depends on their choice of images. Poe's style is almost purely auditive.

More serious than his lack of visual images is a fault which has sometimes been described as theatricality. Like a good playwright, he aimed at creating effects, and I am not sure that this is a mistaken aim. He regarded a poem as a machine for producing emotions, and perhaps this is a satisfactory definition; certainly it has been accepted by such a talented poet as M. Paul Valéry. However, Poe was sometimes guilty of constructing his emotive machine with shoddy materials, and sometimes, in his eagerness to affect his readers, he adopted the methods of a charlatan. Charles Baudelaire has defended this feature of his writings, remarking that "a little charlatanism is always permitted to genius; in fact, it is not unbecoming; it is like rouge on the cheeks of a naturally beautiful woman." There is truth in Baudelaire's statement, and yet we cannot help regretting that Poe, who was capable of such magnificent artifices, was also capable of descending to mere tricks.

At the end we are forced into a rather paradoxical position. We have admitted that Poe's character was full of flaws, and that in his later years he was partially insane. We have admitted that his materials were sometimes shoddy, that he was often a prejudiced critic, that he could not create characters, that he lacked the power of visualization, and yet we claim that in spite of these faults he was probably the most important American man of letters. Moreover, we are left at a disadvantage because our judgment is largely based on facts or opinions which are not susceptible of proof. How can we *prove* that "Ligeia" is a great story; that "The City in the Sea" and "To One in Paradise" are great poems? How can we prove, even, that Poe had a great style? Critics have been arguing these points for nearly a century without reaching any final decision. Are there any elements of Poe's work on which both his admirers and his enemies can agree?

I think we can agree that, in spite of his narrow emotional range, he had an exceptionally wide range of intellectual interests. It is true that some critics have advanced the opposite opinion, but surely they must have been unfamiliar with a very large portion of his writings, many of which have been unjustly neglected. By reading such unfamiliar works as his "Marginalia," his occasional essays, "Eureka," and "The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym" we are given a strangely different impression of his genius. We learn that, besides his wide acquaintanceship with literature, he was interested in music, painting, architecture, and the theatre; that he sought to apply his knowledge of history, exploration, and mathematics; that he held original views on landscape gardening and interior decoration; that he tried to keep in touch with scientific discoveries, especially in physics, meteorology, psychology, and astronomy; that he was not only one of the first American writers to state the opposition between science and poetry, but also the very first to reconcile these hostile departments of the modern mind. He was the enemy of inordinate specialization, that vice of the nineteenth century which threatens to persist in the twentieth. Once he defined the highest genius as "the result of a generally large mental power existing in a state of absolute proportion." That Poe's mental power existed in such a state we are privileged to doubt, but we are forced to agree that it was abnormally large and unusually generalized.

We can also agree that his influence was extremely important. There is no yardstick by which to measure genius, but there are a number of approximate standards, and of these a writer's influence is perhaps the least inaccurate. It is true that the effect of a few great writers has been less than that of a few minor talents, but these are merely exceptions to a rule which generally applies. Now there is hardly a question that Poe's effect on literature—not only in America, but in England and on the Continent—has been greater than that of any other American author. In this respect only Whitman and Emerson can compare with him, and then only at a distance. They have affected certain types of men, whereas the influence of Poe can be traced in writings of almost every category.

To begin with literature of a rather inferior order, this influence can be

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Moth and Rust in the Sunday School

By

MARIAN HURD McNEELY

"The young people of today are moving toward democracy and tolerance and liberalism more rapidly than their churches." Religious education has failed to keep pace with the spirit of modern youth. Mrs. McNeely believes in Christian education and feels strongly that the churches are the greatest power for good. But she maintains that religious teaching methods will have to be remolded to fit modern problems if the young people of today are to be held.

OUR family debating society meets once a week. It convenes regularly on Sunday morning, while the chimes of the nearest church send out the invitation of love and fellowship:

> Oh, come, all ye faithful,
> Joyful and triumphant.

Week after week my children and I debate the same question, always preceded by the same introduction. It comes in the form of a query, sometimes annoyed, frequently rebellious, and always plaintive: "Do we *have* to go to Sunday school?"

I am a believer in Christian education. I know that our churches are the country's greatest power for good. I know that the youth of the world must keep that power running. I want my children to have all that religion can offer of faith, of inspiration, of spiritual comfort. I want them to know their Bible, both from a literary and a spiritual point of view. I do not want them to miss any teaching, any solace, or any uplift that Christianity can bring into their lives. I feel that, while I have no right to force their beliefs, neither must I let them lose anything that religion can give them. But I wonder, as I hear those chimes, and try to answer the weekly plaints, just why it is that my four are so recalcitrant. Why aren't *they* "faithful"? Why aren't *they* "joyful and triumphant" on Sunday morning, instead of creeping like the snail, unwillingly, to school?

I FIND that I am not alone in my problem. Other mothers, sometimes openly, more often under their breath, tell me the same thing. Their young people are not attending Sunday school voluntarily. Their going is unwilling; in many cases enforced. The Sunday service, which we accepted as an inevitable and necessary part of the weekly program, no longer holds our children. They are not interested; they are not inspired. They are frankly bored, and, with the modern directness that seems to us so brutal, they do not hesitate to say so.

I look back upon the methods by which they kept us in Sunday school thirty-five years ago: Prayers, often wearisome, and almost never inspired; hymns which our leaders did their best to make loud, cheery, and enthusiastic. Library books, which never opened wide, and were entitled "Christie's Endeavor" or "The Boy Who Did." A Sunday-school paper of high moral tone. A gold-fringed, blue-satin banner, swung from a walnut standard, for the class that had the largest weekly collection. An occasional visitor, usually of the missionary type, who invariably described the Sabbath school (he always spoke of it as Sabbath) in his home town. Our Scriptural teaching was always administered in the form of eight or ten Bible verses which never seemed to finish a story or to get us anywhere. And the questions which followed were not such as to awaken any wild interest in spiritual subjects:

Q. Who was Zacchæus?
A. The chief among the publicans.
Q. Where did he live?
A. In Jericho.
Q. When Jesus passed through Jericho why did Zacchæus not see him?
A. Because he was small of stature.
Q. How did Zacchæus overcome this?
A. He climbed a tree.

And then the moral—*always* the moral: What may we learn from this lesson?

And yet that program held us, week in and week out, for years and years. Big boys of seventeen, eighteen, even twenty-one, were regular attendants. There was always a young ladies' class. Every year several members of the school received a book, "presented for constant attendance" during the fifty-two weeks. There was a promise held out to the school that any one who rounded out ten years of constant attendance would receive a gold watch. And, lo and behold, one day a girl *did* "round it out"! She didn't get the watch, but she did get a flowering plant and a fountain pen, which, as the superintendent dealt in office supplies, and not jewelry, was far more fitting.

Someway, that Sunday school held us. I can't recall a single sensation of religious fervor or of spiritual uplift in the eleven years of my attendance. I can't remember ever having much or any interest in the proceedings. I was often bored. But I never remember objecting to going to the service, and I know that my brothers and I did not debate the question with my mother, week after week. The Sunday school was there, everybody went, and we accepted it.

But that was the age of the horse. This is the age of the motor car, and the young people have caught the right-of-way fever. Everything must be questioned, debated, examined for flaws. No factory inspector is more relentless in his scrutiny than the boy and girl of fifteen to eighteen. They recognize "seconds" at a glance, and the discards never go back into good stock. There is no use in debating why this is so, or whether the critical attitude is better or worse than the easy acquiescence of the 'nineties. What is left for *us* to do is to look over our stock ourselves, see if the flaws are there, decide whether we are offering substitutes for the real thing, and, above all, be honest with ourselves and our young people in the decision.

THE Best Man in the World, to whom I occasionally turn for advice, cautioned me against this article. "Don't criticise a good thing," he said.

"Why not?" said I. "Because I am

hed to you, because I recognize and
ct your ideals, because you are my
ant support and my occasional in-
tion, shall I refuse to see, much less
ion, the soot upon your chin?"

is because I believe in the Sunday
ol, because I do not want it to fail,
use I recognize its power for good,
I want it improved. It holds in its
s immense possibilities; possibilities
are not realized; that could be, that
, be realized.

ow for the soot: *Is* there anything
g with the Sunday school? I step
y to the onslaught with my reply,
these Sunday debates that I hold
my children have supplied me with
unition. Indeed, I am prepared to
ss the question both pro and con.
ar the affirmative. Week after week
swer for the negative. The objec-
s I give are not my own; they are
y bullets, collected from the Sunday
ning battlefield—the shots of my
dren, who range in age from sixteen
ight.

hey say:

The services are dull.
The lessons are too elementary and
o fragmentary to be interesting.
The talk about the Holy Spirit and
e Holy Ghost is too indefinite. They
n't understand what the Blessed
inity means.
The Sunday school is too grasping.
is constantly urging and emphasiz-
g money-giving, which is not only
rd on the shabby ones who are in
e school, but sounds avaricious.
The church workers are prying.
ney constantly question the children
out the state of their souls.
The "made up" prayers seem artifi-
al and insincere.

d strangest of all was the objection
ed by my sixteen-year-old. She said
services often seemed sacrilegious to
. I asked her why. "Oh, it's those
yers—over meetings and collections
d church suppers. I hate to hear them
ing a blessing on a committee meeting
ere they are going to decide upon
k candles or red. They get too famil-
with Him."

THE last time I went to Sunday school
was less than a year ago, in a
iddle-West town of a hundred thou-
nd. I visited the primary room, where
ty children of six to eight were seated
small kindergarten chairs facing the
perintendent. He was a genial man, who had somehow missed a chin in the making, and he conducted the following program.

Song.
Brief talk on spring, concluded by the question, "And what does the tulip say to you, Ruth?" The answer, supplied by the superintendent, was, "God made me."
An account of "where our pennies go." Questions furnished by superintendent; answers by children.
Contributions, to the accompaniment of a march and a song. Same repeated every week.
Prayer.
Lesson story, given by the superintendent.
Song.
Separation for class work.
Repetition of the lesson story by individual teachers.
Hand work. In this instance two printed texts, cut apart into single words, to be combined and pasted together again.
Distribution of story papers.
Song.

Looking about the room, I failed to see one child who seemed interested. They surveyed the walls; they tied their handkerchiefs into knots; they shuffled their feet. Several of the most restless spirits were summoned to chairs in the front of the room as a punishment for inattention. But there was nothing offered to hold an intelligent child. The wonder was that squirms were their only form of protest at the program.

The lesson was the story of Peter and Cornelius—of Peter's vision of the unclean food. It is one of the most powerful and dramatic narratives of the Bible; a wonderful lesson on the fellowship of man, on racial brotherhood and religious tolerance. I never hear the familiar story without a little thrill running up my spinal column at the eloquence and beauty of the words: "Stand up; I myself also am a man. . . . In every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him." But I missed the thrill that day. For the lesson that was drawn was not one of love or tolerance or friendliness. It was upon giving money to send out missionaries—missionaries who should make the whole world like ourselves!

GENERALLY speaking, *this* is what is wrong with the Sunday school. The young people of today are moving toward democracy and tolerance and liberalism more rapidly than their churches. They are outdistancing the Sunday school in the feeling of brotherhood. But, specifically, there are other reforms that will have to be made if we are to keep our children in religious organization. We have been so interested in sending spiritual food overseas that we have failed to realize that our own children are not being properly nourished. The child of six is today three years older mentally than the six-year-old of the 'nineties, but we are still offering him the same pabulum. All that will have to be changed. We must raise our whole standard to fit his needs. We must use every modern method to keep his interest and awaken his spiritual consciousness. Nothing that will attain that end should be overlooked. He should be taught by the finest of music, the best of pictures, the most capable and inspired of instructors. The radio and the moving-picture machine must be enlisted to give him these things. We must put our best craftsmen to work, interpreting the Bible stories for him. What could not even a mediocre movie writer have done with that story of the vision of Peter? What a medium for picturing the miracles of Christ! For showing all those wonderful last days near the Sea of Galilee!

We must fit our teachings to modern problems. If our children are leaving us because we are too austere, then we must bring them back with cheerful things. We must not be afraid of joyousness in the church. We must make religion a lovely thing; a light ahead of us rather than a scourge behind us. If our methods of prayer seem insincere, we must remedy that, either by adopting a ritual or else by using the simplest and briefest of phrases. If our methods of raising tithes seem unworthy, we must emphasize our collections less; better to give up the penny and dime contributions than to seem avaricious. We must respect the spiritual reserve of the child; we may *invite* union with the church, but we have no right to urge the unwilling. And, above all, we must tread almost prayerfully the narrow path between the spiritual and the human world. If the younger generation feel ill at ease in the presence of the Holy Ghost and the Old Testament Jehovah, then it is for us to change our vocabulary. I say this in all reverence. What we want is for them to know their Lord. And if they feel more akin to the man soul than to the Divine Spirit, we must give them the one that they understand.

Boliando Avestruces

By HERBERT REED
(Right Wing)

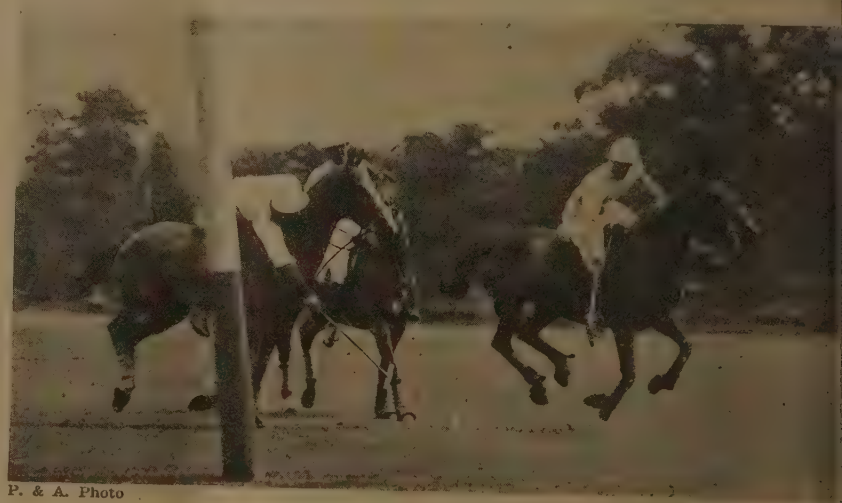
A SIMPLE, exciting, and rather exacting game—so far as horsemanship is concerned—this little South American chase of such ostriches as, contrary to custom, do not always stick their heads in the sand. Who would have thought that in the course of the years it would have put the polo supremacy of the United States in jeopardy? Yet that is just what the almost immediate post-cradle chase of the flopping birds by the natives and the Anglo-Argentines has done. I say "post-cradle" advisedly, since few of the men who are riding for the Argentine today can remember just at what stage of their existence they went into the saddle. But to return for the moment to the handling of the *boliandoras* (Spanish scholars will call it something else perhaps, but this nomenclature comes direct from Jack Nelson, the leader of the Argentine four, who has just arrived in New York to compete with us in September for the leadership of the two Americas). One takes three strings of reasonable length, hitches thereto three leaden balls, mounts a pony, and goes after the bird. Let go at the proper moment, the strings and leaden balls spread out and converge only upon the quarry to the latter's ultimate downfall. In the course of this pursuit the small riders have forgotten pretty much about the use of reins. In fact, their native grooms have already trained these steeds so that they can be handled most of the time by the twitch of a silken thread. That is why, by the way, that the Argentine ponies are sent to this country to be handled only by native grooms. The hands of the American or English groom are too "hard."

There is in the Argentine a temperate zone, and there is in Australia another temperate zone, which is why the polo mounts of the two sections are now in competition for the polo markets of the world, but ostrich-chasing seems to make a difference. It is not of record that the ponies of Australia are trained by men who have had infant experience in *boliando avestruces*, as they term the game of ostrich chasing.

I have wondered sometimes whether this childish hunt has had anything to do with the use of the "hanging" mallet by the Argentines, that sweet swinging attuned to the drumming of the hoofs that has made the rhythm of the Argentine polo play so popular in the United States. I have asked all the Argentines about it, and apparently that swinging mallet has been not at all a matter aforethought. It is there just the same, and it will be there in all the coming games—and it is a thing of beauty. Being a devotee of rhythm, I am for it, first, last, and all the time. Most of our own men ride to the ball with an upright mallet, but since they hit off the stirrups, with the exception of Watson Webb, it seems to make little difference. When the Argentines first came here, they were playing polo quite in our own fashion, with one exception. They were devoted in certain situations to the theory and, by the way, excellent practice of hitting the ball under their ponies' tails. But they suddenly discovered, in action, that the Americans were beating them to the ball by the simple process of hitting the ball under the pony's neck. At once they adopted the American method, and from that moment it was a question between the two nations of men and mounts rather than methods.

LOUIS E. STODDARD, Chairman of the United States Polo Association, and Jack Nelson, Chairman of the Argentine Association and leader of the present invading team, have arrived at the same conclusion, and that is, that the game itself is no better nor faster than the field on which it is played. While Anglo-Argentines were chasing ostr most of our American players were ing something else. They were a ahead of the South American game, the battle had been practically all time between Hurlingham and the "I ing" English from India, and such t as could be produced by Harry P Whitney and a devoted band thought they could make use of fields *ad lib.*, and *could* do so. T was a parallel effort in many ways the Argentines. These men play game as our own Big Four—the m bership of which will not be determ until August—play it where it These men play it with the utter dar terrific hitting, and the raucous gene ship of Forrest's cavalry. There is position on the field from which they not expect to open the way to a sc The Argentine defense is turned attack, as is our own, by a single mendous stroke, and when it is rem bered that an international polo p covers the 300 yards between the goal posts in close to twenty-four onds, some idea of the pace of their p may be gained. All other things be equal, it is the team that thinks fas at this game that wins.

All other things, however, are quite equal. In the first place, the vaders are a shade the better horsem at times, practically equally good hitt considered as a team, and have in field the full strength in men and mou



P. & A. Photo

Left to right: John Miles, Jack Nelson, Skiddy von Stade

P. & A. Photo

Jack Nelson of the Argentine four and a native groom

a single country. In their earlier in-sions, when the Argentinians went er the Open Championship, which y once won, they were pitted against it-up American and Anglo-American rs, which will not be the case this e. This time America has promised throw into action a new Big Four, the st team that can be put together, and icially or otherwise, for the champion-ip of the world. England has been aten off, and until the English are will-g to play polo as the United States and e Argentines play it there will be no rld's championship from the popular lo understanding. There will be the l championship between Hurlingham d the United States. This time, the nner is thoroughly entitled to claim e championship of the world along ith the championship of the Two mericas—which is quite as it should be. The team of American defenders is ry much in the making, the team of e invaders is pretty well settled al-ady, and something of a terror it is. is perhaps necessary to explain that ese Anglo-Argentines have been a lit-e bit hurt by the unwillingness in times ast to admit that a game with them was e real championship of the world. And is therefore necessary to explain that, ith the exception of Manuel Andrada, ere two years ago as a regular and now spare player, the men from Buenos Aires are really what are known as "Anglo-Argentines."

No season of polo is complete in the Argentine without the training of the mounts by the players themselves. Thus it is that of the nearly forty mounts brought up from South America practically all are trained by the players. They are sold at the close of the season, which is why the American Big Four—new style—will go into battle with something like fourteen mounts of Argentine breeding and training under them. The make-up of the visiting team this year is just a little different from that of two years ago. It probably will go into action with Lewis L. Lacey, ten goals, at back; John Miles, seven, at No. 3; J. D. Nelson, eight, at No. 2; and Arturo Kenny, the man who has never played on American fields, six goals, at No. 1. With the retirement of Milburn as an international Back, Lacey comes through as the world's greatest player in that position. Quite a contrast he is to Milburn. A wide-foreheaded, long-nosed slip of a man weighing only 145 pounds, he gets almost as long a ball as Milburn at his best, and can put on the same type of generalship. Not so long ago he played almost single-handed against the then American Big Four, with weakness in every position in front of him, and really managed to throw something of a scare from time to time into the American champions. He will go in again as Back for his third trip against America, this time in most congenial company, which means the best of bad news for the defenders.

As a substitute for him, and until he arrives from England to fit into the team, will be Manuel Andrada, partly Basque and partly native Indian, a square block of a man, a tremendous hitter, a fine horseman, and wielding the longest and heaviest mallet in the polo world, either here or abroad. Andrada is a picturesque player, probably the greatest heavyweight playing the game today—riding at well over 180 pounds. Yet he rides with that same free rein, the "neck rein," that marks the steering of all the Argentine players. He is one of the great pelota players of Buenos Aires, a game that develops tremendous power in wrist and forearm.

The rather light, and always jolly Jack Nelson, No. 2, head of all Argentine polo, is a familiar figure in this country, and a popular one. He and Lacey are the two real field generals of the team. Out at No. 1 will be a man, Arturo Kenny, new to North American polo, but an old favorite in England and on the Riviera. He played on that famous Argentine four at Paris that defeated by a single goal the team led by Tommy Hitchcock, who is today the American captain, the new head of the still nebulous Big Four. John Miles, although the lowest handicapped of all the invaders, is in the pivot, and therefore probably the vital, position. His brother, David Miles, created something of a sensation here years ago, and on that day met defeat in the first American appearance of the team against Orange County, at that time revolving splendidly around the late "Pat" Rumsey and Morgan Belmont. The latter, by the way, has never since turned in a game to approach that combat. There was inspiration in the first team that faced the men from Buenos Aires, and there had to be. And there will have to be inspiration this time, or the championship of the two Americas, and by inference that of the world, will go down below the equator.

Now just a word about the four-footed players that will carry these formidable invaders. They are just a bit bigger this year, just a little bit more "structure" in the shoulder. All but straight hocks, which means great push-off and speed, they have always had. This time there is a shade more power

(*Please turn to continuation, page 511*)

Miniatures from the Life

By IBBY HALL

Homesickness

LAST winter a filling station on a road in Florida was robbed of $16. The man who committed the robbery got away, but those interested in seeing that fugitives do not escape finally made an arrest and locked up their prisoner.

For two months the accused man waited in a cell until he should be brought to trial. His guilt or innocence rested no longer with himself, but with a strange judge who was to decide, on uncertain evidence, whether this man was to continue to live in jail or go free. If he should be found guilty, these two unpleasant months would be credited on his prison term. If innocent—the prisoner could only shrug. For the law rarely apologizes.

At the end of those two months the trial was held. The evidence, as expected, was uncertain. The judge—well, the judge felt very doubtful about the whole business. Nevertheless he was there to do his duty. And it appeared to be his duty to send this man to prison for a year. Just the same he felt uncomfortable about it. And everybody went home.

Everybody went home except the prisoner. He went to another town, where he was to spend the next ten months in a jail he had never seen. Innocent or guilty, he was filled with despair at the thought of those ten months ahead. The two months behind him had taught him a great deal. But they had not yet taught him to submit to life or to accept injustice. He had still his gambling instinct left and a certain amount of courage. On the way to the new jail he saw his chance, and he took it.

Another two months, and the escaped prisoner found himself in New York. His escape from his guards on that train trip had been completely successful. So successful that here he was in a strange city, hundreds of miles from home, with no friends to confide in, no enemies to accuse him, and no place which he could call his own.

Behind him, worlds away, was all that meant life and happiness to him—his two parents, who were alive and loved him, and his small son. Day by day he began to realize that (innocent or guilty) he had condemned himself to a prison term that was unendurable. If he were ever able to see them again, he must go back. If he should go back, he would be recognized, disgraced, and sent to prison. He tried to argue it out. He tried to endure it. Until the other day, when he gave himself up at a New York police station.

"But what's the matter?" protested the detective to whom he surrendered. "You were getting away with it, weren't you? What's the idea?"

"Homesick," said the prisoner, briefly. "I want to go back South, even if it's to jail."

Puppies

FAR out West in the timber region lives a little boy of twelve. His favorite playmate is an old hunting dog belonging to his father, and his days are spent roaming the cold tall forests, with only this shaggy playmate for a companion. Towards the wild animals that might be lurking in the deep shadows the boy has the true hunter's instinct. He is curious and eager rather than frightened or foolhardy. But he is friendly as well. For he is filled with a great interest in the lives of these unknown creatures. How do they spend their days? Would they be friends with him if he could learn their habits?

The other day the small boy started out for the forests, with the old dog close at his heels. He might have been a youthful faun with a great wolf at his heels tracking an ancient world, so silently did he pad along through the tangled underbrush under those heavy shadows. Suddenly the old dog stiffened, the hair at her neck rose menacingly, and before the boy could turn she had bounded in front of him and off the trail. The boy followed at a swinging trot. The old dog would be after something worth seeing—something exciting was about to happen! There! She was barking.

Just ahead was the suspicion of a clearing, an old tree trunk fallen and rotting in the midst of it, and here stood the old dog, barking, not at the branches overhead, but into the very hollow of this heavy log.

The boy came closer, warily but with his heart beating high. What menacing yellow eyes might be peering out of that hidden darkness? He had scarcely to wonder when something moved a mouth of the log—something small furry and frolicsome, something as afraid of himself and the big dog a boy was unafraid of the forest.

The old hunting dog stopped bar from sheer surprise. It was a long since she had had any puppies, but little fat-bellied playful creature m have been one of her own breed jus rived. Before she could decide wha do about it her young master with swoop had gathered the tiny wolf pu into his arms, holding it so close tha own heart and the little wild heart a tattoo on each other, and droppe front of the log.

When he had made sure that t was no big one around, he called: " there any more of you in there?" T was a pause. The little wolf puppy t to wriggle loose in its desire to play. boy dropped his voice to more coax tones. "If there are any more of yo he wheedled, "come on out."

It took a long time, with the pup teasing and tugging at him, but in end another little nose pushed out fr the security of darkness.

The old dog, with puzzled eyes a wrinkled nose, stood sentinel like statue. And still the little boy with t puppies in his arms sent his coax voice into the black hollow of the l Another nose pushed out, and then other. At last! Four little balls of tumbled over the ground like leaves the sunlight.

But the old dog, who had been spe bound with astonishment, now turn her head and began to sniff uneasily those unknown depths of forest.

The boy, too, had no taste for t danger that might be upon them a minute. Hastily gathering up the fo small creatures, he snuggled them insi his shirt and started on a steady trot f home, the old dog once more at his heel

Now those who pass by the house front of which a little boy is playing wi four puppies think that the old huntin dog watching near by has a fine batc of children. But the boy's father look with apprehension at the happy litt wolves romping with his son.

"It is all very well," says the father "He feeds them now with a bottle an they are company. But later on the will be big. And a wolf—is a wolf."

Amateur Gilbert and Sullivan

WE'VE seen in our ' a great ny produc- s of the Gil- and Sullivan ras. In the ical family in ch we were ught up a d production the "Mikado" considered th traveling to see. And we remember tly, the score of "Patience" was the t piece on which we tried out our ical education. So that we yield to one in proper appreciation of the ks of Mr. Sullivan and Mr. Gilbert. All of which is a prelude to asking y it is that a group such as the Play- s Guild of Baltimore wishes to bring opera such as "Patience" to Broad- y and invite New Yorkers to see it? eatre-goers in this town are well ac- ainted with the Gilbert and Sullivan res. Many revivals of the operas ve dotted our dramatic history in the t few years. So the work itself is no velty. And the best reason for going hear it at this late date lies in its in- pretation.

Granting this, do the Baltimoreans ovide this reason?

Well, not particularly. Granted that twice-told tale is often a trifle shop- rn, granted that the element of sur- ise is gone, nevertheless talented come- ans and clever singers are still able to ake this piece fresh and interesting. ut this knack the Play-Arts Guild com- ny lacks.

We don't know whether any one has er settled the exact difference between nateur and professional. It is difficult define. But when we say that "Pa- ence," as presented by this group, lacks e professional touch we hope you will now that we mean it is exceedingly well ng and sometimes acted much better an is usual in such presentations. But e peculiar intimate touch of the tal- nted actor or singer who is sure of him- lf, on good terms with his audience, nd aware of precisely what he is doing lacking.

We do not mean simply that the cues are taken up slowly—although they are —nor that the traditional stage manage- ment is not followed. It is. The pres- entation is in the very best manner of the old D'Oyley Carte companies at the Savoy. Yet, once a song is over, the applause waits. The thing is self-con- scious.

All Gilbert and Sullivan is difficult to do, despite its apparent simplicity and evident satire. This is partly, perhaps, because the ideas which the operas sati- rize have mostly passed out of our cur- rent idiom. Besides this, musical satire —we might almost call it comic satire— is one of the most deft and delicate of the arts. The ability to do the thing seriously precedes the ability to satirize the manner of doing it. So that almost always the amateur who endeavors to do gossamer-like satire is found either sing- ing the music too seriously in an en- deavor to bring out its melody and beauty or burlesquing grossly what should be lightly satirized.

Beyond this, the absurdity of almost all the Gilbert and Sullivan characters is based on the awareness by the character himself of the fact that he is absurd, that he is dealing bravely with absurdi- ties which the other actors must take seriously, but which they, in turn, regard as absurdities except that they are the rules of the game on the stage.

Such delicate nuances of humor and satire expressed in music and verse are difficult even for the best class of pro- fessional to catch and reflect to his audi- ence. To judge from the present per- formance, it would seem as if the job were almost impossible for the amateur.

One thing the Baltimore Guild does make clear: the tribute to Gilbert and Sullivan is all the greater because their opera itself still emerges as exceedingly en- tertaining, filled with lilting melo- dies and beautiful harmonies which time can- not render com- monplace.

All this may sound as if the Play-Arts Guild performance were very poor— which is a judgment we are very far from expressing. They do many things well. They can all sing, and some of them can sing very well. The men's chorus by the dragoon guards and the many numbers by the rapturous maidens are done even better than usual. In fact, wherever the music can be sung sin- cerely the whole company shines to the very best advantage, and the finales of the acts are stirring. The performance of Donald Kirkley as Bunthorne is as original in conception as we've seen. The part of Grosvenor, the rival poet, is also well done, although not of the same excellence as the Bunthorne rôle. And Mary Bokee as Patience can sing more than pleasingly, although her acting leaves something to be desired. Also, Gertrude Gossman as Lady Jane pro- gresses steadily in her interpretation and finally discards her rather amateurish burlesque to sing "Sad Is That Woman's Lot" and "Say 'Booh!' to Him" as en- tertainingly as we've heard it in many a moon.

Let us put it this way:

The Baltimore presentation is very fair for an amateur show which achieves professionalism time after time but which never quite rings the bell, except in the concerted music. To paraphrase slightly the recipe for "Heavy Dragoon" —if you took all the amateur produc- tions of "Patience" you've seen, added a touch of the church choir, put in a touch of oratorio singing, seasoned it well with bits of Broadway's zip and ability, and boiled the whole thing down and blew off the scum, the "residuum" would be about our opinion of the Play- Arts Guild's production.

F. R. BELLAMY.

At the Vienna Staatsoper

Vienna.

By EUGENE BONNER

"DAS Wunder der Heliane," an opera in three acts by Erik Korngold, one of the festival-fortnight offerings at the Staatsoper, was given the night following the première of the new Strauss opera.

This young composer is by no means unknown to New York audiences, two of his operas having served as vehicles for Mme. Jeritza at the Metropolitan Opera House. "Die Tote Stadt," that really fine and interesting work that served to introduce both the composer and the Viennese singer to American audiences seven years ago, unfortunately, did not sufficiently impress the public to justify the management's keeping it in the repertoire of the opera house.

This is a great pity, as in our opinion it is not only that composer's finest piece of work so far, but in it Mme. Jeritza gave a brilliant and sincere performance —a performance which she has unfortunately not been able, or not seen fit, to duplicate in any of the rôles she has subsequently essayed in New York, with the possible exception of her Elisabeth in "Tannhäuser." Korngold's other opera, "Violanta," likewise interpreted by this artiste, proved to be a most deplorable concoction and brought no credit whatever to any one involved.

"The Miracle of Heliane," while infinitely better, does not approach "The Dead City" either in dramatic or musical interest. The story, a somewhat turgid affair laid in the Middle Ages, is by H. Muller, adapted from the mystery by Kaltneker.

The individual called "the Stranger" is captive in a prison of a sinister kingdom in which all joy and laughter are forbidden, his crime being that of having brought happiness and merriment into the realm, and for which he has been condemned to death. The queen, Heliane, who loathes her cruel husband, comes to visit the Stranger, and in pure compassion offers herself to him in order to give him "a last bliss on earth" before his execution. Having retired to the adjoining chapel to remove her robes, she emerges in a state of quasi-nudity just as the King arrives to try to learn from the Stranger how he may gain her love. The enraged husband orders her to immediate judgment.

In the court presided over by a blind judge the King accuses Heliane of adultery. She defends herself on the ground that she was about to give herself to the Stranger, not out of carnal desire, but in deepest compassion. The Stranger is brought in; he asks death at her hands and a kiss. They embrace, and the young man stabs himself and dies. The King decides that Heliane must stand the Ordeal of Heaven, and if she is innocent, as she declares, she will be able to bring the dead to life. In a transport of love for the dead man, she avows her willingness to submit to the test.

In the last act Heliane appears before the castle with the Judge and the King. She declares she cannot now perform the miracle, as she has come to the realization that she has loved the Stranger all along, and therefore is not altogether innocent. She is being led to the stake when the dead man rises from his bier, miraculously restored to life. The lovers embrace, at the sight of which the infuriated King plunges his dagger into the heart of Heliane. A transformation scene takes place, and we see the two lovers wandering off into space, forever united; all of which is somewhat vague but operatically effective.

The music throughout is undistinguished and suffers from overscoring, a characteristic fault of the composer. The court scenes are effective dramatically, but uninteresting from a musical point of view. The last act is by far the best, Korngold's flair for the theatre having full scope in the dramatic scene of the Ordeal by Heaven, and much of the music here is very beautiful. But the opera is very heavy-going for the first two acts, and one is almost too weary by the time the last act arrives to be able to react as one would like to this final scene. The composer himself directed the orchestra with vigor and the principals were excellent, especially Fräulein Schwarz as Heliane and Herr Jerger as the King, who gave the finest performance of the evening.

THAT delightful hybrid affair of Strauss and von Hofmannsthal "Ariadne auf Naxos," given a few nights later, revealed another side of this distinguished team of opera-makers. It was originally the second part of an e tainment of which the first part cons of von Hofmannsthal's version of Bourgeois Gentilhomme" of Mo with incidental music by Strauss, a was in this form we first heard it in don, a few months after its premiè Stuttgart, which took place in Oct 1912.

Owing to the very great difficulti production, the piece needing a dc cast, one of actors and one of singer say nothing of the problems involve regard to the size of the usual audi ums), the dramatist and composer fi decided to dismember the somewhat wieldy opera-drama. In fact, the le apropos of all this are not the leas teresting in the Strauss-von Hofma thal correspondence recently publish

In the new version, the Vienna rangement, first produced here in tober, 1916, the Molière play is enti discarded. Instead of which there prologue (pretty much as in the orig production except for the addition of music) preceding the opera pro which serves to explain the complicat which result in such a curious perfc ance as that which follows.

When the curtain rises on the logue (in reality, the first act of the tertainment), we see the great hall Viennese palace belonging to one of *nouveaux riches* of that period—ei eenth century. Servants are busy get ready an improvised "set" for the op which is to be given shortly in that v place. The composer of the opera, prima donna, the tenor, and the m bers of the Italian troupe are all over place, in various stages of make-up deshabille, when the major-domo nounces to all the dire fact that the pieces, the opera and *commedia d arte*, are to be given on the same st at the same time. The ensuing scene confusion worse confounded, the rage the high and mighty opera singers the hilarious and unholy joy of the I ian comedians, all creates a most am ing and unusual diversion, totally diff ent from anything else on the opera stage.

Briefly, the story of the little roque" opera is as follows: Ariadne been deserted by Theseus and left on island, presumably in the Ægean Arc

(*Please turn to continuation, page 518*

The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

"The Wheel of Chance"

VE'VE all become fairly well accustomed to seeing Richard Barthelmess as Richard lmess; so much so, indeed, that f us were genuinely and agreeably ed by his accomplishment in "The of Chance." A double rôle falls in this picture—a rôle which calls ing of a high order, and Mr. Barss walks away with it.

story, which is by Fannie Hurst, erned with the fortunes of a Russmily. "Another Russian picture!" xclaim, getting all ready to turn to the advertising pages.

In this picture the family leaves in an early reel, and comes to ca, thus giving the audience a well- break, for once. One of the two sons of the house is spirited away he hearthside, under circumstances we shall not divulge, and grows up Red, a rowdy, and a rough-neck. hulka," they call him, and he's a bird from the hide outward. Inf course, he is just a good-hearted ho never had a chance.

ile this sorry stray is reaching ood under the tutelage of a en foster-mother, his brother is enjoying the advantages of this ed land of ours in the company of arents. So ungrudgingly do his and mother lavish education and y new suits upon him that he lands as assistant district attorney and narried to Lina Basqueth.

hmulka in the meanwhile has taken vith that notoriously abandoned cter, Margaret Livingston (who, it appens, has provided the ground- for an incident in the earlier caof Schmulka's own brother, Nicky). hen Schmulka catches her in the act vo-timing him with another gentle- he quite unintentionally kills her. ives himself up, and is brought to by his own brother, the assistant ict attorney, and faces from the ner's dock his own mother and r, who have no suspicion of his ity. The outcome is interesting, al, and admirably restrained.

the part of Schmulka Richard helmess employs an ingenious makend contributes a study of the par- ar type he portrays which deserves

to rank with the great characterizations of the screen. His performance "gets you"—and that's the highest praise we know.

"The Racket"

ADD another fine crook picture if you still have room on your list. "The Racket" has a grand cast and was adapted for the screen by the author of the stage play similarly titled, which tickled Broadway last season.

Bartlett Cormack is this author's name, and he was evidently allowed to have his own way with his own play—something unusual for Hollywood. He has been helped in making the jump from foots to Kleigs by the directorial ability of Lewis Milestone and by the expert titling of Tom Miranda, too. But another Tom is perhaps more responsible than any of them for the success which may definitely be predicted for this picture. Not since "Back Home and Broke" has Thomas Meighan had such a chance as is given him here. The weary, humorous, inflexible Captain McQuigg is a part right up Tom Meighan's street, and you must see him play it, whether you saw John Cromwell do it on the stage or whether you didn't.

Louis Wolheim's conception of Nick Scarsi is, we thought, less distinguished than was Edward G. Robinson's, but it's very, very good. Marie Prevost has the relatively small part of Helen, the hard-boiled hostess, and it grows under her expert touch into a thing of deadly accuracy. To name all the other excellent performances would be to mention the entire cast, but it wouldn't be right to omit some reference to Skeets Gallagher as Miller.

We thought the beginning of the picture a little short on invention. We've seen so many beer-truck fights—such an infinite number of rival gangs facing one another across night club dance floors; but when they got going on the main theme and lighted up the scenes a little more, everything was so satisfactory that we were sorry when it was over. It may be a long time before we shall get to see another movie without love interest, without hamness, and without hokum.

"The Actress"

NORMA SHEARER, Ralph Forbes, O. P. Heggie, Roy D'Arcy, Lee Moran, and, last but not least, the accomplished Owen Moore; this is the cast which has been assembled to bring "Trelawney of the Wells" to the screen.

They have called it "The Actress," but that is the only change of note to be observed. The good old play suffers nothing in the picturization, so skillfully do these players perform—so well has Sidney Franklin handled his megaphone. The gratifying qualities of "The Actress" could easily have been lost with less intelligent acting, because, really, "Trelawney of the Wells" has reached an age where an all-star cast is essential to its success—either on the screen or on the stage.

Mr. Heggie gets just a tiny bit enthusiastic at times over the possibilities of his part, but perhaps we're an ultra-modern at heart.

"The Lights of New York"

THIS, the first one hundred per cent all-talking picture, is enjoying considerable success. We sincerely hope its vogue will not abate, because we wish the Warner Brothers well in their business. We feel, however that the function of this department is to advise our clients whether to go to certain pictures, or whether it would be better to turn in early for once or shoot a little contract bridge. In the case of "The Lion and the Mouse" we urged attendance. Our suggestion regarding "The Lights of New York" is that you wait for the next one.

Ivory Apes and Peacocks

By W. R. BROOKS

A NEW service for telephone subscribers has been started in New York which will undoubtedly spread to other cities. Both your own number and the number of the Telephone Message Bureau are listed after your name in the book. If your own number does not answer, the person who wants to talk to you can call the Bureau and leave the message. When you get home, you call up the Bureau and get any messages left for you. Or you can leave a message with the Bureau to be given to any person who calls. You can get these messages until midnight; after that hour they are mailed out to you so you will get them the next morning.

This service has been established only a few weeks in New York, but it has been in operation in London for some time. And the cost is not very high—a dollar a month and five cents for each message. For business as well as social calls it should be extremely valuable.

IT was a good many years ago that we last felt any interest in collapsible boats. A schoolmate of ours, carefully following instructions in the "American Boys' Handy Book," or some other similar intelligence trap, had built one out of lath and canvas and whatever else there was lying around the barn. We couldn't collapse it after it was built, but we thought that, anyway, we could go out in it. So we took it down to the canal and got in it and pushed out from shore, and immediately the boat, true to its name, collapsed. We pulled it out and laid it on the shore and dried our clothes, and went home and started to build a prairie schooner. It wasn't the fault of the book, we felt. After all, the book said the boat was collapsible, and this boat simply happened to be collapsible in water and not on land.

Just the same, we haven't felt any great confidence in collapsible boats since that time. Until the other day, when we saw in Von Lengerke & Detmold's a folding boat made of wood which we really think we'd be willing to trust ourself to. This boat is 10 feet 2 inches long and 3 feet 6 inches wide. It rolls up in a bundle 12 by 14 by 60 inches, and weighs less than 100 pounds. It is of mahogany, and the joints are of heavy waterproof canvas. You take it out of the bundle, unroll it, turn a crank handle, tighten two thumb-screws, snap four hooks in place—all of which takes less than two minutes—and you are ready to go. It can be carried on the running-board of a car. You can throw it in the water and assemble it there if you want to, or have to, for, being of wood, it won't sink, and, since the entire boat including seats and oarlocks is in one piece, there is nothing to get lost. And it will stand rough treatment, which is more than can be said of other folding boats we have seen.

THE Sportball, which we saw at the same store, is a ball of tough heavy rubber such as inner tubes are made of. We didn't measure them, but they come in two sizes, the larger of which we should say was about two feet in diameter. You inflate the ball, and it is excellent for all sorts of water and beach games, and will stand all sorts of rough usage. You can sit on it and jump on it. The makers suggest a number of exercises that can be gone through with the ball, for reducing as well as for strengthening the muscles. One of the sit on it and bounce up and down call this indoor horseback-ridin were curious to know how you st this spherical horse while bounci we didn't try it, as it was a v day. But we were assured that deal of skill could be developed exercise.

There were also a number o rubber animals for use in the v frogs and ducks big enough to r and a sort of water hobby-hor should be very amusing.

ANOTHER thing that was new was a six-foot tape of fin which winds up in a container two in diameter. The tape is rust flexible enough to tie into knots, the same time stiff enough to rem rigid as a yardstick in measurin thing above and beyond your reac should think any architect or en would crave one of these. It will into corners or around pipes as ea a cloth tape-measure.

WE were subjected to some criticism a few months bac making frequent mention in this d ment of new cocktail shakers. But is a reason for it. For the past few the ingenuity of the American man turer has been largely expended o varieties of this necessary household cessory. We, in our effort to repo you such new things as come o market, can scarcely omit mention field in which progress has been r For we doubt if even the airplane been developed and improved more idly than the cocktail shaker. Ai we offer no apologies. We report things; if you debase them to evil that's your lookout. And so—we seen a new cocktail set which co of shaker, lemon-squeezer, ice-cru and a nest of cups, all folded up packed in a leather case a little l than an ordinary tumbler.

And two items for the smoker. Baby Smokidor—or maybe it's Sm dor, we don't know how they spell which won't tip over and has two ch bers, one above and one below. cigarette dropped into it goes down the lower chamber and goes out wit smoldering.

And the Rumidor Humidor. Th a humidor for cigars or tobacco wi cake of solidified rum—no, you can't it—in the top which keeps the tob moist and at the same time adds t flavor.

Nearly Every Prospect Pleases

By
THOMAS H. GAMMACK

RECENT exciting seesawings in the security and credit markets have been receiving so much attion that professional diagnosticians ve not emphasized sufficiently the spects for fundamental business, the nufacture and sale of goods. Few of m have pointed out the interesting l decidedly pleasing fact that the last months of this year hold out a reaable promise of being the most prosrous since the war.

Prospects are only prospects, and are metimes grossly misleading. Because the many unpredictable factors, busiss forecasts must rank well below ather bulletins in the scale of reliaity. Some prophets, however, are bet- than others, and those who have ade the best records in recent years are ost optimistic for the last half of 1928. While they were passing along the st six months did not seem particularly osperous, but reviews prove that they mpared very favorably with the same riod of 1927, one of the best halfears of our history. The output of eel set a new record for all time; autoobile production, despite Henry Ford's nexpectedly small contribution, was ell ahead of that of 1925 and 1927 and ot far behind that of 1926, the indusy's best year; and new construction ntracted for in the thirty-seven States ast of the Rocky Mountains during the rst five months was, according to the sually trustworthy figures of the F. W. Dodge Corporation, the largest ever.

Probably the most unfavorable showng was that of the railroads, whose car oadings were consistently below those of 927. Even this comparison is not too liscouraging, however. Trucks carried great deal of merchandise that in other ears would have traveled by rail, and, while it is true that the weekly totals of oadings were nearly always below those or the corresponding weeks of the previous year, the net decline for the six months was only about seven per cent.

Some of the spokesmen for the agricultural communities complained vociferously of their hardships, but the large sales reported by the mail-order houses, whose clientele is preponderantly rural, and the prosperity of the farm-implement companies indicate that they did not do so badly.

The farmer's income during the coming months, of course, will affect the demand for merchandise. The size and value of the leading crops constitute two of the hardest fields for prophecy, since they will be affected so tremendously by meteorological conditions. According to the best-informed opinions, however, both the cotton and wheat yields should be well above the average and should, considering their size, bring pretty good prices. The most heartening feature of the outlook for cotton producers is the smallness of the carry-over from last year, which means that, even at present fairly high prices, this year's output should be pretty well taken. The wheat crop looked none too encouraging two months ago, but the picture has been growing brighter steadily. From the American point of view, the almost certain shortage in Russia and the strong possibility of shortages elsewhere in Europe will be helpful.

The purchasing power of the rest of the country seems to be strong enough. Unemployment has not been a serious problem for several weeks, and twenty-six chain stores report that their sales for June were nineteen per cent larger than in 1927. Manufacturing and merchandising companies are also in a good position to buy. Generally speaking, their inventories are small and their cash holdings large.

Although it is not necessarily true that industry will follow the same trend which it has followed for the last two or three months, the fact that those months have been a period of increasing activity is certainly a ground for optimism. Business begets business.

The recent trend is most evident in the case of the three key industries. Although the actual output of steel has been declining since the spring, the letdown has not been as sharp as usual. The industry during the current month, for instance, as the surprising increase in unfilled orders reported by the Steel Corporation indicates, should show a greater improvement over the corresponding period in 1927 than last March, which broke all records for a single month. The automobile reports tell much the same story. The normal summer slump has been much milder than even the most optimistic expected. Most of the experts estimated that, even with a much larger Ford output, production would be well below what it is. Figures on construction are always late, but unofficial reports state that this industry, which flourishes in the summer, is doing about as well in comparison with last year as the steel and automobile companies. Certainly several industries are less well off than these three and almost none are doing better, but, with few exceptions, they are all on the up-grade.

One of the most astonishing of the pleasing features of the business situation is the continued demand abroad for American products. Any economist can prove that our position as a debtor country demands that we should import more than we export; but we don't. Merchandise exports, the Department of Commerce reports, were $221,000,000 larger in the first five months of this year than they were between January and May of 1927. Official figures for June are not available as this is written, but they undoubtedly will show that the so-called favorable trade balance grew still larger. Judging by the order books of a few important corporations, moreover, exports should continue to increase.

The two most unfavorable factors are the high cost of borrowing and the narrowness of profit margins. The expense of credit is infinitely less important to commerce and industry than it is to the security markets, but it is not a negligible influence. Certainly there is less inducement to semi-speculative and speculative construction, to take an important example, when the price of loans mounts and such an authority as Colonel Ayres, of the Cleveland Trust Company, thinks that higher money rates might hamper the installment sales of automobiles. At the present time the Federal Reserve authorities are doing their utmost to bring down money rates eventually by making them temporarily so high that the stock market will release a substantial volume of credit. Business will undoubtedly benefit if the Federal Reserve authorities succeed—and they probably will.

Profit margins should widen as business improves, but, with our large productive capacity, competition will still be rigorous enough to keep them uncomfortably small. Facing this fact, it is comforting to remember that the business outlook is never unclouded and very seldom as bright as it is today.

Hero of Eighteen Pussy-Cats

A Tale for Children

By HARRIET EAGER DAVIS[1]

Illustrated by Luxor Price

Young Thomas laying his plans with Grandma

THOUGH the Crowells are old Cape Codites and New Englanders of 1639, their family stories do not deal with those stern old historic days, but with the skyscrapers and elevators and paraphernalia of modern Manhattan, seen through the twinkle of Dad's masculine humor. Only an apartment dweller can appreciate the tragedies and triumphs of this, his daughter's favorite tale.

Hero of Eighteen Pussy-Cats

As remembered by Virginia Crowell

ONCE upon a time there were eighteen pussy-cats, and they lived in an eighteen-story apartment-house, one pussy-cat to a floor—only one didn't count, for he was the landlord, a stingy old fellow, who wouldn't even put an elevator in his house. Up, up, up, climbed the apartment-house till it nearly touched the sky, and up, up, up, climbed seventeen mewing, meowing, complaining pussy-cats. But the landlord, who lived on the ground floor and had no stairs to climb, just stroked his whiskers and smiled.

Now at the very tip-top lived dear old Grandma Tabby, who had snow-white whiskers, and her legs had grown so feeble from climbing all those stairs all those years that now she never went out except once a day to market. And on the floor below lived young Thomas-Cat, a mischievous young sport with gray-striped trousers. And under that lived his sweetheart, Mary Jane.

So one day, to show off to Mary Jane, Thomas-Cat dropped a banana peel on the stairs outside his apartment and waited to see what would happen. He didn't know that old Granny was just coming from market with a basket of eggs, and just as she reached the next-to-the-top landing her paw slipped on the banana peel, and down she went, slip, slip, slop, down, down, down, all the seventeen flights. Splash! flew her eggs in every direction. And from every door on every landing a pussy-cat stuck a surprised, bewhiskered face, and on every nose flew a dash of raw eggs.

So when the landlord heard a bump on his landing and stuck his head through his door downstairs, seventeen pussy-cats on seventeen different floors were howling in seventeen different tunes: "We want an elevator!"

This made the stingy landlord so mad he hurried inside, slamming the door on his own tail. Then the seventeen pussy-cats held a meeting on the roof, and everybody said: "Thomas-Cat, you are young and clever, what shall we do?"

"Um-m!" said Tommy, twirling his whiskers. "Grandma Tabby must invite the landlord to lunch tomorrow—and do just as I say."

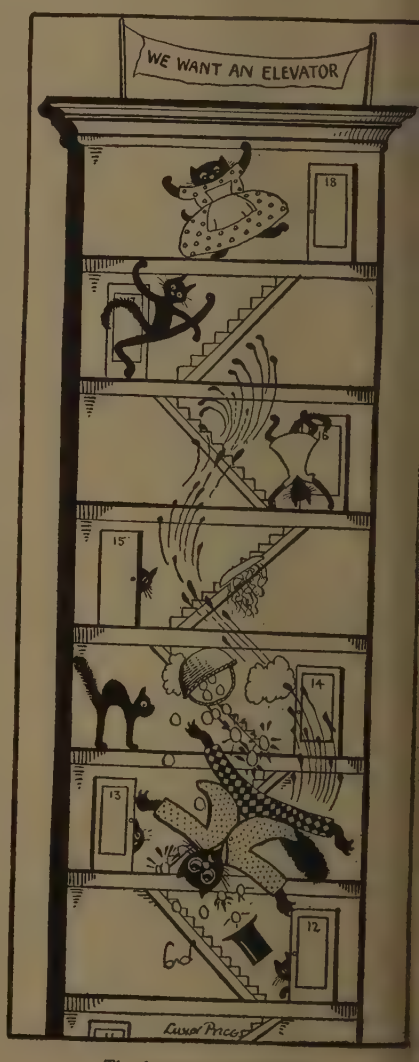
So after he and Grandma had whispered together a while, she climbed all the way down the seventeen flights again and gave her invitation. The landlord accepted with pleasure, for he thought everybody had forgotten about the elevator, and besides he would save his lunch money next day.

That night eighteen pussy-cats went to bed smiling with satisfaction; only one was the landlord, and he didn't know what was in store for him.

Next day dear Grandma Tabby called for the landlord on her way home from market, and climbed sweetly ahead, her paws full of a bottle of milk and a plate of cooked spaghetti from the delicatessen. Behind her climbed the owner, a bit winded, but in fine spirits. He didn't see Thomas-Cat grinning in the shadows on the-next-to-the-top landing, and if Grandma Tabby saw, she s nothing.

Bang! The landlord-cat slipped something, and down he went. Spla Grandma let fly the food, and do rolled owner, banana peel, milk, a spaghetti in a whirling, twirling ma The faster he slid, the more tangled got, and at every landing a bewhisker face stuck out its nose, grinned, a popped hastily back.

Bump, bump, bump, bumpitty bum Sixteen times the fellow bumped, un he landed wrong side up before his ov front door. And pell-mell, rough a



The descent of the landlord

[1] The stories in this department are the favorite tales of various families which have been handed down to each succeeding younger generation. The Outlook will be glad to receive and to pay for any such stories which our readers remember from their own childhood and which are found available. They should be told as simply as possible in the language one would use in talking to a child. We should also be glad of suggestions from older and younger readers as to well-known people whom they would be especially interested to have Mrs. Davis interview for stories remembered from childhood.

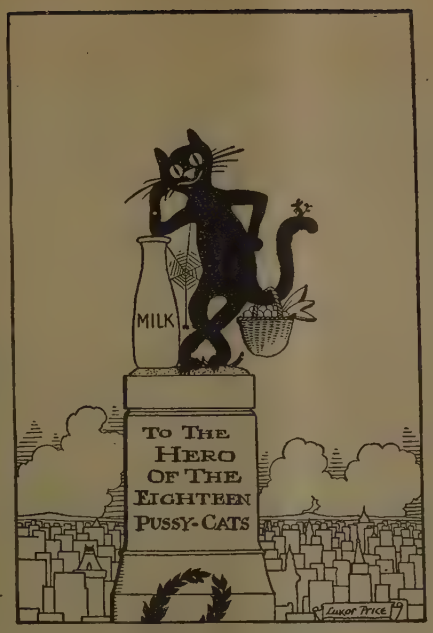
, down flew all the seventeen
cats, screeching and mewing and
ng: "We want an elevator!"
he owner knew he was beaten, and
ry next day the elevator workmen
It took them a whole year, but
y the elevator was finished Mary
nd Thomas-Cat were married in-
nd though Grandma Tabby, who
he bride away, caught her tail in
orkings, and Mary Jane got sea-
nd mischievous Thomas-Cat kept
ger on the bell all the time the
er was speaking, still everybody
it was a grand contraption. And
day on the roof of that eighteen-
apartment-house you will find a
of a Tom-Cat, a banana peel, and
et of eggs, with this elevated in-
on beneath: "To the Hero of the
en Pussy-Cats.'"

The Edgar Allan Poe Tradition

(*Continued from page 499*)

in nearly all detective stories; in-
this is a type of writing in which
e efforts of three generations and
. S. Van Dine have added little or
ng to the formula discovered by
His influence can also be traced in
tales of almost every description,
here are, in fact, many authorities
believe that the modern short story,
e strict sense of the term, was one
s inventions. He did not invent
rn poetry, but it owes him a con-
able debt. Reading his poems, one
ves certain metrical patterns, cer-
types of refrain, certain uses of ad-
es and adverbs which did not occur
y poems before his day, and which
cur in a great many of the poems
en since then. Indeed, his poetic
s have had the unusual fate of ex-
ng what might be called a recipro-
nfluence on different nations; they
affected certain French writers like
delaire, who affected English poets
Swinburne and Dowson, who in turn
ted some of the more recent French
, who are now affecting Americans
Spaniards. The least one can say
at Poe is part of the traditions of
ern literature in half a dozen coun-

nally, in listing the tangible proofs
is importance, we can mention his
ginative power; it is another of the
ents on which his enemies and his
irers are able to agree. He suc-
ed in reaching a difficult and desira-
goal toward which many writers have



The statue to a Tom-Cat

struggled and at which only a very few have arrived. He succeeded, that is, in combining old elements so as to form a new world complete in itself, an imaginative world stamped with his own personality, a region out of space and out of time where the House of Usher crumbles eternally behind a stagnant moat, where Arthur Gordon Pym drifts southward to the Pole, where ravens tap in the night against a lattice, and where Eleonora gathers the everlasting flowers that carpet the Valley of the Many-colored Grass.

Queer People

(*Continued from page 495*)

the least excited about it. At the beginning of the campaign General Apathy has the largest army that he has ever mustered in America. So far as I can see, the South outside of the police limits of Houston got not a single thrill out of having a National Convention within its borders or out of getting one of its sons on the tail of a National ticket.

Nobody can understand that, of course. When the National Democracy graciously gave the South a Vice-Presidential nomination, the South ought to be many times more enthusiastic for Democracy than it was in the good old days when it got no recognition whatever. But it is not. It is the South. And probably, when November arouses the old loyalties and the old revulsions, the South will vote pretty much as it always has voted. But it is interesting to see the South in a unique political mood, even if it is only preliminary.

Boliando Avestruces

(*Continued from page 503*)

in them. It seems that the Argentines have come to realize that Americans mix a little football with their polo. And this time that American football as well as the rather severe American polo will be met. Not that any man on either side contemplates hard or illegal riding—rather that the riding off will not always go to the American advantage.

There is no doubt that the men from South America are deadly determined to win. In years past, says Jack Nelson, "we have never had a chance at anything except the American Open Championship. That is a great honor, to be sure, but we want the top of the world in polo. It would be a far-sighted policy for the United States, which has the best fields, the greatest reservoir of players, to open the championship to the world. Some day when you put up a trophy emblematic of the championship of the world you will face dangerously good teams—from Spain, from India, from France, anywhere that polo is being developed on fast grounds as a game of pace. Polo will never be any better than the field on which it is played. And your international field at Meadow Brook is the best field on which I have ever played. This time we are not asking as much of our horses as we used to do. We will not go officially into action until September, when we shall try to win the greatest prize we can think of at present. Other scores in the way of preparation will mean less than nothing. We are glad to visit around and play anywhere, but mere winning, until September, is to us unimportant."

I had almost forgotten one other little advantage possessed by the men from Buenos Aires. They call out their team directions in action in Spanish. So the spectator should be prepared on the field for such howls as *"Al hombre"* (Take your man), and *"Seega,"* the best translation of which is "Let's go." There is a constant running fire of Spanish of the mellow and colloquial order.

Polo has been called the game of "dust and bad language," and it is not to be supposed that the Argentines are any the less equipped with the latter than Mike Stevenson, for instance. They admit it. "Oh, yes," said Nelson, "we'll say a few things that are untranslatable, but you'll not mind, because nobody can tell you what they mean."

It will be well to look out for the grown-up ostrich hunters. They mean business this time.

Speaking of Books

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

Don Quixote from Nebraska

"Bryan, the Great Commoner," by J. C. Long. D. Appleton & Co.

This is an excellent and sympathetic biography. By sympathetic we do not mean partisan. J. C. Long is certainly no Fundamentalist, and probably neither a bimetallist nor in any way a political or social brother of Bryan. He appears simply as a man of understanding.

If the psychological fiction and popularized psychology of the last decade or so has done nothing else for the common man, it has at least opened his eyes to the possibility of honest variety of temperament and outlook among his fellows. We have seen the man who fifteen years ago refused to credit the sincerity of those who disagreed with him in religion, taste, or public conscience begin to change his attitude and accept the fact that, although he hates Bach, another man as simple may honestly love it; although he scorns the Episcopalian liturgy, another man as pious may find it uplifting; although he believes that woman's place is in the world of competition, another man as forward-looking may believe that it is in the home; although he is an imperialist, another man as true may believe in immediate independence for the Philippines. Whether this growth of tolerance carries with it any promise of progress or not is a moot question. Certainly it makes for humanity and gracious living. And it has made such biographies as Long's not only possible, but expected. Bryan was a menace or a savior to his fellows according to their lights. To cynics of any time he would be a figure of fun. But to the understanding, and Long falls into that category, he is a striking, dauntless, touching figure—the sort of man doomed by his own temperament to die of a broken heart. Long calls him a mixture of St. George and Don Quixote. To us he seems the noble, silly Spanish knight all through. Anybody's windmill may be another man's giant. When you have accepted that fact, you have taken a stride toward the only philosophy of life which can carry you through with your head unturned by praise and your heart unsoured by gibes. Although to understand him we must make such an acceptance, Bryan himself could not do it, and so he died, like Don Quixote, supported only by those who loved but could not understand him.

Long's biography is simply written and clear. The reader is thrown a little off the track at first by what seems to be an attempt at "Mercurizing" in some of the things included in the panorama of events and personalities of Bryan's time. For a moment one thinks that another tedious jokester is at work. But after that there is nothing in the book to annoy the most sober reader, and plenty to entertain the most frivolous. The data is accurate and amply elaborated. story is well rounded; home life, career, and character are set out in esting manner and sufficient detail, plenty of quotations and illustra from the contemporary press. The of writing augurs nothing conside for Long as a literary figure, bu seems to have no concern with that sets out to tell a curious and intere story, and he succeeds.

Long says of Bryan that he was artist in politics, in the bravura ma the manner of his times." He was Herbert Asquith spoke of him to bassador Page as "a peculiar produ your country." He was, rather, a p liarly American product. Demago are to be found everywhere, but B could have been produced nowhere in the American 'nineties. He sh survive in the memory of the social torian as indeed the Great Commo because he was the ideal of the pe whose cause he espoused. He was est and homely. He wore sleeve gar He orated. He was a great church- and a generous friend. He was a lightful talker and handsome in heavy way still popular in Western fi and which was in his day so well li by the ladies that one stanch gold De crat hostess of his Congressional d thought him the most charming mar Washington. (This is not in Lo biography.) He knew his Bible; the speech and writing of our day the losers by the general loss of s knowledge. He had the common t —execrable, if you like—in mann amusements, and dress. He was product of his time, and if his end rather pathetic than tragic it is beca he survived his time so completely.

All this J. C. Long makes plain. does not attempt psychography. limits himself to a careful, non-specu tive statement of Bryan's physical ba ground and allows the reader to do own pondering on heredity, environme and behavior. He sets down fully a without comment the events of his her life, and leaves it to the reader to d cover fundamental causes and possi effects. His only suggestion as to int pretation lies in his directing of the rea

THIS list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by the following book-shops each week:

New York—Brentano's;
Rochester—Scrantoms Inc.;
Cleveland—Korner & Wood;
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort, & Barney;
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Company;
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company;
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.;
Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company;
Kansas City—Emery Bird Thayer;
Atlanta—Miller's Book Store;
Los Angeles—Bullock's;
Chicago—Marshall Field & Co.;
Cincinnati—Stewart Kidd.

Fiction

"Swan Song," by John Galsworthy. Charles Scribner's Sons. Read either as the last book of the "Forsyte Saga" or as an independent story, this masterly novel should please all readers. To be reviewed next week.

"The Bridge of San Luis Rey," by Thornton Wilder. Albert & Charles Boni. Those who have not yet read this beautifully written story have a delight in store.

"Brook Evans," by Susan Glaspell. The F. A. Stokes Company. Reviewed in this issue.

"The Age of Reason," by Philip Gibbs. Doubleday, Doran & Co. Reviewed in this issue.

"The Cavalier of Tennessee," by Meredith Nicholson. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. This is the life of Andrew Jackson, perhaps the most romantic figure in American history, in fiction form. It is excellent reading for high school students as well as for adults. To be reviewed next week.

Non-Fiction

"The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism," by Bernard Shaw. Brentano's. Almost every one will agree with G. B. S. this time; and any one with the patience to read his long book through will find it marked by his usual wit and wide interests. Reviewed July 4.

"Disraeli," by André Maurois, translated by Hamish Miles. D. Appleton & Co. You will enjoy this charming and vivid biography. Reviewed February 22.

"Jesus, the Son of Man," by Emil Ludwig. Boni & Liveright. Reviewed in this issue.

"Sunset Gun," by Dorothy Parker. Boni & Liveright. This delightful light verse is good summer reading. Reviewed June 6.

"The Rise of the House of Rothschild," by Egon Cæsar Conti. The Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. An interesting and valuable book which all readers of biography will enjoy. See issue of June 6.

attention toward
an as a romantic
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as may not have
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an appreciation of
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dolph Hearst. Per-
s in that question-
virgin he saw the
cinea of his dreams.

African ritual dance

Illustration by Miguel Covarrubias from "Adventures of an African Slaver"

Black Cargo

entures of an African Slaver," by Captain Canot. A. & C. Boni.

A hundred years ago
re were not only
n-runners but slave-
ners. The trade in
ican slaves was by
t time prohibited by
the Great Powers, but it was too
fitable to be relinquished, and it
rished as bootlegging now does—a
gerous, exciting, but certain way,
ess Government inspectors, pirates,
ican fever, or the winds of the Atlan-
got him, for a man to make a fortune.
e picturesque quality of the dangers
ch the slave smuggler ran and the
ddering horror of the merchandise in
ch he dealt have endowed him, to
minds, with a kind of romantic
ulishness. But Captain Canot seems
have thought of himself tranquilly as
retty slick fellow and not a bad friend
he Africans. Dangers undergone are
ntiful in his story, but the horrors of
"middle passage" are mostly lacking.
haps that is because this is "A True
count of the Life of Captain Theodore
not, Trader in Gold, Ivory and Slaves
the Coast of Guinea; His Own Story
Told in the Year 1854 to Brantz
ayer."

Canot was a Franco-Italian, American
adoption. Beginning his life as
oin-boy under an American captain,
became by force a pirate and then by
oice a slave-trader. At the end of his
id career he was picked up on the
arves of Baltimore, a penniless out-
st, begging rum and odd jobs, and put
o the hands of Mayer, a local journal-
, to whom he turned over his diaries
and papers and to whom he told his story. This story, edited here by Malcolm Cowley and brilliantly illustrated by Covarrubias, is fascinating. To the collaboration Canot contributed adventures, background, characters, and humor; Mayer, who was a typical middle-nineteenth-century literary hack, a style which Malcolm Cowley describes in his foreword as "turgid, bombastic, sometimes ungrammatical, generally euphuistic," yet a "translucent medium through which shine the wild adventures and wilder character of Theodore Canot—that soldier of fortune, brave, treacherous, and obliging, honest only in his rages, who went seeking danger and fortune in the African trade." Mayer's style heightens not a little the effect of the book, which is that of a picaresque novel. It is full of fights, escapes, schemes, and sly tricks which display to great advantage the superior courage, ability, and wits of the hero. There are laughs and nudges in the midst of bloodshed on its pages, and pirate banquets and evenings in the airless harems of African chiefs in the midst of tabulations of profit and loss. Such cant as there is in the book can be attributed to the journalist, Mayer. Canot himself seems to have gone about his ugly business with a cheerful lack of conscience and a stout heart. He got through a variety of incredible adventures always with considerable credit, moral and financial, to himself. And his story, as told here, makes fine reading, especially for those who may look for excitement only in books. They will find surprise, amusement, and exhilaration in reading of the deeds of Captain Canot, without suffering the disturbance of any wish to go and do likewise.

Intimations from the Brook

"Brook Evans," by Susan Glaspell. The F. A. Stokes Company.

The brook of Susan Glaspell's novel is the stream of life. Her story begins in life and ends in it, having passed through death. Or it begins in tragedy and ends in acceptance, but it has taken forty years and three generations to relate the first to the last. In the story of the generations of man the parent pays to his child the debt of love which he owes to his parent. Any other payment is vain. But that story has no end. If it is compressed into a novel, there remains, when the covers close, a child with an uncanceled debt. That is why such a book as "Brook Evans" must leave the reader with a sense of suspension, as though the end were not the end at all.

This novel has the technical fault of breaking into two parts. In the first, the

story is that of Naomi, Brook's mother, with Brook as a secondary interest; and this is brought to a tragic but poetically just and satisfying close. The story of Brook, which follows it, is the story of a woman seeking in middle life to justify her will to live by convincing herself that by living she gives to her mother, dead, the fulfillment which she did not give her alive. Whether or not Susan Glaspell intended to convey to her readers the sense of the inevitable frustration to follow such a course, she did, in turning Brook toward such justification, show a penetrating comprehension of the development of the character which she has given to Brook, which is one of the most masterly strokes in a book remarkable for the fullness and vitality of its characterizations. The theme of the book is, indeed, in contradiction to any self-justification theory. On the first pages Naomi waits beside the stream for her lover, and on the last her grandson waits by the same stream, listening to its intimations of life, and waiting for what it is to bring him. The will to live needs no justification. It needs acceptance, and in the end it is not the child who pays through his children, it is life which pays through life. The story of Brook Evans, without being in the least sensational, is highly dramatic and dependent frequently for its dramatic effect upon surprise. Susan Glaspell, the accomplished playwright, shows there. So that it seems to us that by telling the story we should take a little away from the pleasure of the first reading of it. The book, though, is not in the least dependent upon surprise or any other device for its interest and worth. It is a wise and moving story, full of rich understanding and a deep appreciation of beauty. It is without humor and without irony. It is typically the work of a woman novelist; but a woman mature, familiar with love and pain, too rich to be bitter, too sad to be small. Her work is full of truth and ripe wisdom, a book which youth will read and enjoy without understanding, but which to maturity is like the touch and sight, in the midst of a storm of young violences, of a compassionate and valiant friend. So personal, in fact, is the impression of this book that, easy and rewarding to read, it is difficult to review. If you are distressed by the break in interest, you may not find the story satisfactory. But if there is in it that which touches you personally—and the mature person whom it does not touch must have led a singularly smooth and painless life—you will agree with us that "Brook Evans" emerges from the mass of contemporary novels with the mark of truth upon its pages.

Our Own Theatre List

(*See page 505*)

"Coquette," Maxine Elliott.—Comedy, tragedy; youth in a small Southern town; Helen Hayes and excellent cast; first choice for tears and humor.

"Trial of Mary Dugan," Sam H. Harris.—Mystery, murder, melodrama; circumstantial evidence turned inside out before your eye, convincingly acted; you won't move.

"The Silent House," Shubert.—Humor and melodrama; impossible, hair-raising, yet extraordinarily amusing.

"Strange Interlude," John Golden.—A psychological novel put upon the stage; a new kind of drama; Tom Powers and Lynn Fontanne in O'Neill's finest.

"The Happy Husband," Empire.—Billie Burke in a gently amusing drawing-room comedy.

"Porgy," Republic.—Folk-play; Negro life along Charleston water-front; real Negroes; a gorgeous thing, if simply for its pastel colors and primitive music.

"The Royal Family," Selwyn.—Comedy; home hubbub of a family of famous theatrical stars; fairly well acted; so funny that it sometimes isn't real enough to be as good as it should be.

"Show Boat," Ziegfeld.—A gorgeous spectacle: romance, emotion, exquisite settings, and music.

"A Connecticut Yankee," Vanderbilt.—Good lyrics and music; not much Mark Twain.

"Rain or Shine," George M. Cohan.—Joe Cook in the show you mustn't miss.

"Present Arms," Lew Fields.—A very entertaining summer musical show.

The Movies

(*See page 507*)

"Abie's Irish Rose."—Just like the play. It's a system.

"Across to Singapore."—Ramon Novarro and Ernest Torrence pulling nautical rough stuff.

"The Big City."—Lon Chaney using his regular face.

"The Big Noise."—Chester Conklin and some pretty biting satire.

"Burning Daylight."—Won't set fire to anything.

"The Chaser."—Harry Langdon scores a miss.

"Chicago."—Just like the play—this is praise.

"The Circus."—If you don't like Chaplin, you're the funny one.

"The Crowd."—A sad story, beautifully directed.

"Dawn."—The soul-stirring drama of Edith Cavell.

"Doomsday."—Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear!

"Dressed to Kill."—The ace of the crook plays.

"The Drag Net."—Don't ask us why you'll like it—go and see it.

"Drums of Love."—Pomp, pathos, and Lionel Barrymore.

"The End of St. Petersburg."—Startlingly fine Russian production.

"Fazil."—Charles Farrell and Greta Nissen in something terribly phony.

"Four Sons."—It's a fine film, but too long.

"Fools for Luck."—Chester Conklin and W. C. Fields—but the verdict is "No."

"The Gaucho."—No one is perfect—not even Douglas Fairbanks.

"Glorious Betsy."—The second talking movie. Still not good enough.

"Hangman's House."—Swell photography, good direction, and good acting.

"How to Handle Women."—It doesn't tell you how, or anything.

"The Jazz Singer."—Al Jolson sings, and that's all.

"Kentucky Courage."—A successor to "Tol'able David," with Richard Barthelmess.

"Ladies of the Mob."—Clara Bow gets a chance to act in this one.

"The Last Command."—The great Jannings. See it.

"The Last Moment."—Good photography, but little else.

"The Legion of the Condemned."—The so-called sequel to "Wings."

"The Lion and the Mouse."—Lionel Barrymore talks—making this picture worth going to.

"Love."—Greta Garbo and John Gilbert. Recommended.

"A Night of Mystery."—Adolphe Menjou—just fair.

"The Man Who Laughs."—An impressive, entertaining picture.

"Mother Machree."—A nice, mushy Irish-American drama.

"The News Parade."—The cameraman and his adventures. Pleasant enough.

"Partners in Crime."—Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton in a darned good comedy.

"The Patsy."—King Vidor directs Marion Davies, to the credit of neither.

"Ramona."—Scenically beautiful, but pretty syrupy.

"Red Hair."—Clara Bow in her big disrobing act.

"The Secret Hour."—Pola Negri in a good picture.

"Shooting Stars."—Don't bother.

"Skyscraper."—Thoroughly enjoyable.

"The Smart Set."—William Haines at his worst.

"Steamboat Bill, Jr."—Buster Keaton in a really funny one.

"The Strange Case of Captain Ramper."—Out of the ordinary.

"Tempest."—John Barrymore comes into his own. Cheers!

"Tenderloin."—The first (and worst) talking movie.

"Three Sinners."—Pola Negri in a bad picture.

"The Trail of '98."—The grandest scenes now on view.

"The Triumph of The Rat."—Ivor Novello and Isabel Jeans in a British effort.

"Two Lovers."—Last of the Colman-Bankys. Interesting.

"We Americans."—Mediocre melting-pot stuff.

Ludwig Fails

By AMOS N. WILDER

"The Son of Man: The Story of Jesus," by Ludwig. Boni & Liveright.

"The Poet of Galilee," by William Ellery Le The Viking Press.

Turn the pages of this new biogr by Ludwig and try to fix on the rea for its unconvincingness. Hugh Wa tells us that it is received in Eng "with howls of derision," and a damns it laconically by saying that late is well drawn." Yet here i acknowledged master of biography. parently the method of "Napoleon" "Bismarck" shows its weaknesses in test. The setting of the life, indee brilliantly given us here. A "Preli gives us a graphic picture of Jerusa with its diverse elements. Before u on a screen, pass the Romans and various Jewish parties. The passio and conflicting faiths and ideas of time are set in contrast. We see aged and morose Tiberias at Capri. see the Pharisees of the holy and unl city execrating the Roman and Alex drian Jews, come home with their Gr ideas and customs. We see the "dag men" and zealots of Galilee, the Sa cees, Essenes, Hillel, Herod, and feverish expectation of the times t seemed of themselves to call forth a liverer.

Into this setting Ludwig proposes place the life of Jesus in its natural a human course, freed of the miracul and disentangled from later theology. meritorious project. He would give the living and struggling Jesus, dawning experience, groping, choices— short, the heart that beats there. A meritorious. But he has not given anything in the least adequate. aside all the theology you want, there still a personality there greater than t vacillating, deluded figure. The auth stresses the contrast between the Ga lean ministry—which he pictures w much of pastoral charm—and the closi months, when he would have us belie that Jesus' better judgment was confus by the sense of a royal mission. In th latter stage Ludwig attributes to him various episodes pique, "an arroga ecstasy," "vengeful thoughts;" and t sorrows of the Last Supper and Get semane are largely personal disappoin ment.

If it takes a poet to understand a po and a saint to interpret a saint, ho dangerous it is to undertake the bio raphy of the Nazarene? It is the o story of the masterpiece judging th critic. Papini, Barton, Ludwig, expo themselves rashly in trying to do th portrait. In them not only the autho but the age is exposed. We are rank

ficial, and these books are so. Lud- whole treatment partakes of the rical. It is all for the eye, nothing ne heart. It is a highly colored film. ly as a matter of style, this contin- use of the historical present tense s fatiguing. The book is beautifully n up, with fifteen illustrations after brandt, but the meaning of Jesus' r as it moves towards its world- ering climax is travestied.

dwig, the popular biographer, with ye for the dramatic and colorful, this in the life of Jesus, and this

On the other hand, Leonard, him- he poet, sees in Jesus the poet, the the genius who speaks of the final ies. It is a very penetrating and ng study of the qualities of Jesus' ght. From the point of view of the els as literature, this is an invalua- ext-book. The book is twenty years resurrected in protest against Bar-

The Leonard of today sadly gh disavows the hero-worshiping ard of that time, however.

is partly the unsolved questions of larship that lie at the bottom of wig's difficulties. But it is even a lack of comprehension. It is one to give a lifelike picture of a saint ero. Delteil has done it for his ne d'Arc, who, he insists, is "eight- years old"-and who comes to life in onderful way. Even there Delteil es the saint. So Ludwig misses the st. He is profoundly unaware of human and divine issues which supreme to Jesus. A thousand s from now the greatest changes the d will show, perhaps, will not be e pictured by our scientific Utopias. y will be, rather, a finer sense of hu- ity in the world and a deeper sense livine operation in life. Man's mood be more solemn and elevated, and will have a new intelligence of the scendent. When that time comes, dimensions and proportions of the of Jesus will be sufficiently sensed to ify a biography.

History, After a Fashion

By J. DANA TASKER

k Kelso," by Edgar Lee Masters. D. Apple- ton & Co.

While his publishers still capitalize t ancient rare moment when Edgar Masters achieved rank among his temporaries, the poet himself does hing to nourish the infant fame. ce the first "Spoon River Anthology" has made no significant contribution the cause of modern poetry. "Jack lso," his latest work, is no exception. Wandering episodically through a gal- y of names, people, and places, this amatic poem eventually gets nowhere. As an attempt, through the cross-sections of Jack Kelso's life, to show the virile aspects of the rise of American civiliza- tion, the poem is hopelessly ineffective. For that matter, Mr. Masters in daringly trying to draw the whole pageant of national history from the days of the farmer Lincoln of 1831 to the present sets himself a task that very nearly defies achievement. The factual statements concerning the turbulence of the times seem to stand in place of atmosphere adequate to depict accurately the flux of the country as it has moved from pioneer, through merchant, to industrial age.

The whole poem gives the impression of an after-idea creation; an imaginative scheme to tie together a few pieces of fine lyricism and mold them into some- thing of epic dimensions. There are noticeably good passages, and they are inherently lyric. In the tiresome whole poem they lose identity; if judged apart from the entire "Jack Kelso," they have the charm of direct simplicity which distinguishes Mr. Masters's best work. Only these rarities in the book are commendable.

Probably the greatest flaw in the at- tempted conception of Mr. Masters as a dramatic poet lies in his inability to ad- just the temper of his conversational tones to the different characters that he creates. Each in turn speaks only the language of Masters; Lincoln does, and Douglas and Kit Carson and all the rest. None has a personal way of talk- ing, and they consequently parade the stage like so many similarly masked fig- ures. The voices of the women in the story vary a trifle, but the difference is one purely of sex, not at all of individ- uals. They are made to betray slightly more sensitive natures, and seem to echo an unexploited idealism of the poet's.

Especially apparent in the pure me- chanics of the drama are the studied speeches of the uneducated Indians and the insertion of references to volumes of Shakespeare and Plato where the au- thor's intention is the characterization of a natural dreamer, not of a scholar. The different stage directions are seldom conceived in the same style; while one may have a poetic impulse, the next falls flat.

"Jack Kelso" gives unmistakable evi- dence of being the work of a poet. But a series of episodes, giving an indistinct picture written around an unconvincing central figure, and done in monotonous verse, cannot be termed a successful venture in dramatic poetry. Until Mr. Masters can command again a frame of mind, original and poignant as his ear- lier one, his fame will remain surely unnourished.

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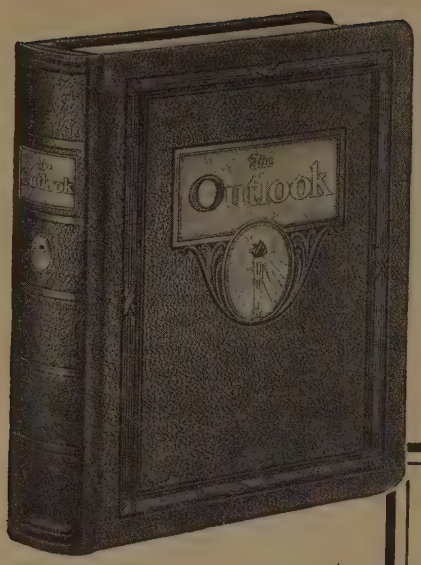

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ked at Random

By WALTER R. BROOKS

ilip Gibbs's
Age of Reason
bleday, Doran

We wonder—is this really a new novel or was it written twenty years ago? igures addressing frightful platito one another. The diction is of ineties. The persiflage is of lead, you know of something heavier. heme—well, the fate of all authors oad the dice in their own favor has ken Mr. Gibbs. He convinces us e opposite of what he intends to Here is Margaret, an orthodox rian girl, marrying Hesketh, a widscientist, who has two grown chil- These two have been brought up eir father to take their proper place Age of Reason, which he believes supersede the Age of Faith. Viola around in the garden without any s, and Cyril has a scientific bent is shown by his using such words osaur and behaviorism in his jokes. aret, however, still clings to the of her father, the Canon. The ren shock her; when Hesketh reates his father by doing his own ovement of Steinach's operation on ld gentleman, her faith is shaken. brother kills himself. Still she s. Other things happen too, and are many arguments. And then, g that the scientist is getting the of it—as he naturally would, since aret really didn't have a very good l—Mr. Gibbs takes the loaded dice of his pocket and makes the fatal w. Margaret has a supernatural n. And Hesketh gives in. But the er doesn't. He says: "Take an honpair of dice, Mr. Gibbs; roll 'em n, and see what you get."

al Christopher Wren's
Beau Ideal
Stokes

Otis Vanbrugh loved Isobel Rivers, but, alas! Isobel did not love Otis. She loved n Geste, who with his two brothers joined the Foreign Legion in a forbook by the same author, and who last been heard of as a convict in Penal Battalions of the Legion. So heroic and self-sacrificing Otis—rybody in the book is just simply too allingly heroic and self-sacrificing—s out to Africa, joins the Legion, and s himself railroaded into Biribi, the vict depot of the Penal Battalions, in er to find John and bring him back Isobel. And, sure enough, he finds n, and then the adventures come thick l fast, what with the demonic Selim, beautiful Arab dancing girl known the Angel of Death, the two Ameris who have pulled a little Lawrence in Arabia act and made themselves the head of a confederation of Arab tribes, and various other dauntless characters. John is one of those strong, silent men that we have always wanted to write a novel about, because you don't have to think up things for them to say. In moments of stress they just blush and stammer, and the reader is supposed to know that they're full of noble thoughts but just can't get them out. Otis is a strong, silent man too, but when he tells the story his silence gets lost somewhere, with the result that he is unbearably prolix and takes 400 pages for what could well have been told in less than half that. His adventures are exciting and well told, but drowned in words. And the picture of the Legion, while correct in detail, is incredibly romantic. We don't quite believe that it is made up almost entirely of gallant cultured gentlemen and desperately fearless criminals, heroes all. Not an atom of reality in this book, but the action, what there is of it, is exciting.

Virgil Markham's
Death in the Dusk
Knopf

Strange things had been happening in Highglen House when Alfred Bannerlee arrived so informally. And still stranger ones happened in the next few days—so strange that we think perhaps they don't belong to this story at all: the mysterious murders, the disappearance of Sir Brooke, the phantom of the wicked Parson Lolly, the madness of Maryvale. The incidents are piled up with such a lavish and undiscriminating hand that the effect actually is of a group of schoolboys playing pranks with pumpkins and candles and sheets. And this is a pity, because Mr. Markham can really envelop his supernatural occurrences in an atmosphere of mystery and horror. He can write eerily, which is a gift that shouldn't be wasted on Hallowe'en tricks.

Frederic F. Van de Water's
Hurrying Feet
Appleton

Jack Scarlett joined the New York State Troopers when his grandfather, old Debrett, disowned him. And then he was called in to help solve the mystery of his grandfather's disappearance, in which a Balkan Minister of Finance, a Russian doctor, and a sinister hunchbacked chemist were involved. Pretty soon grandfather turned up again, but a couple of murders kept the Troopers on the job, though nobody seemed to want them very much. But Jack got his man, in spite of grandpa's sneers and the hostility of the lovely Sylvia, and all ended happily. A good yarn for hot summer reading, since it's not overstuffed with unnecessary padding.

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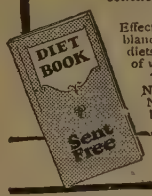

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At the Vienna Staatsoper

(*Continued from page 506*)

pelago. She is alone save for three "figures of nature"—Najade (Naide), Dryade, and Echo. She bewails her lot. On bounce the Italian comedians, who try to cheer her up. She is disgusted at their flippant intrusion into her woes and retires to her cave, while Zerbinetta, Harlequin, and the others proceed to make merry.

A ship is seen; Ariadne, thinking it is the dark messenger from the realms of Pluto, makes ready to go with him willingly. Instead of which, it is the great god Bacchus himself, who consoles her and changes all her grief into a new and radiant joy of living.

The music which accompanies the prologue or *bufa* section, is altogether delightful, with its arias, ariettas, and recitatives expertly handled by the composer, who here employs fragments and motives from the opera proper, which follows.

The opera itself is one of the most delicate and charming things Strauss has ever written. To any one hearing it now for the first time it doesn't perhaps sound very modern, but then one must remember that, first of all, it is a "baroque" opera; and, secondly, that it was written two years before the "Sacre du Printemps" burst upon an astonished public and created a musical epoch.

The delightful trio at the beginning sung by Najade, Dryade, and Echo, the big opening air of Ariadne, and the brilliant bravura piece sung by Zerbinetta are gems unique in opera. The approach of Bacchus and the ensuing duet with Ariadne, which brings the opera to a close, are in the composer's finest vein of lyric beauty. Instead of an orchestra of Gargantuan proportions such as Strauss usually employs, we here find a band of thirty-five soloists, but, as a piano and an organ are included, there is no effect of thinness even when done in as large an auditorium as that of the Staatsoper here.

The entire cast was excellent, Fräulein Schwarz as Ariadne and Frau Gerhart as Zerbinetta carrying off the honors of the evening, while in the prologue Frau Angerer was more than good as the young man whose opera is so cruelly and amusingly mutilated. Elisabeth Schumann, well known to Metropolitan audiences, was Najade and sang the florid music allotted to that character exquisitely. Harlequin was well acted and sung by Herr Duhan, and the part of Bacchus was done by Hendrik Appels, of the Munich National Theatre, appearing as guest artist. The latter acted well and quite looked the part of the exuberant god of life, but the less said of his singing, the better.

The opera was conducted by Mr. Strauss himself, who once more demonstrated the fact that his musical genius, great as it is when it comes to composition, most decidedly does not extend to his conducting. The mise-en-scène was extremely effective and very beautiful, while the stage management and costuming upheld the high traditions of this opera house in such matters.

Youth and Love

(*Continued from page 496*)

What we need, obviously, is an All-University Necking Parlor, a sort of Temple of Venus or Garden of Astaroth, in which the amatory arts could be cultivated under æsthetic influence. . . .

Since, therefore, the Palace of Amarosity would offer an innocent mode of sublimating the sexual impulse, since it would develop the student's artistic nature, since it would offer an attractive mode of approach to great music, great art, and great literature, since it would give a harmless and efficient introduction into the connubial mysteries, and since it would win the hearty indorsement of Plato—we hereby institute a campaign to Make the University Safe for Necking.

HOWEVER flippant and even vulgar all this may sound to ears unaccustomed to the intonations of the jazz age, it cannot be gainsaid that here is frank speaking and sound sense. It serves also as an example of the way the younger generation employ humor as a weapon both of offense and of defense. Forced to endure from their elders a great deal of what is known as "bunk" in the form of solemn preachment and propaganda which they can neither receive nor outwardly reject, young people take refuge in ridicule. This makes them appear more irreverent and insensitive than they really are. "Laugh that off" is the catchword of their subconscious code of action; they would appear at all costs to live gayly and gallantly, and, like an acrobat, perform each difficult and dangerous feat smiling.

But, best of all, these young people are able to laugh at themselves, for to do this it is necessary to have transcended one's self, because things are humorous only to him who can look *down* upon them. Man is the only laughing animal because he is more than animal. This cultivation of the comic spirit by the youn eration has a significance, t which should not be overlooke uses of the comic spirit consist i ing the world to understand wha as Meredith says, it is the spe the poison of delusion, it is the " civilizer."

That humor is an important in the psychological make-up of youth is proved by the fact that veying through the mediumship ing pictures, Sunday supplement umns," and comic strips has atta amazing and quite unprecedented tude, eminent comedians, parag and caricaturists receiving cap industry incomes and their name household words. While a vast this output is mere silliness of t stick and seltzer-bottle variety Adams, Briggs, McCutcheon, Do quis, Will Rogers, and a host of represent much that is finest, wise in our Americanism, quite aside fr motley in which their thoughts dressed. And does not the figure the genius of Charlie Chaplin has stand in some sort of symbolic r to the young people of today? A his sensitivenesses, his loneline dreams, his hopes, and his despa rude, distorted images of theirs?

Putting aside all prejudice, it se me that our ultimate conclusion matter must be that, though the l these young men and maidens n incoherent, inconsequent, a ga blind-man's buff, their humor crude, acrid, and their nearest ap to beauty orgiastic dancing to the of jazz, love, humor, and beau none the less the loadstones whi tract them, even though they make them bright jewels of their

And how could it be otherwise? youth is a period of seeking, not o ing, crammed with promise, but p in disturbance, because the waters sacred fount are muddied by anxie norance, fear, and apprehension, th cipitate of time having had little c to operate. As blind eyes year light, they are seeking love and jo beauty; if this sometimes assume form of a too great preoccupation sex, jazz, and bootleggers' gin, it only mean that they have wandere are still "hell-bent for heaven." thus seeking, however blindly, A lost heritage, they are serving a r god than the god of bargains. O they are obscurely aware, and it reason why starvation, coercion, cism, and ridicule are powerless to them from their quest.

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ASSOCIATE EDITORS
Malcolm Waters Davis Dixon Merritt Harold T. Pulsifer
Frances Lamont Robbins Parkhurst Whitney

William L. Ettinger, Jr., Advertising Manager

William A. Grevers, Circulation Manager

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From Publisher—To You

WE print in this issue an article which we found worth more to us in the sudden lassitude of the "Dog Days" than all the political arguments with which the air has been rent these many months. We don't mean Mr. Stefansson's able paper on the Arctic disaster—although the combination of experience and common sense in his piece (added to pictures of real ice and lots of it) seemed excellent to us. We mean Mr. Wainwright Evans's article on his hobby: keeping bees.

SO far as personal happiness is concerned, we are willing to wager, after reading it, that one real hobby like this is of more value to a man than all the legislation proposed in the last ten years. Here is life, wonder, excitement, the pride of achievement, and an added interest in existence. How many of us are able to scoff at such valuable things?

A MAN we know recently took up piano-playing as a hobby, although he is far past the age when professional achievement can be expected. Another spends his off days—and some of his nights—observing and photographing insect and reptile life in Connecticut; while still another friend, a woman this time, has recently gone in for amateur painting, and is off to Spain during her vacation for a short summer of study and work.

NOT all of us can go to Spain, of course. Neither can many of us collect pictures, or buy Wayside Inns or scour the countryside for fine old furniture to sandpaper and finish on the back porch. We lack the money or the time. But there are literally hundreds of hobbies which are inexpensive and yet satisfy our imaginations and provide new and wonderful windows opening on landscapes never before suspected.

SEVERAL writers have recently told us about their pet amateur diversions, and in the near future we expect to print a number of articles describing them. Meanwhile, can the readers of The Outlook add to the sum total of gayety by telling us about theirs? We don't mean golf. We mean making chairs or constructing amateur telescopes—yes, we have a piece about that—or, well, what is yours?

Francis Rufus Bellamy

THE DAY'S THIRST

Mezzotint by R. C. Peter, R.E.

The Outlook

August 1, 1928

The World This Week

In Mexico

ALVARO OBREGON was the uncontested candidate in the campaign just ended in Mexico for election as President. One man with a gun defeated him.

While the President-elect was sitting at a luncheon in his honor at a fashionable restaurant in San Angel, on July 17, an unknown cartoonist at one of the tables was amusing the guests around him with caricatures of the prominent men there. Later, hat and sketch-book in hand, he approached the head table. Explaining himself to Aaron Saenz, Governor of Nueva Leon, seated with Obregon, he asked leave to show his drawings to the guest of honor and to draw his portrait. Obregon turned to the artist—and with a gun hidden in the hat by the sketch-book the man shot him. Before any one could interfere, Obregon collapsed, face forward, on the table with five bullets in his breast. He died shortly afterward, in the famous gray automobile in which last November he escaped a bomb attempt on his life.

His death threw political affairs in Mexico into the utmost confusion. President Calles is ineligible, according to the Constitution, to election for another consecutive term. Saenz, formerly Minister of Foreign Affairs and a follower of Obregon, is also debarred as Governor of a State. Many expedients to meet the emergency have been discussed. Among them, the one most likely of adoption has appeared to be that the new Congress, meeting either in special session in August or in regular session in September, would appoint Calles—if he agrees—as Provisional President for two years more. There is no Vice-President to take office; and Mexican jurists have contended that the rule in the Constitution against two successive terms does not prohibit the appointment of a Chief Executive as Provisional President to carry on affairs in such a crisis.

Motives and Suspects

OBREGON'S assassin, who gave the false name of "Juan Escapulario," was found to be José de Leon Toral. He was reported to have been a close friend of a priest who was one of four men executed by the police in connection with the bomb attempt of last November on Obregon's life. Further, he was said to have admitted a religious motive in his act; and the Government and police authorities claimed to have further evidence implicating the clerical party in the crime. They announced that the murderer would be placed on public trial.

At the same time, prominent adherents of Obregon laid the blame at the door of Luis Morones, Secretary of Commerce and Labor and chief of the radical Mexican Labor Party.

Obregon had been guaranteed a great reinforcement of his powers as Chief Executive. In addition to a constitutional amendment putting the appointment of judges in his hands, the States had ratified two other important changes in the basic law. One of them cut down the number of Deputies in Congress from 300 to 150—obviously an easier number to manage. The other established Federal commissions, to be named by the President, in place of elected mayors and boards of aldermen in Mexico City and other municipalities in the Federal District around the capital. This was a blow at the power of Morones, whose party was able to control these administrations. He has since resigned the post of Minister of Industry in the Calles Cabinet. Morones had been almost an autonomous authority by reason of his own influence, and his policies had been responsible for much of the trouble between the Mexican Government and foreign interests in Mexico.

Campaign Ammunition

MODESTY is not going to be a characteristic of political money-raisers this summer and next fall. No limit has been placed by either of the two great parties on the size of its campaign fund or the amount of any one individual subscription. It looks very much as if this Presidential campaign were going to cost more than any in the past. Consequently, talk about limiting the amount any contributor can give to either party fund and about keeping down the size of the party funds themselves has subsided. With the appointment of Mr. Raskob, of General Motors, as Democratic money-raiser, the Democratic treasury promises to be well supplied, and the Republican treasury will surely not be under the management of laggards.

Instead of talk about campaign economy, statements now appear explaining why this campaign is to be comparatively expensive. More States this year than usual are fighting-ground. Radio has come in as a new source of expense for campaigners. There seems to be more need than ever to reach the voters by the printed word. The electorate has been enlarged by woman suffrage, and with it the cost of sending circulars, forming organizations, and so on. For thirty years or more Republican funds have been larger than Democratic; now it appears possible that the Democratic fund may approach, if not exceed, the Republican fund. For the Presidential campaign alone it is estimated that at

least $8,000,000 will be expended. Compared with the population, this is not large. It means less than seven cents per person.

This figure does not take into account the money that will be spent by the Anti-Saloon League, the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment, and allied organizations. A conservative estimate places the total at $10,000,000.

The safeguard against corrupt contributions and expenditures is not to be any limitation on size, but rather publicity. Both parties will make reports during the campaign, and there will be two committees of Congress—one of the Senate, the other of the House—on watch.

Mr. Hoover's Trip West

An obviously tired man when he left Washington, Herbert Hoover was much refreshed by his visit at the "Summer White House" at Brule, Wisconsin, with President Coolidge. He had been busy finishing what remained to be done before he left the Department of Commerce, which he had transformed by his seven years as Secretary. The severance of personal ties there was not easy for him. With the President he fished a stream he had fished years before, though not in that exclusive part of it. He received, it is said, the President's approval of the draft of his speech of acceptance, to be delivered on August 11. Then he went on to his home in California.

With him was Mrs. Hoover. The death of her father, Charles D. Henry, before their arrival changed the plans for an official welcome. Instead there were services in the chapel of Stanford University, when the body of Mr. Henry was laid to rest.

On the way to California Mr. Hoover was met by various politicians of the States through which he passed and, of course, received assurances of success—at least such were the reports for publication. At the same time a farmers' meeting was passing resolutions favoring the Democratic platform as the better promise for agriculture. Most of the more prominent Republican leaders of the so-called "Farm Revolt," however, appear to be content with what they expect from Mr. Hoover. Among those on the Hoover band-wagon is the "Progressive Republican" Senator of Iowa, Brookhart.

Meantime, to succeed Dr. Work (now Mr. Hoover's campaign manager) as Secretary of the Interior President Coolidge has appointed Roy O. West, of Illinois. Known to President Coolidge through his activities as Secretary of the Republican National Committee during the Coolidge campaign of 1924, as well as during the succeeding four years, Mr. West reaches his new post through what is known as a "personal appointment." Mr. West is a graduate of De Pauw University and is a lawyer of Chicago. At the beginning of last week it was not yet known who would be Mr. Hoover's successor as Secretary of Commerce.

Smith's Next Move

There is an obscure plank in the Democratic platform which promises shortly to be neither obscure nor unimportant. It is the plank committing the party to reorganization of Government departments and to elimination of duplication, waste, and overlapping.

This pledge, it is said, was inserted at Governor Smith's request. Now word comes out of Albany that it will figure prominently in his speech of acceptance and, in fact, throughout his campaign. The promise is supported by the nature of Smith's recent conferences, notably with Representative Joseph W. Burns, ranking Democratic member of the House Committee on Appropriations.

What the candidate proposes to do, it seems apparent, is to apply to National administration the simplified practice which he has been instrumental in putting into effect in his State; that is, he will simply be carrying on his old campaign for consolidation of bureaus, elimination of divided authority and overlapping functions.

It will be a bold move to suggest that Coolidge economy might be more economical; but no bolder than the declaration for modification of the Volstead Act, no more audacious than the selection of a wet, a Catholic, and a big business man as Democratic National Chairman.

A Bishop's "Politics"

The editor of "The Journal," Atlanta, Georgia, newspaper, published a letter which newspapers in other sections were glad to print as news. It was a communication from Bishop Warren A. Candler, senior bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. With citations of precedent, he defined his attitude, and what he believed should be the attitude of his denomination, to National politics.

"I see no reason," he wrote, "to dissent from the position of my Church on the subject of personal and party politics, as that position has been proclaimed authoritatively by its leaders from the beginning of its history as a Christian body."

He quoted from a pastoral address of Southern bishops in the troubled days of 1865:

"'Know your high calling. Preach Christ and him crucified. Do not preach politics. You have no commission to preach politics. The divinity of the Church is never more strikingly displayed than when it holds on its even straightforward way in the midst of worldly commotions.'"

He quoted Bishop Enoch M. Marvin who said in an article dealing with the duty and the destiny of the Church:

"'She will excite the suspicion and hatred of none by allying herself with an adverse party upon issues that arouse the passions of the hour, but lie outside of her proper sphere. . . . She will abjure both the riches and the power which might reward a lewd and bewitching coquetry with some successful party in the State. She will be known, and loved, and hated as the chaste spouse of Christ. . . . This is the destiny of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, a destiny that she cannot alienate.'"

He cited the pastoral message of the bishops at the General Conference in 1894.

"It is not amiss to repeat what has often been declared—that our Church is strictly a religious and in no wise a political body. Our sole business is to preach and serve the kingdom of God.

"'There are many questions, economical, social, and in part ethical, of burning interest in this day, which our pulpit and churches may be tempted to substitute for the simple Gospel. Men claiming to be advanced thinkers and wide-awake philanthropists may sneer at us as unpractical dreamers and devotees of shadows and abstractions, because we give ourselves wholly to things spiritual and eternal. But Christ is the rock, and only those who build on him build safely.'"

"From this established and Scriptural position of my Church," said Bishop Candler, "I feel no disposition to dissent or depart. . . . Offering no criticism of others, I propose to abide unfalteringly by this principle, discharging conscientiously my duties as a citizen and fulfilling with fidelity my commission as a minister of Jesus Christ. On that I stand. I cannot do otherwise."

This was published on the eve of the anti-Smith gathering at Asheville, North Carolina, fostered by Bishop James Can-

Underwood & Underwood

BEFORE GENERAL OBREGON'S ASSASSINATION

Thousands of Mexican peasants arriving in freight cars to witness General Obregon's triumphant entry after his election as President

non, Jr., of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and on the same day that the Baptist ministers of Louisville decided to support Hoover.

The Slater Case

It sounds incredible that it should be possible in Great Britain for a prisoner to be convicted of murder, sentenced to death, reprieved, imprisoned for eighteen years, and then declared by five judges unanimously to have been completely innocent of the crime. Yet this is the case of Oscar Slater, just reversed on appeal at Edinburgh; and he is to be paid compensation to the extent of $100,000.

For years there has been great doubt of Slater's guilt. An old lady of Glasgow, called Miss Gilchrist, with a taste for jewels, kept one maid, called Helen Lambie. In order to buy an evening paper, Lambie leaves the old lady in her flat, behind two locked doors. After a quarter of an hour, Lambie returns, finds the doors still locked, but the old lady inside has been brutally murdered by blows on the head. A man walks out of the flat past Lambie, who makes no attempt to stop him. The inference is obvious. Either Lambie had left the man in the flat, alone with Miss Gilchrist, or Miss Gilchrist must have let the man into the flat. In either event, the man must have been known to one or both of the women. The fact that he searched Miss Gilchrist's room for papers and left her jewels untouched suggests that he was interested in her new will. There were relatives so interested.

A man, Oscar Slater, is found pawning a brooch and about to sail for the United States. Although it is proved at once that the brooch had been in his possession for months and that for many weeks he had been preparing, without concealment of the fact, to sail to New York, he is arrested on landing and extradited. His counsel, Hugh Gordon Miller, in New York urged him to appeal. Slater replied that he preferred to trust his reputation to British justice and went to Scotland, in effect, of his own free will. He was an entire stranger to Miss Gilchrist and Lambie. He had no interest in Miss Gilchrist's papers. He had no keys or other means of entering Miss Gilchrist's flat. And he had an almost water-tight alibi. Yet, on grounds of alleged immoral character, he was brought in guilty of the murder, after a prosecuting speech and a summing up by the judge only to be described as railroading. The prisoner's life was only saved by a widely signed petition, and, in due course, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, with others, took up the case.

Some years ago a police officer disclosed the fact that, according to his inquiries, Lambie had been to a neighbor immediately after the murder and named the murderer. Asked to give evidence on the appeal, Lambie, now resident in the United States, refused to cross the Atlantic, and it was stated that there were no means of compelling her to do so. The police officer who thus gave information was disgraced, and died of it. His record had been excellent. Last year Parliament, moved by this case alone, set up a Court of Criminal Appeal in Scotland, with retrospective powers. Slater's counsel in New York, Mr. Miller and Mr. Goodheart, of Baltimore, attended this court at their own expense, and evidence was given by others of the utterly unsatisfactory identification of the prisoner on this side.

Rum Row and Finger Prints

The destruction of Rum Row off the Atlantic coast is confidently announced by Dr. James H. Doran, Commissioner of Prohibition. A vigilant Coast Guard is given credit for the victory.

Dr. Doran supports his claim with some statistics. In 1927, he says, more than 14,000,000 gallons of liquor were shipped from foreign ports, presumably destined for these here and there dry States. During the present fiscal year the quantity so shipped dropped to about 5,000,000 gallons.

Further, he declares the intention of the Treasury Department to regulate the supply as well as the demand for industrial alcohol; this for the purpose of drying up the leaks to that branch of the bootlegging industry which "cooks" out the impurities, adds water and flavoring, and labels the result "Gordon Gin," "Johnny Walker"—or name your brand.

This will be brought about, it is proposed, by basing production for 1929 on the amount used for legitimate industrial purposes during the past fiscal year. The total for next year, therefore, will be about 185,000,000 gallons.

"There is now a good balance between supply and demand and no surplus of industrial alcohol to contend with," Dr. Doran says. "This means that there is virtually no alcohol left over for the illegitimate trade, that the consumers of this commodity have an adequate supply, and that the manufacturers are able to produce at a satisfactory profit."

All this is, or should be, encouraging to the advocates of a bone-dry America; somehow, we are reminded of the late Bert Savoy and his: "You don't know the half of it, dearie, you don't know the half of it."

Rum Row is a ghost that has been laid for, lo! these many moons. The anchored fleet, with loaded decks and prices chalked on the hulls, is history. The rum-runners increase their wiles as the Coast Guard increase their vigilance. Rum ships head straight to port these days. Some are caught, but still they come.

Dr. Doran does not mention the liquor smuggled from Canada and Mexico; nor does he acknowledge the great increase in this country in the manufacture of synthetic whiskies and other liquors. The order regulating the production of industrial alcohol is, of course, aimed at the latter industry and may, conceivably, cripple it; but rum-ring exposés have shown that permits issued to "legitimate consumers" often turn up in illegitimate quarters; so much so that bona-fide users have complained of their inability to obtain an adequate supply.

Additional news from prohibition headquarters calls for the finger-printing of all violators, provided they are caught, and for the wearing of blue caps and Federal shields by dry agents patrolling public roads. The finger-print order, previously in force in cases of felony, is now extended to include misdemeanors. The aim is to enable prosecutors to visit heavier punishment on offenders whose finger prints show that they have criminal records.

The uniform order is intended to check the unwarranted shooting of innocent motorists, hitherto unable to distinguish between revenue officers and road agents.

Turn About

NOBLESSE oblige, apparently, is the latest form of golfing manners. It was not so long ago that Johnny Farrell took the National Open crown from Tommy Armour; in the Metropolitan Open it was Armour's turn to take the champion into camp. The type of play was sufficient indication that there was no collusion about it, since Armour's performance at Shackamaxon in tying Macdonald Smith's record of 278, made in 1924, was a flawless exhibition. So much for the figures. Armour's personality is a colorful one. One is soon engrossed in the crispness of his faultless irons, and it is a long time before one realizes that the apparently methodical Scot is really taking long chances. A cheerful personality, but sometimes a grim one, as becomes the man with a great record in the tank corps of Lord Byng of Vimy Ridge. There was a time when Tommy was just a bit careless. He has outgrown

From the North-China Herald, Shanghai

No smoke barrage desired

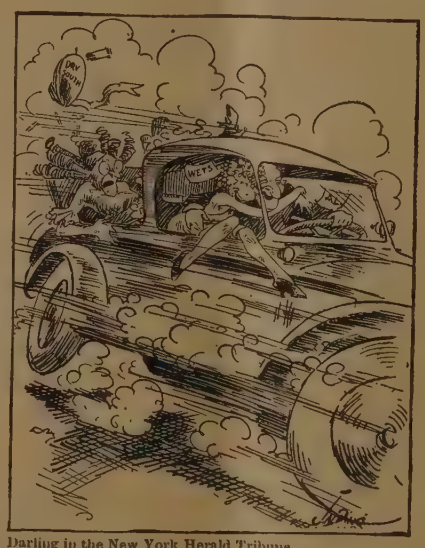
that, however. There was an excellent gallery on hand, for with two such stylists in action there was a chance for the average golfer to pick up points. There is practically nothing to choose just now between Farrell and Armour, and Walter Hagen will have to bestir himself to keep up with the pace they are hitting.

Television Comes Along

THE television "toy" of the scientist has just graduated into the practical class; it has at last got out of doors. Heretofore the best that television could show was the mere head and shoulders of some speaking, grinning person sitting under artificial illumination and always, of course, indoors. Obviously, television could never amount to much until it enabled us to see at a distance just such things as we would all ask to see—Al Smith making a campaign speech, for example; or Tunney battering Dempsey in the prize ring; a horse race; a track meet; the President playing a trout.

At the vast laboratories of the Bell Telephone System in New York Dr Herbert Ives and Dr. Frank Gray have been busy many months perfecting the apparatus which enabled two men playing tennis the other day on the roof to be watched in a darkened room several stories below, on a screen about the size of a playing-card. Every move was clearly visible, the performance differing in practically no essential except area of the screen from that of a moving-picture show, and the performance might almost as easily have taken place across a continent.

The essence of the new advance is this: Heretofore the photoelectric cell, whose peculiar function it is to cause an electric current to flow when light strikes it, and which is the very heart of the television apparatus, was not sensitive enough to react strongly to ordinary daylight; an intense beam of concentrated arc light had therefore to be thrown on the person whose motions were to be transmitted, or "televised." What Drs. Ives and Gray have done is to make a much more sensitive transformer of light into electricity. A few more advances like this, and we may all go to the movies to see real people act, instead of "canned" or photographic representations of them.



Darling in the New York Herald Tribune
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There are sounds of grumbling from the rumble seat

Man the Exterminator

THE heath-hen has gone the way of the carrier pigeon. In 1920 there were 600 heath-hens on earth. A year or two ago bird lovers broadcast final appeals to save these interesting birds, which were then confined in range to the island of Martha's Vineyard, off the Massachusetts coast, and in numbers reduced to a mere shrinking handful. Now we are told that it is too late, for there are only three heath-hens on the island, and these are all males.

It took the heath-hen millions of years to evolve, and it has taken man just four hundred years to cut off its career. From the point of view of man, this has no particular significance, except that it demonstrates that intellect triumphs over lack of intellect; but there may be a detached Omniscience which sees no particular virtue in what we call intellect and regards human civilization as a rather peculiar, rather pathological development if not a perversion of one of the animals. This is supposed to be the "Age of Mammals," a term which, while true, conceals a larger truth; for the age of mammals culminated millions of years ago in the Miocene epoch of the geologist, and one of the remaining mammals is now clipping off the career of the rest

with startling rapidity, when periods of millions of years are involved in the purview.

What this age is, when numbers and variety form the criterion, is the age of insects. Insects exhibit nothing like intellect; that which guides bees and ants, for example, being something quite different in kind. It is not at all inconceivable that man, who exterminates carrier pigeons, dodoes, heath-hens, and his fellow-mammals, will be only a fossil memory a million years hence, when bees and ants are obeying instinctively the same blind forces which guide them now.

A University City

THE gift of $2,000,000 and the promise of liberal annuities for three years by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., to the University City in Paris calls attention to the remarkable growth of this unique and socially delightful plan. Already several nations, including the United States, have erected or are erecting houses in which their nationals may be lodged. Mr. Rockefeller's gift is to provide a central meeting-place or "international house," a sort of "commons" for the students of all nations. The countries already represented by "national houses" include England, Poland, Belgium, Brazil, Holland, Czechoslovakia, and others.

For centuries there have been rough-and-ready organizations of foreign students in Paris, and the interrelations of the separate groups have not been by any means always amicable. A writer in the New York "Times" shows that rivalries and antipathies "engendered a thousand quarrels." A choice collection of epithets, such as "drunkards," "brutal and stupid," "charlatans and boasters," "bloody and effeminate," are on record as having been bandied about by the "nationals" of mediæval days. Now the group idea is not one of race rivalry and lively street fighting, but of amity, mutual comfort, and common effort in learning and art.

Another Illusion Goes

FEW people are aware of the fact that the camel evolved, as did the horse, in the New World, and is only an invader of the Old World—though, singularly enough, after spreading to the Old World both animals became extinct in the New. Science has long held that these animals and many others which we would find difficulty in framing congruously within a New World picture have been off the American stage a long time—say something in the neighborhood of half a million years. New evidence to the contrary has just come to light in the form of a camel's skull to which there was attached a bit of dried and unfossilized muscle, found in Fillmore, Utah, by two high school boys and studied by Professor Alfred S. Romer, of the University of Chicago. Obviously, this camel, which is seen to be a form found in the porous tar pools of La Brea, near Hollywood, California, and known to science as camelops, is only a matter of centuries in age rather than hundreds of thousands of years, else it would have been fossilized or destroyed.

Thus far the account contains little of interest except to the paleontologist, but there is a connotation which bears directly on man. It has frequently happened within recent years that various discoveries of human evidences in America have been dated back into high antiquity solely on the basis of the animal remains found in the earth in company with them, these animals being assumed to have become extinct hundreds of thousands of years ago. This kind of evidence will now no longer have much weight in dating the antiquity of man in America. The fact slowly emerges that the New World lost much of its animal population not long before the white man reached it, and there is some evidence that the earlier Indians were as familiar with the elephant known as the mammoth as the mysterious Cro-Magnon race in Europe.

Enright in the New York World

Touching up the bugaboos

Darling in the New York Herald Tribune
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"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush"

Three Mummies

THE discovery of three mummies in caves in the Aleutian Islands, made recently by the Stoll-McCracken Expedition, is likely to furnish the first tangible evidence of the early migration of the ancestral American Indian stock from the Old World to the New.

For the larger part of a century anthropologists have believed that the Indians came here by way of Bering Straits or else across the stepping-stones of the long Aleutian chain, and that they came not long ago as dates in anthropology are reckoned nowadays—probably less than ten thousand years ago. Even ten thousand years has been considered an extreme outside date, although there is a militant minority of anthropologists who are now willing to entertain the possibility of a vastly greater antiquity of man in America. The evidence that the American Indian —"Amerind" is the less ambiguous term used by anthropologists, since the real Indian lives in India—is of Asiatic origin is strong, but has to be inferred from his appearance and physical measurements. Most ethnologists believe he is mainly Mongoloid, with a strain of Nordic Caucasian blood. The date of his arrival here is based essentially upon negative evidence; we know when the glaciers receded, and we are unable to establish beyond question a single human relic as pre-glacial.

What science has wanted in this rather "theoretical" situation is tangible evidence—transition skeletons and artifacts capable of being dated definitely by the geological evidence surrounding them. The situation has a parallel in organic evolution where the comparative anatomist can demonstrate with high probability by a careful study of fossils the relationship of the various classes of living animals; but where, after all, there is no evidence quite as convincing, especially to the non-scientist, as the actual, tangible fossils which furnish uncontro-

vertible proof of the chain of evolution. In the case of the Aleutian mummies these statements may help explain why anthropologists are so eager to hear further details about three dried-up human bodies and why they are regarded so seriously.

Railroads in a New Rôle

DURING the last eight years the railroads have lost in the neighborhood of $40,000,000 carrying merchandise for the American Railway Express Company, which was authorized, under the Transportation Act of 1920, to carry on the business that the various express companies surrendered to the Government in 1918. In the same period the express company earned a very fair return on its capital. It was not surprising, therefore, that the railroads should have announced a few days ago that they would conduct the express business themselves after the end of February, when their contracts with the American Railway Express Company expire.

The railroads are absorbing an immense organization, with annual gross receipts of $300,000,000, 16,000 offices, and 100,000 employees, and entering an entirely new field. But their steadily increasing efficiency makes it more than possible that they, and the public as well, will profit by the new arrangement.

As yet the railroads have not established chain stores nor entered the automobile manufacturing business, but their activities are constantly expanding. They furnish, or soon will furnish, transportation for passengers and merchandise by air, water, trucks, and busses as well as by rail, manage restaurants, and fulfill many of the functions of banks and investment trusts. Despite the great widening of their operations, however, the chances of their becoming dangerously powerful seem more than remote. At the present time, certainly, Government supervision is nowhere as rigorous as it is over the railroads.

Shall "Port" Be Left?

THE International Shipping Conference, meeting in London, says the New York "Herald Tribune," has approved the recommendation to substitute the words "left" and "right" for the nautical terms "port" and "starboard." The New York "Herald Tribune" condemns the change because it is unromantic. The Chicago "Tribune" approves the change because it is in favor of making it easier for landsmen to feel at home on the sea.

Neither journal, however, seems to understand the chief reason why real seamen prefer to use the terms and phrases which are peculiar to their calling.

Nautical words and phrases, like those which belong to any other science or art, are in most instances shorter and more exact than any terms into which they can be translated. Seamen have shown a readiness to accept the use of degrees instead of the old points of the compass, because that change represents an improvement in the direction of exactness. They will be slow, we think, to adopt the use of "right" and "left," because these are terms which are associated with the relative position of the speaker and not with specific portions of a ship. When a seaman says, "The light bears two points off the starboard bow," there is no doubt where one should look for it. If he says, "The light is two points to the left," the position of the speaker might result in at least momentary confusion.

With the growth in luxury on our transatlantic liners and our larger yachts, and with the invasion of the sea by an auto-trained generation, too many of the old and exact nautical phrases are going by the board. The loss does not fall wholly upon the spirit of romance. It is a loss, too, in safety and convenience for those who know the things of the sea by their right and historic names. We hope that real sea-dogs will continue to walk the decks rather than climb over the roofs of the ships they put to sea in.

Honor to Alabama

THE OUTLOOK lately reported with warm approval the abolition, under the persistent urgency of Governor Graves, of Alabama's convict lease system. The plan of hiring out convicts in gangs to be worked in mines was a peculiarly vicious and inhuman practice.

Now we have a gratifying expression of approval from the Southern newspapers, and especially from those of Alabama. Thus the Birmingham "Age-Herald" remarks: "It required a long time for the conscience of the State to be aroused, but the awakening finally came." A general press despatch from Birmingham says: "This will be the first opportunity they have had in years to work in the sunshine and outer air. . . . In 1925, Robert Knox, a white convict, had been assigned to the Flat Top mine, a privately owned industry near Birmingham. One day he refused to work, and, according to the State's charge, he was dipped into a vat of boiling water as punishment. . . . As a result of the murder case determined workers began a campaign to end the system."

Another Alabama press comment congratulates the South that the infamous system of renting out prisoners to money-makers no longer exists in any Southern State. "Barbarous in practice and wrong in principle," says the Savannah "News."

The Norfolk "Virginian-Pilot" puts its finger on the reason both for the badness of the principle and the abominable evils in practice when it says that the objection to the system (apart from greed) was that its one motive was retaliation for the offense.

Convict gangs will still be seen at work in Alabama, but it will be on the public roads under State wardens, with segregation of boys from hardened men, and men from women. That is a great step forward.

Synthetic Sugar

THE synthesis of sucrose, that one of the several "sugars"—glucose, dextrose, etc. —of the chemist which is generally meant by the rest of us when we say sugar, is the culminating success of a long series of experiments recently performed by two Swiss chemists, Professors Pictet and Vogel. Just how important this is going to be remains to be seen. It does not mean that we are likely to be sweetening our coffee cup with synthetic sucrose this year or next, for the laboratory process discovered by the two scientists gives no evidence as yet of proving to be a paying thing. Yet there are plenty of examples of things which did not pay at first which were made to pay splendidly afterwards; aluminum, for example. Nature and machinery produce sugar very cheaply, hence the chemists are up against a difficult problem in economics in addition to chemistry. The product obtained in the laboratory is crystalline and very sweet, possessing the physical qualities of cane sugar.

How the synthesis was brought about is describable only in the language of the organic chemist, far too abstruse for us other mortals. In making sugar in the leaves of plants nature is extremely inefficient, converting but a ridiculously small fraction of the energy of the sunlight that falls upon the leaves into useful results. Yet so prodigal is she of her sunlight that man must seek far more efficient means of doing the same thing before he can compete with her.

At the present time the materials for synthetic sugar making are about as

Wide World

A TRIBUTE TO ANOTHER NATION'S HERO

The funeral cortège of General Emilio Carranza arriving at the Pennsylvania Station in New York City

costly as the end product. Yet the chemists strive on and give promise of getting there. Chemists have an upsetting habit of accomplishing things the rest of us call impossible.

Ellen Terry

Ellen Terry died on July 21, in the little Kentish farmhouse where she had lived since her retiral from the stage. Not only was she vivacious in her art, but not long before her death she wrote a gentle bit of verse beginning, "No funeral gloom, my dears, when I am gone," with her added hope that this, her wish, might be observed.

Versatile as was her talent, Miss Terry was most of all a comedian in the best sense of that now vulgarized word. True, she played Ophelia with deep feeling, and it is reckoned one of her greatest successes. But Lady Macbeth was not in her vein. Probably a consensus of American play-goers would agree on Portia and Beatrice as her finest Shakespearean parts, and on Olivia (in the idyllic play wrought from "The Vicar of Wakefield") as coming close to them.

Some commentators seem to assume that Ellen Terry owed her success to her association with Sir Henry Irving. It was really a happy combination of two geniuses of the stage. Long before that period Miss Terry had gained her laurels in the rôles of Lady Teazle, Olivia, Portia, Pauline (in "The Lady of Lyons"), and Mistress Page in "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

Fifty years before the memorable Jubilee of 1906 was staged in her honor a little girl of eight years toddled in a baby part onto the stage of Charles Kean's theatre. Thus this actress did exactly span a half-century of English drama; and with her death, as St. John Ervine has pointed out, "the last of four great European actresses has taken her call and left the stage. Rejane went and Duse went, and Bernhardt, and now Ellen Terry has gone. An era has been closed."

A Body Is Found

Off Griz Nez, where the Channel swimmers take the water, the crew of the fishing smack Saint Theresa of the Infant Jesus, sighted a body. They took it aboard, wrapped it in tarpaulin, delivered it on the Quai de la Couronne, in Boulogne.

Morgue officials scanned the inscription on an identification disk and announced that the fishermen had solved the mystery of the disappearance of "Captain Alfred Loewenstein, 315 Rue de la Science, Brussels."

"We don't read the newspapers," said the skipper. "Who is Captain Loewenstein?"

The body was battered, nearly naked; but subsequent examination by relatives seems to establish it as the corpse of the Belgian financier. The boots bore the mark of his London bootmaker, his dentist said the teeth were Loewenstein's teeth. Fragments of clothing built up the identification of the man who dropped from his plane four thousand feet above the English Channel.

Still, rumors will not down. Human nature likes a mystery with a bit of speculation clinging to it. Did he jump deliberately, fall accidentally, or was he the victim of foul play? Is he really dead? Did he not elope with a pretty Jugoslav girl? Did he not purposely disappear, following his conversion to Catholicism, to enter a monastery?

Captain Loewenstein seems eligible for the company of Lord Kitchener, Oscar Wilde, the Dauphin of France, Archduke Otto of Austria.

His executors will welcome identification. An unsolved mystery would have tied up indefinitely his great holdings.

Unburying a Buried City

It was announced a few months ago that Mussolini, who always is interested in classic Rome, imitated in some of its outward forms by Fascism, proposed to uncover Herculaneum. Skepticism was expressed by those who remembered the explorations made in the eighteenth century and later. The results were not negligible—parts of a forum, a theater, two temples, a few houses with works of art intact—but the task was terribly laborious and difficult.

What the present plan contemplates is vast indeed, but recent despatches give proof that it is being pushed with vigor and lavish expenditure. Unlike Pompeii, Herculaneum was not burned; it was buried (in 79 A.D.) in ashes, in places to a depth of 130 feet. The city was much larger and older than Pompeii, and the possibilities of discoveries are entrancing to scholars and art lovers alike.

Two modern villages grew over the buried city. One of them, Resina, is to be torn down at once and its people furnished with homes elsewhere. Resina, it is said, stood directly over the city's Main Street—a fair translation of Decumanus Major. The point has been reached where the world will soon know what lies under Resina. Already there has been discovered one public edifice of importance, with many marble statues, bronze ornaments, and beautiful porticos around what was a garden or park.

If Herculaneum can be laid bare to the open sky as a complete ancient city, it will stand unique among our relics of Roman life in the time of Vespasian.

Windows on the World

By Malcolm W. Davis

AN old quarrel in South America may be brought to its end through the revival of diplomatic relations between Chile and Peru. For forty-five years they have been at odds over the border provinces of Tacna and Arica, which Chile annexed at the end of the "War of the Pacific," and for fifteen years they have been technically enemies, with no relations between their Governments. Various endeavors have been made to bring them to a reconciliation—the latest by the United States in the attempted plebiscite under a commission headed by General Pershing.

After that fiasco, Secretary Kellogg proposed a solution by ceding the contested region to the landlocked state of Bolivia, for compensation, in order to allow her access to the sea. Bolivia had long desired such a settlement; Chile accepted the plan "in principle," but Peru rejected it.

Now Secretary Kellogg is seeking a way out of the deadlock by the different method of first inducing the two disputants to renew formal relations. He started negotiations to this end at the Pan-American Conference in Havana; and now both nations have agreed. How soon they may exchange envoys remains undecided, but when they do, it is taken for granted that the Tacna-Arica controversy will at once come up for consideration anew. A Mixed Boundary Commission, headed by Jay J. Morrow, of the United States, is at present investigating the situation; and its report is expected to outline a plan that both sides can accept. Peru is reported now to be ready for a settlement along the lines indicated by Secretary Kellogg's proposals; in any event, President Leguia has declared his desire for an agreement that will clear away this long-standing bar to good feeling and to growth of industry and trade on the west coast of South America.

VOLPI, the Italian Minister of Finance, who negotiated the war debt agreement with the United States and put the financial policy of the Fascist Government on a sound basis, has resigned. In his place Premier Mussolini has named Antonio Mosconi, a Councilor of State. The retirement from public office of one of Italy's most eminent bankers and business men is officially interpreted as part of the natural process of replacing non-partisans with regular Fascists. But other reports indicate that there is more to the matter than this—that Volpi thought the gold value set for the Italian lira too high to allow industry and trade to develop profitably, that he foresaw economic depression and a decline in exports, and that the fixation of the French franc at a lower level led him to fear advantages for France and to wish to leave office before unpleasant inevitabilities should begin to arise. But competent Ministers are rarely admitted to have resigned for such reasons.

Giolitti, the only outstanding opponent of Fascism, died shortly after the resignation of Volpi. His passing was another sign of the complete ascendency of the new order. Five times Premier, he had spoken consistently against Mussolini's rule and its violation of the former Italian Constitution. He was the one voice of old-fashioned bargaining Liberalism and old-school government by patronage and parliamentary log-rolling—an adept at that political game. But he was eighty-five years of age, and his hostility to the power that had displaced him permanently was the hostility of an almost disembodied spirit. When Giolitti made his last appearance in Parliament against the new electoral law establishing the Fascist party as the one recognized political organization in Italy, the dictator kept his hot-headed followers from replying to his aged antagonist's attack—thus giving the most crushing retort of silent disregard.

Wide World

CZECHOSLOVAKIA HONORS WILSON

A view of the ceremonies during the unveiling of the monument to the late President Wilson in Prague, opposite the Wilson Station, named after the American statesman.

GYPSIES have no place in the world today—so Hungary, their traditional motherland, has decided. No longer are they to have the freedom of the roads or liberty to wear their picturesque ancestral costumes. Instead, they must be registered, have habitations and names, serve in the army and pay taxes, perhaps—it may be—perform some regular work.

As a blow from organized nationalism to care-free individualism, what action could be more symbolic? The gypsy king is said to be preparing to protest in the name of the time-honored gypsy privileges. But what can a prince of vagabonds, even a scion of Romany royalty, do against a twentieth-century police power that decides to treat him as a tramp? Soon the only gypsies left will be those who dance and play and sing in the world's metropolitan restaurants, before office-weary cosmopolitans—for pay.

What the Filipinos Need

AMERICAN capital is seeking profits in regions under foreign flags, while it avoids a rich region under the flag of the United States. Certainly the Philippine Islands need capital. Certainly American capital should find investment there as profitable as in any similar region in the world. It goes into South and Central America and into other tropical and subtropical regions; why does it not go freely into the Philippines?

Governor-General Stimson has told the Filipinos one reason why. The laws of the islands concerning both land-ownership and corporations are largely antiquated. They ought to be changed.

It is not chiefly the fault of the Filipinos that their land laws and corporation laws are obstacles to the development of the islands. Many of those laws were enacted thirty years ago on American models. Some were enacted by the American Congress. But the models have been abandoned in the United States, because conditions have changed. The copies of them should be abandoned in the Philippines.

Mass production and large-scale operations have raised the standard of living in the United States. They are needed to raise the standard of living in the Philippines. It is impossible for a people to become really independent in the modern world under conditions that prevail in the Philippine Islands. A carabao for power and a crooked stick for a plow cannot compete with electricity and modern machinery. But machinery and electric power are creatures of large corporations. Governor-General Stimson has found that the two Bar Associations of Manila—one the American, the other the Filipino—have a joint committee that has been giving these laws its attention. He has turned the information he has on that subject over to that committee, and in his annual message has recommended to the Philippine Legislature to consider that committee's report and to revise the laws. "American capital," he says, on the one hand, "has learned the unwisdom and the danger of attempting unfairly to exploit the land in which it enters." On the other hand, he points out, "what capital demands and what it has a right to expect is safety for investment and the certainty of fair treatment under the laws of the country where the investment is made."

That is reciprocal, and it is self-respecting both for the Americans and the Filipinos.

There is no danger of economic serfdom in this; for, as Colonel Stimson reminds us, a hundred and forty years ago Americans, poor in capital, like the Filipinos now, but, like them, rich in natural resources, borrowed freely from Europe for the development of the country, and today can lend capital to Europe. There is no reason why the Filipinos cannot do likewise.

Some day the Philippines will be developed. They are a richly endowed country with a scant population on the edge of a continent whose peoples are both crowded and poor. Under the American flag the Philippine doors are closed; and the opportunity remains for the Philippines to be developed by and for the Filipinos. Whether they will be depends now on the Filipinos themselves. Will they avail themselves of American protection and American capital?

The old sentimentalism that led Americans to talk about "our little brown brothers" in the Philippines has disappeared. With it perhaps has disappeared some of our sense of responsibility for the islands, though we remain trustees. The demand of the Philippine *politico* for independence has been an influence in changing the American point of view. In place of both the sentimentalism and the sense of responsibility has grown up in Americans a practical view of mutual business relationship. If the Filipinos want our capital and our protection against exploitation by others, then they must make it worth our while to invest our capital there and to keep the doors closed against the hungry Orient. They have the control of their affairs largely in their own hands. They can no longer count on American sentimentalism. They will have to depend now upon the Yankee idea of a fair bargain. Governor-General Stimson's advice is thoroughly sound and is in their own interest. We hope they will heed it.

The Forgotten Listener

ON a sweltering day in Washington—and how a day can swelter there!—more than three hundred people from all four quarters of the country, except the South, assembled in one room for a hearing. They were there in answer to a summons to show that the radio stations they represented or favored were serving a public interest. There are too many radio stations, so Congress and the Radio Commission evidently think, and a hundred and fifty-two are now on trial for their lives.

There is, for instance, a radio station in North Dakota. It pleads that it is the only one in a radius of a hundred miles. Suppose it is. What use is it to the public? Do its programs justify its existence? Here is another in crowded New York. It is devoted to a certain propaganda. Does the principle of free speech entitle it to clutter up the air? There are scores of others—all taking pay for advertising. Is their advertising income public justification for their audible outgo?

Such radio programs as we have in the United States are supported by advertising. It was America that put the ad into radio. It is otherwise in Great Britain. In an article in the "Atlantic Monthly" not long ago Dr. R. A. Millikan, the eminent physicist, after paying tribute to American "technique of the reproduction," declares from personal experience:

"But the program that is on the air in England is incomparably superior to anything to be heard here, for the English Government has taken over completely the control of the radio. It collects from each owner of a receiving set twelve shillings a year, and then, with the large funds thus obtained—for there are many radio fans in England, as in America—it provides the radio-land public of England with the largest return in education and in entertainment for eight mills a night ever provided, I suspect, anywhere in the world."

Can the thirty-five million households in America that have radio sets get such programs from advertisers? Those that pay for the fiddler call the tune. But it is the radio users that have to listen.

The only attorney that the listeners have is the Radio Commission. Can Government regulation under that Commission do for the listeners what Government operation in Great Britain has done? Or must we be content here in democratic America to accept whatever the radio advertiser thinks is good enough for him, and therefore good enough for us?

An Explorer's View of the Arctic Disaster

By

VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON

Since the loss of the Italia the press has been flooded with rumors, explanations, and wholesale denunciations. Each despatch seems to be succeeded by a conflicting story the next day. The people are tired of this hearsay evidence as to where the blame really lies and are beginning to clamor for the truth.

Probably few of the critics of the Nobile expedition have had any Arctic training. Yet only men who have lived in the Far North can have any real knowledge of conditions there. In this article Mr. Stefansson, the well-known explorer, who has spent years in the Arctic, points out some of the fallacies in the various reports and gives his opinion of the Italia disaster.

WHEN a widely heralded enterprise goes wrong, critics of everything connected with it spring up everywhere. Nobile is discovering this with a vengeance, and so are the rest of the Italians, for an attempt is apparently being made to develop a national or racial issue—anti-Latin, anti-Italian, or perhaps only anti-Fascist. Still, most of the critics are just anti anything that has come to grief. It is the good old sport of kicking a man when he is down.

Some of the charges against Nobile are obviously well founded. But the men who are pressing them are in many cases really not entitled to speak now. For Nobile's mistakes are, most of them, the simple results of his inexperience. Surely those who are well enough informed to point out justly his errors were also well aware before he flew north that he was deficient in Arctic training. They should have spoken then, protesting against the danger of a commander and crew so wholly inexperienced facing the rigors of Arctic conditions. Having been silent at that crucial time, they should forever after have held their peace.

There is, too, a fundamental reason for withholding harsh blame—the obvious scarcity of fact and the prevalence of fiction in the European despatches to the American press. One day, for instance, we have a circumstantial account of how Malmgren's body was found on the ice where the two Italians had stood vigil over it for a month. The usually hard-boiled Bolsheviks were deeply moved as, with bared heads, they carried the body of the Swedish explorer aboard the Krassin while the bugler played a funeral dirge. The next day we are told that the body was not found at all, and that the Italians had abandoned it after reverent burial. The third day we learn that the Italians abandoned the Swede while he was still alive, and there are gruesome details of alleged graves dug in the ice for a man not dead. Aside from the patent contradictions, how could such a grave be dug by men allegedly weak who have no tools? If you have ever tried to make even a small hole through the stubborn and tough ice of the sea with good implements, you know how difficult it would be to hollow out a grave. Surely there is a great deal of fiction as well as a great deal of nonsense here. For the time being we have no means of telling who was the original author of it and what additions were made by later hands.

Again, there are in the news self-evident absurdities, as, for instance, when the same party are described at the same time as having already been soaking wet for many days through constant rain and also as having their jaws swollen because they had been gnawing at frozen pemmican. That type of simultaneous combination of liquid water and hard frost would be a revolutionary scientific discovery if it had occurred anywhere except in a hectic despatch from the scene of a tragedy. Press commentators have hazarded the explanation that it

The ice is as rough as this only near land. The photographs in this article were taken on the third Stefansson expedition. They show the conditions faced by Nobile and his men

Johansen, marine biologist of the third Stefansson expedition, studying ocean life on the same sort of ice the Nobile party camped on, but farther from land (50 miles)

doubtless rained in the daytime and froze at night, overlooking the fact that there are no nights in June at 80° north latitude.

Curiously, in a manner that is doubly strange, the critics of the Nobile adventure are glossing over the thrilling personalities of the story and concentrating on etiquette. Was it right that the commander should have been the first of his party to be rescued? Was it right that the two Italians should abandon Malmgren, whether living or dead, and push ahead towards land? And was it forgivable that Mussolini did not reply at once accepting with gratitude and thanks the offer from the Norwegian Government to send out a rescue expedition, or a series of them, under the command of Roald Amundsen.

THE mystery of why Mussolini did not reply favorably and at once to the offered rescue of Nobile by Amundsen, is not so very obscure to those who have read Amundsen's book "My Life as an Explorer." To begin with, Amundsen in that book applies to Nobile the following epithets, among others:

> Absurd claims, arrogance, braggart, brazen effrontery, brutal lack of consideration, callous, childish display of lack of common sense, childish manner, childish petulance, demanding, double dealing, effrontery, egotism, epauletted Italian, erratic, fatuous, fatuous colonel, forever harping, gave no thought, grandiloquently shouted, grossly mismanaged (journey), hired pilot, ignorant, impudent, insolent, itch for ostentation, lack of balanced judgment, lost his head completely, ostentatious, pouting like a child, pouting lips, presumptuous, pretends, pretentious, saw himself as an explorer, selfishness, selfish arrogance, silly talk, spoilt baby, sourness, strutting dreamer, strutting upstart, swaggering officer, underhand, usurp (made efforts to), valorous (not especially), vanity feeding upon ambition, vulgar bad taste, wounded dignity, and vanity.

If Mussolini was familiar with these epithets and their in some cases still more unfavorable context, he might well have paused to ask himself whether Nobile would prefer to die or to be rescued by Amundsen.

Moreover, the Italian Government and Mussolini himself had been directly involved in the Amundsen-Nobile row. The dispute had been referred to the Norwegian Aero Club, and they had decided in favor of Nobile as against Amundsen, whereupon Amundsen had in turn charged in his book that the Club had been bribed to this decision by the Italian Government and had actually received the bribe in the form of Italian decorations.

Is it much in accord with the temper of Mussolini, as we know it through the press, to suppose it would be easy for him to accept that particular rescue plan when offered under those particular conditions? Perhaps he should have done so, but at least the issue is not so clean-cut as the European despatches have made it seem. The drama is more human than the editorial writers have pointed out, more Shakespearean, and leading fatefully towards a tragic climax.

Having usually failed to explain, or even to hint, the reason why Amundsen did not lead a Norwegian rescue expedition on request from Italy (and went instead at last in a French airplane), the commentators have left the public a good deal mystified as to what are the main elements by which to gauge the probabilities of Amundsen's safety or death. For one thing, the entire drama has been painted as taking place in the Arctic. But Amundsen and his five companions had to cross several hundred miles of Atlantic Ocean before they reached the comparative safety of Arctic conditions, which at that time of year are found only north of Spitsbergen. A Swedish newspaper did point out when Amundsen was only twenty-four hours overdue at the Spitsbergen base that the probability of his being alive was then already less than the probability of safety for those of the Nobile party who had not been heard from for several weeks. That was true because experience has taught us that most airplanes which have fallen in the Atlantic have been lost without a trace, while all fliers who had up to that time been forced to land in the Arctic had been able either to relaunch their plane, like Amundsen himself in 1925, or to walk ashore, as Wilkins had done (eighty miles) in 1927.

If, then, the Amundsen plane came down south of Spitsbergen while yet among Atlantic conditions, they had no ice that could give them friendly sanctuary, and must have drowned within a few hours. If they tried to land on Bear Island, or were able to reach Spitsbergen itself and tried to come down in that rugged country, they might easily have suffered a fatal accident, such as is not

uncommon when airplanes are forced down in mountains. But if they flew past Spitsbergen, missing it either intentionally or in a fog, and came down upon the sea ice beyond, they are probably safe now. For if two wholly inexperienced Italians could be picked up on drifting ice forty-four days after they had been last heard from, there is no reason to doubt that a party with Amundsen a member of it could survive much longer. They have been missing only since June 18, which is a good deal short of forty-four days at the time of writing.

The probabilities of the safety of the Amundsen party can then be summed up: There are three chances out of four that they came down in the Atlantic, and if so, they did not have one chance in a thousand of living more than a few hours. There is some small possibility that they may have landed on the Spitsbergen or other islands, and they may then yet be heard from. The chance is something less than one in four that they reached the ice north of Spitsbergen, but in that case they would, after landing, have at least nine chances out of ten of living for several months and either making their way ashore or being eventually rescued.

With Amundsen's fame resting upon a lifetime of distinguished service to exploration, it was natural that the sympathies and the grief of the world should for a time be chiefly involved in his fate. This was all the more natural since most people assumed that he had been flying to the rescue of a brother explorer whom he loved. It was equally logical on the minority assumption that he had gone to the rescue of one he hated. For "greater love hath no man" . . .

But the world at large seems to have no passion quite so strong as that for propriety, and soon the Amundsen tragedy began to be overshadowed by heated controversies as to whether Nobile should have permitted himself to be the first to be rescued. From most of the capitals of Europe there came violent denunciations, uttered by poets, prime ministers, and explorers, calling Nobile a coward. Most of these denunciations overlooked the salient facts in the case, even as they are hazily known to us through the contradictory press despatches.

The argument in denouncing Nobile was that the captain should be the last to leave a sinking ship. Apart from mere etiquette, this practice seems to be based on the assumption that the captain is the most competent man aboard, and must therefore stay to direct everything until the last moment. It is probable, or at least is a fair assumption, that Nobile was the most competent man aboard as long as the Italia was in the air. But when that ship had thrown them overboard and left them stranded on a floating island of ice, there remained no probability that Nobile was the most competent. Where every one was wholly inexperienced, it was purely a matter of chance who would prove to have the greatest native gifts. These gifts may have been Nobile's, or they may have been those of some other member of the party whose name we have never seen printed out of its alphabetical order in the list.

It is claimed by the reports that when the party were landed on the ice a majority favored walking ashore in Spitsbergen. These were probably men who had read the histories of Arctic expeditions and who knew that in the past men who have found themselves adrift on moving ice in positions similar to theirs have almost invariably been able to make their way ashore without the loss of a single man, even when the distances were far greater, in some cases ten times as great. But for some reason at variance with all practice of the past, the decision was finally made that the whole Nobile party should remain on that cake of ice where they fell, and that all reliance should be placed on radio calls and assumed rescue expeditions.

Then it was that three men refused to abide by the decision of the majority, since the radio had not yet been made to work and there seemed doubt of its ever working. They started to walk towards land. Such a division of the party was against precedent and doubtless against wisdom. So far as men of Arctic experience can see, not a few, but all, should have made a concerted effort to get ashore. It is said that their heaviest single piece of radio mechanism weighed less than fifty pounds. If that were so, the radio could have been carried along and signals sent out whenever the marchers stopped to eat a meal or to rest. That they had injured men in the party does not alter the conditions, for previous expeditions have made their

This had opened in front of Stefansson and his two men when they were trying to walk ashore in Banks Island, then 80 miles distant. They were delayed eleven days, and also drifted 90 miles farther from Banks Island in that time. But when the wind changed and the ice closed up they made land in about two weeks

A piece of canvas wrapped around a sled turns it into a boat for crossing leads

way over similar ice successfully carrying several maimed or sick. There was, of course, quite as great a probability that they would be picked up half or a quarter of the distance from land as there was on the original floe.

With the Malmgren party once gone, when the Swedish rescuer Lundborg came through the air and landed safely beside the Nobile party, the rational thing was for the plane to carry back with it whoever was most injured or most a burden. If this was Nobile, then surely he was the right man to be carried out. If the one most a burden was some other, then equally surely an error was made when he was not taken instead.

However, if Nobile was physically ill, as reported, he was possibly to some degree mentally unwell too. Such a man in local command is a grave liability. To carry him away becomes important just because he is the commander, for then you can logically place in charge another man who is bodily well, and therefore presumably better qualified mentally also for meeting such vicissitudes as may arise.

It is at least dramatic to remember, too, that at this stage Amundsen had not been given up for lost. There may have been a nightmare on Nobile's mind that the Amundsen plane would swoop down from the sky one day and propose to carry him to safety. Put yourself in Nobile's place and see how *you* would have liked that situation—to be rescued by a man who had not only called you by at least forty-nine opprobrious epithets, but who had also devoted 103 pages of a book to trying to prove your incompetence, and who had said about you, among other things, that you would "present a pitiable spectacle on the polar ice" if your airship were by any chance forced down.

Such ideas may never have passed through Nobile's head; they are perhaps small, if they did pass through it; but they are at least such ideas as might have passed through your head or mine, inclining us to welcome any chance of getting out of our tight predicament before the man who had been deriding us turned up.

Next in violence to the press denunciations of Nobile himself are those heaped upon the two Italians who left behind the scientist Malmgren, either before he died or after. But if we can rely at all upon the despatches, the proprieties were really clear in this case and in favor of just what the Italians are said to have done. According to the accounts, the reason why Malmgren insisted on walking ashore was that the radio had not worked up to the time of his leaving, and there seemed no chance of conveying to the world the situation and location of the Nobile party—no chance except walking ashore. Whether by Nobile's orders or Malmgren's own plan, the shore party were in either case scouts whose main business it was to let possible rescuers know where the Nobile party were and how they could be reached. Both in fact and fiction we know that when one member of such a band of scouts falls to an enemy's bullet or to some accident, the others pause but a moment to see that he is really dead or to make him comfortable, and then press on, it being considered the most elementary duty that the last man shall, if necessary, leave all the others, no matter what their predicament, in order that the vital message shall get through.

Accordingly, it is probable, as well as correct in such cases, that Malmgren really did urge his comrades to leave him behind whenever he became a drag on their march. We would go even further and assume that, since the safety of all the other men out on the ice was, in the minds of these three, hinging on one of them getting ashore, it would have been their duty to leave Malmgren even had he asked them to stay instead of bidding them to hurry on.

There seem to have been, then, a good many mistakes in connection with the Nobile expedition, but no more than were to be reasonably expected of a commander and crew known before they started to be unfamiliar with the conditions they would inevitably have to face if their balloon came to grief. The loud complaints about violated proprieties are the result of feeling rather than judgment. Amundsen, if lost, was lost in the Atlantic on his way to the Arctic.

It is in large part a sad story. But the dark cloud has its silver lining and is now and then illumined by flashes of glory. The silver lining is that the world in general is learning much about the Arctic, notably that men who are wrecked there can live for months, though they would drown in a few hours if similarly wrecked in any other ocean. The flashes of glory are in the self-sacrifice and courage of the rescue expeditions—Amundsen and his companions both Norwegian and French, and the sailors, fliers, and civilians of America, Italy, Finland, Norway, Sweden, and Russia.

Never Mind the Stings—Go Ahead

By WAINWRIGHT EVANS

Mr. Evans believes that the slight inconvenience of being stung does not weigh in the scale at all against the satisfaction of keeping bees and the intense interest of knowing their habits. His recommendation of bee-keeping as a hobby is certainly convincing.

Mr. Evans is probably best known as co-author with Judge Ben Lindsey of "Companionate Marriage" and "The Revolt of Modern Youth."

WHAT pulled me into bee-keeping in the first place was not my own initiative and enterprise, but the interest taken in the idea by a boy with whom I had been intimately acquainted since his first birthday, sixteen years before. He had met some one who kept bees, and this person had whispered in his ear. Thinking it well to encourage a boy in so wholesome a hobby, but with no notion of taking a chance on getting stung myself, I prepared to get behind and push. I got some bee books on my next trip to the city, and sent to a bee supply house out in the Middle West for their catalogue. I spent an evening going through that material. By the end of the evening I was daft on bees, and I've never recovered since.

We sent for hives and veils and gloves and smokers, and comb foundation, and frames, and a bee brush and a hive tool, and queen excluders, and queen cages, and Boardman feeders, and queen-cell protectors, and one-way bee escapes, and for a dozen other things, many of which two novices could not possibly need, but which read well in that fascinating catalogue. And what the list finally totaled only my check-book, my conscience, and my wife's delay in buying a pair of shoe-strings can say.

To round out the venture I subscribed in perpetuity for two bee magazines, and bought up back volumes of each to gratify my inordinate appetite for bee gossip without having to wait a whole month for the next installment. I also bought on sight every book on bees, good, bad, or indifferent, that I could lay my hands on; and whenever I happened on a second-hand book-store that I had not yet gutted I went in and combed its shelves for more bee books, in or out of print. And the bookseller, seeing the glint of madness in my eye, charged whatever he thought the traffic would bear. "You must be very much interested in bees," he would say politely as I left. "Come again." Then he would rub his palms together and smile.

I went scouting through our rural neighborhood for kindred spirits. Some of the country folk along our road had bees in the old-fashioned way, after the manner of their forefathers; and they called a hive a "gum." At some time in the past they had seen a swarm of "wild bees" passing over, had banged tin pans and blown horns, had watched the bees settle on some tree limb, had put on mosquito-netting veils and the thickest gloves available, had lighted some chips in a pan to make a smudge, and with this primitive equipment had knocked off the swarm into a soap-box and put the box on a stand. Bee-keepers call that a "box hive." Whenever the bees cast a swarm thereafter, the method was to get another soap-box from Si Axelrod's general store and post office down the road, shake the bees into it, and let them set up housekeeping there. Every fall they would brimstone a portion of their colonies, cut out the tangled mass of comb, brood, and pollen with a saw or a butcher knife, reserve as much of this tragic mess as was edible, and throw away the rest.

Under this system of bee-keeping there was nothing very complicated about having home-grown honey on one's dinner table. You simply clubbed your bee over the head, took her honey, and threw away the bee. The natives had no use for new-fashioned gewgaws in apiculture; and they regarded me good-naturedly, as one of those folks who will move to the country after they've gotten infected by the city with all manner of complicated follies and highfalutin ideas.

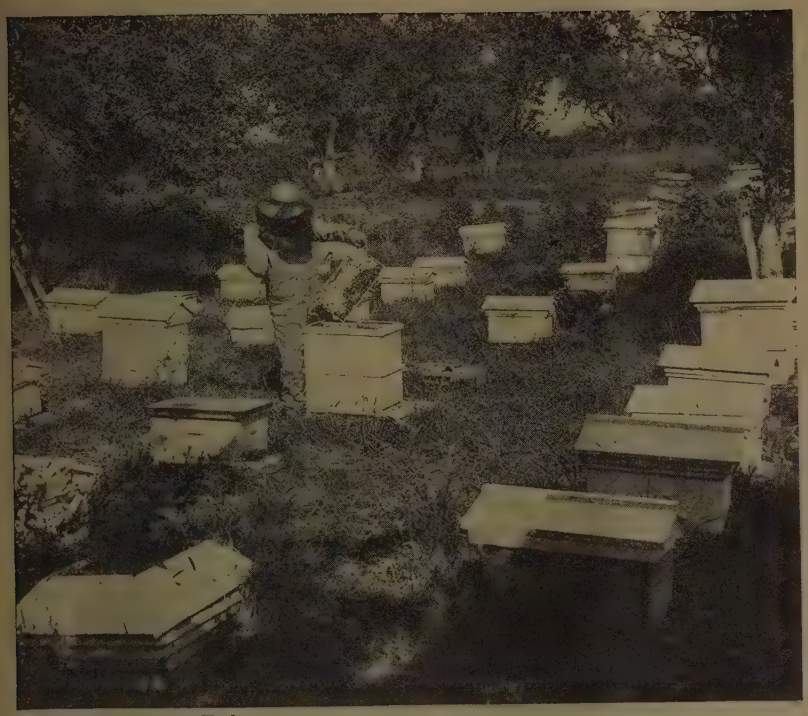
BUT in the meantime I was learning through the bee magazines that there existed all over the world a fraternity that most people have never so much as heard of, a little world with interests of its own and a language of its own—which talked of the blooming of nectar-bearing flowers, for instance, as a "honey flow." I was charmed, because they seemed to be mighty nice people and to be uncommonly wise.

Then, one red-letter day, came Abe Comstock, driving a weather-worn Ford, and selling his honey, light and dark as you preferred, from house to house. Abe was just what I had been looking for. There wasn't a thing in all Beedom that I could give a name to from my much book knowledge that he couldn't call by two names and transform from a theory into a living reality in the light of his vast experience.

The upshot was that I bought a dozen jars of his honey and a colony of his bees. And thereafter, when I could spare the time, I would drive over to his place, five miles away, just to ask him some question—any question—about bees, and then let him talk his head off till his wife called him to dinner. His wife didn't like bees. A bee had stung her once.

I am persuaded that a lifetime of contact with bees largely accounted for Abe and made him the unusual man he was. Abe was a small farmer; but dress him up and put him on the platform at the commencement exercises of any college, and you would have taken him for the Professor of Philosophy at least. He looked like Plato come to life. He had a squarely trimmed white beard, and a fine, sensitive face, graven with philosophic wrinkles. His eyes were an intense blue, and when he talked of his bees those eyes emitted fire; and his words, though he murdered accepted pronunciations, were like the honey of Hymettus. He had little "book-larnin'," but when he discoursed on his bees he was Plato and Vergil combined, philosopher and poet in one—so lifted out of himself was he, and out of all that made up the humdrum side of his life with a humdrum wife and a humdrum son, neither of whom could understand his ruling passion nor his indifference to stings.

It would be hard to say whether Abe's devotion to his bees had made him into an artist and philosopher, or whether it was the artist and philosopher in him that turned him to bee-keeping. Perhaps both. At any rate, his bees had given him a better education than high school had ever been able to confer upon his son; and he had a deep wisdom and a power of exact scientific observation



Ewing Galloway, New York

"Put on a veil and bee gloves, and very gently lift out a frame"

and thought that lent a curious charm to his personality.

With fine dignity he always referred to himself, not as a bee-keeper, but a bee master. This is a title which the bees themselves confer upon the bee-keeper when he has really come to a knowledge of the hive and can think the way a bee thinks. It is to bee-keeping what the 32d Degree is to Masonry, and the bees do the initiating. When they recognize a master, they signify the fact unmistakably; and they say it with honey.

I sat at the feet of this Gamaliel, and I learned things that don't get into the bee books; and from my contact with Abe Comstock I have come to the conclusion that the first and important thing about bee-keeping is not honey and is not stings, but rather the effect of this spirited hobby on persons who enthusiastically and intelligently undertake it.

I LIKE bee-keeping because the technique and art of it is sufficiently complicated and fluid to be interesting, because it is always presenting problems which it takes real wisdom and insight to solve, and because it is sufficiently dangerous to appeal to that within one which likes a spice of danger, particularly when it can be had right in one's back yard. Bee-keeping combines, let us say, the fun a man can get out of gardening with the excitement he can get out of tiger shooting or rattlesnake charming. He doesn't have to travel a long way to indulge it, or have a big plot of ground to make it practicable. Indeed, there are people who keep bees on apartment-house roofs in cities; some keep them in attics; thousands of ordinary suburbanites keep them in their back yards, and placate the neighbors against possible stings with wisely distributed gifts of honey.

But, aside from all this, the foundation fact in bee-keeping is the bees themselves. The bee is the only insect that has ever been domesticated by man; and bee-keeping is among the oldest of all the crafts. Bees have a social life as highly organized as that of the ants—a social life which, unlike that of the ants, can be observed and studied by merely lifting the cover off a box. Children can be taught to lift that cover without fear and without danger of stings. Beneath it lies an order of life around which has clustered for ages an astounding accretion of legend and scientific fact. If one wants still more intimate touch with the bees, he can keep an observation hive, with glass sides and one or two frames of bees, right in his living-room.

And there is much to watch. Let us open one of the hives, on a sunny afternoon, out in the back yard, for instance, and see. It is quite simple, and there is nothing to fear. Put on a veil, because a chance sting on the face is never pleasant; and if you are nervous for the comfort and safety of your hands, put on bee gloves. One charming thing about the bees is that they are always in earnest, that they mean business, and have no sense of humor. Make a false move, and they will sting. Of course, the secret of handling them with bare hands is not to make false moves. In time, as you become familiar with their preferences, you will get over your nervousness and discard the gloves, which are a nuisance, preferring to take an occasional sting instead.

In addition to the veil and more or less superfluous gloves, one carries a smoker—which is simply a metal container holding burning chips and trash. It has a little hand bellows attached, and when you press the bellows the thing emits a cloud of smoke. The smoker is an absolute necessity for the safe handling of bees. Opinions differ as to just why smoke subdues and quiets bees; but the important thing is that it does so, and that when it is not available a colony can readily get out of control.

We come to the hive. Bees are dropping down upon the landing-board like winged golden nuggets; others are shooting off eagerly into space; and the hum of the busy hive rises like the voice of a great people singing as they work. Watch those field bees as they land. As each lights at the entrance she is inspected by one or more of a group of bees that are apparently standing around loafing, with their hands in their pockets. Those are the guards; and they are doing a great deal, as you will observe if some robber bee from a neighboring hive attempts to enter. They know by her odor that she does not belong to them; and, grabbing her by the wings, legs, or any other handy portion of her anatomy, they hustle her off the landing in short order. Sometimes the robbers get by—but that is another story. No room for it here. Get a bee book.

FIRST we shoot a little smoke, just a puff or two, into the entrance. This drives back the guards, and more or less alarms and for the moment *disorganizes* the entire colony. Then we insert the hive tool or a screw-driver or chisel under the "inner cover" of the hive, and send a little smoke in through the crack so made. From within the hive goes up a roar of alarm. We let them settle down for a moment. Now, very gently, much as if you were opening the door of

a bedroom in an effort not to wake the sleeping or dozing occupant, lift off the cover, and set it one side. A lot of bees will be clinging to it, but don't mind them.

Before you now is a box which contains, ordinarily, ten wooden oblong frames that are suspended horizontally by their projecting ends, and which contain combs in which are honey, pollen, and brood. This lower story of the hive is known as the brood chamber. It is here that the bees live, here the queen lays her eggs, and here they store the honey they will use through the winter. Upper stories are added during the "honey flow," and in them the bees store the surplus which goes to the bee-keeper.

There are bees, bees, bees, everywhere. They come boiling up by thousands from between the combs, and several are buzzing curiously about your veil or lighting on your clothing. Shoot a few puffs of smoke lightly over the mass on the frame, and back they go. Now put down the smoker and very gently, without jarring or scraping or disturbing the bees, lift out a frame. Let's take it from the center of the hive.

It is covered with bees—swarming with them. Some crawl out onto your hand, but don't let that disturb you. A stinging bee goes at you quite differently; and these are merely curious.

Toward the top of the frame are cells covered with flat cappings, and some with the cappings not yet on. They contain honey, in various stages of ripening. When a field bee brings in nectar, it passes its load to another bee; that bee deposits it in a cell. Nobody knows quite what happens; but it is supposed that the bees mix the nectar with a small amount of formic acid—the same irritant poison that the bee stings with. It was once thought that the bees injected the formic acid into the honey with their stings, but that notion was wrong. However, a change takes place in the nectar. After treatment by the bees it becomes an invert sugar, containing two kinds of sugar, known as dextrose and levulose. It is practically a predigested sweet, and when eaten is absorbed without further digestion. It is said by food chemists to be the only sweet except maple syrup that produces an alkaline instead of an acid reaction in the body tissues. At all events, there it is, as yet "unripened."

The fanners are at work. Look for them. They keep a constant stream of air passing over the combs. It evaporates the thin liquid deposited by the bees till it attains the thickness characterisic of ripened honey. In due time, when the honey is "ripe," the bees cap it with a film of wax.

Another group of cells have a yellow substance in them; and a few bees are putting in more of it, pounding it in compactly and using their heads as mallets. That is pollen. Watch the hind legs of the field bees, yellow with clinging masses of it. Pollen is the protein ration of the hive. It is known as "bee bread." Honey is the carbohydrate ration. Both contain mineral salts and vitamins—unlike the commercial sugar which we, as a nation, consume in such appalling quantities.

Farther down are other capped cells, but the caps are different from those that cover the honey. They are rounded up like little hemispheres. Those that are not capped in this manner contain, many of them, little white worms, known as the larvæ, while still others contain each a minute white speck, glued to the bottom of it. These are eggs, which will in a few days hatch into larvæ. Bee-keepers know this collectively as "brood."

Look sharp—one of those rounded caps breaks open slowly before your eyes, like a hatching egg, and forth struggles a young bee. Watch it go toddling over the comb, uncertain of its footing at first, and getting very much in everybody's way. Presently she comes to a cell containing honey, from which she begins at once to feed, while an older bee comes along, perhaps, and stops to give the newcomer a thorough currying from head to tail.

At the height of the queen's laying season there may be two thousand such hatchings a day. Yes, more than that; for when the queen is laying in good earnest she deposits often as many as four thousand eggs a day. That amounts to more than two and a half times her own weight in eggs; and they naturally hatch, on coming to maturity, at the same rate.

Here and there are masses of capped cells, the caps as big as peas, and larger in diameter than the other cells. Drones will hatch from these. Everywhere, covering the comb so thick you can hardly see through the mass of them, are bees and more bees. Some are nurse bees, feeding the new hatched larvæ; others are wax-makers, hanging there in chains while they elaborate the wax that oozes in tiny scales from the joints of their armor; others are fanners, who regulate the temperature of the hive by standing in ranks and by a rapid movement of their wings force a current of stale air through one-half of the hive entrance, while a current of fresh air automatically rushes in through the other half to take its place. Then there are the field bees, just back with their load of pollen and nectar. They stand quiet while others relieve them of their load and groom them as a groom curries a horse. Here and there a tired worker has crawled into an empty cell and gone to sleep. At the entrance, on the job once more after your puff of smoke, are the guards, challenging all comers. An ant tries to get past them, and two of them hustle him out and send him tumbling head over heels; a bumblebee tries it, and, in spite of his size, finds the place too hot. All about are the big burly drones, the male bees who have nothing to do but take life easy, who have no stings, and who will be ruthlessly slaughtered by their working sisters at the end of the summer—a St. Bartholomew's Eve celebration that the bees take quite as a matter of course. There's a worker tackling a drone right now, if it chances to be late in the season, gnawing off his wing while she tugs him toward the exit.

Now look very close indeed. We must find the queen. Ah, here she is, slipping around that corner of the frame to keep out of sight. She is longer, much longer than the other bees, and she drags her heavy abdomen slowly over the combs. There is a rosette of attendant bees around her, most of them with their heads toward her; and these go with her, escorting her from cell to cell. Into each cell she thrusts that long abdomen, pauses an instant, and then withdraws it. In that instant she has laid an egg, and glued it neatly to the bottom of the cell. Such is the queen. Speaking of miracles, there she is—possibly the most marvelous machinery of reproduction in the whole known realm of nature. Two and a half times her weight in eggs a day—remember that. Start her, young and fresh, at the beginning of spring, and by honey flow she will present you with sixty, eighty, and even a hundred thousand of her children to gather nectar for you. If she is a black queen, and you want Italian bees instead of blacks, kill her and give the bees another fertilized queen. In a few months you will have an Italian colony instead of a black colony; for the bees you see before you now will within the next four to eight weeks all have worked themselves to death, and their places will have been taken by others coming by thousands from that fertile womb. A new queen means a new colony in the space of weeks. The bees come and go,

Underwood & Underwood

Capturing a queen bee for removal to another hive

but the queen remains. She *is* the colony.

One curious fact about this amazing creature is that she can lay fertilized or unfertilized eggs at will. If she lays an egg in one of the small cells, known as worker cells, she will lay a fertilized egg, and it will hatch into a female bee; but if she lays in one of the large cells, known as drone cells, she will lay an unfertilized egg; and this will hatch into a male bee, a drone. This is known as parthenogenesis.

But that isn't all. When the egg in the worker cell hatches into a larva, the nurse bees feed it an amazing food which they elaborate in their own stomachs on a diet of pollen and honey, and which is called royal jelly. They feed the larva royal jelly for three days, and then seal it up; and in due time it hatches into a worker bee, which is simply a female bee whose reproductive organs have not developed.

But suppose the bees want to make a queen. They can take that same worker egg, put it in a specially constructed cell called a queen cell, which is about the size of the end of your little finger, and feed it royal jelly for five days instead of three. Then they seal the cell, and in due time it hatches them a queen. When the bees want to swarm out with the old queen and leave part of their number to carry on the establishment with a new queen, that is what they do; and that is their method of multiplying by colonies. It is also their way of superseding an old and failing queen when they think it time to kill her off and start over with something young.

The first thing a virgin queen does when she hatches out is to run to other unhatched queen cells, if any, tear them open, and sting the occupants to death. Or if she finds another queen already hatched, they rush at each other, and the one that gets stung dies on the spot. This is the only occasion on which the queen bee ever uses her sting. After disposing of her rivals, this lively virgin sips honey and eats pollen for several days. Then she finally launches forth upon her wedding flight. And after her go the drones, perhaps hundreds of them, both from that and from other hives. A drone has extra large compound eyes, which enables him to spot a queen in flight at incredible distances. The drone that can fly the fastest and farthest is supposed to win in this race. The union takes place in the air; and the drone, the instant this is accomplished, drops to earth, dead, with his entire reproductive apparatus torn from him.

The queen, inseminated for life by this union, returns to the hive, and a few days later begins to lay. Within her, held in a small sack, is the entire seed of the drone. From that sack she permits the passage of spermatozoa apparently at will; and as her eggs pass out, she fertilizes them or withholds fertilization according to whether she is laying in a drone or a worker cell.

That single flight, if it results in a successful mating, is ordinarily the only flight the queen ever makes from the hive till she swarms out with part of the colony some time to seek a new home.

So much for a mere first glimpse at the bees. A man could look at them the span of his lifetime, and still his knowledge of these insects would be a trifle as compared with what there is to know.

Bee-keeping would be one of the most popular of hobbies if it were not for the fear people have of stings. It is also one of the most profitable of agricultural pursuits when the amount of the investment involved in a beehive is considered. Nobody was ever more afraid of bee stings than I was, so I quite appreciate the point of view of those who can't see themselves handling bees. I started wearing the full armor, but soon I found, as I became more familiar with the ways of bees, that I had been afraid of a myth. They seldom sting; and the terror of a bee sting, save for a few persons who are, by some idiosyncrasy, especially susceptible to the poison, is purely psychological. It hurts a little, and for a moment only; and the slight inconvenience of it does not weigh in the scale at all against the satisfaction of keeping bees. Familiarity breeds contempt, and before long the bee-keeper acquires immunity from the unpleasant after effects, such as swelling and itching, which the novice must expect to put up with. Have gentle Italian bees, and handle them gently, and stings will be few and far between. If you want to be paid for the fun you will get out of them, let me add that there is quite a bit of money in it. You may conservatively expect a clear profit of $10 or more a year from a hive. Many a man who is worrying about his bread and butter would find that worth a sting or two. Besides, it's the stings that help make bees interesting. Who would find a thrill in keeping a colony of black flies —even if they made honey?

"Stir" Slaves

The State-Use System

By NELS ANDERSON

The State-use system of prison labor is so called because it proposes to set the convict to making supplies for State institutions. In theory perfect, in practice it is only moderately successful in a few States that have tried it out. Mr. Anderson tells why. This is the second of a series of articles dealing with our prison system.

IT is pretty generally agreed that the State-use system is a step in prison reform. Perhaps the best evidence of it is the way wardens, keepers, and politicians as well as the contractors have opposed its inauguration. Penologists and laymen indorse State use. What the prisoners think we don't know, because nobody ever thought to ask prisoners. We may assume that convicts would be against any system that exploited their labor for the profit of contractors. Perhaps we shouldn't ask prisoners, but the fact that we never do is an indication of our general lethargic attitude toward the whole program of penal rehabilitation.

The employment of prison labor solely for the manufacture of articles for use in State institutions obviously is a step in advance over their employment for personal gain by a private contractor. The advantage is a little too obvious, in fact. It leads the public to assume, in the comfortable way it has of making optimistic assumptions in matters which do not directly concern its own welfare, that the solution of the prison employment problem has been found in the State-use system.

There are good grounds for regarding it as a step in advance, but none at all for thinking it any seven-league stride. It exists in only four States, and in two of them, at least, it is administered with scandalous slackness, owing to politics, labor-union opposition, and the general apathy of the public toward prisons and their inmates.

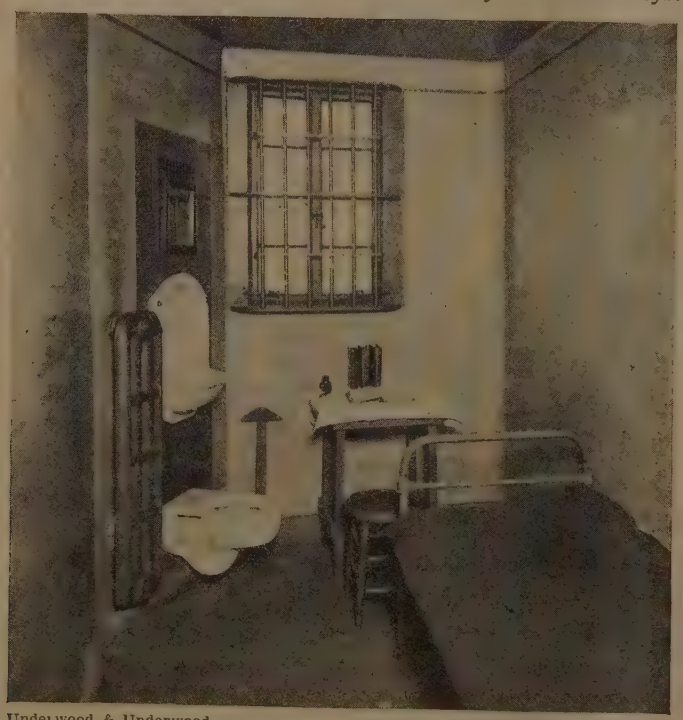
The element of private gain from the forced labor of the State's prisoners is eliminated by the State-use system. The contractor is not called in to bid for the labor of the men and women in the State's prisons. His "instructor," as he terms his representative or overseer in the prison shop, to foster the delusion that the workers there are learning a trade, does not under the State-use system dominate the shop or occupy his fertile mind with schemes to get more work out of the prisoners.

The introduction of the State-use system makes a breach in the interlocking feudalisms of bureaucracy and cheap-John business, in whose intricacies lurk the possibilities of graft and corruption in the thirty States which cling to some form of the contract system. No Milton F. Goodman, to mention only one contractor, can gain an ascendency in the prison system of a State which has State-use shops, such as he enjoys in the Middle West.

In the thirty years in which he or his firms have been handling prison-labor contracts, Milton F. Goodman, of Chicago, has established himself, not only as a millionaire, but as baron or overlord of a rich demesne. His retainers are bound to him, not by ties of affection or personal fealty, but as sharers in a lesser degree in the revenues of the barony.

Either they are selected by Mr. Goodman with a keen eye to their usefulness in the various and devious intrigues which are indispensable in the successful operation of a vast prison-contract business or they naturally develop the qualities necessary and gravitate to the posts for which they are best fitted. It is a well-nigh perfect business machine which Milton F. Goodman has built up. His Reliance Manufacturing Company has become the symbol of contract labor.

The Reliance Company became involved as recently as 1924 in an investigation in Oklahoma into the relationship between politics and the prison-contract system. Governor Walton, of Oklahoma, had assured organized labor during his campaign that he would eliminate the contract system from the prison shops of the State if he were elected. It was said, however, that he had given the Reliance Company to understand quite the contrary, and there was evidence that that corporation, whose subsidiaries handle prison-labor contracts, had subscribed $10,000 to the campaign fund of Gov-



Underwood & Underwood

A MODEL PRISON CELL

in the Statesville Penitentiary, Illinois. This is about six feet wide by nine and a half feet long

ernor Walton. In view of the Governor's campaign pledge, this was regarded as most mysterious, for the Reliance Company was not in the habit of chucking money about in $10,000 lots where it would be picked up by any one hostile to the contract system. An effort was made to get to the bottom of the mystery and subpœnas were issued for R. R. Rader, of the Reliance Company, and for Eli H. Brown, attorney for the company. Both of them were outside the jurisdiction of the State, however, and they stayed where they were, content, apparently, to sacrifice a shirt contract.

THE State-use system not only puts an end to the unholy alliance between prison contractors and politicians, but it reduces direct competition between prison-made goods and the products of free labor in the open market. Indirectly competition with free labor exists, obviously enough to have caused some criticism. It is a difficulty which is basic. So long as there is prison labor in wholesale quantities there is bound to be some competition with free labor.

As free individuals, before their imprisonment, the convicts were, of course, competing in the labor market with other free individuals. A comparatively small number of them, however, were garment makers or worked in brush shops or as printers or in any other given occupation. Their individual withdrawal from their trade made no perceptible difference in the competition for employment among the other members of the trade. But as convicts they are all lumped together and thrown into one trade, adding perceptibly to the competition in that trade.

Members of labor unions as individuals acquiesce in the prevailing opinion that convicts should be kept employed, but as union men and workers they protest bitterly when that employment happens to be the very trade in which they themselves are seeking a living. It makes little difference to them that, owing to the inefficiency of prison labor, the output per individual of prison shops amounts to only about $3,500 as compared with the $8,000 output per individual in free shops.

The result is that a politician, mindful of the labor vote, hesitates to take the steps which might make even the State-use system of prison industry reasonably efficient, and there is no co-operation whatever among the States in utilization of prison-shop products under the State-use system.

With inter-State co-operation and without political considerations, there would be an almost unlimited market for goods manufactured in prison shops under the State-use system. The forty-eight States and the thirty-one largest cities of the country spend all of $700,000,000 each year out of tax funds for public purchases. Not all the prison shops of the country, working at top speed under the most favorable conditions, could supply this demand.

Underwood & Underwood

THE OLD TYPE OF CELL

This Sing Sing cell is three feet wide by seven feet long. The prisoner can hardly move in it

Even to begin to supply it would require a complete reorganization of prison industries, a survey of resources and needs, the building and equipment of new shops, and a close co-operation among the States—no sign of which is now apparent. Arguments in favor of the scheme are plausible and the conception of the organization of prisons into an industrial chain, each link supported by the resources of its immediate vicinity and all contributing at cut rates to the public needs of the forty-eight States, is a pleasant one. It is, however, exceedingly remote.

In theory such a plan is perfect. It would be both logical and economical. It would enable the States to reverse the present process of buying public supplies on a high market and selling prison labor on a low market. Virginia prisoners would produce tobacco for use in State institutions throughout the country; Michigan prisons would supply the furniture; cast-iron products would come from prisons in Pennsylvania; the entire country would be divided into co-operative zones for the production of public supplies for the various States.

THE 104 prisons of the forty-eight States, with a population now estimated at 100,000, each individual of which has been sentenced to hard labor, constitute a vast and shameful monument to inefficiency in this land where efficiency has been almost deified. Thirty States turn over their convicts to contractors to be exploited and are content to pocket a loss themselves in order thus to shirk the responsibility entailed by sentencing these men to hard labor. It isn't efficient; it isn't even respectable; but it does keep the prisoners busy.

The State-use system, the only step taken in advance in prison industry in

recent years, is somewhat more respectable. At least it eliminates bribery and exploitation for private gain. In its present state, however, it hardly may be called more efficient than the contract system. It does not keep the prisoners busy—at least not always. Ohio has got rid of the contract system and has acquired, with the State-use system, the "idle house."

In the "idle house" the convicts sit for hour upon hour with no employment more inspiring than the computation of the number of hours they must rust before their terms are up. There are 600 in the "idle house" in Ohio. When it becomes necessary to give them exercise, they are marched around and around the prison yard. So often have they made this dreary round of the "fools' parade" that prison wags swear that when they get out they are unable to "go straight."

Organized labor succeeded in abolishing the contract system in New York in 1894. It was succeeded by the State-use system, regarded at the time as a triumph for humanity and intelligence. Pennsylvania and New Jersey are the other States, besides Ohio, which have it. The installation of the system in each case was with the approval or even at the urgent insistence of organized labor, but, having succeeded in establishing it, organized labor in some cases either forgot the subject entirely or even tried further to circumscribe the activities permitted to men in the prison shops.

In New York, in the year following the installation of the State-use system, union printers and the J. B. Lyon Company, of Albany, a local firm which virtually has a monopoly of public printing, saw to it that a law was passed which eliminated State printing as a prison trade. A similar law was passed in Indiana.

An elaborately equipped printing plant was set up recently in the Eastern State Penitentiary of Pennsylvania. Printing for the State and its institutions was to be done there, the plan being one which seemed at once economical for the State and beneficial to the prisoner, who was thus enabled to perfect himself in a lucrative trade. But the journeymen and employing printers, objecting to convict competition, brought political pressure to bear and the plant was abandoned.

The action of the printing trades in New Jersey offers a contrast to this attitude. The prison industries of that State have been freed of politics, freed even from the control of the warden, who is a political appointee. They have a printing plant in the prison there, and the printers' union co-operates cordially in the work, outlining a course of instruction and giving apprentice credit for the time served by the prisoner in the printing plant. A prisoner who meets all the requirements of the union during his stay in prison receives a union card upon his release.

The prison printing shop does not do all the State printing, by any means, nor is it run at full capacity. In the six years since it was established with the co-operation of organized labor, twelve prisoners have received union cards. In 1926 the total output of the plant, in which seventy men were employed, was valued at $75,000. The rest of the work went to union shops, and will continue to do so, it is explained, "until the prison plant is ready to take it." The product per man was small indeed for a year, but better than the average in the case of State-use shops, which is about $800. State-use shops, hampered by politics, rarely pay twenty-five per cent of the cost of maintenance.

Other scattered unions here and there have shown a sense of responsibility for the changes wrought largely through their influence in prison industries and are co-operating with the prison authorities in an attempt to make prison workshops amount to something. In New York the clothing workers have assigned an instructor-worker to the Reformatory for Women to lend assistance in the experiment of manufacturing clothing for State institutions. The Boot and Shoe Workers' Union is helping establish a shoe shop in the Federal Prison at Leavenworth.

CO-OPERATION in prison industries by the garment workers is significant, in however minor degree, for the needle trades are those hardest hit by prison labor, about $20,000,000 of the $50,000,000 worth of prison-contract goods unloaded on the market being wearing apparel. Both the United Garment Workers and the Union Made Garment Manufacturers have started organized campaigns against the sale of garments made under prison contract.

Real co-operation by labor unions for the solution of the problem would be of great assistance, and these beginnings, small as they are, have the elements of success in them. For labor, through its potential or actual political power to limit the scope of State-use prison shops, whose establishment was accomplished largely at labor's insistence, has only pushed the solution further into the background. It must be remembered, however, that labor's struggle against the prison-contract system is still going on in most States, and seems to labor leaders a more vital necessity than interest in State-use prison shops.

The general attitude of organized labor toward prison labor is exemplified by that of the executive secretary of the Indiana State Federation of Labor, who discovered that more than three hundred men in the Indiana prison were making reed furniture for a well-known furniture company.

"We don't like that," he said, "because it hurts free labor. If it doesn't hurt free labor here, then it does somewhere else. We understand that free labor does not make much reed and fiber furniture, but if the prison-made furniture was not dumped on the market people would have to buy some other kind."

He was rather vague as to what work could be done by prisoners which would not impinge somewhere upon the field of free labor, but suggested that they might be employed in the manufacture of articles for State institutions—in other words, recommending the State-use system as though there was some esoteric quality in supplies used by the State that differentiated them from supplies for private consumption.

In Arizona's attempt to start a prison cement plant we see how big business is also involved in blocking State use. When the bill was up, an agent from the cement trust breezed into town with a story of his company's plan to start a cement factory in Arizona. Not wishing to discourage industrial development, the Legislature dropped the bill. The agent never returned.

"It's unfair competition," says the employer. "I can't compete when prison goods demoralize the market."

"It's not the amount," says free labor; "it's the principle of the thing. Free labor will not compete with convicts."

When a man takes his last stand upon the "principle of the thing," it's no use to pursue him further. It's no use to demand that he be consistent. This citadel he will defend to the last gasp, regardless of the flimsiness of the weapons at hand. It's the same old struggle, and whosever interests are invaded by the labor of prisoners is going to fight back. Here it is the worker defending his job, there it is the contractor defending his right to run his institutional sweat-shop. In this all-around battle for rights, profits, or control every one is considered but the prisoner. For his own sake it probably matters little, because there is only a hundred thousand of him; but the more we disregard him, the more of a menace he is to us. And there are a hundred million of us.

The Asheville Convention

By DIXON MERRITT

HERE in Asheville, a nest in the midst of the mountain-tops, the summer assembly grounds of nearly all Protestant denominations clustering around it within a radius of fifty miles, the Southern Dry Democrats have met and highly resolved that Alfred E. Smith, the Democratic nominee for President, shall not have the electoral votes of the solidly Democratic South.

One is tempted to smile at the thought of so small a gathering taking so large a contract. Their number hardly exceeded 250. Nearly half were women. A majority of the other half were preachers. Nearly all were innocent of what is commonly thought of as a working knowledge of practical politics.

We newspaper men—there were twenty-five of us, perhaps—did smile at the outset. Then we began to realize that the leaders of this Conference were of those people who for fifteen years have had Congress jumping through the hoop at their word—jumping just the same when the hoop was covered with sheet iron as when it was covered with gauze paper. After that, we thought it wise to think twice before smiling too broadly. Involuntarily, there came to some of us the thought of the Spartans at the pass of Thermopylæ, of Gideon's band before the walls of Jericho.

Beyond any doubt, there was organized here a crusade of religious zeal. That without any reference to Governor Smith's church affiliation. Undoubtedly, there was religious prejudice here, but I do not believe that it was an actuating motive. These men and women felt that Governor Smith's political principles outrage their own religious principles, that his political practices would vitiate their moral achievements.

Just as undoubtable is the fact that the Asheville Conference was the beginning of a campaign of Democratic zeal. The people who participated in it were, almost without exception, hereditary Democrats. To most of them all of their lives a Southern Republican has been the height of the hideous, not to say of the heinous. They sincerely believed as they deliberated here that to turn the local and State affairs of the South into Republican hands would be to march straight into the arms of disaster. Yet these Democrats declared, with the exception of those from a single State, their fierce opposition to the Democratic nominee, their unfaltering determination to vote for the Republican nominee.

The exception was the representatives from South Carolina. That poor State nearly always finds itself in a position that makes nullification, secession, or bolting inevitable. It has a silly law by which one must take his Democracy straight or not at all; by which, if one scratches the nominee for President, one must scratch all other nominees. And this Conference was for supporting all Democratic nominees except Smith. What were the unfortunate South Carolinians to do? The Conference decided to let them depart in peace. They did depart, but in a few hours were back again, resolved, since they could not throw Jonah overboard, to sink the ship. There are few Republican candidates for office in South Carolina, anyway.

And so, with all Southern States represented—Missouri, Kentucky, Maryland, and all States south—the Conference resolved that Alfred E. Smith is not a regular Democrat, and that therefore no Democrat forfeits his regularity by refusing to support Alfred E. Smith.

There are three counts to the indictment:

Alfred E. Smith is not a Democrat in good and regular standing because he bolted the party platform adopted at Houston.

He is not a Democrat because he forced the selection of John J. Raskob, a Republican, as Chairman of the Democratic National Committee.

He is not a Democrat because he is a creature of Tammany, and Tammany has been a traitor to every Democratic nominee from Tilden to Davis.

These charges may or may not be valid in logic or in fact, but, fortunately or unfortunately, political charges do not have to be proved. And there is enough of fact behind these, particularly when they are backed by the preacher, to salve the conscience of many a Southern Democrat who wants to vote against Smith and hesitates only because of the question of party regularity. Raskob, Tammany, and the prohibition telegram do not, indeed, sound like regular, traditional Democracy to some who want to vote for Smith.

There is a fourth charge, not set forth in what may be called the platform adopted by the Conference, but mentioned in several of the speeches. It is that the Smith machine secured delegates to the Houston Convention by practices so sharp as to be dangerous to the political peace and dignity of the Nation. The representation was made to the Houston Convention in a petition, signed, but few knew the signatories. Chairman Robinson received it, referred to it, and filed it. He said there were signatures. Asked how many, he said, "Several." Pressed by a delegate for more definite information, he said, "Well, it looks as though there might be a million."

Bishop H. M. Du Bose of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, told the story of that petition here. He said that there were not a million signatures, but that there were almost exactly four hundred thousand. "And that," he added, "is enough to turn the scale."

If four hundred thousand Southern Democrats believe that Governor Smith secured delegates by irregular methods, if they resent it enough to vote against him, and if they are properly distributed, it is enough to turn the scale and to take the South out of the Democratic column for this year. But it is mighty hard to make three ifs stand up in a row.

The Conference was called by James Cannon, Jr., of Richmond, Virginia, a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and Dr. Arthur J. Barton, of Atlanta, Georgia, a Baptist clergyman and Vice-Chairman of the Anti-Saloon League of America. The latter served as chairman and the former as secretary of the Conference. They meant to have less than fifty conferees present. Against their wills, they got five times that number. But the issuing of credentials was strictly guarded. Every person who sat in the Conference had to affirm, first, that he was a Democrat; second, that he was a Southerner; third, that he was dry. Officially, it was the conference of Dry Southern Democrats. One man from Ohio and one from Canada were seated as fraternal delegates. It was not exactly a conference of the States that seceded in 1861,

(*Please turn to continuation, page 560*)

Storm Signals in Tennis

By HERBERT REED
(Right Wing)

WILLIAM T. TILDEN in the course of his remarkable athletic career has rebuilt and dramatized tennis all over the world. He has been architect and actor in a game that has experienced one of the most remarkable developments in the history of sport. It seems a pity that just at the time when the mass of the tennis public stood ready to add long-delayed personal popularity to his greatness the crash should have come. For, no matter what decision of expediency is made before these lines appear, whether for or against, and pending a rehearing of the whole matter in the near future, it was indeed a crash. The world of tennis owes Bill Tilden a debt that it is doing its best to repay—and with his own generous help—by the development of what some day will be almost a horde of young players who will put the technique of the game on a plane higher than it has known in all its long history. This great triumph cannot be taken from him.

Tennis is a game of forthright personalities. No other kind will get very far on the courts. And arrayed against Tilden in the decision that removed him from the Davis Cup team are personalities as dominant as his own. They felt that infraction of the player-writer rule was a vital blow to the standing of their beloved sport. But they should have known that Big Bill could no more forbear to write about it on the spot than he could forbear to talk about it, no matter what the prior agreement. Too bad they could not have barred all writing about the game by Davis Cup players for the period of the matches and thrashed the whole thing out later, as it will have to be thrashed out, along with other infractions that have been glossed over.

I sometimes feel that the player-writer rule has taken precedence over such matters as gift rackets and exorbitant expense accounts—with an occasional gift automobile—because of the propaganda power it might give to certain personalities in their uncontrolled moods. There have been times when it has worked out that way. It must be remembered that in these days of newspaper syndicates a disgruntled champion can reach literally millions of readers, while the governing body in his sport must rely on "statements," which have no money value in the editorial office, and so can never hope to catch up with the offending material. At first blush, permission to write seems simple enough and innocent too, but modern civilization has complicated the matter. I have felt, too, that part of the trouble with the player-writer rule, the Ethiopian in the cord-wood, has been the hostility of the parties gathered in conference. In the vernacular, both have made concessions, but both have gone away from the council table "sore."

In a word, the capitalization of athletic ability in selling bonds, insurance or even the plumbing fixtures that add to Jean Borotra's income, for instance, does not carry with it the power of publicity. And that power of publicity is perhaps more dangerous than ever just now, since in all sports the present temper of a large section of the public (the vastly expanded sports public that is looking for a "show") seems to be: "Ah, who cares? Let him make all the money he wants. He's champion, ain't he?" I shall return to the syndicated article later.

William T. Tilden

For the moment let us to the personalities of a few men set over against Tilden, President Collom of the U. S. L. T. A., and Joe Wear, in charge of the American Davis Cup team, and incidentally townsmen of Tilden. Holcombe Ward is a man who has stood four square against even the very slightest taint of professionalism, even any mere suspicion of a drift that way, ever since I first heard of him. He is hardly a compromiser, and he has the advantage of knowing that the present *laissez-faire* in all sports is a passing phase. There are literally hosts of tennis followers who will say: "If Holcombe Ward says a thing is so, it is so. I am sorry, but I am content." Something of a reputation to have built up in the course of an active life on and off the courts! And there is Julian S. Myrick, of whom it may be said with justice that modern tennis from the administrative point of view owes him a debt that it never can repay. It may be, as Tilden and Richards have often said, that he has sometimes considered himself the czar of the tennis world. No doubt he has. At all events, he and Tilden have waged open warfare for years.

What Myrick did in the earlier days was to give the game new life by taking it away from Newport, where for so many years it was a mere appanage of society. That was an accomplishment against which at the time the betting was heavy. Later came the West Side Tennis Club, which is today to tennis what Meadow Brook is to polo. How much influence he has had in the late unpleasantness I do not know, as he is out of office, but I suspect that he has given counsel, as he always will on any amateur sport. He has the friendship

Tilden in action

d respect of men in other sports who e fighting to keep their games out of e hands of the promoters. It was in-itable that such a character as Myrick d such a character as Tilden would me to grips. And it was inevitable at sooner or later the storm would eak around Tilden.

Dr. Sumner Hardy, father of modern nnis on the West coast, and the man sponsible for the bringing out of that markable string of players from Cali-rnia, made the charges against Tilden, d in doing so he was consistent, for e has objected to the whole Davis Cup rocedure this year from the very be-nning. And I honestly believe that it rt him to do it. His brother, Samuel ardy, by the way, is one of Tilden's eatest admirers.

Mention of Dr. Hardy brings one ack for the moment to my characteriza-on of Tilden as a tennis "architect." or the first young player whom Hardy ursed along on the public courts of olden Gate Park was Maurice Mc-aughlin, the "California Comet," who ook the East by storm. Tilden, when e began his great campaign, realized at nce that "Maury" had brought some-ning new into the game—remorseless speed. But Tilden would not toss away as much of the back court game as "Red Mac" had done. He linked the two together in the course of his years of constantly improving play until, combining the two with what amounted to a brand-new generalship, he had at command as nearly perfect a game as any one could vizualize. I said in a previous article that I considered Richards the greatest player in the world today, and I repeat that statement, for he had finally conquered Tilden, who frankly admitted that his years were against him; but Tilden taught Richards his own game, as he has too many other young players to mention.

Now for the syndicates. Away back in the long ago, Walter C. Dohm of Princeton, and W. C. Downs of Harvard, later members of the New York Athletic Club, and both delightful personalities, wrote of middle-distance running for a newspaper. Syndicates were not then in existence, and I remember no rule at the time against an athlete's writing his head off. He had to do just that to make any money. At best he made possibly $10 a column, and wrote three or four columns a week. No one thought anything about it. Then came the syndicates. They had done wonderful work in building up reputations and comfortable, in some cases opulent, livings for writers who otherwise might have been unheard of. But when they tackled sport, about which most editors know very little, they demanded first, last, and all the time, a NAME. For buying and selling the name was essential to start with, and it did not matter much what appeared under that name. In fact, the syndicate preferred to have the stuff written in the office. To the everlasting credit of Tilden and Richards, their copy was always readable, and they took pains to improve it as time went on. If they had never held a title, they undoubtedly would have developed into first-class tennis reporters—and tennis is fortunate in the excellence of its newspaper handling. But there never would have been ten thousand, fifteen thousand, or more, a year in it. As a matter of fact, I doubt if Richards ever made any such figure at his best.

However, the remuneration rose high enough so that it was possible for a ranking tennis amateur to make more money out of tennis by being an amateur than by turning professional. This is the sort of thing to which George Wightman, the same that resigned from the Olympic Committee because of Charley Paddock, so seriously objects. And, admittedly, it is a problem. It begins to look, indeed, as if the plodding, conscientious professional without any personal advertising were out of luck altogether.

Fundamentally, I have been opposed to restricting any man in the expression of opinion in writing on any sport in which he was engaged, and for money—if any one wanted to buy it. This always provided that the athlete wrote his own stuff. But it will be seen from the foregoing that there are pretty strong arguments against it.

I only hope that after Tilden's return, when the matter is taken up *in extenso*, as it will be, that the other abuses will be brought out into the sunlight, where they belong. And if the house-cleaning goes clear down to the cellar, the tennis ranks might well be decimated. Even so, I suspect the game will live, even though gate receipts might suffer for a time. I wonder if some of our readers remember the time when L. H. Waidner, of Chicago, what time the Middle West was insurrecto, arose on the convention floor and had the cheerful effrontery to demand that players in amateur tournaments be fined for tardiness or failure to appear.

Miniatures from the Life

The Pattern-Cutter

By IBBY HALL

IN the early spring of this year a certain pattern-cutter in New York lost his job.

He was not a young man, and was inclined to be rather sensitive over this point of age. Perhaps he felt that years were a disadvantage in seeking work. Perhaps with increasing age he had found jobs more difficult to hold. Or it may be that life had aged him prematurely. For, though the man looked over seventy and old, he insisted to those who felt they had a right to know that he was no more than fifty-six. He had a certain pride about it.

In spite of his years, he had not learned very much about life except for the fact that everywhere it was stronger than himself. He had learned, too, that he must hold a job in order to go on living. So that when he lost his job he knew very well that he was expected to find another. From the cheap lodging-house which was his home, he set out daily to do what was expected of him.

But for once Life, or God—or, what had come to mean for him the Ruling Power—did not seem interested in his efforts. At the end of two months he was still without a job, and his mind was slowly filling with a great doubt. He doubted that he would ever get another job—he doubted that he could hold a job any more if he should get one—he doubted that any Ruling Power was aware of his existence. It was only a step to the final doubt of that one lesson he had learned. . . . There might be other ways of keeping alive than the way of work.

It was about this time when the old man noticed, one afternoon in his aimless tramping of city pavements, the hospitable open doors of a Catholic church.

The air inside the building was cool and dark, after the heat of noisy streets. The old man stood hesitating in one of the quiet aisles. No one troubled him. The scattered worshipers in the church were intent upon their own concern with God. The pattern-cutter slipped furtively into a pew, grateful for this chance to rest his painful feet. He began to look about, cautiously, curiously, at the worshipers—at the candles—at the statues—the walls. He began to consider what he should do.

A few hours later he found himself trembling, standing before a magistrate. He had been caught pilfering from the poor-box of the church. What was to be done with him now?

The magistrate did very little to that cowed and abject figure. This was a first offense. The man was old and out of work, and the temptation had been great. He was put on parole.

Outside the city court, breathing the air of freedom once more, the old man was filled with relief. That had been a narrow escape. From what—he was not quite sure. But certainly he had doubted that Ruling Power, and had been brought back to himself by a quick touch on the shoulder. He must remember once more what he had learned. He must find a job.

But when one is old and has begun to doubt life becomes a terror and a quicksand. Another month passed, and the pattern-cutter was still out of work. Moreover, he had added now a fresh doubt to those others. He doubted the law. Perhaps it was only necessary to be more careful and one might escape the law altogether. His mind began to dwell on the argument of the poor-box. Did he not belong to the poor? Was that not his money by rights?

Two weeks more without a job, and his hunger coupled with his doubts had become a defiance. He was through with superstitions. He would act now for himself, but this time more carefully.

In the northern part of the city one summer's afternoon a devout congregation worshiped before a Catholic altar. And the old pattern-cutter was among them. When the services were over, the old man stayed on alone. He sat waiting with the silence for twilight, when corridors and vestibules would be filled with flickering and unsubstantial shadows, hardly distinguishable from his own wavering figure.

In that subtle moment of dusk, when candle-light begins to live and marble shrines glow with warmth and color, the old man crept closer to the shrine of the Sacred Heart. With the deepeni grayness outside, the religious light the church rose like a tide to clutch a drown his resolution. He looked fea fully over his shoulder, but he was alo with stillness—a stillness that beat his ear in an unknown language.

He was within reach now of the poo box. Now he was so close upon it th he could feel his own breath return him. One second—one second only b between his fear and the money in th box. He had only to lift one hand the cover, while he plunged the oth inside. Beads of sweat broke out up his forehead. Only one second, and would be out of this dreadful stillne and on the safe and familiar stre again.

The pattern-cutter braced himself a raised his two hands. They clos simultaneously upon the lifted cover a the cold coins within. And in that gr they became paralyzed, unable to mov

For, with the suddenness of that se ond, the stillness of the church w broken. A blinding flash of some my terious lightning flung the shadows fro the church and rounded the edifice wi daylight. In the swift and unexpect brilliance there existed only one e man, struck into terrified stone. The somewhere in the distance a bell beg to ring.

The pattern-cutter returned to li Dropping the cover of the poor box, a thrusting his money-clenched hand in his pocket, he staggered down the na darkened church and stumbled throu the vestibule towards the steps.

He was met there on the steps b three figures—one in the black robe of priest, the other two wearing the badg of detectives. Once more a white-face trembling figure was carried off to ju tice—but this time his plea of not guil would count for little. This time th money was in his pocket, and behin him, in the silence of the church, a flas light camera held the record of his act

The next day the newspapers herald the invention of one of the city's polic men—a contrivance that had succeed in taking the picture of the thief, ringi a bell of warning in the rectory, and n tifying by the boom of the explosion th police station next door.

The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

"Warming Up"

THERE isn't much point to this Richard Dix picture, but it's good fun, just the same. The tale is of a rookie pitcher who gets a chance to try out with the Yankees because the owner's daughter has taken a fancy to him—what? Oh, don't be so fernickety! It's just a movie.

So, as we were saying, he joins the team on the Florida training trip and, of course, whiffs all the star hitters on his very first try-out; all, that is, except one. For Masher MacRae, the handsome and unscrupulous clean-up man of the Yankee batting order, is also in love with the owner's daughter, and he suspects what he suspects, so he puts a jinx on the boy moundsman.

The result of these machinations of Masher MacRae's is that the new pitcher (his name is Bert Tolliver) can't get one anywhere near the plate while MacRae is around. Conceive, then, his pleasure when MacRae is traded to Pittsburgh. Tolliver has a grand season and the Yankees win the American League pennant. But wait: the National League flag is copped by—guess who? Correct. Pittsburgh faces the Hugmen in the World's Series, and our hero not only has to see the unspeakable MacRae once more—he has to pitch to him. How he pitches to him, and what happens then, is too utterly exciting for words; you haven't the slightest idea how it all comes out, unless you have reached the age of four and one-half years and have seen at least one picture with an athlete for a hero.

Richard Dix and his supporting cast work with whole-souled energy that they may impart to this picture the buoyant good nature necessary to put across a film of its type. The Paramount sound devices used in connection with the showing are negligible in their effect. None of the characters speaks, but there is a running fire of kidding, cheering, singing, and orchestral effects going on all the time, and one can't quite decide whether they help the picture or hinder it.

The direction, by Fred Newmeyer, is good and the subtitles are excellent.

"Telling the World"

FOR years now—anyway, it seems like years—this well-intentioned reviewer has been going to William Haines pictures hoping to be able to say some of the nice things about William Haines which used to be sayable in his early career. It couldn't be done. Now Mr. Haines's all-wise employers have made some complimentary utterances possible by supplying this brilliant young star with a really first-rate picture.

True, he still does all kinds of killing stunts and shoots off his face in the subtitles; but he gets much more heavily sat on for it, and the whole effect is less nauseous, by a great deal, than in any of his recent offerings.

Perhaps the story has a lot to do with this result; it is by Dale Van Every and sets forth the adventures of young Don Davis, who is kicked out by his father and becomes a reporter. How he goes to the Blue Bird Café on a fake murder tip engineered by his office mates; how he finds that a real murder has been committed there; how he meets the girl who eventually becomes Mrs. Davis and courts her from hemisphere to hemisphere—all these things go to make up an amusing and often enthralling comedy-drama. Our hopes for the return of William Haines to sanity and normalcy were bolstered up no end by seeing it, and we trust the success it seems to be having will imbue the Messrs. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with a determination toward further efforts in Mr. Haines's behalf. Mr. Haines deserves them.

Two New Rolls-Royces

APPEARING with Richard Dix in "Warming Up" is a girl named Jean Arthur and playing opposite William Haines in "Telling the World" is another girl, whose name, for screen purposes, anyway, is Anita Page.

Both of these budding actresses contribute such extraordinarily talented performances in their respective rôles that it looks as if only the toughest kind of tough breaks could keep them from stardom and affluence. Ask any of the movie actresses what it is like to support a male star. If they don't know you very well, they will reply, with rapturously upcast eyes, that having the opportunity to act with Gregory Glostora has been "the most lahverly expeerence a girl could have."

But get one of them just a trifle off her guard some time. (It can be done.) What you will hear about the male idols of the screen will be an elephant's earful. They stick their hands, faces, and cigarettes in front of the lady's face; they wave handkerchiefs or walk around while she is trying to register something. They do anything and everything to keep her from "stealing the show," and, competition being what it is, they may not be so unjustified, at that.

But certainly, the leading ladies have a hard spot to fill; and when two newcomers bob up with the promise of the Misses Arthur and Page, and with the ability to surmount these aforementioned difficulties, they will bear watching. And they are two of the easiest girls to watch you ever saw.

Faces and Fortunes

DAILY to the film studios the Broadway troupers troop. Object—screen tests. On the results of these experimental negatives depends our future entertainment; for the passable actor or actress who "screens well" will be the one we shall see in the new movie-tone shows, rather than the ultra-accomplished stage artist who doesn't look well in celluloid. Heaven send that the gods, the make-up experts, and the cameramen be good to us, and spare us, miserable cinemas!

Ivory Apes and Peacocks

By W. R. BROOKS

THE problem of cooking in summer homes was greatly simplified by the development of oil stoves which were dependable and safe. The old wood and coal stoves were hot and slow. Now a further advance has been made. Real gas is now available in cylinders for use in connection with gas stoves in sections which are out of reach of town and city gas mains. This is real gas, derived from natural gas, and is kept in steel containers outside the house and piped in to the stove. The gas is used exactly as regular city gas is used, and the results are the same. A dependable distribution service is maintained through several hundred distributing and service stations. Actual tests show that nearly eight hundred individual meals may be cooked with one cylinder. We should think this might solve the cooking problem in country homes, since it is bound to be more dependable than electricity, and cleaner and quicker than oil.

NEVER again will you have to make up excuses for having cut long slits in the best guest towels by wiping off your razor blades on them, for there is now on the market a lamp-shade to go over the shaving mirror which dries off the razor and blade and does away with the necessity for wiping. There is a recess on top of the shade into which you put the razor, and the heat from the lamp does the rest.

If the candles on your mantel droop and bend down and touch their toes in hot weather, you can get wooden candles, made for decorative purposes, which look like wax candles, and, of course, won't melt. Of course, if some week-end guest tries to light himself to bed with one of them, he will be out of luck.

If you are one of those housewives who follow cigarette and cigar smoking guests around with a dust-pan and a whisk-broom, we recommend the ash-receiver which is equipped with snap-on fasteners and can be fastened to a floor lamp or the leg of a bridge table. A few of these scattered around the room will save your floors.

THE street we live on isn't far from the docks, and occasional sailors with a day's leave ashore and nothing to spend wander into it, and, standing beneath our windows and those of our neighbors, bawl out sentimental ballads in hoarse bellows better tuned for competition with Atlantic gales than for the expression of such tender sentiments. Occasionally one will have a fiddle or an accordion, and once in a great while a group of these amateur musicians will combine to bang and blare sweet harmonies out of battered trombones, cornets, and drums. There was one big raw-boned Irishman who came every Sunday for several weeks armed only with one of those tin whistles that you used to buy in your childhood for ten cents. He was not in a class with the others, however. He was a genius. We would never have believed that one could draw such a gay, clear ripple of notes from an instrument which at our youthful lips used to give forth such appalling shrieks and wails.

We don't believe that these pe earn a great deal of money by such mal performances, but we have a tain amount of sympathy—yes, an respect—for them. There is an earn ness about them that commands They are not beggars—much as t evidently need a little money; and t don't care how badly they play provi they get a few pennies. In the h therefore, that this may come under eye of one of these virtuosi, we wish call attention to a mouth organ wh plays music rolls. You put in the blow, and out comes a perfectly rec nizable tune. Armed with one of th we believe a man could reap quite a h vest of small change in the streets New York.

We have two other suggestions them—though perhaps we are a fool reveal these, since if that grim arbi of our destinies, the editor, should e decide to dispense with our services, should certainly be reduced to some s expedients. However— The first is go into a telephone booth and inser forefinger in the little recess into wh your nickel falls when you have calle number that is busy. An incredi large number of people apparently le the booth without waiting to get th money back under these circumstanc A variation of this which we have hea of but never tried is to stuff a little p per in the slit above the recess throu which the nickel falls. This stops t money from coming down, and you c come back in one or two days, pull c the paper, and collect your little hand of nickels. Such a scheme would wo beautifully in New York, up in t neighborhood of the Grand Central S tion, for instance, where there are hu dreds of telephone booths in a very sm radius. You could set your nickel tra and then go around and visit them eve few days like a trapper in the F North.

A second possibility is offered by t receptacle in the subway turnstiles in which all coins of the wrong size f when put in the slot. Dimes and penni fall through into the receptacle witho allowing you to pass through the tur stile. And if you're in a hurry, y grumble and put in a nickel and go without waiting to see where your pen or dime has gone. These two schem could undoubtedly be worked togethe We suggest that it might be wise carry a small canvas sack to put t money in, as the weight of so much s ver and nickel and copper would dr the pockets out of shape in a short tim

Jazz Operatics in Paris

By EUGENE BONNER

Paris.

THE visitor who arrives in Paris for the seven days towards the end of June, commonly known as the Grande Semaine, finds himself almost overwhelmed with the brilliance, the dizzying whirl, and the breathless turmoil of one thing rushing onto and falling over the heels of another, and can scarcely decide where to turn, quite bewildered by the *embarras de richesse* in the way of entertainment, amusements, or diversions beckoning from every side.

The present week is no exception to the rule—in fact, things seem a little more hectic than usual, even to one just arrived from that capital on the Danube which has never lacked a reputation for liveliness.

All the opera houses are going full blast, Diaghileff is showing off his ballet at the Théâtre Sarah-Bernhardt, concert halls are in violent eruption, while music halls and cinemas are jammed to the doors with people of all kinds, colors, and nationalities, not excluding, to quote a classic aria, the Argentines *and* the Greeks!

The great ex-Premier of Poland gave a piano recital that made most recent entertainments of that particular kind seem like the playing of brilliant students, that erstwhile infant prodigy Jascha Heifetz, now a mature artist, fiddled away for all he was worth, singers sang, dancers danced, and actors acted, while out at Auteuil the horses have been racing their poor heads nearly off—all to make what would seem to be a Franco-American holiday, our British friends across the Channel being rather too busy with their own *fin de saison* activities to be able to be here in such large numbers as their cousins from the States.

Undoubtedly the most interesting event of the week was the first performance here of the much-discussed jazz opera of Ernest Krenek, "Jonny mène la Danse" ("Johnny spielt auf"), which, according to announcements, we are to hear at the Metropolitan Opera House this coming winter.

The Théâtre des Champs Elysées, with its somewhat complicated modern simplicity, was unusually well suited to house the première of this "new" opera. The place was packed to the doors with an audience hoping cheerfully for the worst which they didn't get. A few feeble attempts at a "demonstration" were made, it is true, but they were half-hearted, and the chief emotion displayed was one of disappointment or polite boredom—a few passages bringing forth ribald laughter which soon died of its own lack of momentum.

Apart from the fact that the dominating character in the piece is an American Negro, leader of a jazz band, the story of the opera is neither very exciting nor amusing. It concerns Max, a young composer who prefers to live amid the glacial solitudes of the Alps, whence he draws his musical inspiration. Prowling one day in the snow and ice, he meets Anita, a young singer, who has lost her way—and small wonder if you had seen that scenery. They are mutually attracted, etc., etc., and he goes to stay with her in her apartment in "a city of Central Europe." So far, so good.

Now Anita has to leave for Paris, where she is to create the leading rôle in a new opera by Max. The gay life of that city apparently goes to her head to the extent that she's on the point of succumbing to the ebon charms of Johnny, the Negro jazz player of the hotel, when she is rescued just in time by Daniello, a celebrated violinist, who happens to occupy the adjoining room in this conveniently arranged hotel. Anita transfers her affections with a flip-flop to the handsome violinist, and the two of them, after a love duet apparently learned from the virtuosos of the house-tops, disappear into the room of Anita. The Negro Johnny, from a point of vantage observes matters, and in a jealous rage slips into Daniello's room and steals his beloved violin.

The next morning, after her side-slip with Daniello, Anita has come to the realization that, after all, it's Max and Max only that she loves—Max, who has been keeping the home fires burning in Central Europe, to say nothing of putting flowers all about the room in anticipation of her return. It was this flower-scattering, waiting-at-the-window à la Madame Butterfly, that so moved the risibilities of the first-night audience.

On the point of leaving Paris Anita offers her ring to Daniello as a memento of their somewhat precipitate amour. To revenge himself both for her desertion of him and for the loss of his violin, Daniello sends the ring to Max by Yvonne, Anita's new maid, who is also Johnny's mistress (fast worker, that boy).

Max abandons Anita and takes to the tall mountains. In an Alpine hotel he hears on the radio the voice of Anita; at the same time Daniello hears his stolen Amati being played by Johnny. Max sails off in pursuit of Anita, Daniello of Johnny. The Negro, almost caught by the police, leaves the violin in a railway station, with the luggage belonging to Max, who is arrested as the thief.

In the hullabaloo which follows Daniello is squashed under the wheels of a locomotive and Max and Anita are reunited, while the great globe-shaped station clock descends, showing us the New-World Johnny on top, sawing away for dear life, while the Old World dances to his fiddling.

Undoubtedly Mr. Krenek, who shows throughout this score indisputable evidence of being a musician of no small ability, has intended the whole opera as a satirical comment on the music, habits, customs, and what-not of this present age of ours. Unfortunately, satire to be effective should be deftly handled—not whanged into us with a sledge-hammer, as it is in this case.

The opera is too long and the big moments somehow or other manage to miss fire. The jazz parts are the least interesting passages in the piece, while the rest of the work consists for the most part of long stretches of dreary ugliness, the voice parts being unbelievably disagreeable to the ear.

Now the Board of Directors of the Metropolitan Opera House, on the grounds of morality, still refuse to allow the Strauss "Salome" to reappear on its sacred boards. These same gentlemen are now going to treat us instead to the spectacle of an American Negro of a pretty low order making love quite impartially to two white women, one of them his mistress.

Not that we would give a rap should the entire faubourg of Harlem debouch onto the stage of the Metropolitan . . . but it *is* funny.

The Financial Position of Mexico

By

THOMAS H. GAMMACK

THE alarm of Mexico's creditors over the assassination of General Obregon, the President-elect, was clearly registered on the New York Stock Exchange, where all Mexican bonds sold off sharply, some of them depreciating almost as much as fifteen per cent. Inasmuch as this murder threatened the comparative stability which has prevailed below the Rio Grande since 1920, there was real justification for these declines. If, however, President Calles can find some constitutional way of holding his present office for two consecutive terms, Mexico's financial position may be even stronger than it would have been if the President-elect had lived.

President Calles, some American financiers believe, is a stronger man and a more capable executive than General Obregon ever was. Both favored the same general policies, but President Calles perhaps ran the Government more efficiently and more economically, thereby making more funds available for the payments of Mexico's foreign debts, most of them owed to the United States.

The character and ability of the President now are of particular importance to holders of Mexican bonds, because a new schedule of payments will be negotiated before very long. Two American experts—Joseph E. Sterrett, who served for two years with Agent-General for Reparations S. Parker Gilbert as the American member of the Transfer Committee, and Dr. Joseph S. Davis, of Leland Stanford University—have just returned from a comprehensive study of the Mexican financial and economic situation, and their report will be used as the basis for a new agreement covering interest payments. They went at the invitation of the Mexican Government and as representatives of the Bondholders' Committee. The Committee, of which T. W. Lamont, of J. P. Morgan & Co., is chairman, represents the holders of virtually all of the foreign and a substantial proportion of the internal bonds, their aggregate value amounting to a little more than half a billion dollars.

The latest schedule of payments, known as the Lamont-Pani agreement, drawn up in October, 1925, after negotiations between the Committee and the Mexican Government, was effective through 1927. This arrangement superseded the Lamont-de la Huerta agreement of June, 1922. No payments at all had been made since the end of 1914 and only erratic ones since the fall of Diaz in 1911. The 1922 schedule, which called for increasingly large payments over a period of five years, running from $15,000,000 in the first year to $25,000,000 in the fifth, broke down because of the Mexican Government's extraordinarily large expenditures incident to the suppression of the de la Huerta revolution of 1923–4. The more lenient 1925 schedule did not prove to be an unbearable burden.

It had been hoped at the time that the Lamont-Pani agreement was approved that this year would have seen the resumption of full service on the bonds, but the Bondholders' Committee as well as the Mexican Government realized that this was impossible. The Government's income from oil revenues had been reduced to the point where it became obvious that a plan of modified payments would be necessary. The report of Mr. Sterrett and Dr. Davis probably will indicate what the new schedule will be. This is the first time that the Mexican Government, which gave the experts the fullest co-operation, have offered to approach the problem in such a scientific manner.

The new agreement will recognize the fact that the present depression may be temporary. Mexico's income should increase substantially. One of the reasons for the drop in oil production was the dispute between the Government and the American oil companies. Now that this dispute has been settled to the satisfaction of both parties by the judicial decision that the new laws could not deprive the American companies of any rights they enjoyed prior to March 1, 1927, output should swell again, although it will never again be as large as it was six years ago.

Unfortunately, Mexico's burden of debts is not limited to its bonds. Foreign governments have claims against the Government amounting to a billi dollars, resulting from damages duri periods of revolution and from alleg confiscation of real property by t Mexican Government. No one believ seriously that anything remotely a proaching the full amount of the clai will be paid. The claimants will lucky if they collect as much as two three per cent of the sum. In the 18 claims settlement with Mexico this cou try recovered only $4,125,000, or .9 p cent of aggregate claims of $470,126 000.

The seven claims commissions no functioning with other nations, neverth less, are unwieldy and expensive. The cost Mexico about half a million dolla a year. It is believed that Ambassad Morrow is trying to simplify the prob lem by arranging for specific paymen to the various nations. The foreig governments then could distribute the sums among their citizens who hav made claims. Such a settlement woul undoubtedly benefit both the Mexica Government and the claimants.

Mexico's creditors would be foolish they considered their position too s cure. The chaos that followed the orde of the Diaz régime and the eighty yea of her history during which her bond were in complete default stand as warn ings against over-optimism. The preser situation, moreover, is certainly far fro satisfactory. Current revenues are to small to permit payment of full bon interest. The Mexican Government in sists on making fairly large capital ex penditures out of income. There is th possibility that President Calles will hav to surrender office to some untried candi date. Certainly it will be many year before the country can again borrow for eign money, as she did under Diaz, on 4.1 per cent basis.

But many aspects of the situation ar decidedly pleasing. The present Ad ministration is the strongest of the las twenty-five years. The American Am bassador is probably the most capabl representative that we have ever had i that country. The representatives o Mexico and her creditors are working to gether in closer harmony than they have for many years. All in all, things might be much worse.

The Traveled Engine

A Tale for Children

By HARRIET EAGER DAVIS

Illustrated by Luxor Price

WHEN Mrs. Wolf was small Dorothy, visiting her Kansas cousins, the children begged over and over for William Dean Howells's story of "The Pony Engine and the Pacific Express." Finally one night her exhausted aunt declared: "I just can't tell that story again."

"That's all right," consoled her small son. "Tell us one just like it." And so "The Traveled Engine" began.

With aid of time-tables, railroad maps, and view books, the Engine soon became a source of family education, and when, years later, Mrs. Wolf introduced it into her own nursery school, little chaps of two and three to whom "geography" was an unknown word clamored enthusiastically: "Let's play Traveled Engine."

The new engine listening to the sophisticated talk of his elders

The Traveled Engine

As remembered by Dorothy Hunley Wolf

ONCE upon a time there was a big bright new engine. But alas! he had never been anywhere. His bell had never rung "Ding, dong!" his whistle had never tooted; no smoke had ever puffed from his shiny new smoke-stack and no steam ever hissed from his sides. When he heard older engines talking, he felt very young and green, for they seemed to have traveled everywhere.

One engine had seen prairie-dogs sitting on their sandy houses.

Another had passed mountains covered with snow in midsummer.

Another told of Indian and adobe huts on the prairie.

Another had seen real oranges and lemons growing on trees.

And another had been in a wreck! He was a badly smashed old chap, used only about the yard, but quite a hero to his fellows.

Only the young new engine had seen nothing.

One day an engineer and a fireman came and looked him all over very carefully. "This is the engine for us," they said. "We'll make a test trip and drive it through to"— but the rest he could not hear. The engine trembled with excitement.

"At last," thought he, "I shall go somewhere and see something. I shall be a traveled engine."

Then the engineer oiled him and the fireman shoveled him with coal until he was roaring red hot and the steam began to hiss from his sides. He felt a long train of cars hitched to his tender and heard the voices of busy brakemen and porters and passengers coming and going.

"Ding, dong!" rang his shiny new bell. "Toot, toot!" piped his whistle. "Puff-ff!" went the smoke from his shiny new smoke-stack, and the white steam hissed gloriously from his sides.

"We're off!" said the engineer and the fireman.

"A-a-a-a-l-l-l a-boa-ar-rd!" sang the porters, and away went the engine on his first trip. Far ahead stretched his two rails, shiny and exciting. "H-m-m-m!" sang the engine; "h-m-m-m!" so proud of his own puffings and tootings and ding-dongings and hissings that he forgot to look where he was going.

"Great wheels and brakes!" he thought suddenly. "Much good it will do to be traveled if I don't notice where I've been." So he stopped listening to his puffings and tootings and ding-dongings and hissings and began to look about.

The new engine sees the Pacific

The city lay far behind and he was rushing through small towns and villages and long stretches of country where children stood and waved. He would have liked to toot "Hello!" to every one, but the engineer hurried him past. Presently he rumbled over a long bridge across the wide, muddy Mississippi River.

"I'm glad I'm not a boat," thought the engine. "Shiny rails are better than muddy water."

And on and on he hummed, through corn fields and past creeks and houses and fence rails and trees and trees and trees—he hadn't known there were so many trees in the world.

(*Please turn to continuation, page 557*)

Speaking of Books

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

"A Proper Champion"

"Swan Song," by John Galsworthy. Charles Scribner's Sons.

"Two Forsyte Interludes," by John Galsworthy. Charles Scribner's Sons.

"A PROPER champion"—that is what Soames's chauffeur calls his employer. Soames's chauffeur! everybody's chauffeur, "that man" who never will stop to ask the way until he has gone long past the right turning, who gets into every possible traffic jam, whose tires puncture at the most inconvenient times. He is only one of the scores of people who live in the world of Galsworthy's creation, just as surely and far more permanently than those who live in the streets and houses built by hands.

With "Swan Song" "The Forsyte Saga" comes to an end. When the whole thing, novels and interludes, is bound in two volumes and called, we hope, "The Story of the Forsytes"—for "Saga" has about it a threatening of black ice and ravens, which does not fit these people of the "green and pleasant land"—it will constitute one of the most considerable of contributions to English fiction. That it is already one of the most important, no one can doubt. There are among Galsworthy's contemporaries and among writers of a younger generation story-tellers more brilliant, stylists more elegant, philosophers more esoteric. But there is no novelist so great in achievement. Galsworthy's work must be judged as a whole. Some of the separate novels are not so good as others, and "Swan Song" is not the best. It is the total work which establishes Galsworthy's high position.

Galsworthy's knowledge of the human heart is vast, and he has written it into a long story of men fighting to hold what they have in the face of time and change. And as he writes of Soames, the man of property, the "proper champion" of the old order, he is himself a proper champion of the old English novel of manners. It seems unlikely that another will soon arise to handle so stoutly the weapons of Fielding, Jane Austen, Thackeray, and Trollope. There is no one in England to do it, although there are plenty there who test their strength on those weapons. Here the only one among the young writers who might is more likely to turn in Proust's direction than in Galsworthy's. The special type, the peculiar problem, the small group, holds the interest of contemporary novelists. Probes which reach into the mazes of the abnormal make but tiny openings onto the great normal world. Brevity, the soul of wit surely, but not the soul of wisdom, gets in her deadly work everywhere. Strong language sometimes conceals superficial thought. And the solitary masters who lift their heads above the press of men are looking toward other roads than that which Galsworthy has followed. The old order in writing changes also. But has it ever been fixed? What we call the old English novel was a thing of slow growth, constant alteration, and comparatively recent flowering. In art, as in life, the "Eternal Mood" is at work. Michael Mont, and Galsworth sing the Swan Song at once for Soam and for that old order: "Who could a rest the moving Mood—who wanted t And if some pale possessor like that po old chap tried and succeeded for a m ment, the stars twinkled just a litt more when he was gone. To have a to hold. As though they could!"

The "Two Forsyte Interludes," whic come in order before "Swan Song," t the story of the wooing of an America girl, Anne Wilmot, by young Jolyo who loved Fleur and gave her up to sav his mother's face, and of Soames chance glimpse of Irene leaning over t piano in the little parlor of a Washin ton hotel. They are charming in then selves, and "Passers-By" contains pa sages that are among Galsworthy's rich est, but their principal interest is fo readers of the whole "Saga."

"Swan Song," although best as th closing chapter of the long story an containing certain elements (the Stain ford incidents and the Meads reclama tion business) which would not be neces sary if it stood alone as a novel, is sti entirely enjoyable by those who hav never heard of old Jolyon and Montag Dartie, Irene and Robin Hill. It i the story of Fleur Mont, daughter o Soames, the man of property, and of he encounter with her girlhood lover, youn Jon, who comes back to England wit his American wife. During the genera strike, which opens the book, Fleur run a canteen for volunteer railroad workers It is another employment for her restles energy, her ambition, and her executiv ability. Jon, stoking an engine, come in for coffee on an early morning. Fleu sees him, and "it was within her heart a if, in winter, she had met honeysuckle." Her whole being focuses upon the de termination to meet and claim him Every one fights her, including Jon Soames's days become a wretched spec ulation on what she is thinking and plan ning and a search for means of holdin her back. Michael, her husband, alon stands aside. No one can do anything Fleur, the spoiled darling, the bull headed young modern, has been frus trated once, and now is determined. She wins, inevitably, but only to meet tota and equally inevitable defeat, for Jon leaves her at once for his wife, and they

THIS list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by the following book-shops each week:

New York—Brentano's;
Rochester—Scrantoms Inc.;
Cleveland—Korner & Wood;
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort, & Barney;
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Company;
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company;
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.;
Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company;
Kansas City—Emery Bird Thayer;
Atlanta—Miller's Book Store;
Los Angeles—Bullock's;
Chicago—Marshall Field & Co.;
Cincinnati—Stewart Kidd.

Fiction

"Swan Song," by John Galsworthy. Charles Scribner's Sons. Reviewed in this issue.

"The Greene Murder Case," by S. S. Van Dine. Charles Scribner's Sons. Further exploits of detective Philo Vance.

"The Bridge of San Luis Rey," by Thornton Wilder. Albert & Charles Boni. Those who have not yet read this beautifully written story have a delight in store.

"Brook Evans," by Susan Glaspell. The F. A. Stokes Company. This love story of three generations will touch and please any adult reader. It is tragic, truthful, and beautifully written. Reviewed last week.

"The Age of Reason," by Philip Gibbs. Doubleday, Doran & Co. Only the very gullible will be entertained by this platitudinous melodrama. Reviewed last week.

Non-Fiction

"Disraeli," by André Maurois, translated by Hamish Miles. D. Appleton & Co. You will enjoy this charming and vivid biography. Reviewed February 22.

"The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism," by Bernard Shaw. Brentano's. Almost every one will agree with G. B. S. this time; and any one with the patience to read his long book through will find it marked by his usual wit and wide interests. Reviewed July 4.

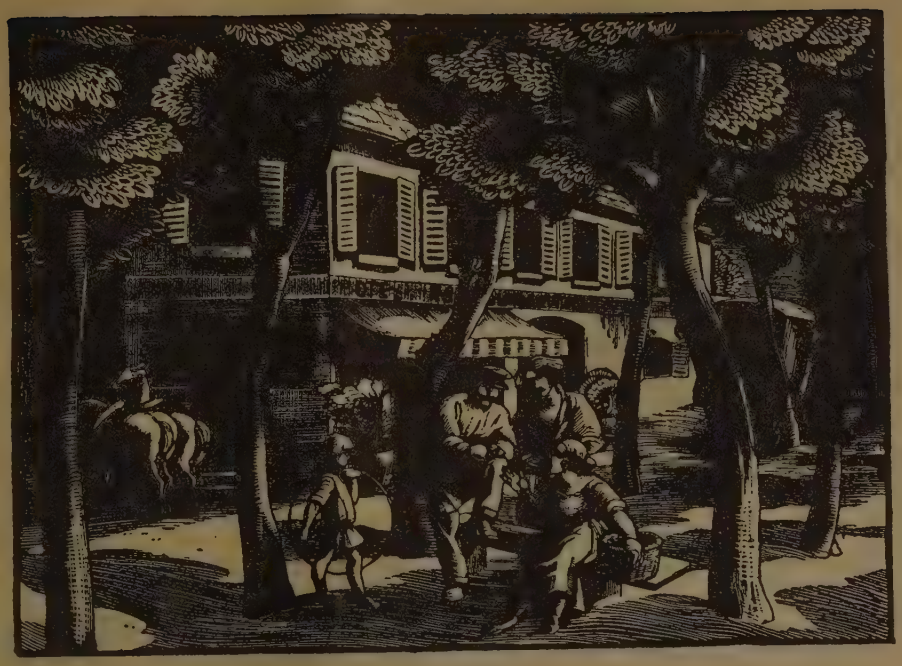
"Jesus, the Son of Man," by Emil Ludwig. Boni & Liveright. Readers of Ludwig's great biographies will be interested in this, if only to see how badly the biographer of Napoleon and Bismarck can fail. Reviewed last week.

"Poems in Praise of Practically Nothing," by Samuel Hoffenstein. Boni & Liveright. If you enjoy light verse, this is the very best.

"Sunset Gun," by Dorothy Parker. Boni & Liveright. And this, second best. Reviewed June 6.

th know that this rting is final. And ames knows it; but relief is only for a ment. Of her an- ish. he, who loves r better than himself, only another specta- r. She tries to get rself killed in a for- itous accident, and ames saves her and akes the ferry" him- f. In the moment of s death he has atched from destruc- n his beloved, his ul- mate property. Mi- ael forgives Fleur, .Soames knew he uld, and as Soames uld not forgive Irene. he old order has anged.

It is not our inten- n in this review to scuss Galsworthy's ork, or "The Forsyte aga" as a whole. That e hope to do in a ture paper. In Swan Song" Gals- orthy maintains, as lways, a fine detachment from his char- cters, an attitude of irony without bit- rness or superiority, of compassion ithout softness. As Carl Van Doren nce said of his work, "it absorbs the roubled lives of men into the serenity f art."



"MIDI"

A woodcut by Barbara Greg

Courtesy of the St. George's Gallery

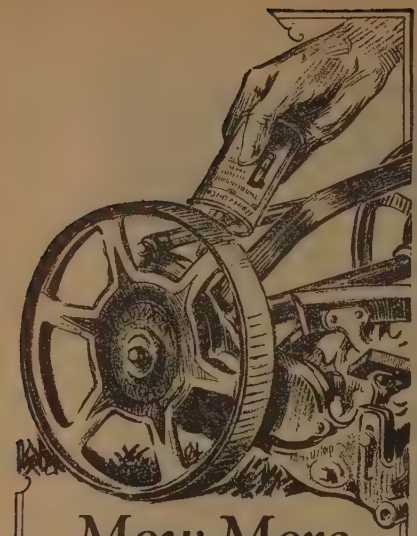
American History in Three Novels

"Shadow of the Long Knives," by Thomas Boyd. Charles Scribner's Sons.
"The Cavalier of Tennessee," by Meredith Nicholson. The Bobbs-Merrill Company.
"With Malice Toward None," by Honoré Willsie Morrow. William Morrow & Co.

If even so exciting a period as the Elizabethan, which the dullest of text-books cannot smother, is made more vivid and enthralling by such stories as "Westward Ho!" how much more may American history, which has a way of dragging, be enlivened by historical romance! Three books on the table of midsummer reading have to do with American history, and two of them, at least, are excellent and exciting reading.

Thomas Boyd's novel is a story of the frontier along the Ohio River and between Pittsburgh and Detroit in the twenty-five years before and during the Revolution. It recounts the life and adventures of Angus McDermott, a trader and scout in the service of the British. Beginning his career under Lord Dunmore, he is thereafter sent as Indian agent to the fort at Detroit, where he remains until the Revolution. He knows little and understands less about the quarrel between colonies and King. His work and his heart are with the Indians, and it is not until he sees them betrayed by the British that he throws in his lot with his own people and joins the army of Mad Anthony Wayne. His son, a stanch young American, has long since turned his back on his father and become a Continental soldier; and his wife, the frontier girl whom he has met in the first chapter of the book and later found again and rescued from an Indian village, has been torn between her husband and her son, her love for her own folks back in Carolina and her faith in her husband's vision; and his old comrades, now revolutionaries, have scorned him as a traitor. The book ends upon his rehabilitation in the esteem of all these people and his decision to be done with his "trapsin' " and become a settler himself. Boyd's interest is primarily in character. He does his frontiersmen well, and his Indians—in fact, we don't recall more impressive or credible Indians in any book. And Charity Wilkinson, the splendid frontier woman, raised under the shadow of scalping-knives and in the smell of Indian-burned cabins, and living always in hardship and usually in loneliness, is a character to remember after the rest is forgotten. In dialogue Thomas Boyd shows his early experience in writing of the last war. His men sound as though they might do the things they do. But he has read up a little too much on his period and not assimilated his reading so that his knowledge has become part of himself. The characters of his story are real enough, but its scenes are not spread like life before our eyes. In the very best historical novels the reader stands as though upon a height looking out over the great panorama of a past age, where men live again as they once did. The "Shadow of the Long Knives" is not one of these. But it is good reading and kindles the imagination with the thought of great days in America.

Meredith Nicholson we recall as a good journeyman novelist. He is rather more than that in "The Cavalier of Tennessee." This is the story of Andrew Jackson from his early manhood to his entrance into the White House, and it does for his life what Gertrude Atherton's "The Conqueror" did for Alexander Hamilton's; it makes it interesting, even fascinating, to those who would not open a biography. Nicholson has done what every writer of a fictionalized biography must hope to do: he has embodied an actual personality in a good story. Old Hickory in the pages of his book arouses the enthusiasm of the reader much as he aroused, in life, that of his fellows. The romantic love of Jackson



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and Rachel Robards, who became after so much trouble his wife and who continued, as long as he lived and long after she did, to be his inspiration and solace, is, of course, given first importance, because this is a romantic novel. But public history is not slighted. The fire-eater's years as county prosecutor and as young soldier are well done; there is much interesting detail, real characters appear and are made to live, historical scenes are vivified. The contrasts between Nashville, where Jackson was the beloved and dreaded tyrant, humorous, generous, quick to courtesy as to wrath, and Washington and New Orleans, where he was the troublesome social lion, are entertaining. The whole Jacksonian period is vague to many Americans who know a little about Columbus, the Revolution, the Civil War, and not much else. In treating Jackson, this picturesque and powerful American, and his time in a way at once so readable and so sound Nicholson does them a service as he offers them a pleasure.

Honoré Willsie Morrow has already written one story about Lincoln, "Forever Free." This second one covers the last two years of the Civil War, preceding the fall of Richmond, and is largely concerned with the bitter struggle over reconstruction policy between Lincoln and Senator Sumner. Into it enter such characters as Stanton, the Secretary of War, Grant, General Butler, and many others whose names, at least, are familiar. Lincoln has not often appeared successfully in fiction, and never as the protagonist of a long novel. We suspect that he will not fit into fiction as the central character of a story. There have been men too great for even that honorable shrine. They live in the imaginations of men. Mrs. Morrow cannot manage him, however earnest her effort. Sentimentality creeps in. But her lesser characters are better, and her picture of Mary Todd Lincoln, that unfortunate woman who was set by fate upon a peak too dizzy for her to hold after her colossal prop was gone, is sympathetically and successfully drawn. The book may well give high school boys and girls some understanding of the political difficulties which beset Lincoln, and may help them to see Civil War days in Washington. But it will hardly hold them spellbound, as a story of Lincoln ought to do. Sincere and praiseworthy as is Mrs. Morrow's attempt, there is nothing in her book to fire the young heart for Lincoln. For that the best tinder and flint can be found in a few photographs, excerpts of Sandburg's "Life," and a reading of the Gettysburg speech and of the letter to Mrs. Bixby, of Boston.

The Self-Made Magician

By MILTON BYRON

"Houdini: His Life Story," by Harold Kell
Harcourt, Brace & Co.

We have always admired Houdini
regarded him more or less with that a
that one reserves for supernatural
ings. Now, however, since reading t
book, our admiration for him is
creased, but it is an entirely differe
kind. Houdini was no superman.
was a plain, ordinary human being wi
a predilection for things magical and
strong determination to stand at t
head of that precarious profession. T
story of his life is even more glamouro
than that of most celebrities because
success was due entirely to hard wor
Lady Luck, the patron saint of t
theatrical profession, did not smile
Houdini. He worked hard for his c
reer and deserved every bit of the fa
that eventually came his way.

Houdini, né Ehrich Weiss, began
show promise at the age of nine, wh
he could hang head downwards and pi
up needles with his eyelids. Feelin
himself to be a burden to his father, a
impecunious rabbi, he ran away fro
home and joined a circus under the nam
of Houdini, which he took from Rober
Houdin, his boyhood hero. He spe
every extra cent on books of magic an
every spare moment studying them, an
perfected himself in a number of u
usual feats of magic at an early age, b
he was unable to gain recognition.

While still very young he married
girl he hardly knew, who was to be th
only intimate friend he ever had. Ha
ing led a very sheltered life, she was ho
rified at many of the things he was ab
to do and thought at first that she ha
married the "Devil." However,
gradually initiated her into the ways
magic, and she plunged herself whol
heartedly into his work and helped hi
in every way possible. He and his child
wife played the "Dime Museum" circui
giving twenty performances a day, f
which they received twenty-five dollar
a week jointly, but even then he bille
himself as "The Great Houdini." H
knew! If ever there was a self-mad
man, if ever a man achieved greatnes
through sheer will to succeed, that ma
was Houdini.

His forte was his phenomenal abilit
to escape from all forms of restraint, bu
his first love was magic. He thought
himself primarily as a magician and onl
used his escapes as an incidental par
of his act. It was Gene Buck wh
finally persuaded him to abandon hi
minor feats of magic and specialize
miraculous escapes. But even when h
did this Houdini had a long, hard strug

e before his native country would ac-
pt him. Vaudeville managers were
eptical of mystery mongers and did
ot realize that he was in a class by
mself. He could not break into the
Big Time" circuit and New York City
as particularly cold to him. It was not
ntil he became an international sensa-
on that New York newspaper men be-
an to take him seriously and think of
m in terms of copy. His first success
as on the Continent. Here he could
ommand "top billing" and a good sal-
y, but he still had many difficulties to
mbat. His principal drawing card
as a high dive, manacled, into a river
efore his appearance in a city, and the
uropean authorities frowned upon this.
n fact, he was arrested and fined for
is offense many times.

This book is notable because it is
mpiled from Houdini's own diary and
om his wife's recollections of him. It
therefore the authentic story of the
uman side of this man whom many
eople refused to accept as human. It
doubtful if any one man was ever
mposed of more complex and incon-
uous characteristics than Harry Hou-
ini. One of his outstanding character-
tics was his absolute lack of a sense of
roportion—at least from the point of
iew of the public. He would devote
hole pages of his diary to visiting the
raves of famous magicians, having a
ooth pulled, or being seasick; and would
ismiss one of his outstanding triumphs
r a narrow escape from death with the
rief comment: "Put it over. Worked
ke hell." He sent a needy vaudeville
cquaintance five hundred dollars and
hen stormed and cursed because his
ecretary spilled ink on the envelope and
ad to use another.

His great loves were diversified: him-
elf, his career, his mother, his wife, and
is wife's family. At odd times during
is career he delved passionately into
terature, art, aviation, and Spiritualism.
Ie was one of the first men to fly an
irplane, but his interest in that soon
aned. He wrote a few short stories in
n attempt to improve his wife's taste in
terature, and he also wrote an exposé
f his erstwhile hero, Robert-Houdin,
nd a book about magicians and their
ethods. Most of his money was spent
n books and he had a remarkably fine
ibrary, a large part of which consisted
f old and rare books on magic, theatre
rograms, and play-bills.

Houdini was generally conceded to be
cultured man, although his culture
lated from the time a manager ventured
o correct him when he said, "Ladies and
entleman, you can see I ain't got noth-
ng up my sleeves." When he learned
hat this was incorrect, he dropped it

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like a red-hot iron and, so far as the book discloses, was never again guilty of any grammatical errors. Houdini was extremely vain. He must be the featured performer wherever he was playing or he would refuse to appear. When he thought he was not getting sufficient advertising, he would take matters in his own hands and pass out handbills for the show on the street. He was absolutely ruthless in dealing with any impostors who claimed to be able to duplicate any of his tricks, but, in general, he was easy to get along with and was always ready and willing to lend a helping hand to others. His greatest fear was that people would make fun of him. He could not bear to hear any humorous allusions

The Movies

(See page 547)

"Abie's Irish Rose."—Just like the play. It's a system.

"Across to Singapore."—Ramon Novarro and Ernest Torrence pulling nautical rough stuff.

"The Big City."—Lon Chaney using his regular face.

"The Big Killing."—Beery and Hatton. Funny in spots.

"The Big Noise."—Chester Conklin and some pretty biting satire.

"Burning Daylight."—Won't set fire to anything.

"The Chaser."—Harry Langdon scores a miss.

"The Circus."—If you don't like Chaplin, you're the funny one.

"The Cossacks."—John Gilbert obeys the current behest to "keep smiling."

"The Crowd."—A sad story, beautifully directed.

"Dawn."—The soul-stirring drama of Edith Cavell.

"Doomsday."—Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear!

"Dressed to Kill."—The ace of the crook plays.

"The Drag Net."—Don't ask us why you'll like it—go and see it.

"Drums of Love."—Pomp, pathos, and Lionel Barrymore.

"The End of St. Petersburg."—Startlingly fine Russian production.

"Fazil."—Charles Farrell and Greta Nissen in something terribly phony.

"Four Sons."—It's a fine film, but too long.

"Fools for Luck."—Chester Conklin and W. C. Fields—but the verdict is "No."

"The Gaucho."—No one is perfect—not even Douglas Fairbanks.

"Glorious Betsy."—The second talking movie. Still not good enough.

"Hangman's House."—Swell photography, good direction, and good acting.

"How to Handle Women."—It doesn't tell you how, or anything.

"The Jazz Singer."—Al Jolson sings, and that's all.

"Kentucky Courage."—A successor to "Tol'able David," with Richard Barthelmess.

"Ladies of the Mob."—Clara Bow gets a chance to act in this one.

"The Last Command."—The great Jannings. See it.

"The Last Moment."—Good photography, but little else.

"The Legion of the Condemned."—The so-called sequel to "Wings."

"The Lion and the Mouse."—Lionel Barrymore talks—making this picture worth going to.

"Love."—Greta Garbo and John Gilbert. Recommended.

"The Magnificent Flirt."—Sophisticated and funny, with Florence Vidor and Albert Conti.

"A Night of Mystery."—Adolphe Menjou—just fair.

"The Man Who Laughs."—An impressive, entertaining picture.

"The Michigan Kid."—One unusually clever double-exposure sequence.

"Mother Machree."—A nice, mushy Irish-American drama.

"The News Parade."—The cameraman and his adventures. Pleasant enough.

"Partners in Crime."—Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton in a darned good comedy.

"The Patsy."—King Vidor directs Marion Davies, to the credit of neither.

"Ramona."—Scenically beautiful, but pretty syrupy.

"The Red Dance."—Pulled through by Raoul Walsh's stalwart direction.

"Red Hair."—Clara Bow in her big disrobing act.

"The Secret Hour."—Pola Negri in a good picture.

"Skyscraper."—Thoroughly enjoyable.

"Something Always Happens."—An amusing little thriller, with the ornamental Esther Ralston.

"Steamboat Bill, Jr."—Buster Keaton in a really funny one.

"The Strange Case of Captain Ramper."—Out of the ordinary.

"Tempest."—John Barrymore comes into his own. Cheers!

"Tenderloin."—The first (and worst) talking movie.

"Three Sinners."—Pola Negri in a bad picture.

"The Trail of '98."—The grandest scenes now on view.

"Two Lovers."—Last of the Colman-Bankys. Interesting.

to his work when he was being introduced to the public.

Contrary to the blurb on the jac this book does not give Houdini's sec to the world, but it does throw some li on them. It disproves the popular be that he was able to slip handcuffs o his wrists. He always opened them. made an exhaustive study of locks invented a small pick-lock, which sometimes used. He always had it c cealed on his person, but, despite be stripped and searched thoroughly bef all his more spectacular performances was never found.

Houdini's powers were not a gift. spent hours every day practicing n tricks and perfecting his old ones so t they would not tax his strength and ergy too much. He even had a specia constructed bathtub in his home which he practiced holding his brea under water. It is also interesting know that there were several occasio on which he became acutely worried a almost despaired of being able to eff an escape. Needless to say, the audien never suspected this. Another rath tangible evidence of his humanness that he worked desperately on a lock a Scotch prison for several minutes b fore he accidentally discovered that had not been locked in the first pla This book does explain how he did o seemingly impossible trick which great puzzled New York audiences. The e planation is so absurdly simple that o has the feeling that the disappearance the elephant from the Hippodrome sta could have been just as easily explain had he cared to do so. It also tells ho certain effects of psychic phenomena a achieved by fraudulent mediums. Ho dini believed that his knowledge wou not do anybody any good and that, many ways, it might do immeasurab harm. This is undeniably true, but o feels that the element of vanity was pre ent here also. The name "Houdin must live, and there must be no pos bility of his fame being dimmed by successor.

For many years following his profe sional début Houdini was the world worst showman; towards the end of h career he was considered to be t world's greatest showman, not excepti P. T. Barnum. Even when he embarke on his career as an evangelist to stam out the evils of fake Spiritualism, b never for a moment forgot his showma ship.

This book, in addition to being on of the greatest success stories ever wri ten, is an authentic and thoroughly hu man biography of one of the clevere and most unique personalities in th theatrical world.

icked at Random

By WALTER R. BROOKS

Francis Beeding's
he Six Proud Walkers
Little, Brown

What connection did the Six Proud Walkers have with the madman who shot in the Campagna—the ref- nce is not to one of the lesser-known rnal organs, but to the plain that rounds Rome—with the mysterious Palumbini, the Italian Prime Minis- and the massacre of Italian work- n in Albania? Who were the Six, way? With the help of Colonel nby, Geoffrey Carroll found out and rted another war, although he had e very trying experiences and missed th by rather less than half a hair's- adth before he did so. We have read td a lot about tortures for one not fessionally interested, but there is one here that was new to us—and quite rid. And the wanderings of the two nds in the catacombs thrilled us— ticularly after the matches gave out. nsiderably better than the average in- national intriguer.

Richard Keverne's
he Strange Case of
William Cook
Harpers

Old Jean, the waiter of the Natation Café, was dying, alone and in pov- y. When good-natured Richard Cul- heard this, he went over to see what could do for the old man. Jean e him a letter to deliver, and then, to iver's amazement, repeated in perfect blic-school English the Lord's Prayer. en he went and died before Culver ld ask any questions. We liked Cul- . He dashed over to England and ivered the letter; then scenting a stery, instead of deciding that it was e of his business, he did what any inarily curious person would do— g around and tried to solve it. He de all sorts of stupid blunders, sus- ted the right people and let the ng people take him in, embarrassed friends—but in the end he did get goods on the mysterious William ok. You'll like this one. There's e attempt at characterization, and mystery is sufficiently breathless.

The Famous Trials
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Scribners

Here is meat for the murder lovers—five famous criminal cases told in full, t as they happened, with no ghastly ail omitted. There is *The Trial of Pro- sor Webster*, in which a professor at rvard murdered a Boston philanthro- t; *The Trial of Patrick Mahon*, who led and dismembered his mistress in a lonely seaside bungalow; *The Trial of the Detectives*, in which officials of Scotland Yard became involved in the crimes of a crippled master crook and his gang; *The Mysterious Murder of Maria Martens*, whose burial place was revealed by a dream; and *The Peltzer Case*, which created almost as much stir in Europe in the '80's as the Dreyfus affair. Several more of this series are in preparation, including *Landru* and *The Trial of Chester Gillette*. The detective-story fan who is weary of the criminals and the detectives of fiction will find the real thing here.

The Traveled Engine

(*Continued from page 551*)

By this time dark had come, but his big new headlight made the rails as bright as day and he could see far ahead down the track and far out to each side. Now he was coming to a city, for houses and factories grew thicker, and other engines passed him with a roar. Soon the engineer stopped him in a covered station, while passengers climbed off and others climbed on.

Again his bell rang, his whistle tooted, the smoke puffed from his smoke-stack, and the steam hissed gloriously from his sides. The engine was off through broad prairie lands and quiet wheat fields. Houses grew fewer and fewer and the sleeping towns smaller and smaller. All night he roared and hummed, and as dawn came he noticed the earth had grown quite sandy. And there were prairie-dogs, sitting up on their houses, just as the older engine had said!

He stopped in another city, but soon he was on his way again. But why did he have to work so hard to pull his long train of coaches? Louder and louder he puffed. "Phew!" he panted. "Phew! Puff, puff! What's the matter? I feel so up in the front!" Sure enough, he was going up and up and up. And there were high mountains with snow on top, just as the older engine had said.

"I'm up in the clouds!" shouted the engine, and the next minute: "I'm all down in the front." Sure enough, he was going down, down, down-hill, until he reached level ground once more. He had crossed his first mountain.

"Whee-ee!" whistled the engine. "Why does that fireman keep shoveling coal into me? I'm too hot now." For he was chugging across the sandy desert full of sage-brush, with now and then an Indian or an adobe hut. He had never seen such a beautiful blue sky or such sparkling sands. But where were all the trees? Ah, there was one, and another and another—with, sure enough, real oranges and lemons hanging to their branches.

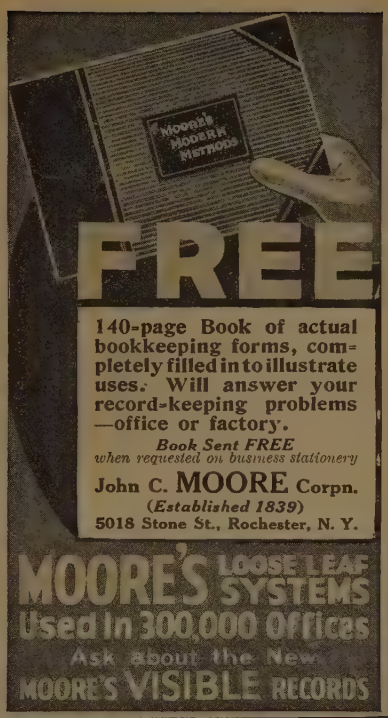
On and on he went, growing more excited every minute. All of a sudden, straight ahead, he saw something new. None of the other engines had mentioned it. Water, nothing but water, as far as he could see—not like the muddy Mississippi, but strange and dark green and beautiful, rolling and thundering and splashing with a roar far louder than his own.

"Stop! stop!" cried the engine. "I will drown. Maybe this is the way you get wrecked. Stop!"

But the engineer put on the brakes and the engine stood still, panting and wondering.

"All the way through to the Pacific without changing engines!" he heard the engineer and the fireman say, proudly. Then he understood. He had crossed the continent to the ocean. Because he was young and strong and new, he had stood the test trip.

And when he got back to the yard he was the most traveled engine there. For he alone had seen the Pacific Ocean.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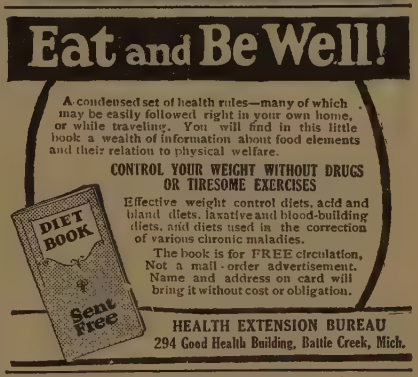
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Hotel LENOX, North St., west of Delaware Ave., Buffalo, N.Y. Superior accommodations; famous for good food. Write direct or Outlook's Bureau for rates, details, bookings.

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TUTORS, teachers of athletics, gover specializing in voice culture and drau arts, camp mothers, managing housekee Holmes Employment, 86 Weybosset, P dence, R. I.

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MISCELLANEOUS

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FOR SALE, RENT, OR LEASE

Coming—Last Special Real Estate Number, August 29

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FOR SALE CHESTERFIELD Estate Over 800 Acres
Compact area diversified—fields, streams, hills and woodlands; 3 Colonial houses, 26 rooms; barns, garages, all good repair; on State highway, 20 min. auto ride New London and ocean beaches. Fine agricultural value, also suitable fish and game preserve or as country club. Perfect title. $30,000.
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OZARKS. 20 acres unimproved timber, poultry, hog, fruit land, healthy location, hunting, fishing. $120, $5 monthly. HOMER HUBBARD, 1973 N. Fifth, Kansas City, Kansas.

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Maine

Pemaquid Harbor, Me. To let—cozy 6-room cottage, available Aug. 18. Harbor front. Photos. Edwin M. Hill, Pemaquid Harbor, Me.

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For Sale—Gentleman's Estate
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11-room summer home, completely renovated, artistically furnished. Magnificent view. Fireplaces, Dutch oven, built-in cupboards. Summer-house, rock-inclosed gardens, 65 acres. H. G. DENNIS, Deering, Hillsboro, N. H.

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ESTATES AND CAMPS
H. STEWART BOSSON
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FOR SALE 82-Acre Farm
frontage of 3,000 feet on beautiful Lake Waukewan. J. M. MAYO, Meredith, N. H.

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Beautiful summer homes and farms for sale or rent. Write for particulars and photos. E. A. BISHOP, Box 176.

EQUIPPED FARM Daniel Webster Highway
10 rooms, improvements; wayside store; separately 25 acres lakeside with camps. Good business proposition.
Silver Lake Farm, Tilton, N. H.

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BERGEN COUNTY—BRIDGE ZONE
All-year home, newly painted, 4 large lots; 7 rooms, hardwood floors, new window shades and curtains, electricity; lawn, trees, flowers, garage; railroad station, buses, schools; near city; wonderful bargain; see this before buying; realtors protected. Owner STETSON, Box 2, Westwood, N. J. Tel. Westwood 384J.

Modern 9-room house, on fine corner lot, 70 x 140; 2 baths and 1 in basement; hot-water heat; all improvements; screens and awnings; 2-car garage; beautiful trees and shrubs. Sacrifice on account of business. Write M. H. PARMELE, 502 Linden Pl., Cranford, N. J.

The ideal country town Freehold, N. J.
41 mi. New York; beautiful home for retired family; every improvement, newly decorated and painted; garage; sacrifice $14,000, terms. See Edward W. Lintner, 25 East Main St.

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2 blocks from Shore Road, 4 blocks from Bay, 5 miles from Atlantic City. Trolleys, water, gas, electricity, sewer. Price $1,200, easy payments. Jesse L. Risley, 508 S. Main St., Pleasantville, N. J.

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Beautiful Country Estate
700 Feet on Paved Highway
Less than a mile to station with 50 trains daily. 52 minutes to Liberty Street. 41 acres very fertile soil, 8 acres in lawn with rare old trees, boxwood, and shrubbery. 2,000 fruit trees. 13-room house with all improvements. 2 large porches, 1 enclosed. 1 sleeping-porch. Own water and sewer system. Farmer's 5-room cottage. Garage with chauffeur's room. Barn, stable, icehouse, smoke-house, outdoor swimming-pool. Fine old furniture, rugs, draperies, etc. All farming implements used on place, including Fordson tractor, gasoline lawn-mower. Price $40,000, terms arranged. Shown only by appointment. JOHNSON, 324 Main Street, South Amboy, New Jersey.

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For Sale Two Private Lakes Adirondack Mts., N. Y.
Lake shore property, hotels, camps, etc. HARRY BALDWIN, Chestertown, N. Y.

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140-Acre Gentleman's Farm
City water, lights, 3 bathrooms, 1,164 ft. Oneida Lake front. Sightly place on State road. H. D. MORSE, Cleveland, N. Y.

Otsego Lake—Camp Waiontha furnished, for sale or rent from August 11. Fine beach garage. PHILIP G. MCMANUS, Cooperstown, N. Y.

Charming Old Homestead
120-Acre Farm at Village
Picturesque Chenango Valley, ¾ hour Binghamton, stately colonial home, 16 rooms, all improvements, lawns, shade, orchard. Dairy farm buildings, commercial hennery, woods, brooks, sugar grove, spring water system. State road. 120 acres or divide. Unusual value, $14,000. Photos and details on request.
F. H. Lovejoy, Owner, Greene, N. Y.

FLUSHING, N. Y.
Teacher offers her attractive home for sale. Large living-room, 5 bedrooms, 3 baths, hot-water heat. Near Flushing High School, Y. M. C. A., and two blocks from subway busses. Will guarantee rental of third floor for one year at $50 per month if desired. Address for appointment, Miss Ferry, 1 Hicks Place, Flushing, N. Y.

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Eleven-room house, two bathrooms, enclosed sun-porch, one-car garage, gardens and fruit trees. Ten mins. walk from L. I. R. R. station and the Interborough and B. M. T. subways; twenty mins. by train to Pennsylvania Station. Will lease from October 1 or before. Apply ROGER H. BULLARD, at above address.

GREAT NECK
In the Hills Section
SALE or RENT—Most Attractive 9-Room House
about ¾ acre, highly restricted. Living-room, 30' x 19', large dining-room, billiard-room, 5 bedrooms, 3 baths; 2-car garage, copper gutters and leaders, metal weather-strip. Beautifully landscaped, convenient to country clubs, excellent schools. 5 minutes to station. Best commutation service.
140 Hillpark Ave., Great Neck, N. Y. Great Neck 277 J.

PELHAM MANOR, N. Y. For sale or rent (furnished if desired) attractive 10-room modern, colonial home. 2 baths, sun-porches, garage, beautiful grounds, overlooking the new Hutchinson River Park. Sale $25,000. Tel. Pelham 2713 R. MRS. R. HATCH, 637 James St.

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Three houses, of varying architectural styles, set on a large plot so that each house has approximately a half acre of beautifully landscaped property; situated at the corner of Ardsley and Overton Roads, ¼ mi. west of the station; must be seen to be appreciated. Apply to AUGUST NELSON, owner and builder, 74 Edgemont Road, Scarsdale, N. Y., or any local broker.

FOR SALE—SULLIVAN COUNTY, N. Y.
valuable tract land 100 miles paved road from New York City. Fine for country club, boys' camp, bungalow sites. Bathing, hunting, fishing. M. R. KEELER, Pittston, Pa.

New York City

FOR SALE—12-ROOM HOUSE
Every modern improvement, steam heat, parquet floors, 3 baths. House suitable for home and income by renting upper floors in small apartments. Located in heart of city, handy every transportation, nice neighborhood. Will consider small cash. Price $35,000. Write 127 West 95th St., New York.

(For other Classified Advertisements see next page)

SPECIAL REAL ESTATE SECTION

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For Rent, Furnished, for 2 Years

Beautiful home located in Gedney Farm. 10 rooms, 2 fireplaces, 4 sleeping-rooms, newly decorated inside and out. Acre and half ground well landscaped, fenced in on all sides. Rental $6,000 a year. Further information, Dr. JOHN MINTON, 11 Robinhood Road, White Plains, N. Y. Tel. White Plains 2631.

North Carolina

FOR SALE—Hotel in Mid-South

Delightful small hotel in section eagerly sought for climate. The clientele is unusually fine. Hotel *new* and *completely furnished* with eye and mind on comfort and well-selected appointments. Owner regrets being compelled to sell. Details on inquiry.

A RARE OPPORTUNITY

301, Outlook.

Pennsylvania

Pocono Mountain Range Dingman's Ferry, Pa.

105 ACRES, sell whole or part; 8-room house, 3-car garage, all improvements. E. C. WOOD, 17 Vandewater St., N. Y. City.

Rhode Island

Quonochontaug Desirable front lot at East Beach, Charlestown, R. I. DWIGHT W. BUSH, 32 Holl St., South Manchester, Conn. Phone 339-2.

Vermont

LAKE CHAMPLAIN

3 attractive cottages at Winnisquam Orchards. 14 mi. north of Burlington, Vt. Furnished, modern equipment, screened porches, running spring water, wood, ice, boat, excellent bathing beach. R. I. Moody, Milton, Vt.

Virginia

OLD VIRGINIA HOMESTEADS

Also modern Colonial mansions. Acreage. Orchards. Select a home among charming people, in mild climate and where soil is productive; en route from Washington, D. C., to the Shenandoah National Park.

J. B. HOGE

LEESBURG VIRGINIA

Virginia

HOME on JAMES RIVE

Two-story-and-basement brick dwelli modern improvements, tile porches, 18 roo including 3 tile bathrooms and 5 bedroo located on principal resident street, fronti 110 feet and extending over 500 feet to lo water mark. Suitable for fishing, boati and bathing. Bath-house, private rooms, r ning water, etc. Shade trees, shrubs, ceme walks, and brick garage for 2 cars. Addr "B," Lock Box 156, Newport News, Virgi

Apartments

For those who must hav refined surroundings

there are 2, 3, and 4 roomed apartments f sale and for rent at the East River; offerin fireplaces, refrigeration, roof garden, supe views. Moderate prices. Rising values. Mitchell Place, Beekman Hill, New York Cit Agent: B. S. Geary, 25 W. 44th St., Murray Hill 412

The Asheville Convention

(Continued from page 543)

but it was a conference of those States with the three that would have seceded but for untoward circumstances. It was not strictly a conference of churchmen, but nearly so. Three bishops of the Southern Methodist Church participated—Cannon, Du Bose, Mouzon. If the last named has been less quoted in the newspapers than the other two, it is not because of any lack of ability. He is the ablest of the lot. But he has a reputation among newspaper men of "back-firing."

An eminent Baptist minister presided. Dr. E. Y. Mullins, President of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary and probably the outstanding Baptist of the world, was absent because ill. He sent a letter which amounted to the key-note speech of the Conference. The Presbyterians were prominently represented and the other Protestant denominations less so. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union and the Anti-Saloon League played a prominent part. The Junior Order of United American Mechanics, a one hundred per cent American fraternal organization, was represented. There was no evidence of Ku Klux participation, though I suppose it is impossible that all Kluxers were absent.

Except those to whom credentials were issued, nobody knows exactly what the Conference did. The business meetings were held behind closed doors. The necessity for that did not appear. Bishop Cannon said that it was meant to be a conference in the strict sense of that term, not a public meeting. What purported to be full reports were given to the press.

We were not wholly ignorant of what was going on, however, even before the official reports were made. Once, for instance, there came to us this morsel of information: "They are debating a motion to include an article from The Outlook in the platform. But they are going to turn it down because, while they say it accurately represents the attitude of the South, it isn't sufficiently against Smith."

When we got the platform—if that is the name of it—we had a three-column single-spaced denunciation of Alfred E. Smith, his wetness, his affiliations, and his political methods.

In some ways, the Asheville declaration was a better-written document than the Houston platform. On the whole, the speeches were better here. There were some indiscretions, but nobody was guilty of the promiscuous adjectivity which Bowers displayed at Houston. There were a few rabble-rousing sentences which laid Bower's best in the shade. I cannot forbear quoting two of them.

Chairman Barton: "The party is delivered, bag and baggage, into the teeth and claws of Tammany, red with the blood of all Democratic nominees."

Bishop Mouzon: "This is no mere threat to prohibition. It is the uprise of the lawless elements in the great cities against American civilization. We may be at the beginning of the downfall of American democracy."

So much for the Conference and the declaration. What of the campaign?

I do not think that it is to be waged from the pulpit, exactly, but I do think that it is to be waged mainly from the ministerial office, or from a point very close to it. There is to be a Central Committee and State committees of two each, none of them publicly announced as this is written a few hours after the close of the Conference.

Undoubtedly, effort will be put forth to win votes for Hoover. The Conference labeled Mr. Hoover with the words of Dr. Mullins: "The world citizen; the great humanitarian; the great organizer; the man of world vision; the man nominated by the people, not by the politicians; the man whose persona habits, conscientious convictions, an political creed on prohibition are in har mony with his platform and on the righ side." A conferee started something o a demonstration when, paraphrasing revival hymn, he declared, "He was goo enough for Wilson—he's good enoug for me." The Conference really felt it self at harmony with Hoover.

But the main effort will be not s much to make converts to Hoover as t prevent backsliding to Smith. Th leaders of the Conference believed that as sentiment in the South exists today Hoover is the winner, at least in severa of the States, and close to it in all They declared that all they have to fea is the intimidation of voters by threat of ostracism, by the raising of the Ne gro bugaboo, and by other methods o coercion.

The task, then, of the organizatio formed at Asheville is to prevent th Democratic Party lash from falling or the bare backs of those who recently have discarded the mantle.

I shall think it exceedingly strange i this organization, made up largely o men who have scourged Congress an the legislatures, cannot itself wield a lash in this campaign. There was read from the platform, by a conferee from Texas, the Federal statute which creates the felony of conspiracy to deprive citizens of civic rights, and the decision of the Supreme Court declaring the right to vote without coercion a right protected by the statute. The penalty is a fine of not more than $5,000, imprisonment for not more than ten years, and in-eligibility to hold public office. The Asheville organization will, undoubtedly, undertake to see that this statute is enforced; and it will make that fact plain long before election in all of the communities that it reaches.

Preachers, I decided long ago, are the most practical of all practical politicians when once they take chips in the game.

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Francis Rufus Bellamy, Publisher Ernest Hamlin Abbott, Editor-in-Chief

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Malcolm Waters Davis Dixon Merritt Harold T. Pulsifer
Frances Lamont Robbins Parkhurst Whitney

William L. Ettinger, Jr., Advertising Manager

William A. Grevers, Circulation Manager

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From Publisher—To You

FUNDAMENTALLY, our problem in this country is to solve our social questions through political action. Anything is good that tends to clarify the problems which present themselves and paves the way for intelligent discussion of the best solution. Conversely, anything that obscures the issue and throws dust over the problem is a distinct disservice.

WE would place in the latter category the attack on Governor Smith's youthful political career as a New York Assemblyman, by William Allen White. The sum total of Mr. White's remarks is an attempt to identify Governor Smith now with the reign of the saloon —a thing the Governor has declared he wishes never to see return. The effect of the charges—no matter when or how Governor Smith answers them—is to obscure by a reminder of a past state of affairs (a day when a young man represented at Albany a wet district in New York) the country's present effort to solve the liquor question.

SO far as The Outlook is concerned, it is well known that this magazine has always been for temperance, but has never looked upon the Prohibition Law, as at present conceived and administered, as the final word on the liquor question. During the last two years it has seen increasing evidences of the faults of the law and the unsatisfactory results that have flowed from it. It has become convinced that it is only a matter of time before another genuine progressive step toward temperance could be taken which would be as distinct an advance over the present Prohibition Law as that was over the open saloon.

BECAUSE of this conviction, it has hoped that either Mr. Hoover or Mr. Smith would come out in this campaign with a clear, definite plan which would solve the present problem. So far, neither candidate has done this, although Mr. Smith has signified that he will.

FROM this point of view, it does not appear to what constructive end Mr. White's attack leads. It does not seem clear to us that he is fighting for or against any particular solution. He seems merely to be attacking for the fun of attacking. The sole usefulness we can see in his remarks is that they may act as a spur to both candidates to propose plans for action rather than issues for recrimination.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

Underwood & Underwood

THREE MODERN MONSTERS

The Outlook

August 8, 1928

The World This Week

White Looks into His Charges

William Allen White stopped over in New York on his way to Europe to announce that he had investigated his attack on Governor Smith, and had proved his charges.

The editor, addressing a Republican convention in Kansas in July, said, in effect, that the Democratic candidate was honest and courageous and able—but a friend of the saloon, the gambler, and the prostitute.

Smith denied some of the charges and explained others, which dealt entirely with his record as a young legislator. He suggested that the Kansan had been misled by the propaganda sheets of one Rev. O. R. Miller, whom he described as "a professional parasite."

Since that time, Mr. White admits, he has had the Governor's legislative record investigated by two experts; he is now satisfied that he told the truth the first time. He is ready, he says, to submit photostatic copies of every vote.

"These detailed votes," he told reporters, "will show that he voted or is so recorded nearly a dozen years on the big controversial measures with the most notorious saloon men in the Tammany delegation. He, with all his intelligence, with all his honesty, with all his courage—which no one questions—seems to have left his high qualities in escrow with Charles Murphy when he went to Albany and there made a Tammany record on the saloon, the gambler, and the prostitute."

A detailed analysis of Smith's record as Assemblyman, published the same day by the New York "Evening Post," makes no mention of legislation affecting prostitution.

"I am throwing no mud at Governor Smith," said Mr. White. He is honest, he is brave, he is intelligent. I don't question his motives. To get where he is with his crowd he had to do what he did, and from his standpoint it was probably worth the price. But the real point of interest in that record for the American people now, if Governor Smith will defend it, is the picture of Tammany putting the pressure on fine, aspiring young men like Al Smith, forcing them to use their courage, not upon the evils of Tammany, but in behalf of the friends of Tammany. The record will show how Tammany demands that a man of Governor Smith's intelligence twist that intelligence into a weapon for Tammany's use; how it overlays his conscience with Tammany psychology so that his loyalty is to Tammany when Tammany's interest clashes with that of his city, his State, or his country."

Mr. White acknowledged that this was "the old record of a young man." Governor Smith would not comment.

Political Combat in Mexico

The assassination of President-elect Obregon has brought the two main, and nearly equal, forces in Mexico out into open pitched battle in the political field—the end of which no one can foresee.

The moves have followed each other with a rapidity that shows how sharp is the struggle for power. The Obregonist agrarians accused Luis Morones, Secretary of Commerce and Labor, and the Labor Party, which he heads, of complicity in the killing. Morones and the Labor leaders in the Cabinet of President Calles resigned "to assist in maintaining the unity of the revolutionary family" and to facilitate the investigation of the crime. Morones disappeared—it was reported that he had been shot and that he had quit the country.

The Obregonistas, while urging that there be no death penalty for Toral, the slayer of their chieftain, insisted on an implacable fight to drive the Labor Party out of office. President Calles responded by reiterating his belief, voiced immediately after the murder, that the Catholic faction was responsible for having stirred a fanatical believer up to the point of making the assault on Obregon—notwithstanding the fact that the Catholic clergy were doing what they could to aid in the police inquiry. The Obregonistas at once put forward a suggestion that Aaron Saenz, Governor of Nueva Leon, should become Provisional President in December at the end of the term of Calles. Saenz, however, indicated that he would support Calles for continuation in power.

The whole contest is still developing in too much confusion for the result to be certain—the Obregonistas driving for a decisive test of strength with the Laborites, and Calles striving to avoid an open conflict between the two strongest organized groups in his troubled country.

In the Far East

Two things stand out at the present moment in the Far East—the struggle between China and Japan for control in Manchuria and Mongolia, and the friendly attitude of the United States in recognizing the Nationalist administration at Nanking as the Government in fact of China and in signing a new treaty according to China the right to fix her own tariffs.

In Manchuria the Japanese Government has opposed an agreement between the Nationalists and the Mukden Government to bring the three Manchurian provinces into union with the rest of

China under the direction of Nanking. Chang Hsiao-liang, the youthful Manchurian dictator, has rejected proposals of unification and broken off conferences with the Nationalists. Meanwhile, Inner Mongolia—bordering on Manchuria—has announced adherence to their cause.

The Nationalists have countered by formally notifying Japan of the expiration of the Chinese-Japanese commercial treaty, which technically terminated in 1926, and proposing to deal with Japanese residents in China under Chinese law pending the conclusion of a new treaty. Japan has protested, citing a clause which provided that unless the treaty was replaced within six months it would hold for another ten years. The contention is important as a precedent, since there is a similar clause in the Chinese-Italian treaty which Italy proposes to invoke.

The situation is complicated by the seizure of the port of Chefoo by troops of Chang Tsung-chang, one of the defeated northern militarists suspected of close relations with the Japanese, challenging the authority of the Nationalists.

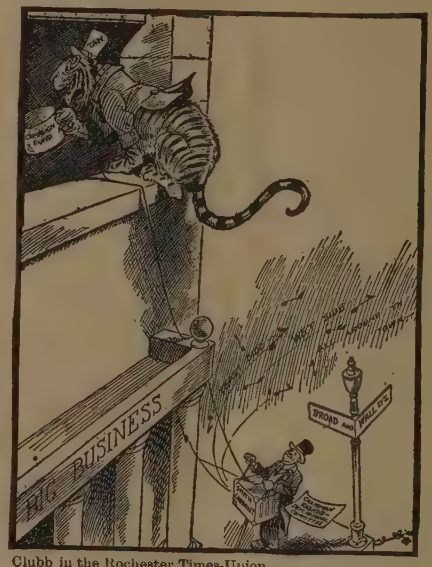
At the same time, the United States has withdrawn nearly fifteen hundred marines from China, on the ground that conditions are now safe for Americans there, and has announced the signature of a new treaty conceding the principle of tariff autonomy subject only to guaranties that American business shall have the same treatment accorded to the most favored nation. This prevents higher rates on American goods than may be charged against other nations if they maintain the terms of earlier tariff agreements. The Chinese-American treaty was preceded only two days by the announcement that the United States was ready for the step. It came as a surprise to the other Powers in the Far East, for whose action it establishes a none too welcome precedent. And in announcing that the United States asks in China "only that which we ask from every nation" the Washington Administration gave a broad hint of abandonment of extra-territorial privileges.

Bolts

THE extent of the deviation from party lines that is to come about in this year's campaign cannot, as yet, be measured; it seems certain, however, that there will be more of it than we have known in recent times.

The defection in the South, the critical Democratic battle-ground, is more apparent at the moment than in the West, the danger zone of the Republicans. The line wavers in the corn country, but it has nowhere actually broken.

The state of the Democratic line in the South is not so good. With the withdrawal of Senator Furnifold Simmons from the Democratic National Committee, the strip of normally Democratic territory in which the old war horses of the Committee have slipped the bridle extends from Chickasaw Bluffs, on the Mississippi, to Scotland Neck, on the Atlantic. Urey Woodson, of Kentucky, and Cordell Hull, of Tennessee, left the Committee at Houston. In the plethora of news little was said of their action. They, like Senator Simmons, made no statement. The reasons were doubtless not identical, but anticipation of an unpopular campaign probably figured in each case.



Clubb in the Rochester Times-Union

"Giva da monk da mon!"

Senator Simmons has been consistently and outspokenly opposed to Governor Smith. He made in North Carolina the only definite and successful fight that was waged against the selection of Smith delegates. He has long been the Democratic leader in his State, and, so far as can be ascertained, he is just as powerful today. His action adds somewhat to the likelihood that North Carolina has ceased to be bound by the Democratic tradition; which, however, does not necessarily mean that it will return a Republican majority.

Along with Senator Simmons's resignation came the bolt of Robert L. Owen, former Senator from Oklahoma, and long a factor in Democratic councils. Unlike Senator Simmons, Senator Owen made public his reason. He "would not stand for" a Tammany President.

Governor Smith replied:

"Naturally, I am sorry to see Senato Owen leave the party because of m nomination. . . . My greatest regre comes from one of the reasons advanced because it compels me to question hi sincerity.

"In 1924, when the National Conven tion at Madison Square Garden wa deadlocked, Senator Owen called to se me at the Manhattan Club and aske me to use my influence to secure for hin the support of the Tammany delegation and stated that with that support he fel he could get considerable delegates fron other States for himself as a candidat for the nomination.

"His hostility to Tammany must have grown up in his heart in the last fou years. In 1924 he was not only willing to accept its support but anxious to ge it."

Senator Owen, after saying that he was going to consult "a friend" before he replied, disclaimed the "accuracy" of the Governor's "memory."

In the East Democratic prospects appear to brighten. William H. Woodin, President of the American Car and Foundry Company, and prominently identified with many other large corporations, has come into the Smith camp. Like Mr. Raskob, Mr. Woodin is a former Republican and a member of the Union League Club. Friends of Governor Smith attach considerable significance to his action. They believe many other Raskobs and Woodins are coming.

Hoover at Home

STUDENTS of Stanford attending the summer term of the University thronged over the lawns and even trampled some of the flowers by the Hoover homestead on the campus. Some of them bore torchlights. Others set off flares. They were greeting Stanford's best-known alumnus.

Hoover climbed up onto a roadster and stood on the rumble seat. "Every man," he told his cheering auditors, "had rather have a greeting like this from his own college men than from any other group in the country." The students gave the skyrocket cheer and called for Mrs. Hoover—another graduate. She responded, greeting especially those who were strangers to her, the "summer schoolers." And she inquired of them, "Are you going to march so we can see you, or are you going to straggle?" They marched.

So the Republican candidate for the Presidency was greeted where he had been a student and where he had made his home. It is here that he has returned from his wanderings whenever he has

l a chance. Three days later Herbert over was greeted by the city of San ncisco. Here it was the pride of Cali nia in the fact that a Californian was candidate for the Presidency, which nd expression in brass bands and eches—not only a Californian, but particular Californian. It was in n Francisco that he found a job a eration ago, and it was from San ncisco that he was sent to Europe to erest Europeans in the projected ex ition that San Francisco was planning hold. It was while he was in Europe t the war broke out, and Hoover rose the emergency of relief for Belgium. 'San Francisco," he told the San nciscans assembled, "is responsible my entry into public service." He d them that the outlook of the world ay was for the greatest era of com rcial expansion in history, and that in new era of expansion the whole cific coast would have a large part to y.

Next day he started on a strenuous of five days of camping and fishing.

tificial Rubber Again

ERY little while there is a crop of wspaper rumors about artificial rub And then nothing more is heard of subject for another six months. Not g ago a Dr. von Weinberg, of the rman dye trust, told a convention of rman chemists that synthetic rubber s about to appear on the market, and t it would undersell plantation rub Of course nobody knows whether s is at last the true announcement of rketable synthetic rubber or not, but ber people entertain the usual suspi ns.

Synthetic rubber is not new. Chem s have made it for a number of years. e basic substance involved in the cess is called isoprene, not itself a tural product, but one which may be ived from a variety of once living rbohydrates: coal, for example; pota es; or petroleum, which most scientists w concede to be a natural derivative m minute animals such as diatoms, d not of mineral origin, as was once ught. All these materials contain rbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen; d so does rubber. With these ele nts the chemist can put together all ts of useful things—at a cost. That the real rub in synthetic rubber; it s always cost too much. Nature sup es rubber via the rubber trees too eaply to permit successful competi n.

And yet, some time, cheap good syn etic rubber may be achieved. We must not blame the rubber dealers' world for its cynicism; but the rest of us can keep an open mind. It is the British and the Dutch who have to bear the brunt of the worrying about synthetic rubber. They grow the world's rubber today. Tomorrow Germany may make it.

North in the Washington Post

The bid for business

Cheap Fuel for Railroads

EUROPE finds coal and oil expensive and is continually on the hunt for prime movers which consume the very least amount of them. As a result of this situation, which is less pressing in America because fuel is less costly here, all manner of experiments are being made in Europe to develop locomotives of unconventional design. In England, and especially in Germany, a most interesting series of engines propelled by steam turbines have recently been turned out; engines which run, by the way, practically without noise because they condense the exhaust steam as silently as a steamship.

Germany possesses immense reserves of lignite—brown coal—having little practical value in its present form. The German General Electric Company has now produced a practical steam locomotive of the conventional type which makes full use of this inexpensive lignite by burning it in finely ground up or powdered form. The pulverized fuel is fed to the fire in a steady trickle by automatic machinery. Smoke is virtually eliminated, and so are sparks. There are other advantages mainly of interest to the technician.

Here in the United States, especially in the Dakotas, we have nearly as much lignite as bituminous coal. Although employed in a small way for various legitimate purposes, its chief use has, however, been as a peg on which stock promoters have hung roseate predictions of future enterprises. The Germans now seem to be pointing out a practical way to exploit these tremendous American cheap fuel reserves.

Enright in the New York World

Ain't it refreshing

A Ban on Song

"MIND your step," "Don't dare to do so-and-so," is what the weapon of legal warfare called an injunction means. Its use is necessary because the common law does not move fast enough in some situations to stop irreparable, permanent damage while a lawsuit drags on.

For pure oddity we admire a writ just made permanent by Judge Langham, of the Indiana County Court, in Pennsylvania. This "hymn singing injunction" restrains union miners from singing near the mines of the Clearfield Bituminous Coal Corporation. The practice, the worried corporation asserted, intimidated its non-union miners.

Just what words were used in these "hymns" we are not told. Probably they were not all words of peace and harmony, nor were they likely to have been precisely the same words sung in unison by the striking miners and State Senators in the local church.

The great soft-coal strike has pretty well collapsed by the weight of its economic unreason. Soon this corporation and its workers may join in singing praise—the first for profits and the others for wages.

John Bull's Women

THE English Home Secretary has been counting heads—particularly bobbed heads—and politicians have been made privy to the fact that the balance of voting power in Great Britain is in woman's hands, if she chooses to use it.

This last affront to the patriarchal figure of John Bull is a consequence of the extension of the franchise to the "flapper," so called. It has given women

a majority of votes in the majority of constituencies; in some boroughs they outnumber the men two to one.

In Blackpool, as an extreme example, there are 51,000 women and 31,000 men voters. In South Kensington the figures are even more whelming: 47,000 women and only 19,000 males. In Hampstead the women have 39,000 of the 60,000 votes in the borough.

All parties are interested and a few are unduly concerned for the political future of the country. Conservatives, especially, fear that the ladies will be led astray by the better-organized Labor voters. The Socialists are saying that the majority of the women will go with them.

An American politician could tell them that you never can tell what the woman voter will do.

Six Causes of Crime

THEY were enumerated by Silas H. Strawn, President of the American Bar Association, at the annual Convention of that body in Seattle.

1. The increase and development in the means of communication, hard roads and high-powered automobiles, making the "get-away" easy.
2. The vastly increased wealth of our citizens and especially of the criminal classes, enabling them to buy fast motors and expensive guns.
3. Organized crime which enables the underworld to make liberal contributions to political campaigns and to exert a powerful influence in politics.
4. Delay in the apprehension and speedy punishment of criminals due in part to the leniency and paltering of political judges and in part to our too liberal laws. We do not give enough attention to the selection of our judges and prosecuting attorneys.
5. The apathy and indifference of our best citizens toward their duty as citizens. Those best qualified to serve as jurors seek to avoid the service because of its discomforts or because they dislike to leave their business.
6. Unrestricted traffic in firearms.

Senator John Knight, of the Baumes Crime Commission, contributed to the discussion the statement that crimes of importance are for the most part committed by youths under twenty-five. Mr. Strawn summed up with the opinion:

"Speaking generally, the criminal laws, State and National, would be adequate were they promptly and fearlessly enforced. The weakness is not so much in the laws as it is in the procedure. In criminal trials justice too frequently 'travels with leaden feet.' The reduction of crime depends not so much upon prosecuting officials and courts as it does upon the attitude of the people."

Men of No Character

ACROSS the continent, Isidor J. Kresel, another lawyer, summed up his opinion of certain members of the bar. Mr. Kresel is the special prosecutor appointed in New York to investigate ambulance chasing and faked negligence cases.

"The root of the evil," he said, "lies in the fact that some lawyers who are admitted to the bar should never have been admitted to the bar—men who have no background, no character, not sufficient preliminary education, no idea of the ethics of the profession, no distinction in their minds between business and profession; men who consider these cases as business, treat them as business, just as if they were selling shoes or clothes."

Mr. Kresel quickly added that he was referring to comparatively few of the 15,000 attorneys practicing in New York City.

No English Tabloids Yet, But—

ENGLISH critics are prone to sneer at American newspaper sensationalism, but it would be hard to beat the wild scramble among London dailies to get circulation. Insurance for their buyers against death, accident, or illness has been pushed to an extraordinary point. Thus when the recent big railway collision took place on a London-to-Edinburgh train and thirty people were killed, a London staff correspondent of the New York "World" comments, "The 'Daily Mail' was fortunate enough to have four readers killed, and promptly paid out $250,000 to their families." This gruesome remark is explained by the fact that this newspaper insurance business is underwritten by regular companies. The "Daily Mail" sells about 1,930,000 copies a day, and it has paid out (that is, has paid premiums on policies which were paid by the insurance companies) some $5,000,000 to readers who have merely paid the paper's regular price.

But how many of these people who get the "Daily Mail" in order to have an insurance gamble read it? A queer light is thrown on this by a story told in the London "Telegraph"—one of the only three London dailies which are keeping out of this wild scramble. The story was in the form of a letter from a "Telegraph" subscriber, who said that he subscribed to all the insurance papers for the insurance, but permitted [illegible] newsdealer to keep and resell these [illegible]pers, which he did not want to read, [illegible] condition that the dealer provided [illegible] customer free with a copy of the "Te[illegible]graph" to read.

And what dignified repartee is goi[illegible] on between the journals that do and [illegible] not sensationalize and circulation-cadg[illegible] One example will suffice. The sa[illegible] correspondent (Mr. Balderstone) te[illegible] us that the "Mail" attacked the ult[illegible] respectable and true-blue, die-hard To[illegible] "Post," warning advertisers agai[illegible] spending money in an organ of so li[illegible]ited circulation as the "Post." T[illegible] "Post" responded by asserting that [illegible] was read by the "best people" and t[illegible] "Mail" by no-account people. T[illegible] "Mail" retorted that, in fact, the "Pos[illegible] was read by the best people's servants

A Great Englishman

WHEN Arthur Balfour became eigh[illegible] years old last month, England honor[illegible] a man of rare accomplishments, vari[illegible] activities, and brilliant achievemen[illegible] At Eton he was called Clara; when [illegible] became Chief Secretary for Ireland, t[illegible] Irish radicals hooted at him as ladylik[illegible] piano-player, dilettante, but a f[illegible] months later changed the cry to "Bloo[illegible] Balfour." Early in his carer it becam[illegible] evident that he might be a nonchala[illegible] philosopher, but that he was also a p[illegible] son of persistence and virility. He w[illegible] an aristocrat by lineage and in manne[illegible] but he played the game of politi[illegible] harder than ever he played golf and te[illegible] nis (and he still plays lively tennis), a[illegible] he was no weakling in those sports.

It is good news that the Earl of B[illegible] four is writing his memoirs. If he w[illegible] use his ironic touch in the writing a[illegible] will tell of state affairs as only such[illegible] statesman can, that will indeed be [illegible] work to entertain as well as to instru[illegible]

It seems hard to believe that Balfo[illegible] was at the Congress of Berlin in 1878[illegible] not as a member, to be sure, but as s[illegible] retary to his uncle, Lord Salisbu[illegible] What has he not seen and taken part [illegible] since then? In 1902 he was Prime Mi[illegible] ister; in the Boer War he urged th[illegible] Roberts and Kitchener be given a f[illegible] hand; in the Great War he held t[illegible] Conservatives in line in the coalition; [illegible] 1922 he led the British Commission [illegible] the Washington Armament Confere[illegible] and the next year he was made Earl [illegible] Balfour. One observer at Washingt[illegible] said, in theatrical parlance, that "B[illegible] four began at the bottom of the bill a[illegible] ended up as the star turn."

If any one still thinks that Balfo[illegible]

Acme

THE PAST REVIVED

Memories of old-time steam-packet races on the Ohio were awakened when a Cincinnati boat raced a Pittsburgh boat for supremacy in speed and finallly won by just two lengths. Thousands of people looked on with interest at this revival of the good old days

has been a ladylike debater, we may recall the fact that this young Tory encountered Gladstone the Great on the Irish question and calmly told Gladstone to his face that he was "formerly as ready to blacken the Irish members' characters as he is now ready to blacken their boots," and when enraged Liberals yelled at him "silk-skinned sybarite," and the like, he replied with one word, "Microbes!"

Food of the Future

THE chemist is impatient—Professor H. E. Barnard's word for it—when the Malthusian doctrine is discussed in terms of what acreage, sugars, and fats. When crops fail, when the land is exhausted, the chemist will prepare our dinners in his laboratory.

"When the need comes," Professor Barnard told an audience of chemists at Northwestern University, "the chemist will convert the light of the sun and nitrogen into food for the human family. Thirty men working in a factory the size of a city block can produce in the form of yeast as much food as 10,000 men tilling 57,000 acres under ordinary agricultural conditions. By what right do we assume that millions of years from now man will be the same kind of organism he is today? He may live differently, he certainly will eat differently. The taste of good bread and meat may have been forgotten for ages, but his metabolic processes will go on just as satisfactorily as today."

Mediums and Fortune-Tellers

WHAT at first seemed to be a quite ordinary London police case in which a woman was charged with telling fortunes for pay turned out to be a test affecting the future of spiritual mediums and psychical research. So, at least, thought Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Sir Oliver Lodge, who were witnesses. Both disapproved of fortune-telling, but did not see how to stop a medium under trance if she dropped into the future, so to speak. Sir Arthur thought that it would "strike at the very root of psychical research" to make the London Spiritual Alliance or the Society of Psychical Research criminally liable for aiding and abetting if a medium paid by either should pretend to foretell the future. He said that the central core of religion is that man carries on after death and that spiritualists try to refute the idea that death ends all. But he admitted that professional, paid mediums, under trance, were hard to handle.

The magistrate dismissed the summons against the woman medium and against a woman secretary of the Spiritualist Alliance, charged with aiding and abetting, and made the profound remark that there were "many things in this world of which one could not be certain," but, while he was willing to think that this medium honestly believed that she was under the control of a black dog and a rabbit, he was obliged to caution her, if she wanted to play safe, to get rid of any disembodied spirit who wants to know the time for lunch and tea. That would be fortune-telling for money. So he got his laugh, as London police magistrates are fond of doing.

Catholic Gains

IN ten years, so the census compilers of the Department of Commerce announce, the Roman Catholic population of the United States has increased nearly three million. In 1926 there were 18,604,850 baptized persons on the Church rolls.

Figures for other denominations previously made public are:

Congregational, 901,846; Protestant Episcopal, 1,858,966; Disciples of Christ, 1,377,595; Northern Baptist Convention, 1,290,438; Presbyterian, 1,894,030; Methodist Episcopal Church, South, 2,487,694; Methodist Episcopal Church, 4,080,777; and Jewish congregations, 4,087,357.

The urban Catholic population in 1926 was 14,809,142; rural, 3,795,708. The first State in point of Catholic population was New York, with 3,115,424 communicants. Pennsylvania, with 2,124,229 was next. Massachusetts was third, with 1,629,424. These figures also represent Roman Catholic gains.

Another Disease on the Defensive

INFANTILE paralysis does not now stir the same fear that once swept any neighborhood in which a case or two appeared. Since 1916, when an epidemic of this contagious disease took a toll of twenty thousand victims in New York State alone, medical science has made real advance in knowledge of it. Then medical men did not know how it was communicated from person to person. Some surmised, for example, that it was carried by dust through the air. Now it is known that, like certain other diseases, it is communicated through the mouth and nose. There is no longer occasion for the vague terror that was caused by the mystery which not long ago made it seem like a furtive enemy. Knowing how it spreads, we can take measures against it. As a statement of the Associated Press approved by the Rockefeller Institute says, "Thus the only known preventives are cleanliness and avoidance of contacts such as kissing children, the chief victims of the disease."

More than that, medical science has developed a serum for treatment to nullify the virus of infantile paralysis. This is a convalescent serum taken from the

blood of recovered patients. Funds have been provided in San Francisco, Boston, and New York to defray the expense of collecting and distributing the serum through committees of physicians with special knowledge of the disease. Early diagnosis is important, for the serum should be used in the early stages of the disease.

The Associated Press quotes a medical authority as saying: "Symptoms of the disease are not readily apparent to the layman. The children run a fever, become nauseated perhaps, and complain of a headache. These are also symptoms of many other diseases. In a little while the neck may stiffen or an arm or leg become flaccid. If only the child can be placed in the hands of a competent physician before this occurs the results would be beneficial. These facts are not stated for the purpose of alarming the general public, but merely to point out the necessity for great care."

The Man Who Killed the Duel

THERE has just died in Knoxville, Tennessee, the man who was credited with having given the final quietus to the code duello in the South. He was Captain William Rule, eighty-nine years old, mountain born, a Union soldier, and for almost sixty years editor of the Knoxville "Journal." He began his journalistic career seventy-three years ago on William G. Brownlow's Knoxville "Whig." When he himself became a newspaper owner, Adolph S. Ochs, now owner of the New York "Times" and the Chattanooga "Times," was his office boy. The fact that Mr. Ochs recently celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his ownership of the Chattanooga "Times" furnishes a sort of measuring-stick for the span of Captain Rule's service as a publisher and editor. Captain Rule's action with regard to dueling came about 1870. Challenged because of something he had printed in his editorial columns, he sat in his office on the designated day and printed an open letter to his challenger. "I do not propose," he said, "to pander to the barbarous prejudices of depraved minds by setting myself up as a target to give you the opportunity of a so-called vindication. Words cannot express my contempt for such folly. While I do not recognize the so-called code of honor, I wish you distinctly to understand that I recognize the right of self-defense. I shall not hesitate to defend myself as promptly and efficiently as necessity may seem to require."

From all sections of the country Captain Rule received and printed letters of commendation. It is said that these removed from the popular mind of the South the last vestige of respect for the code. Until within a few days of his death Captain Rule was writing vigorously in support of Herbert Hoover's candidacy for President.

Blackballed

Two United States courts in Texas, one sitting in Houston and the other in San Antonio, have decided that Democratic executive committees are within their rights in barring Negroes from participation in Democratic primaries. In the Houston case Judge Hutcheson held that political parties, like other voluntary associations, have complete *delectus personarum* and may select or reject as members whom they will. The right to vote in a primary, he held, is purely a political and in no sense a civil right. For this reason he doubted, though he did not find it necessary to pass upon the point, whether equity could grant relief even if it were held that Negroes have the right to vote in Democratic primaries. One or the other or both of the cases will go doubtless to the United States Supreme Court. As to campaign expenditures in primaries and the like, there are decisions of the Supreme Court which appear to support Judge Hutcheson's ruling. None the less, the political question involved is one of doubt and of importance. The practical question involved is one of certainty and of no importance. Political parties in the South, as elsewhere, will find means of controlling participation in their primaries. And few Negroes care to participate in Democratic primaries in Texas. In States other than Texas this case may have an indirect effect on the November election. If so, it will consist in the bringing out to vote for Hoover of certain Negro voters who ordinarily stay at home.

Sanity Tests in Criminal Trials

ONE of the acknowledged evils in criminal trials has been attacked by a subcommission of the New York State Crime Commission. It is so great as to amount from time to time, in the opinion of the sub-commission, to a "great scandal." This is the practice of leaving to the jury the question of the sanity of the accused, together with the practice of hiring experts on each side to give their testimony. This is the way the sub-commission describes this pulling and hauling of one set of experts against another:

"The bidding in the open market for expert testimony, and the seemingly i exhaustible supply of ready-at-hand e pert opinion to meet the exigencies either side, the debonair evolution newly invented and fine-spun theories mental processes and the desired dedu tions therefrom, have resulted in a sit ation which amounts to a play of wit a contest of expertness as in a game, a in many cases a burlesque of nonsensic syllogism, which has made the cour room a place somewhat less dignifie than a comedy theatre."

To remedy this wrong, the sub-com mission made several suggestions. these but one is basic. It is that whe the question of the sanity of the accuse arises each side shall select one or tw recognized psychiatrists, and these sha nominate five others, from whom th court shall choose one. Psychiatris thus selected shall constitute a commi sion to examine the defendant and r port to the court. A unanimous repo is to be regarded as conclusive evidence a majority report is to be regarded *prima facie* evidence.

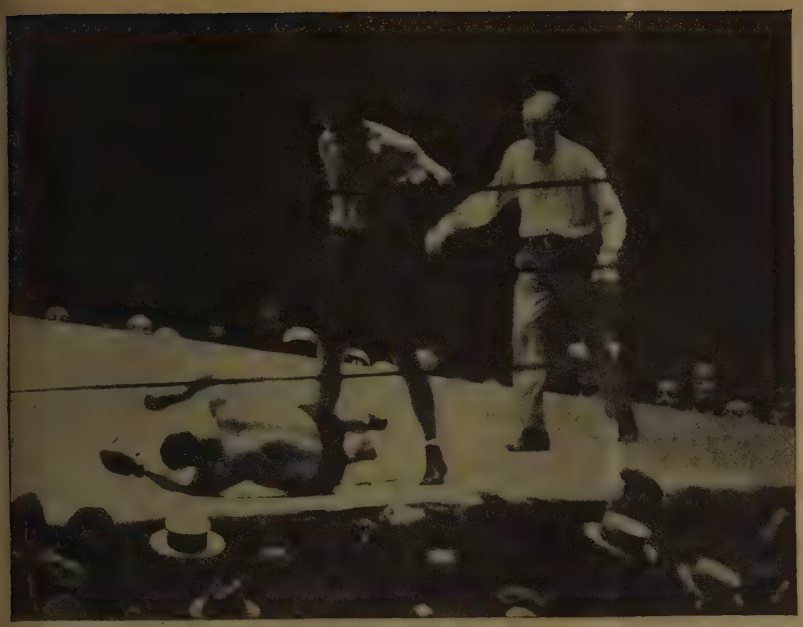
The other suggestions have to do wit limitations on the testimony of psychi trists called as witnesses in case the r port of the commission is not conclusiv It is to be regarded as subornation perjury to pay, except for per diem co pensation as a witness while waiting be sworn, any fee or sum to one ps chiatrist as commissioner or witne more than that paid to another.

Although these suggestions do n propose to take the decision of sanity insanity wholly out of the hands of t jury, as the suggestions of the Nation Crime Commission propose, they are the direction of intrusting such a d cision to science.

An Unprecedented Resignation

FOR the first time, we believe, in its hi tory of over thirteen hundred years, t office of Archbishop of Canterbury h been voluntarily relinquished. T Most Rev. Randall Thomas Davidso at eighty years of age, has held th highest priestly office in the Church England for twenty-five years, and h been influential in the Church for much longer period. Almost at the b ginning of his career he became secreta of Archbishop Tait of Canterbury, a married his daughter. On Novemb 12 next, the date of his Golden We ding, his resignation from the Archbis opric, having already been received the King and accepted by a commissi of bishops, becomes effective.

Dr. Davidson has been a mediator a



Wide World

THE BEGINNING OF THE END FOR HEENEY

in the tenth round of the fight for the championship when he was floored by Gene Tunney

conciler. He has not created enmities ven in the midst of hostilities. He had oped to crown his life with the securg of the adoption of a revision of the nglish Prayer-Book which would be ceptable to both the Catholic and the rotestant element in the Church. He id, in fact, see the adoption of this reision by the purely ecclesiastical auiorities; but he saw also its rejection by arliament. His retirement had been orecast even before this disappointment ell upon him, and it was expected by thers besides himself to mark an chievement for the peace and safety of ne Church he had served. It was not o to be. Nevertheless Archbishop Daidson's influence has been to smooth the sperities of the theological and political ontroversy that has threatened the eablishment of the Church.

Bitter in some respects as the controersy over the Prayer-Book has been, it narks the advance which has been made hrough the centuries in the spirit of reigion. In the old part of Lambeth Palace, the London residence of the Archbishops of Canterbury, there is a prison. In its stone walls can still be een the iron rings to which the authoriies of the Church once chained heretics. Today theological controversy in Engand brings martyrdom only in the form of disappointment to the gentle prelate who is now retiring.

One of Dr. Davidson's hobbies has been the collection of Americana.

In the English Church there are, it is well known, two Archbishops. One, the Archbishop of York, is the Primate of England. The other, the Archbishop of Canterbury, is the Primate of All England. These two titles are characteristic of what the logically minded regard as English inconsistency, of what, in fact, is the English spirit of compromise. Archbishop Davidson's successor is expected to be the present Archbishop of York, the Most Rev. Cosmo Gordon Lang.

Speeding Up Evolution

Sometimes scientists appear to be doing queer things, and it is sometimes the case that they actually do queer things. But most of the queer experiments only seem queer because their significance is not well explained either by the scientist himself or by the newspaper reporter who transmits them to a puzzled public.

Drs. Goodspeed and Olson are botanists at the University of California, and they have been exposing tobacco plants to light rays of all kinds. When the scientist speaks of light, he means not merely that little octave of vibrations the human eye happens to perceive, but an immense gamut of waves which differ only in length, and make themselves evident to us as heat rays, ultra-violet rays, X-rays, gamma rays, and others.

The California professors find that some of these rays have much the same effect on plants that Dr. Muller, of Texas, found last year they had on animals; they affect the hereditary cells, producing wide "variations." Heretofore these cells have been as securely walled off from outside interference as a coin at the bottom of the Pacific. Under the rays, evolution was immensely speeded up. Here, then, is a rather simple experiment which has not attracted much attention, yet which may teach us the most essential practical thing we have yet to learn—how to control the food supply by controlling plants, its primary source.

A Pipe Dream Coming True

Dr. George Claude is one Frenchman who cannot be discouraged. He invented one form of the neon lamp, now familiar to all who have seen an advertising sign; he discovered an immensely valuable synthetic ammonia process; and more recently he has been planning to obtain power in immense amounts direct from the sea simply by evaporating warm surface water in a vacuum and maintaining the vacuum by icy bottom water brought up in a vertical pipe.

A couple of years ago Dr. Claude proposed the plan before the French Academy of Sciences. The world did not receive it very enthusiastically. Engineers conceded the principle but discounted the practice. Laymen inclined to regard the whole thing as visionary, a sort of Jules Verne concept.

The inventor has now retorted with deeds, not words. On the Meuse in Belgium he has set up an experimental plant and obtained about sixty horse-power simply by using two local supplies of water only 38 degrees different in temperature. Dr. Claude's ultimate plan was to use the warm surface water of the Cuban shore at a point where it is easily possible to raise to the surface immense volumes of water at 41 degrees from the bottom. It is this difference in temperature which permits the trick to be turned and the available energy is beyond conception. In a vacuum the surface water, at about 80 degrees, will boil without further application of heat. The function of the cold water is simply to maintain the vacuum continuously by chilling and condensing the steam after it has delivered up its power to a steam turbine.

No intelligent scientist or engineer denies that the energy is there where the potent sun puts it; what they question is whether the plant required to capture it will not involve too large an investment to make it pay. In the face of mild disapproval Dr. Claude seems to be getting on.

Windows on the World

By Malcolm W. Davis

SOMEBODY once remarked that a composite picture of the human race would show a man carrying an ax to a grindstone. Evidently, axes to grind are going to be numerous at the conference for signature of Secretary Kellogg's joint treaty renouncing war, now scheduled to take place in Paris. With acceptances in hand from all the Powers and the smaller nations invited to adhere—a total of fifteen, and with the possibility that Spain may make a sixteenth—the gathering is to be one of the most ceremonial and impressive since the signing of the Peace Treaty of Versailles.

Gustav Stresemann, Foreign Minister of Germany, would like to take advantage of this reassuring occasion, it is reported, to secure the assent of France to evacuation of another section of the Rhineland area now held by the armies of occupation as a guaranty fulfillment of the Versailles Treaty. There seems to be a fair prospect that the French Government will be ready for the step, which would be in line with the present policy of Franco-German conciliation and commercial co-operation.

Premier Poincaré, of France, would like at the same time to obtain an agreement from the United States for reconsideration of the question of war debts. That is a step which would certainly have the sympathy of all the European nations who desire a revision of the present plan for dealing with both debts and reparations. S. Parker Gilbert, the American Agent-General for Reparation Payments, has himself indicated in his latest reports his opinion that some such readjustment will be necessary. But Secretary Mellon, of the Treasury Department, whom M. Poincaré approached in Paris, gave the French statesman no encouragement. Both he and Mr. Kellogg would naturally have it in mind that the consent of the Senate may be difficult enough to secure for the treaty against war alone—which many insurgent Senators regard as a scheme to involve the United States in the affairs of Europe—without tying to it the political dynamite of the war debts controversy.

Undoubtedly, it would have been more exact if the prophet had foretold that the nations should beat their swords into axes.

(C) Keystone

THE PARISIAN INDEPENDENCE DAY CELEBRATION

President Doumergue reviews the French troops at the Arc de Triomphe on Bastile Day, July 14, the anniversary of the French Revolution

EAMONN DE VALERA has proved himself the Jack-in-the-box of the Irish Free State Parliament. Incorrigible and irrepressible, the unreconciled republican leader has made his acceptance of a seat in the Dail Eireann the basis for unremitting attack on the Government of President Cosgrave. He has attempted to get the requirement for the oath of allegiance to the King abolished, tried to insist that debate should be in Gaelic, and generally opposed the administrative arrangements set up by the peace treaty with England. Most recently he has sought a national referendum on the principles involved in his contest with the majority party.

Cosgrave, having consistently beaten De Valera in Parliament, took up the last challenge by moving to have the initiative and referendum clauses in the Free State Constitution repealed. De Valera adroitly demanded a referendum on the question of their repeal. Cosgrave then declared the motion a matter of public safety and not subject to referendum. The Government's motion was passed. Checkmated, De Valera had to subside temporarily.

It might be argued that refusal to submit the issue to the voters showed lack of confidence on the part of the Government in the public support it could command. But the Irish people have given no sign of dissatisfaction with the steps that the President has taken. Indeed, as Irishmen they probably r ished the spectacle of skillful play politics, and saw the advantages of program which safeguards the count from the uncertainties of a disturbi campaign. Cosgrave is proceeding strengthen his Government by taki away from the Senate the right to co trol by referendum the actions of t lower chamber and by changing it fr an elective body to one chosen by joi parliamentary action to represent co merce, industry, and the professions somewhat after the style of the Itali Senate.

SANDINO, the Nicaraguan rebel chi hard pressed by the United Stat marines, has taken refuge in Honduras so Secretary Wilbur, of the Navy D partment, has informed President Co idge—and armed resistance is over a the prospect for a quiet election of new President, under marine super sion, is excellent. The question now whether the Nicaraguan Conservativ can agree on a candidate; so far th have been unable to unite behind a one to oppose the Liberal leader, Gener Moncada. But the confidence of forei interests in a comparatively untroubl future, in any event, is reflected in t purchase by the Foshay Company New York of the electric, ice, and wat services of the capital city of Man gua.

Out of Sight, Out of Mind

JOHN DOE breaks a law. What do we do with him? Very likely nothing. We are notoriously indifferent to lawbreaking and the lawbreaker. But if we catch him at his lawbreaking and decide to do something, we accuse him; and then we wait for the cumbersome machinery of the law to act. If we convict him, we bundle him off to prison and forget him.

We put him where we do not see him because we do not like to think of him. We leave him under the arbitrary authority of wardens and guards. We do not know what those who have him in their power are doing to him. Perhaps they are doing nothing except keeping him under lock and key and letting him brood. Perhaps they are putting him to some kind of work. We do not know, and most of us do not care.

There are a hundred thousand of such John, or Jane, Does in prison in this country. Many of them (nearly half of all those in New York State Prison at Sing Sing, for example) are under twenty-five years of age. Like people outside of prison, they differ among themselves. Some of them, in mind if not in age, are still mere children. Some of them are physically or mentally sick. Some of them have been twisted and made crooked by conditions under which they have grown up. Some of them are ignorant—ignorant of the law, of the difference between the attitude of the lawless and the law-abiding. Some of them have been caught by the trap of bad laws. Some of them are deliberate and ingenious enemies of society. We do make some distinctions. We take into consideration the fact that an offense is the offender's first. We put some offenders in reformatories rather than in prisons. We hold out to some the hope of release on probation. But on the whole we treat them all as if they belonged to a class apart. We herd them together out of sight, and try to keep them out of mind.

Could we do anything more certain to create enemies of society?

Presumably, those who are thus herded together are at labor. Labor for what? To what end? Partly to make it easier for those in charge of them to control them. Men occupied are more easily managed than men idle. One way of putting them to work is to lease their labor as one would lease the labor of horses or of slaves. This leasing system has been discredited and almost wholly abandoned. In his articles in The Outlook for last week and the week before Nels Anderson has described two other systems—the contract system and the State-use system. In all these systems the benefit of the labor of the prisoners has gone to the lessee or the contractor or the State—seldom to the prisoners. During the past generation a good deal has been done to make prison labor more humane, but very little to make it of benefit to those who labor. What we are manufacturing in our prisons is chiefly enmity to society, and we shall continue to manufacture that until we change our stupid system of making prisons places for the punishment of consequences and for oblivion.

For our own safety, if not for the sake of the men and women in prison, it would be well for us to get over our distaste for thinking about prison problems. The hundred thousand who are now in prison—mostly men, and largely young men—are, with few exceptions, going to be released and join society again. Whether they come out better or worse depends upon what we permit to be done to them while they are there. And what we do now will determine what will happen to those children from six to fifteen years of age who, in another decade, are going to take their places behind the bars.

Preacher Politicians

THEIR names have become almost as well known as Hoover and Smith. They have had much more to say. They are Bishops Cannon, Du Bose, Mouzon, and Moore, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. History may hear of them. They have notified their senior, Bishop Warren A. Candler, that they will not be silenced by the cry that they are "bringing the Church into politics." If this country is to see a clerical party, these men seem to be ready for leadership.

Bishop Candler's advice to the cloth was, in effect: "Preach Christ and him crucified. Do not preach politics. You have no commission to preach politics. The divinity of the Church is never more strikingly displayed than when it holds on its ever straightforward way in the midst of worldly commotions."

Bishop Candler looked for precedents and found them in the years 1865 to 1894. The defiant bishops refer pointedly to those dates. They imply that their senior speaks for another day and another Church. They find their precedents in the history of the Church between 1910 and 1926. They cite General Conference resolutions demanding prohibition by Constitutional amendment, rejoicing at its enactment, calling for the branding of all violators as criminals, urging the election of officials, from revenue agent to President, "who believe in enforcement, not only because prohibition is the law, but because it ought to be the law."

So, say these four, "we notify the defenders and advocates of the liquor traffic that the moral forces of this country will not be driven from the field by the cry that they are 'bringing the Church into politics,' because they are opposing the election to the Presidency of a man whose personal and official record brand him as the outstanding enemy of National prohibition, for which great reform we have ourselves, not only as citizens but as Christian ministers, been working for years."

Disregarding for the moment the questionable definition of liquor regulation as a purely moral issue, this is a declaration of immense significance. A battle has been joined which even now is involving other denominations. These four churchmen have broken with a tradition of their faith and with an American tradition. They are perfectly willing to put the Church into politics. It is there already, so far as they are concerned.

This being so, certain other honest attitudes may be expected of them, and of their like-minded confrères. They will no longer raise the cry of "Church and State" against other sects. They will scrupulously tell their flocks when their sermons are inspired by the Holy Bible and when by the latest campaign development. And they will ask to be known, not as men of God, but as preacher politicians.

Public Utilities and the Political Campaign

By SILAS BENT

The voter is more than likely to hear about public utilities during the coming campaign. It is an issue that can be dealt with, as Mr. Bent points out, without religious or racial prejudice; and, even more fortunately for honest discussion, the two major candidates are unusually well informed and able to express positive and divergent opinions about it.

AN outstanding issue in this Presidential campaign will be the control and ownership of public utilities, particularly of water power. Like prohibition, the issue is clear-cut, not in the party platforms, but in the party leadership. Herbert Hoover is on record for the private development of public resources and public service. Alfred E. Smith stands for State ownership with private distribution. It seems certain that the Governor will deal with the subject in his notification speech, and that he will devote to it one or more of his main campaign addresses. It is likely that Mr. Hoover will do the same.

The Federal Trade Commission, before it adjourned until September, illuminated the importance of public utilities, which touch nearly every home, and the methods of the power lobby. Its inquiries have already revealed that, as one of the propagandists observed, the utilities have used every avenue to public opinion save sky-writing. In the employment of two former United States Senators, two former Governors, high party officials, and minor functionaries; in the defeat of State legislation and the steering of legislation at Washington, it has manifested its political influence. By means of the radio, the press, and the public platform it has reached millions of Americans. More, it has undertaken to eliminate "bad" text-books from the public schools, and to substitute books favorable to its cause. It has flooded high schools with bulletins and pamphlets. It has paid generous fees to free-lance writers and college professors. It has financed "research" work. Without question its campaign has been the costliest and most extensive ever known in this country.

Let us agree at the outset that the "power trust," so called, is entitled to put its case before the public as persuasively as it can, within legitimate bounds. The economic conclusions which it advances are held by many able and honest men. Its securities are widely held. Insurance companies and banks have invested about two billion dollars in them, and five million individuals, it is estimated, hold its stocks and bonds. More than one-eighth of our National wealth takes this form, and no one will dispute the right of so large an enterprise to put its views before Congress and the electorate. The term "power trust" is a misnomer, due to the fact that attention has been focused on the hydroelectric possibilities of Muscle Shoals and Boulder Dam. The "trust" includes water-works and gas companies, as well as electrical concerns.

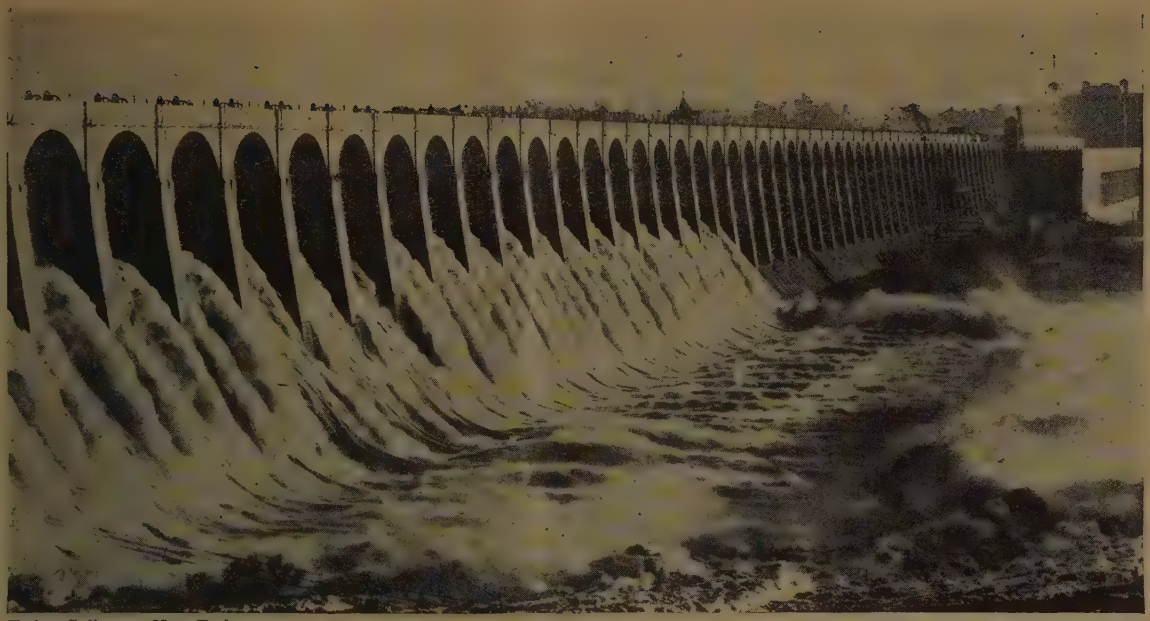
WHAT has shocked the public conscience in the revelations concerning the "trust" are the methods it has adopted. It has undertaken to pollute the sources of education, with the frank avowal that students in schools and colleges influence their parents and are the voters of the future. Let me summarize, then, what has been done in this direction.

In establishing contacts with public schools and colleges three organizations have taken the lead: the National Electric Light Association, the American Gas Association, and the American Electric Railway Association. Last year these three formed a publicity bureau, headed by George B. Cortelyou, former Chairman of the Republican National Committee and former Republican Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Cortelyou says this committee represents corporations with invested capital of more than seventeen billions. It co-operates with twenty-eight special propaganda bureaus, covering the whole United States, and with other committees of State and regional utility associations.

Back in 1922 the Illinois Bureau on "public utility information" began tampering with text-books. This organization had been founded three years earlier by Samuel Insull, whose contribution to Republican campaign funds in Illinois caused a National scandal. Bernard Mullaney, the director of the Illinois Bureau, testified that 105 text-books were inspected, and listed as "good," "fair," "unfair," and "bad." Mullaney said some of them were "no less than poisonous." For example, "American Citizenship," by Charles A. Beard, who collaborated with Mrs. Beard in writing "The Rise of American Civilization," and who is one of this country's most distinguished political scientists, aroused the wrath of Messrs. Insull and Mullaney. Specific objection was made to three passages. One was to the effect that sentiment was growing in favor of municipal ownership because of the political activities of the utilities, and because of the large profits in monopolistic franchises. Another passage suggested that in the future refrigeration would be regarded as a public problem, and asserted that some cities have established their own ice plants, to protect the health of children. The third passage read:

> Like all other institutions, they [civic institutions] may be used against public welfare, as well as for it. An instance of the way in which public opinion may be "manufactured" for private purposes was afforded not long ago in a great city where the extension of street car lines was under discussion. A street car company which was interested in gaining a certain franchise selected a prominent politician and gave him about a quarter of a million dollars to "accelerate public sentiment." He organized a Citizens' Association in the part of the city involved in the affair, and got up public meetings in favor of the company's demands, incidentally disbursing a large sum of money among influential persons. In the midst of so much clamor for his attention, it is not surprising that the citizen is sometimes bewildered and unable to form sound judgments.

THE Illinois Bureau distributed its memorandum to power executives in all parts of the United States, and late in 1924 the National Electric Lighting Association took up the matter in a serious way. Surveys were made in New York, Pennsylvania, the Carolinas, Ohio, Missouri, Iowa, Wisconsin, and Colorado. Chairman Hanlon, of the Iowa Committee, wrote: "We took up with each manager the question of getting the



Ewing Galloway, New York

THE WILSON DAM AT MUSCLE SHOALS

Shall the Government lease or operate it?

information to the proper parties in order that the text-books which gave the matter correctly might be adopted in place of the Socialistic ones. We have had a great deal of success in getting this matter corrected." The directors in the Carolinas and in Missouri urged that these activities be kept "confidential," as "it would be most unwise to give this work any publicity." Scores of such letters are on file with the Commission.

Howard C. Hill, author of "Community Life and Civic Problems," was induced to remove from that text-book a reference to Samuel Insull's 1926 campaign contributions. He refused to make other suggested changes. In Rochester, New York, Edward Hungerford's "The Story of the Public Utilities" was published co-operatively by the Board of Education and the public utilities. In at least two instances arrangements were made with the publishers of text-books. A Pennsylvania official wrote that J. B. Winston & Co., of Philadelphia, had "agreed to avoid pitfalls in the future;" and representatives of Ginn & Co. agreed to submit its text-books for a visa.

A letter written in regard to this by a minor official to M. L. Aylesworth, then managing director of the National Electric Lighting Association, but now President of the National Broadcasting Company, said: "I feel that we have made a good start in getting the largest book publishing house [Ginn & Co.], which printed twelve million books last year, with us, which will be a tremendous leverage on any other house should opposition occur, which I doubt."

TONS of pamphlets have been distributed to high school and eighth-grade students; among others, to 636 Illinois high schools, 289 in New England, 350 in Texas, 690 in Missouri. Ohio schools used 200,000 copies of one pamphlet. This material praised public utilities and denounced Government ownership or control. At one stage of the Commission's inquiry denial was made that the pamphlets and bulletins were one-sided. Let me quote, by way of answer, from the "Public Utilities Catechism," ten thousand copies of which were planted in the Connecticut high schools alone. Question 21 asks whether communities ever "furnish public service themselves, instead of permitting private companies to do it." The answer, after conceding the facts about postal service, ash and garbage collection, and street cleaning, continues:

> Municipalities, however, seldom attempt the operation of the more progressive public services, such as the furnishing of light, power, gas, water, communications and transportation, unless the community is too small for a private company to operate at a profit. . . . Statistics have proven that the cost of living in cities which operate their own utilities is much higher than in cities where public service is entrusted to private enterprise regulated by the public's servants on the Commission.

Any competent economist can shoot generalizations such as these full of holes. They are fed to American school-children as gospel. We shall see presently that public utilities in Ontario, under Government ownership, supply electric light for domestic use at about five cents per kilowatt-hour less than it costs, under private ownership, across the border in New York State. Yet the circulars issued by State propagandists with utility pamphlets asserted that they were merely informative. "No advertising," said the Nebraska circular, "no propaganda."

Local utility officials used their influence with school board members and school principals to have "bad" books thrown out and "good" books substituted in the public schools. The avowed purpose was to present to children the utility view and none other. In West Virginia, Missouri, and Kansas such booklets were actually recommended by State educational officials. In Colorado special material was supplied for a debate on Boulder Dam, and the N. E. L. A. issued for general distribution a pamphlet on that subject. Books were supplied to school libraries. Speakers voicing the "trust's" view-point addressed thousands of high school assemblies. The director of the Rocky Mountain propaganda bureau reported that "hardly any limitation is placed upon our talks."

SIMULTANEOUSLY the lobbies approached the colleges and universities. To the Harvard Graduate School

$62,000 was paid in three years for research under approved professors, and to Harvard University $33,000. In the circumstances it was a little disconcerting to have Professor William Z. Ripley, of Harvard, denouncing holding companies and exposing the methods by which stockholders of utilities were deprived of control. But, wrote the chairman of the Public Relations Section: "If occasionally a professor breaks loose on stuff that does not please us, let us bear in mind always that he may not be expressing the consensus of opinion of his colleagues. The one suggestion I would offer is that the professor is most amenable to inspiration. If we can be sure that we have got hold, with reference to our industry, of the will of Jehovah, perhaps we may also play the part of Jehovah in putting into the mouth of the particular Balaam, whom we are asking to go forth, something of the truth which we would like, which we have a right to expect to have, prophesied."

To Northwestern University the utilities gave $62,500, to the University of Michigan more than $12,000, to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology $3,000, to Johns Hopkins $5,000. How much was paid to the University of Colorado has not appeared; but on March 28, 1928, after the investigation began, one of the propagandists wrote to F. R. B. Hellems, Acting President of the institution:

"It is unfortunate that the newspaper headlines tended to impugn the good name of the University. . . . It is regretted that the effort of your school to prepare students for public utility work should be branded as pernicious propaganda."

At least one of the agents of private ownership paid attention also to schools of journalism. Embryo editors were well worth "educating"—that being a favorite word with the lobby. Samuel E. Boney, formerly city editor of Cyrus H. K. Curtis's Philadelphia "Ledger," lectured to students in journalism about (of all subjects!) newspaper ethics. Judge Robert Emmett Healy, questioning him for the Commission, asked:

"Do you claim to know something about newspaper ethics?"

"I do."

"Do you think it is ethical for a newspaper to produce in its editorial columns an editorial prepared by a director of a power company bureau such as yours?"

"I would hesitate to say what would be ethical in the matter. I think a matter of that kind is entirely for the disposition of the editor involved."

"Is it ethical for a newspaper to print . . . as news matter . . . material furnished by your Bureau without disclosing that it comes from an interested source?"

"I should say that is entirely at the disposition of the newspaper itself."

Schools of journalism were targets along with other colleges. Various methods were adopted to win their favor. Summer employment was provided for instructors and students interested in utility problems. Tours of inspection were arranged through plants. Social gatherings were held. At the University of Illinois special scholarships were provided. A teacher at the University of Georgia was sent to Harvard to take post-graduate work, in order that he might set up a course in public utilities at Georgia. Efforts were made to inaugurate similar courses elsewhere. Speakers made hundreds of addresses to college audiences. Mr. Aylesworth proposed that small retainers be paid to professors to enlist their sympathetic interest. And A. W. Robertson, a Pittsburgh utility executive, said:

"The thought occurs to me that the reason why so many educators are more or less hostile to big business is in many cases due to the fact that they themselves are not successful in a business way. There ought to be some way in which educators could be better paid. It would certainly help to cure at least some of their mental bias."

To more than a dozen professors the retainers took the form of fees for lectures, presenting the "trust's" view-point. Others were paid to take up research work, among them Professor E. A. Stewart, of the University of Minnesota Agricultural College; Professor A. H. Ford, of the University of Iowa; Professor W. C. Duvall, of the University of Colorado; and Professor John E. Waggoner, of Texas Agricultural and Mechanical College. A Boulder Dam "fact-finding" committee was promoted by the propagandists, and included university men, some of them from Colorado.

At a meeting of the American Federation of Teachers in Chicago Dr. John A. Lapp, head of the Department of Social Sciences at Marquette University, Milwaukee, denounced the work of the power lobby in advocating private ownership in the schools and colleges, while pretending to be impartial; and the National Educational Association has adopted resolutions of the same tenor. Said J. W. Crabtree, secretary: "Thi attempt to bring into the schools sem political matter has stirred the Nation t an appreciation of the importance o maintaining the integrity of our educa tional institutions, which exist to serv all the people regardless of party, creed or economic status. Nothing else arouse the indignation of all the people so muc as an attempt to use the schools for com mercial and political purposes."

When, through the machinations o the efficient central power lobby in Washington, the inquiry demanded by Senator Thomas J. Walsh was shifted from the Senate itself to the Federa Trade Commission, there was a genera notion that nothing would come of it

The Federal Trade Commission had been made over by Mr. Coolidge from a somewhat rambunctious body into a mild-mannered agency of sweetness and light. This may account (although it is a poor excuse) for the failure of the press during the earlier sessions to report what was being done. Two years earlier the Hearst papers had printed a series of stories exposing the "power trust," and they gave an adequate coverage from the first of the hearings. A handful of courageous dailies followed suit presently, and by their example forced reluctant competitors into line. Even so, only a fraction of what has been uncovered has been divulged to the general public.

Two former Senators, who have the courtesy of the Senate floor (I have seen one of them buttonhole a former colleague and lead him away to a cloakroom), were in the employ of the Washington power lobby. Irvine L. Lenroot, who has received at least two fees of $10,000 each from the "trust," appeared as chief counsel for it. He was chief counsel for Mr. Hoover in the contests over delegates to the Republican National Convention. Senator Charles S. Thomas, of Colorado, a Bryan Democrat, also appeared on behalf of the lobby. The Washington lobby included 274 utility attorneys, a few of them Democrats. It has been shown that 100 utility executives contributed in 1924 to Calvin Coolidge's campaign fund, nine to the John W. Davis fund, none to the Robert F. La Follette fund.

Merritt Meechem, former Governor of New Mexico, who ostensibly represented that State at a conference of Governors on Boulder Dam, actually was employed to "report" the proceedings for the electrical interests; his law firm got a fee of $5,000; and Charles A. Brough, a for-

Ewing Galloway, New York

SITE OF THE PROPOSED DAM

in Boulder Canyon, Colorado

mer Governor of Arkansas, is director of the Utility Propaganda Bureau in that State.

In addition to speeches over the radio and from the platform (the Illinois Bureau alone caused more than one thousand speeches to be made in eighteen months by members of its Bureau), propaganda was distributed in magazine articles and books. To Richard Washburn Child, former Ambassador to Italy under President Harding, $7,500 was paid for writing a propaganda book. To Ernest Greenwood, formerly in charge of the labor office of the League of Nations, $5,000 was paid for writing "Aladdin, U. S. A.," published by Harpers, to which I shall have occasion to recur presently. Theodore M. Knappen, a Washington free lance, wrote an article for the "Magazine of Wall Street," and another for the "Nation's Business," monthly organ of the United States Chamber of Commerce; the chairman of the Board of Governors of the "Nation's Business" is Philip H. Gadsden, Vice-President of the United Gas Improvement Association of Philadelphia, and vice-chairman of the joint propaganda committee of which I have spoken.

A Washington newspaper correspondent, who has been expelled from the Senate press gallery on this account, got $150 a month for reporting legislation which might affect utility interests; he denies that he has written anything for publication on behalf of the lobby. To a newspaper reporter, for five "special" articles, the munificent sum of $25 was paid. The General Federation of Women's Clubs got $30,000 for "an urban and rural home survey." Persons of prominence were induced to sign propaganda articles. How this was done, in some cases at least, was illustrated in the case of Mrs. L. H. Jennings, President of the South Carolina Federation of Women's Clubs. She signed an outgiving called "Better Homes," written and distributed to the press of that section by an "information" director.

"Of course you know," she wrote to him, "that the article which you wrote and which you so kindly allowed me to sign as my own has made quite a 'hit.' I appreciate the copies that you have sent me and am enjoying the delightful publicity caused by the various papers copying the article, although I feel quite an impostor."

Certainly no propagandist can be censured for exploiting such naïveté as that!

Newspapers, of course, were the obvious channels of utility and power lobby propaganda, and they afforded the easiest way. Not since the Hughes insurance investigation of 1905 has the American press appeared in a light so discreditable as that thrown upon it by the Federal Trade Commission inquiry. The earlier inquiry revealed actual venality; some papers got a dollar a line for printing propaganda as news, a few charged as much as five dollars a line. There has been no such testimony in this case; but there is abundant evidence that newspapers all over the United States have printed propaganda as their own, both in news and editorial columns, either through complaisance, gullibility, or gratitude for advertising accounts. The chief propagandist in Iowa told the Commission:

> Without exception the public relations of those companies which advertise in the newspapers are better than those which do not. A newspaper could hardly be expected to take a favorable attitude toward a company which refused to advertise. Since taking my present position, I have been responsible for an increase of 1,000 per cent in the volume of paid advertising given to the newspapers of Iowa.

All the free publicity matter which this man put out in connection with the advertising, he was free to own, was propaganda.

"And was there nothing in it," he was asked, "to inform the reader that it had been written by an employee of the utility companies?"

"No," he replied; "but the newspapers knew who wrote it and they printed it." He boasted that in a single year he had got $80,000 worth of free space in Iowa papers.

Propagandists holding similar positions gave testimony (too lengthy to be repeated here) showing that thousands of pages of newspaper space had been devoted to their purposes; in Missouri alone 334 solid eight-column sheets, in Ohio half as much again, and so on. The expense attached to this, aside from the salaries of the propagandists, was about $25,000,000 a year for advertising. The publisher of a North Carolina paper wrote to a propagandist:

> I wish you would find out for me if possible why the Carolina Power and Light Company does not give us our share of the advertising they put out in this section. . . . Our editorial staff has made a special effort to keep them in right with the public since their invasion of this territory.

Many such letters were introduced as exhibits. Moreover, the Associated Press and the United Press were induced to spread over their wires stories written by the propagandists. One of the propagandists wrote:

> We concentrate on the Associated Press and the United Press. The International News Service [belonging to the Hearst papers] is not greatly interested in us.

LETTERS were introduced into the record from members of the Associated Press and United Press services, thanking the propagandists for their stories and actually asking for more. The head of the Missouri Bureau wrote: "I think word has gone down the line from the headquarters [of the Associated Press] to take care of our committees on public-utilities information." When these revelations were made, Karl A. Bickel, President of the United Press Associations, sent a circular letter to bureau managers and staff correspondents, warning them that this was "journalistic second-story work."

> There is a real and legitimate field in America [he wrote] for men representing great and complicated industrial and financial establishments, in acting as liaison agents between the industries they represent and the press. But no man can hope to regard his work as legitimate and honorable who attempts to utilize it to pass on to a press association or a newspaper an item alleged to be news that is in reality propaganda aiming to mold public opinion on a controversial subject. . . . The fact that the press agent was underhanded enough, by shrewdness or bribery, direct or indirect, to put the item over, does not in any sense excuse the press association or newspaper. . . . We must at all times and in all ways be constantly and persistently on our guard against any effort on the part of any one to inject improper matter into the body of our service. . . . Keep the poisoners out.

THERE is no proof that newspapers have been bought outright in order to further the interests of the power lobby; but it is a matter of record with the Investigating Commission that Ira C. Copley, who in 1926 sold the bulk of his public utility interests in Illinois to Samuel Insull, bought a string of small newspapers in Illinois and then invaded California. At San Diego he bought three newspapers, and discontinued the one which, it so happened, had supported Government ownership. He said at the time that he had "no connection with any public utilities anywhere," although the record shows that he still held more than four million dollars' worth of bonds and stocks in two gas companies.

A single example will suffice to show the methods adopted by the utilities in dealing with State legislation. In California an act for the public development of the State's water power was submitted to the electorate in 1922. After the campaign, in which the measure was defeated, the Jones Legislative Investigating Committee examined utility agents and corporation executives who admitted that they had spent more than half a million dollars to manufacture public opinion against it. The outcome of this vote was widely used in the press of other States, but no mention was made of the money spent to influence the outcome, so far as the testimony before the Federal Trade Commission reveals.

A QUESTION may arise as to why the utilities have spent millions of dollars to influence the public against Federal development of Muscle Shoals and Boulder Dam, and against State operation of enterprises although proclaiming constantly that Government ownership and operation must necessarily fail. Some light may be thrown on this by presenting here a table compiled by H. S. Raushenbush and Harry W. Laidler in their book "Power Control." Here is shown the gains in a typical list of utility stocks, from the high point in one year to the high point five years later:

	1921	1926
American Light and Traction Co.	112	264
North American Co.	46	670
Middle West Utilities	24	134
Standard Gas and Electric Co.	17	69
Columbia Gas and Electric Co.	68	270
American Waterworks and Electric	6	270
Public Service of Northern Illinois	82	143
Philadelphia Company	35	91
Philadelphia Electric Co.	22	67
Republic Railway and Light	7	98
United Gas and Electric	1	66
United Gas Improvement	39	120

Mostly, these are holding companies for networks of operating concerns. That their stocks have been bid up in this fashion indicates pretty clearly that they make vast profits.

"Power Control" quotes Federal Trade Commission figures, gathered in an investigation prior to that now under way, to show the concentration of the industry. These show that five companies, with their immediate sphere of influence, controlled 49.6 per cent, or nearly half, of this Nation's electrical output in 1925; that the next eight companies in size controlled another 22.6 per cent of the total, and that the next seven controlled 13.6 per cent. These twenty corporations, in other words, controlled 83 per cent of the Nation's electric output. In 1926 the process of consolidation continued, notably in the South, Southwest, and Middle West. Unquestionably it is now much greater than when the Commission compiled its figures. When it resumes in September, it will renew its inquiry, it announces, into holding companies, profits, and concentration.

MUCH embarrassment has been caused to the privately operated utilities by the Cleveland municipal plant, which sells electricity at three cents per kilowatt-hour, and by the Ontario superpower system, owned and operated by the Government, which sells electricity for domestic use at two cents per kilowatt-hour. Judson King, of the National Popular Government League, has compiled figures of cost for domestic electric service in thirty-two American cities where it is supplied by private enterprise, as compared with all the twenty-two cities of more than ten thousand population in Ontario, where the Government owns and administers the system. These figures show an average for American cities of 7.4 cents per kilowatt-hour over the 1921–6 period; while the actual price to Ontario consumers over the same period was 1.6 per cent. But, in order to be absolutely fair to private management, Mr. King adds to the Ontario figure ten per cent to equalize its tax rate with the American rate, another ten per cent to pay dividends to private stockholders, and *thirty per cent* to equalize the difference between water generation, as in Canada, and generation from coal, the source in twenty-three of the thirty-two American cities considered. These are generous allowances for private ownership, including liberal profits; and yet even so it is shown that American consumers of electricity must pay five cents per kilowatt-hour more than Canadian consumers. If that difference were applied to the whole 1925 output in the United States, it would allow to the electric utilities, after paying a ten per cent profit to their stockholders, a total of three billion dollars velvet.

In the circumstances, it is not difficult to see why the utilities spend money lib-

(*Please turn to continuation, page 600*)

The Longfellow Nobody Knows

By
HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

Two or three generations ago Longfellow was a household word and his poems were loved and widely quoted. In our own school days "The Village Blacksmith" and "The Psalm of Life" could be found in every reader. And then a few years ago it became the fashion to sneer at his work and to dismiss his poetry *en masse* as trivial and sentimental. How will coming generations regard him?

Two weeks ago we published a new estimate of Edgar Allan Poe; this revaluation of Longfellow is the second of a series on some of America's great literary figures re-estimated in the light of contemporary criticism.

Howard Mumford Jones is an author and poet and Associate Professor of Comparative Literature at the University of North Carolina.

THE crudity of contemporary criticism is never more glaring than when, discussing the classics of American letters, its writers abandon historical perspective as unprofitable and proceed to evaluate the objects of their destructive irony as if these writers were living in the United States today. Longfellow lacks guts; Lowell lacks subtlety; Emerson lacks psychology; Bryant lacks humanity; and only with the acrid Thoreau, the enigmatic Hawthorne, and the febrile Poe are they at ease. But the classical writers are as they are, and it is surely the negation of common sense to complain that they do not have the qualities of somebody else. If they lacked a modernistic philosophy, it is because they matured in the era of Jacksonian democracy—an era cloudy with seraphic hope in the perfectibility of man and the progress of the Republic. If they do not have the wit of Shaw, the gloom of Dreiser, or the psychological fantasies of Sherwood Anderson, why, neither did anybody else, such things being unthinkable in a nation of unlimited land, a limited educational system, and limitless faith in the freedom of the human will.

Longfellow has had more than his share of this uncritical abuse, a fate the more undeserved when one recalls the fortune of his compeers in Europe. French criticism does not take Lamartine as seriously as his generation took him, but it is not unfair to the author of "Les Méditations" as American criticism is unfair to the author of "Hiawatha." Freiligrath is a faded name, but it does not seem to arouse the Germans to the abuse or the scorn which the name of Longfellow evokes among our intellectuals. Tennyson undoubtedly wrote a rather silly poem about being queen of the May, but he also wrote a rather noble poem about being Ulysses, and a just estimate takes account of both. But because Longfellow wrote "A Psalm of Life" and "The Wreck of the Hesperus" the wits do not admit that he wrote, or could write, anything better.

And yet I believe that any candid reader will conclude otherwise. The poet who wrote "A Psalm of Life" at thirty is no more the poet who wrote "The Saga of King Olaf" with its surge and thunder than the Tennyson of "Oriana" is the Tennyson of "In Memoriam." It is true that Longfellow's enormous popularity forced upon him the continual production of that pleasant, sentimental verse which flowed too freely from his pen, but there is evidence that he chafed against the necessity. He wrote in 1842:

Half of my life is gone, and I have let
The years slip from me and have not fulfilled
The aspiration of my youth, to build
Some tower of song with lofty parapet.
Not indolence, nor pleasure, nor the fret
Of restless passions that would not be stilled,
But sorrow, and a care that almost killed,
Kept me from what I may accomplish yet.

The tower of song was, of course, the "Christus" trilogy, which, except for "The Golden Legend," is a failure. But there is no appeasing the hounds of contemporary criticism. On the one hand, it is made a reproach that Longfellow was placidly satisfied with his accomplishments, and, on the other, that his reach exceeded his grasp, though heaven is said to exist on that account. And yet there must be something to the man. Bryant, who was certainly no fool, wrote him that "the exquisite music of your verse dwells more than ever on my ear." Hawthorne, who did not lack critical insight, reported: "I read your poems over and over, and over again, and continue to read them at all my leisure hours; and they grow upon me at every reperusal." These sentences should give the judicious pause.

It is true they appear in letters to the poet. Mr. Herbert S. Gorman, in his "The Victorian American"—the fairest attempt at a critical estimate made in our time—explains that, though "Henry deserves all this" (one loves the condescension of the Christian name!), the poet wrote only "for his day and for his people." Alas! Mr. Gorman writes for *his* day and *his* people, and, though he tries to be just, his bias is evident, as when he says that, "like all great Victorians," Longfellow "permits no more than a certain few facets of his days to reflect themselves in his work." One is tempted to inquire how many facets of Vergil's days appear in the Æneid. One is minded to ask how many facets of our day appear in Robinson's "Tristram." And then, remembering the religious problems of Longfellow's day, one might inquire whether any important facets of that question are missing from his poetry.

Of course one can answer: Why, the poetry of religious doubt. But before the answerer becomes too complacent, let him think whether the indifference of the earth to man is anywhere better expressed than in this poem:

The tide rises, the tide falls,
The twilight darkens, the curlew calls;
Along the sea-sands damp and brown
The traveler hastens toward the town,
And the tide rises, the tide falls.

Darkness settles on roofs and walls,
But the sea, the sea in the darkness calls;
The little waves, with their soft, white hands,
Efface the footprints in the sands,
And the tide rises, the tide falls.

The morning breaks; the steeds in their stalls
Stamp and neigh, as the hostler calls;
The day returns, but nevermore
Returns the traveler to the shore,
And the tide rises, the tide falls.

Incidentally, there are just five adjectives in this poem. Had it been signed by Arthur Symons or Shaemas O'Sheel or William Butler Yeats, people would be talking about Celtic magic. It ap-

pears, as a matter of history, in "Ultima Thule," a volume in which Mr. Gorman finds only the "placid and industrious repeater." I can only say that these verses seem to me an astonishing performance for an old man, and, far from "dripping" from the pen of "the acknowledged ambassador of goodness," they read to me like a heart-breaking cry of bewilderment. And yet, in the face of these lines and others like them, Mr. Gorman writes that "Henry is smug from the beginning to the end," though "he is absolutely unconscious of the fact."

Well, let us turn to "Morituri Salutamus:"

What then? Shall we sit idly down and say
The night hath come; it is no longer day?
The night hath not yet come; we are not quite
Cut off from labor by the failing light;
Something remains for us to do or dare;
Even the oldest tree some fruit may bear.

Perhaps I have lost all my critical faculties, but if these noble lines are smug, what, pray is the "Epilogue to Asolando"? Regarding Mr. Gorman's astonishing judgments, one can only quote "The Golden Legend:"

From frailty and fall—
Good Lord, deliver us all!

But we must be fair to Mr. Gorman. He performs a useful service by reminding us how much there is in Longfellow we would rather forget. There is nothing new in the indictment, but it must be reckoned with if we are to see that other and better Longfellow who is obscured by "the children's poet." It must be admitted that he wrote too facilely and too much. He lacks the subtleties of Meredith or Browning. He is preachy and obvious. Again and again he begins a fine lyric only to fritter it away in a cheap moral lesson. Much of his verse lacks substance, and some of it has the mechanical regularity of a hammer beating on velvet. This is the Longfellow everybody knows.

Yet even here there is something to be said. Fashions in children's poetry change, but it requires positive genius to write for children in any fashion without writing down to them, and Longfellow succeeded where men of rarer intellect have failed. It is even something to prefer a hero in the strife to the happiness of dumb, driven cattle; at least we admire John Stuart Mill for a similar preference. In the midst of this earlier verse one hears for a moment such solemn, imaginative music as this:

I heard the trailing garments of the Night
Sweep through her marble halls!
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
From the celestial walls!

There is a simplicity of genius as well as a complexity of genius, and while modern poets are carefully cultivating simplicity, let us ask whether they have written anything more effective than the utter simplicity of this picture?

The day is ending,
The night is descending;
The marsh is frozen,
The river dead.

Through clouds like ashes
The red sun flashes
On village windows
That glimmer red.

Unfortunately, lyrics that begin as effectively often dribble away. Here, for example, is some of the "exquisite music" in a poem called "Seaweed:"

When descends on the Atlantic
The gigantic
Storm-wind of the equinox,
Landward in his wrath he scourges
The toiling surges,
Laden with seaweed from the rocks:

From Bermuda's reefs; from edges
Of sunken ledges,
In some far-off, bright Azore;
From Bahama, and the dashing
Silver-flashing
Surges of San Salvador.

If only the poet's better angel had stopped him with the fourth stanza! He did not, and one learns in four more stanzas that poems are the seaweed of wild emotions.

But let us leave these errors to Mr. Gorman. Let us put aside the moral exhorter and the facile versifier. Let us shut the village blacksmith in his smithy, forget that the day is cold and dark and dreary, and leave the unfortunate skipper and his daughter to perish, as perhaps they deserve to do. Let us put aside the plays (except "The Golden Legend") and let us forget the mawkish prose. Let us even put aside "Hiawatha," though there is much to be said for it (and Mr. Gorman, with admirable impartiality, says it), and ask ourselves what is left.

Well, there is a great deal left. In the first place, Longfellow is the greatest sea poet in American literature, and one of the finest in the English language. The magic and the mystery of the ocean are caught in "The Seaside and the Fireside" and in certain lyrics as they have been rarely caught in English verse. At the other extreme is the wild, lawless beauty of the northern ocean in which "The Saga of King Olaf" is set, and if there be better sea fighting in verse than in this bluff narrative, I do not know where it is. Critics who deny energy to Longfellow had better read it, and read again "The Skeleton in Armor:"

Then launched they to the blast,
Bent like a reed each mast,
Yet we were gaining fast,
When the wind failed us;
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our foe we saw
Laugh as he hailed us.

And as to catch the gale
Round veered the flapping sail,
"Death!" was the helmsman's hail,
"Death without quarter!"
Mid-ships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel;
Down her black hulk did reel
Through the black water!

These are words like whips. And may I ask the reader to forget that "The Building of the Ship" has been torn to shreds in declamatory contests, and to consider such passages as these?

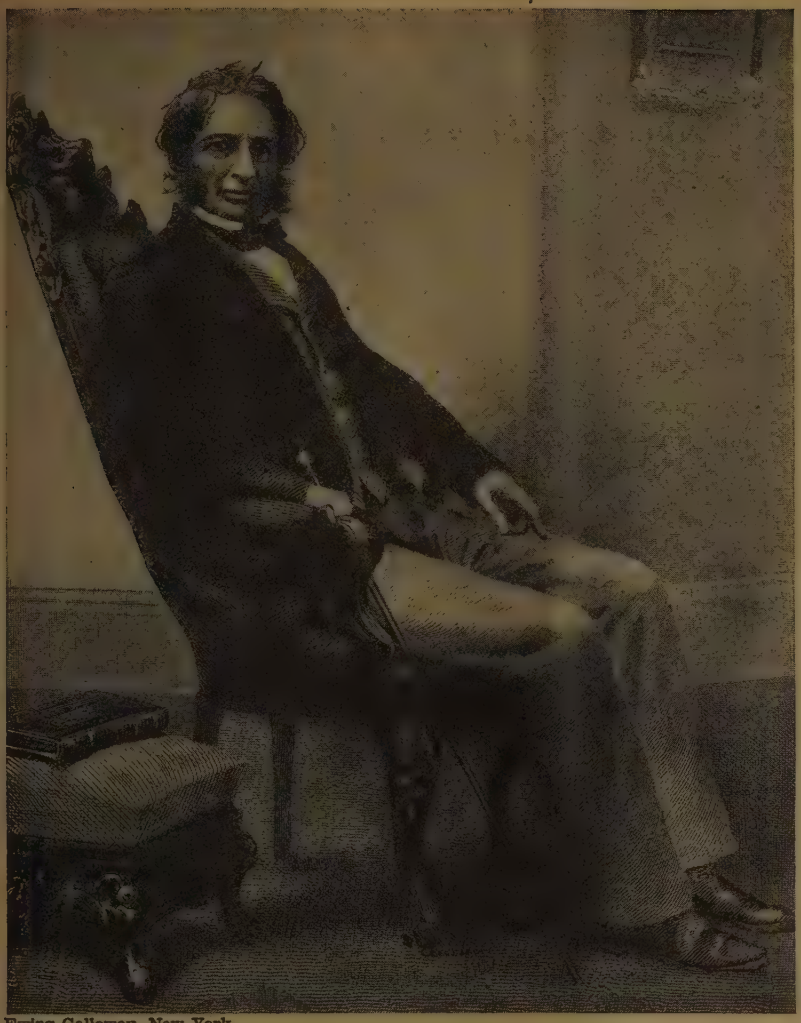
Only the long waves, as they broke
In ripples on the pebbly beach,
Interrupted the old man's speech.

The dim, dark sea, so like unto Death,
That divides and yet unites mankind!

The ocean old,
Centuries old,
Strong as youth and as uncontrolled,
Paces restless to and fro,
Up and down the sands of gold.
His beating heart is not at rest;
And far and wide,
With ceaseless flow,
His beard of snow
Heaves with the heaving of his breast.

Even with the mixed figure, this is sheer magic.

In the next place, Longfellow is the finest master of the sonnet in nineteenth-century American literature, and one of its principal masters in all English verse. There are, to prove the case, the six majestic sonnets for his translation of the "Divine Comedy." There are the sonnets to Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Dante, and Keats, each a portrait, and each the subtlest sort of appreciative criticism. There is "The Cross of Snow" with its anguish, and "Mezzo Cammin" with its noble confession of failure. And there are the sea sonnets, two of which seem to me to rival the more celebrated ones of Keats. Here, for example, is "The Sound of the Sea:"



Ewing Galloway, New York

THE LONGFELLOW NOBODY KNOWS

From a photograph taken about 1862

The sea awoke at midnight from its sleep,
And round the pebbly beaches far and wide
I heard the first wave of the rising tide
Rush onward with uninterrupted sweep;
A voice out of the silence of the deep,
A sound mysteriously multiplied
As of a cataract from the mountain's side,
Or roar of winds upon a wooded steep.
So comes to us at times, from the unknown
And inaccessible solitudes of being,
The rushing of the sea-tides of the soul;
And inspirations, that we deem our own,
Are some divine foreshadowing and foreseeing
Of things beyond our reason or control.

Has Wordsworth anything better of the sort? I am tempted to quote the conclusion of "A Shadow" to confute those who claim that Longfellow is a silly optimist:

Be comforted; the world is very old,
And generations pass, as they have passed,
A troop of shadows moving with the sun;
Thousands of times has the old tale been told;
The world belongs to those who come the last,
They will find hope and strength as we have done.

And, in the third place, there are the narrative poems. Here we must distinguish. The art of writing good narrative verse is one of the rarest accomplishments in poetry. In English its masters are few—Chaucer, Dryden, Scott, Morris, Longfellow, Masefield, and one or two others. The narrative poet must, first of all, tell a good story, not merely decorate one. He must present us with objectified, lifelike characters, not merely analyze or dissect personalities. The setting and atmosphere must be raised above the level of the commonplace sufficiently to justify the use of verse rather than prose—a necessity that Crabbe usually forgot and Wordsworth sometimes failed to remember. And then the poet must not let us feel at any moment that the easy management of his verse has got away from him. It is a *genre* in which Longfellow excels.

Familiarity and the killing conscientiousness of public-school teaching have dulled "Evangeline" and "The Courtship of Miles Standish," but, could we see them as they really are, we would see, I think, how artfully their stories are managed: how in "Evangeline" the author leads us again and again to hope that the lovers will meet, and yet makes us recognize the necessity for their not meeting; and how cleverly the plot in "Miles Standish" is made to turn upon the Captain's departure from Plymouth. The "Tales of a Wayside Inn" is full of good things. I do not myself care for the rattle of "Paul Revere's Ride," but there is plenty to offset it: dry, pithy narratives like "Kambalu," an anecdote, the cynicism of which will come as a shock to the intellectuals; the sardonic gloom of the painful "Torquemada," the vigor and ease of "King Robert of Sicily," and the pleasant humor of "The Birds of Killingworth." And, above all, there is "The Saga of King Olaf." Longfellow came to develop a swift, economical narrative style, a style which seizes upon the salient points and presents them in their dramatic aspects, a style undiscovered by the wits because they do not wish to find any good in him. It is found in the "Tales;" it is found in the later ballads; and it is found in the later narrative lyrics, of which "Jugurtha" is a specimen:

How cold are thy baths, Apollo!
Cried the African monarch, the splendid,
As down to his death in the hollow
Dark dungeons of Rome he descended,
Uncrowned, unthroned, unattended;
How cold are thy baths, Apollo!

This has the sagacity, the dry Roman strength of Walter Savage Landor.

But I will venture on bolder claims. As a creator of character Longfellow has never received his just due. Let the reader run over in his mind the *dramatis personæ* of the Longfellow

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The Next Great American Industry

By K. C. DAVIS

There was a time when, despite such hardships as side-hill plowing, the farmer's life had the great appeal of independence. But now, it appears, farm mergers are proposed. Where conditions favor a uniform crop, the idea seems to be workable.

PROPERLY analyzed, the so-called farm problem in America is no such thing. It is primarily and essentially economic, and when it is solved economically it will no longer remain a problem.

Witness the experiment of John O. Chapman near Corpus Christi, Texas. On a huge tract of land, 18,000 acres of which are being worked intensively by 124 farmers working under one management, he is proving by actual demonstration that farming, the largest of all industries, and so far the least advanced toward a definite standard, can be as successfully organized and as efficiently and profitably operated as any other industry.

Beginning a little more than four years ago with six quarter-section farms, the Chapman Ranch now comprises 124 farms or quarter-sections operating as a unit under one management, according to well-defined standards which are uniform in each of the smaller units. That is to say, all of these farms are virtually alike. The equipment is the same. Even the soil is uniform, being a heavy black, tenacious, rather rich soil known by the Federal Bureau of Soils as Victoria clay. The farmers are all white Americans, and the crop upon which they concentrate is the same—cotton.

All contracts are verbal, made by Mr. Chapman after personal interviews with the applicants. While the contracts are for only one year, the annual changes are relatively few; last year only 27.

The applicant is required to give evidence of good faith in taking up his residence on the ranch by purchasing approximately $2,000 worth of farm machinery. This becomes his permanent property after it is paid for. In numerous instances the owner "grub-stakes" the applicant for the first year, after selling him his outfit at a price fifteen to twenty-five per cent cheaper than he can buy it in the commercial market.

IN the Chapman system 160 acres of cotton is the unit for each farm. The operator seldom runs behind, even with this large area. He prepares the soil under the general supervision of the company expert. Improved seed is used in every case. Best methods of controlling boll weevil and other enemies are used punctually and often co-operatively. The most approved systems of planting, thinning, cultivating, and dusting are invariably followed. Harvesting begins and is pushed diligently at the proper time.

Living conditions are excellent. The houses are neat, well-built, of five to seven rooms. They are painted white, are screened, and have running water. There is a barn (in case of the older farms), a building used as a garage, smoke-house, seed room, and implement room. No haphazard, shiftless methods or slouchy-looking premises are found.

The operator is also encouraged to keep one or more milk cows, a home garden, poultry, and in some cases a pig or litter of pigs. Inquiry showed that every farmer except one had an automobile.

The average age of the farmers on the Chapman Ranch is thirty-seven years. The families are therefore chiefly young and many of the children of school age. For their needs are two splendid brick structures, both built within the last three years. There are twelve teachers for the white children, and two in a separate building for Mexican children. Space has been left between the high school building and the grade building for a larger central unit to include, besides schoolrooms, an auditorium and gymnasium.

EARLY in the development of the colony, for the ranch is really that, a census was taken of the denominational following of the entire population. Churches were established by the two leading denominations—Methodist and Baptist—and Mr. Chapman gave two buildings for their use. The congregations freely invited others to join with them, and thus denominational lines have been wiped out.

The Chapman Ranch Company, the Chapman Motor Company, and the Chapman Mercantile Company have a joint office in the village. The Mercantile and Motor Companies do business under the same roof—a new fire-proof one-story building, well lighted from all sides and from above, covering 36,000 square feet.

The Mercantile Company operates its stores as departments of one big concern. There is a hardware store, implement store, grocery store, dry-goods and clothing. The price of groceries compares with cash-and-carry figures. Implements and other merchandise average fifteen to twenty-five per cent lower than found elsewhere at retail. The Motor Company has a filling station, oil and grease for cars and tractors, a repair department, and a supplies department which furnishes parts for farm tractors and the more popular makes of automobiles and trucks.

BASED upon the experience of 1927, each field of 160 acres has produced 90 bales of lint cotton. The early fall price was slightly more than twenty cents per pound. The operator sells three-fourths of this, while the landowner receives one-fourth of the seed cotton as rent for land.

The agricultural benefits of such large units of standardized farming are many. There are also social and economic advantages. Graded and drained roads lead to each farm. Better health conditions prevail. Churches are maintained at less expense and there is less denominational competition. Groceries are cheaper, clothing and farm needs are supplied at the best possible prices, and farm equipment can be bought at fifteen to twenty-five per cent below the prices in near-by towns. Money may be more easily secured on the crop than in other systems. The ranch-owner is safer in advancing money on a crop than is a banker; in fact, bank inspections and regulations are unnecessary. Money is therefore cheaper. Operators are prevented from making use-

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Politics and the Southern Negro

A Letter from Tennessee

By DIXON MERRITT

LET us consider the Southern Negro in politics—which he is not. But because of Ben Davis of eorgia, Perry Howard of Mississippi, id a few others here and there—almost holly there—we must consider him us.

Except for a few pie peddlers in the ulf and South Atlantic States and an casional bumptious buck elsewhere, outhern Negroes are not interested in olitics. Their every-day interests are on dogs, watermelons, connection rods r worn cars, craps, and the Christian ge. These are mixed in different proortions in different individuals, and not l of them in every Negro.

Their interests sufficiently abiding to e called aspirations are book-learning, fe in large cities, and the acquisition of little real property in the neighborods where they were born and reared. Vith Negroes, socially inclined and not et wholly removed from the influences f a tribal life, a little property goes a ng way. The same bit of ground conrs, in different ways, the rank of chief n several men.

Let me illustrate.

With me are three mature Negro men -Tom Doss, John Simmons, and the ev. Marcus Dillahunty. Tom and ohn have crops. Dillahunty—we recgnize professional dignity among the ark of skin by the use of the surname—orks for wages in the spare time that e has from his ministerial and other uties.

Tom and Dillahunty are landowners. ohn is too much the trader, the naturalorn middleman, to be nailed to the round. But is he without interest in he land that the others own? He is ot.

John, having his crops on our land, eases Tom's little farm. He sublets the ouse to a Negro named Bates, whose ob is with the stone-crusher for the ighway. He sublets the tillable land, r a part of it, to Dillahunty, who is rying to get his own into meadow.

What happens as to the conferring of hiefships?

Tom, a cropper, is a landlord, a collector of rents. John, also a cropper, is manager of properties, buying the use f lands and selling it again to those who need it. Dillahunty is the builder of fertility, reaching out beyond his boundaries for his sustenance while his own acres rest and grow rich—which is one particular in which acres differ from men.

Pitiable? Nothing of the kind. It has its pathetic side; but remember that the pathetic is a blend of the sad and the beautiful, and in this case, at least, beauty outbulks sadness by a great deal. It is a situation full of hope, not so much for these three individuals as for the race to which they belong. No one of these Negroes will ever own a great deal of property, but they will own enough for their unpretentious needs, and the interest that they feel in property Negro-owned forecasts a generation of Negroes who will sit, what time they can sit down, beneath their own vine and fig tree.

It would not be correct to say that these Negroes feel no interest in politics. They are interested in good government. But it would be accurate to say that they take not the slightest interest in the partisan differences between Democrats and Republicans. John, now past fifty, has voted once in his life. (Remember that Negroes who want to vote do vote in Tennessee on exactly even terms with whites.) Dillahunty's preaching, at least his week-day preaching, is largely concerned with non-participation by Negroes in the political squabbles of the whites. Tom never so much as mentions politics.

These three men seem to me typical of the substantial, home-staying Negroes of the South. There are, of course, Negroes who can be bought and voted in droves. Negroes, after all, are a great deal like white men. There are Negroes who can be influenced to foolish and vicious action by political agitators. I am not saying positively that my own are not of that number. I have never expected my Negroes to be more level-headed than I am myself, though they frequently are.

Before the fanatics descend upon me and indict me for peonage, I had better explain that term, "my Negroes." Any one of these men would refer to me and mine as "my white folks." To us, it is not even faintly reminiscent of slavery. Indeed, it is much less suggestive of a servile class than the "my boss" and "my boys" of the industrial centers. The terms are simply handy handles for families of two races working together at the same tasks.

Purchasable Negroes. Yes. Impressionable Negroes. Certainly. But the day is far past when the Negro can be made to believe that anything political can put him back in slavery.

With the passing of that black magic has passed, in large measure, the Negro's blind devotion to the Republican Party. When he believed that departure from Republican rule meant slavery, he voted in order to save his children's liberty. Now that he does not believe it, he does not vote at all. Another day, he will be voting again, not with one party, but with two—or with five, if our tendency toward the bloc system continues.

Meanwhile, aloof from politics himself, he is used by knaves to frighten fools. Unfortunately, there is still a considerable number of Southern whites who can be frightened into foolish action by the bugaboo of Negro equality. Heretofore that cry has been raised only against Republican candidates. This time it is raised against both Hoover and Smith—not, of course, by the same set of tricksters. Among the Democrats opposed to Smith are those who say: "Yes, Hoover did make some Government clerks work with Negroes. But what of that? You work with Negroes every day. But Smith—Smith believes in social equality. He would make you eat with Negroes."

It is inconceivable that men believe such rot, but there are a few who do—not, however, enough to affect anything much. People, whites and Negroes, are wiser than they used to be. It is only the unscrupulous political manipulator who has failed to learn anything.

If he never learns, at least he will die finally. Living, the sinister in him has been subordinated by the silly. But, considering him and other pusillanimous phases of our politics, who can blame a self-respecting Negro for keeping out of it?

Hagen, Hardy Annual

By HERBERT REED
(Right Wing)

IT may be said that Walter Hagen, frequently called the greatest "money player" in golf, is an old story. On the contrary, the slick-haired, "snooty" professional who indulges in a manager and all the trappings of a real show-off champion is a new story at least twice a year—the first time when he is supposed to be slipping into oblivion, the second time when he emerges with all his well-bred calm, late at the first tee, probably, but playing the same burn-up golf that made him famous away back in the Rochester days. This year, as it happens, he was supposed to be on the way out only once, while he has proved several times that he was on the way back. That is, if he had really been away. The terrible showing at Moor Park, when Archie Compston took him in hand to the tune of 18 up and 17 to play, was followed by the winning of the British Open in slashing fashion, and now in his home country Sir Walter has taken the big Welsh star in his own hands. This happened the other day at Westchester-Biltmore, where Hagen turned in two rounds of as pretty golf as he has ever done in his career. Hagen shot a 70 and 73 over the West course, which is not by any means easy going.

Those who are upset by the ups and downs of Hagen do not know the imperturbable spirit of the man. When he is not putting well, he is not going to win, and no one knows it better than Hagen. When he *is* putting well, he is going to win, no matter how difficult the task may appear. And Hagen is equally sure of that. Why, then, worry about anything? In which connection a little incident of the Open Championship at Scioto a few years ago. Everybody knows the genial Bob Harlow, Hagen's manager, who probably has not an enemy in the golfing world. Well, Hagen was not going well that day. He had put in one round in a miniature cyclone, and his chances were gone. There was some gloating, as there always is when the supercilious one is taking a beating. Behind his boss Bob Harlow was plugging along, doing the worrying for both of them. "Hey, Bob," yelled a couple of scribes from the upper deck of the club-house, "what's the matter with your meal ticket?" "Never mind my meal ticket," retorted Harlow. "I get three a day, every day. Do you?"

In taking his revenge on Archie Compston Hagen really accomplished something, for the huge Welshman is really one of the great golfers of the earth. Those of us who saw him in action here realize that there is sound reason for the belief in Great Britain that he will some day develop into another Harry Vardon. He has a great deal more power than Vardon, but the methods are strikingly the same, and the control is beautiful, the wrists and the hands telling the story so well, as they did in the case of Vardon. While Hagen kept up his fine golf in the first two rounds in the Canadian Open Championshi Compston passed him by shooting course record of 67, which was a gre piece of work for the Welsh Giant. Th was flawless golf on a not too ea course, and even though the visitor the end could not beat Leo Diegel, proved that he will give any of our be a battle at any time, including Johnn Farrell and Tommy Armour. There w be more clashes between Hagen ar Compston as the season moves alon and at this writing it looks as if Sir Wa ter would take his share of them. It a great season, with any one of a doze men likely to win at any time. I doul if there have been so many fine golfe in action in a decade.

To drop Hagen for the moment, want to say something about Leo Diege frankly a favorite of mine, partly, b cause he was once a fine football playe

Walter Hagen

in Detroit and an all-round athlete with the disposition of the true sportsman. I first came across him in Florida four years ago. There he won a sizable purse from as good a field as could be brought together. Since then he has been up with the leaders off and on. And just why he has not won the Open Championship no one, including Diegel, seems to know. He seems to be at his best in Florida, and the Canadian Open is his pet title. Yet he has everything a golfer needs. The same was true of Johnny Farrell for so many years that some of his most ardent followers abandoned hope just at the moment when Farrell came through to the top. The same thing may well happen to Diegel, and I am one of the stanch few who still think it will.

Confidence is still one of the factors, as proved by a long series of the predecessors of the present flight. It is for that reason that the real sportsman readily forgives some of Hagen's eccentricities. And this confidence often takes years in the making. There is a fine edge between confidence and over-confidence, but there is greater need than ever of the former in these days of huge galleries and buzzing pocket motion-picture cameras in amateur hands. I know many an old-timer who would have blown up in the face of the reception the modern player gets on the home green.

There was a time when lack of confidence was the chief bar to progress of the women golfers. One of the cures for that is to play as often as possible with men. Suzanne Lenglen inaugurated that custom in tennis, and Helen Wills has followed it up. Glenna Collett is at it all the time. In the long game she can frequently outdrive all but the first flight of men players. If she cannot, the experience in playing the odd against such opposition is a great aid to confidence. A men vs. women tournament has been held at Fairfield for five years, the recent affray bringing victory to the women, who were Miss Collett, Miss Maureen Orcutt, Miss Edith Quier, of Reading, Pennsylvania, and Miss Martha Parker, of Westchester Hills. It is true that the men had to give a handicap of seven bisques to their women opponents, but the triumph was none the less notable. Time was when a ranking male golfer could give a ranking woman golfer a stroke a hole on the long holes. The passing from the stroke a hole to the bisque basis marks the advance in women's golf, not merely of the top-notchers, but of the rank and file. As it happened at Fairfield, some of the women did not need all the bisques. For instance, Miss Collett beat so fine a player as Jess Sweetser, 3 and 2, using only five bisques out of her allotment of seven. The names of the men players give an excellent idea of the class the women stars faced. They were Jess Sweetser, Watts Gunn, Eddie Held, Gene Homans, Ronald McKenzie, and Dick Jones. That sort of competition is enough to tune up anybody's game.

As to Polo

In just a month the new American Big Four will tackle the Argentines on the International Field at Meadow Brook for the championship of the world. While the International challenge cup is not at stake, since by the deed of gift it is restricted to competition between the United States and Great Britain, this battle between the two Americas carries with it at least the unofficial title of a world's championship. In the meantime the make-up of the new American Big Four four is as far from a settlement as ever. Much is going to depend on the form and the attitude of J. Watson Webb and Malcolm Stevenson, two of the veterans of the last Big Four. They are usually somewhat slow in coming to top form, and they made themselves decide to yield their places to younger players. But, after all, they are just as anxious to beat the Argentines as they were to defeat the British team, and if they find they do shape up in the test matches at Sands Point and Meadow Brook they will undoubtedly make a bid for their old positions. At the moment Webb is playing at No. 2, but he certainly ought to get more chances in the test matches than he did last year of getting out at No. 1 in front of Tommy Hitchcock. It takes a No. 1 more than a few periods in which to adjust himself to the American captain's play.

Archie Compston

With the arrival of the great Lacey, who will play at Back on the team from Buenos Aires, the challenging line-up is complete. Lacey has been playing steadily in England and is in splendid condition. He is probably even further speeded up, perhaps, than the other members of the team who have been here through the month of July. However, Jack Nelson, the Argentine leader, says that from now on his team will speed up as fast as possible. The work at Rumson has been satisfactory, with flashes of fast play, and the team is ready to let out several more links. This means that the visitors will have probably a two weeks' jump on the American defenders. Word has gone forth from the American selection committee that our own four must be settled by the middle of August, which means that there is still a stiff task ahead of Hitchcock and the rest. It means also that Webb and Stevenson must show in a hurry. It would be possible to put a New Big Four in the field built on all three veterans and substitutes of last year. This would mean Webb, No. 1; Hitchcock, No. 2; Stevenson, No. 3; and Strawbridge, Back. The substitutes would then be Captain Wilkinson, and Winston Guest from last year, with probably two others. It is significant that Guest, who arrived on the same ship with Lacey, has announced his intention of coming out for Back, since the forward positions apparently are already well taken care of. Guest is a tremendous hitter, and is sufficient of an all-around horseman and player to learn the position. He is also a big man and hard to ride off. It is possible, of course, but hardly probable, that he might displace Strawbridge, but undoubtedly he could be developed into an acceptable substitute for Back.

Miniatures from the Life

The Hand of God

By IBBY HALL

TEN years ago a laboring man out in Pittsburgh lost his leg.

If he had been young or resourceful, he might have overcome this disaster. But he had never been any one in particular, and now he was even less than that. He was forty-two years old—an age when what is vaguely referred to as "the future" seems waiting to become the present. With the strapping on of his new wooden leg the future of this man ceased to exist.

Where previously he had taken an unconscious pride in flesh and blood, he had now to endure shame for this piece of wood. He was filled no longer by that sense of health and well-being that exist in a sound body. He must depend upon this dead and ugly object even to get around in life. And he could go nowhere without dragging it along.

Gradually, the man with the wooden leg lost his sense of self-reliance. He was tied to something ignominious, and bit by bit, in his own estimation, he became ignominious. As one year followed another, he worked less, he ate less, and he cared less about living.

The day came finally when he had endured ten years of this increasing misery. He was out of a job and could find no work. It was a Sunday evening in summer, and ahead of him stretched a long and dusty week of job hunting. He had had nothing to eat for some time, and his heart was as empty of courage as his pockets were of money. This was the end.

The church-bells had stopped ringing long ago. The worshipers of God had gone home to their beds. He himself, with his wooden leg, stood upon a bridge of the city and worshiped nothing. Beneath, the river flowed threateningly and black. But looking down, he was not afraid. It occurred to him that there was at least one way out. Beneath the blackness and the threat lay oblivion.

His decision came to him quickly. The next moment he had climbed the railing and was over the side.

As he fell, the swift moving blackness leapt up to receive him. His whole existence flared and dropped into that depth, like a rocket trailing down a midnight sky. In that second preceding a deeper blackness the whole earth was lit up and made plain by this one spark so soon to be extinguished. He saw it clearly for the first time, the illumined earth, ineffable and desirable; and knew that he himself was blotting it out.

The blackness drew him under and the current sucked him down. This he knew was death. Then with a sudden rush, he felt himself torn from the current—he felt the air in his face.

But there was still nothing near him but himself. He was on the surface of the river, floating down-stream. Far above he caught the pale glimmer of stars. The light that fell from them upon the black water was yet so close that his convulsive hands closed upon it. This, too, was death. He would go under now a second time—and then a third—

But still he floated on the surface of that dark stream, and the air rushed past his face and gave him breath. He knew now that he was being held aloft as certainly as he had been sucked under. There was a hand upon his groin that would not let him sink. This, then, was the hand of God.

The man who had been beaten by life turned and twisted his head to see that hand. Floating on the surface of the black water, holding him up as securely as though he had been a cork, was his wooden leg.

For ten years it had been his servant and his master. It carried him now above the menace of the river, around the bend toward rescue and back again into that life he had despised.

The Race

THERE is an old water-logged boat out West that used to be the belle of the Ohio River. In the early days of steamboat trips between Pittsburgh and Cincinnati she was known for the elegance of her figure and for her remarkable speed.

Even this summer it was found that the old steamboat still has her partisans.

"It's all very well," they were heard expostulating, "to talk about looks and speed, but what about endurance? Are these skinny things going to last the way the old Betsy Ann has lasted? Are they going to stand up the way she has? Why, look at her! at this present moment, old and heavy as she is, she could beat any slimshanks on the river."

The boast, somehow, got around. The younger generation first laughed at it and then was annoyed by it. Finally, the backers of one spirited young thing of steel and steam scornfully accepted the challenge.

"We'll show that water-logged old generation where it gets off," remarked the younger crowd. "It's time somebody taught them a lesson."

During the last few days before the race feeling ran high along the Ohio. There were many who remembered the old days softly and with affection, and because of this were willing enough to allow to age an arrogance which they felt was unbecoming to youth. "It's a shame!" and "It shouldn't be allowed," were among the indignant whispers to be heard. But those who sympathized with youth were in high feather. It was time this stodgy old generation got its come-upance.

The day of the race arrived, and the river-banks were crowded with excited spectators. For twenty miles the race-course shimmered in silver expectancy.

The water-logged old boat sat puffing at the starting-line, while the new young thing swayed lightly beside her. At the signal they were off—one all youth and lightness, the other all age and effort. The new young thing shot easily ahead—right into the middle of the channel. But she had underestimated the emotional capacity of her rival. The old steamboat and her captain were touched to the quick. In a fair and even race, was it sportsmanlike to take the center of the channel? The sporting blood of an ancient day strained at the weather-beaten seams of the Betsy Ann. Her captain turned purple with anger. Indignation lashed her driving power into fury. With a magnificent burst of energy the old boat drove forward and delivered a smart smack on the young one's back side.

The young one was flabbergasted. This was treatment she had not been brought up to expect. Nevertheless she moved over hastily to her own side of

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Castanets and Mantillas

Paris.

By EUGENE BONNER

T is, unfortunately, a well-known fact that overmuch enthusiasm in regard to almost anything will, nine s out of ten, bring about an unfavor- reaction towards the object of those nt admirations.

ometimes, however, an individual (or roup) will present us with something eautiful, so perfect, and withal so ulating that ordinary criticism or ription can in no way convey the y tremendous impression made upon with the result that superlatives by wholesale are resorted to—often with strous results.

n such a category must be included onia Mercé, commonly known as 'Argentina." Now this brilliant and tiful interpreter of Spanish national ces is far from being unknown, hav- been dancing for several years, not here in Paris, but in the principal s of Europe, South America, and n in the United States. But it has ained for her to make the greatest cess of her career here in is this season, and it's ty certain that from now her standing will be on e another plane from that neretofore.

Coming from a family of cers, La Argentina was in- ted at an early age into the steries of the complicated ra-ballets of the type com- n before the one and only lora Duncan toppled the , ugly, and meaningless style ballet off its painfully nted toes and made it the , spontaneous, and beauti- thing it has become today. Of course the so-called nish folk-dances were er altogether the slave of conventional ballet, even en having to more or less form to the traditions and nique of the old school, in most cases they were tty well tamed before being ved up to the opera-going blic. Also a great many rming ladies with dark s and a wiggle rolled them- es into a Spanish shawl, led a pair of long-suffering castanets, and let it go at that, hoping optimistically to be taken for the genuine article—which they weren't.

A few months ago the Opéra-Comique, deciding to put on the de Falla opera "L'Amour Sorcier," engaged Argentina for the rôle of the dancer—a most important part. The success of the production was great, but the sensation of the piece was made by the lithe Spaniard in the "Danse Rituelle du Feu," the dance supposed to drive away the evil spirits. The music of this dance is well known to New York concert-goers through the splendid interpretations of Messrs. Toscanini and Arbos with the Philharmonic and New York Symphony Orchestras last season.

Her phenomenal success at the Opéra-Comique encouraged Mme. Argentina to do what her friends and admirers had long been urging her to try—that is, a program of modern Spanish ballets. Since the time of Calderon ballets have been given in Spain; entertainments consisting of a series of choreographic *divertissements* based on national folk-dances and linked together in a more or less dramatic form—pretty much the form of ballet now familiar to us since the advent of the all-conquering Russians.

The program given by Mme. Argentina and her colleagues was divided into four parts: "El Fandango de Candil," a ballet-pantomime in one act by C. Rivas Cherif, with music by Gustavo Duran; "Sonatina," a one-act ballet by Ernesto Halffter, who wrote both the scenario and music; "Au Cœur de Séville" and a "Suite de Danses," the last two being a dazzling succession of traditional Spanish dances—boleros, fandangos, jotas, and tangos.

In "El Fandango de Candil" we find ourselves in Madrid in 1805. The scene is a popular cabaret where people of all classes come to dance or watch the dancing—*"peuple et aristocratie en goguette,"* as the program has it. One of the dancers, called Nina Bonita (Argentina), is the sensation of the moment, and Tout-Madrid of the period comes to applaud her. Manolo, her own particular gallant, in an effort to make her jealous, pays particular attention to a great lady whose face is hidden by her mantilla. In a jealous fury, Nina tears the mantilla from the face of the mysterious one, who, rising to her feet, blazing with fury and diamonds, is recognized to be none other than the Queen of Spain. In the sudden consternation which results the lights are put out (most appropriately) by a blind man. In the darkness and confusion which follows, the Queen and her attendant escape, the old blind man is arrested and dragged off to jail (what business had a blind man at a ballet, anyway?), and Nina, to calm down her lover, dances a "Bolero" to his (and our) en-

Antonia Marcé, commonly known as "La Argentina"

(*Please turn to continuation, page 598*)

The Longfellow Nobody Knows

(*Continued from page 579*)

narratives: Nokomis and Pau-Puk-Keewis; Evangeline, whom he may not like, but who is nevertheless as clear and distinct as any character in nineteenth-century poetry; Miles Standish, testy, courageous, lovable; Priscilla, whose love story, says Mr. Gorman, is only a "treacly affair" without dignity, a comment which is exactly wrong; King Olaf and his warriors; Baron Castine in the "Tales;" Else in "The Golden Legend," a patient Griselda who we consider, without sufficient thought, improbable, but who is a living, breathing girl. His young men, it is true, we must mainly give up. And we will find in him no crafty bishop ordering his tomb in St. Praxed's, and no troubled Merlin foreseeing the end of all things. But then, we must remember, Longfellow is writing narrative verse, not dramatic lyrics or tortuous confessionals, and it is the business of the narrative poet to present character swiftly and graphically, and to set it in motion.

Then, as a small specimen of Longfellow's skill in this particular let us consider this passage from "Evangeline:"

> Bent like a laboring oar, that toils in the surf of the ocean,
> Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of the notary public;
> Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the maize, hung
> Over his shoulders; his forehead was high; and glasses with horn bows
> Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom supernal.
> Father of twenty children was he, and more than a hundred
> Children's children rode on his knee, and heard his great watch tick.

How admirable this is! How succinct and sympathetic—a complete picture of a man!

Justice has never been done Longfellow as a humorist. His humor is too subtle for the commentators he has had. There is one scene in "The Golden Legend" wherein the disguised Lucifer leads astray some friars, a scene mellow with understanding, with humorous appreciation for the foibles of mankind, which Chaucer would not disown, and as for "The Courtship of Miles Standish," the opening sections are a complete comedy of manners, could readers but see it. There is wit in this poet, more than we think. Turn to that poem, and see how quickly it gets under way, how soon we are informed of the characters of Standish and John Alden, their appearance, their personalities, their relations with one another—all in thirty or forty lines.

Moreover, Longfellow can create a world of his own. Once more I beg the reader to turn to "Evangeline," which he has not opened for years—to the passages in which the village of Grand-Pré is described. We know few real villages as well. We know what the women wear and what the men smoke. We see the good priest coming down the lane, interrupting the children at play. The house of Benedict Bellefontaine is as familiar as our own. It is evening, and labor for the day is over. The shepherd returns with his dog, a patient and important animal, walking from side to side. We snuff the smell of wagons—

> Laden with briny hay, that filled the air with its odor.

We hear the horses neigh, and the sound of the milk falling into the pails. The milkmaids go in. The stillness increases:

> Lowing of cattle and peals of laughter were heard in the farm-yard,
> Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank into stillness;
> Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the valves of the barn-doors,
> Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was silent.

We enter the house. Evangeline spins for us, and her father sings carols:

> While the monotonous drone of the wheel, like the drone of a bagpipe,
> Followed the old man's songs and united the fragments together.

Presently the hob-nailed shoes of the blacksmith are heard, the notary comes in, the betrothal papers are signed, we all drink ale together, and the old men play checkers. How completely we accept the situation! How clear this is, how convincing! I do not believe our realistic novelists can surpass it. And yet there is in this scene the indefinable charm of poetry—the charm of the Dutch masters. And we are wakened only by the voice of Mr. Van Wyck Brooks telling us that Longfellow's nature is only "a pale-blue melting nature," and that this superb artist was never more than seventeen!

Let us be just. This poet is not a great poet, but he is an excellent one, a master of English verse, of graphic description, of character, of variety and humor and strength. Bryant and Hawthorne, Lowell and Emerson, were not deceived in admiring him. Le before we find fault with him, read without prejudice and discover Longfellow nobody knows. Let us that a competent anthologist will to sift out his better work, and, fea of omitting the worn poetry that ev body detests, put together in a those better and greater pieces in w Longfellow was truly himself. It is necessary to apologize for Longfellow is only necessary to discover him.

The Next Great America Industry

(*Continued from page 580*)

less expenditures, for spending usele is discouraged and waste of funds prevented.

WHATEVER theoretical dangers lurk in this system of large-farming, none has so far shown itsel practice on the Chapman Ranch. Th is no danger of feudalism. Here we opportunities for advancement and pr ress on the part of the operator. owner, of course, is naturally interes in the success of the individual. prove the popularity of the system, number of applicants for farms that vacant each year is so great that very difficult to choose.

Each farmer is given such indep dence as he desires, providing, of cou that he produces in the right way. H allowed to sell when he pleases. He allowed to market where he plea though all try to market together.

THE Chapman Farm is still in its fancy, but it is no longer an exp ment. In fact, no one who is intimat acquainted with its history and its p of operation regards it as such.

The system can be successfully u in all large-unit production farm throughout the United States. It proved a success because it follows most approved practices of mod agriculture. It eliminates failure by ducing waste and inefficiency to a mi mum. It makes a financial success of an otherwise poor shiftless produ who starves his family and markets crop often without profit because he attempting to operate on too little ca tal. In a word, it is one, if indeed may not properly be called the final a complete, solution of the American fa problem because it is economica sound, socially safe, and scientifica efficient.

The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

"Hot News"

IT isn't so often that a picture comes along which defies critical analysis —that is, which ought to be terrible d is actually good; but such a picture "Hot News" with Bebe Daniels, Neil amilton, and others.

To begin with, William Fox spilled aramount's wind by producing "The ews Parade," which deals with the me subject, some weeks before "Hot ews" was flashed to the waiting elec- rate. This in itself would seem to ve taken considerable edge from the terest likely to be engendered by the aniels release. Then again, Miss Dan- ls has reached a stage of her career here it is just the least bit taxing to ccept her as a sweet girl graduate, filled ith the exuberance of the early twen- es. There are other reasons why the cture should be a washout, and they e to be found liberally dispersed roughout the film itself.

They are all as unimportant as—well, this review has been thus far and will obably continue to be. For "Hot ews" is an unfailingly successful atten- on-grasper from start to fade-out. It rmounts not only the drawbacks enu- erated above—it presents Neil Hamil- n in a typical William Haines Pain-in- e-Neck rôle and makes you like him.

The plot of the piece, which was fash- ned by Dale Van Every, is concerned ith the rivalry between two newsreel ncerns, the Sun and the Mercury. un News employs Scoop Morgan, ace the newsreel cameramen, who is a on-believer in the woman-in-business eory. When he learns that the boss's aughter is due any minute from Welles- y, bent on having him teach her his ade, he resigns in a pet and joins forces ith the rival organization.

So Miss Clancy, the heroine, has to arn the business without him, which e does in unbelievably fast time. They ave never met, but their mutual inten- on is to "scoop" each other on all pos- ble occasions. In this endeavor Miss lancy is uniformly successful, she be- g the star of the picture. Following, owever, their first accidental meeting, a neaking admiration begins to develop etween them, and there you have your ve interest. This isn't allowed to inter- ere with business rivalry in the least nd, up to the closing scenes, each is orking for the other's professional

downfall with no thought of sportsmanship, let alone any tenderer consideration.

There are good scenes, good fun, good titles, and a world of ginger in this picture, and our guess is that, if you don't choose to be too coldly analytical, you'll enjoy it immensely.

"Forbidden Hours"

IF the typical European monarch is, in private life, as thorough-paced a cad as is Ramón Novarro in this picture, it is small wonder that the King business hasn't been so good lately.

Mr. Novarro, as young King Michael IV of Bokelavia, or Humptulia (we've lost our program), conceives a yen for the visiting niece of his Prime Minister. Her name is Mademoiselle — (see statement above regarding loss of program). She is, as played by Renée Adorée, a frightfully cold proposition; she repulses the young King to the point of socking him one in the eye, being fully cagy enough to know that Nothing Good Can Come of It.

The amorous ruler is in no sense daunted by her unwillingness to cooperate. He chases her into rooms, furnishes torrid négligées for her use, and otherwise makes plain his nefarious objective. When a rival appears, he disposes of him by the simple expedient of ordering him to get out.

So it goes—Miss Adorée poignantly virtuous, Señor Novarro poignantly possessive; the thing is, if you get us, poignant—a nice word to write and a nasty one to say.

Of course, for all his rough stuff, the King is just a lonely, warm-hearted boy; and, after Mademoiselle really gets to know him a bit better, she consents to be his on his own terms. But he elects to abdicate and marry her, a plan which is foiled by his loyal subjects, who demand his continuance in office and the lady as their queen. So virtue triumphs. And another punk picture gets by, through really superior acting.

For Fistic Followers Only

THERE has recently been exhibited around the Manhattan salient a fight film which records, in a most interesting manner, the famous knockouts of history. The outstanding round of about seven important fights since the advent of motion pictures is here reproduced. The title is "Old Time Fights," and it is something which every ringsider should see. The immortal first round of the Dempsey-Firpo bout, which is called by Joe Humphries the greatest within his long memory of the ring, is among them, and there are many other well-selected fragments which vary in interest proportionately as you remember the fights themselves and the post-mortems they called forth.

The Joe Gans-Kid Herman encounter is also shown, and gives present-day fans the chance of seeing the phenomenal Ethiopian displaying all the form which made him perhaps the greatest fighter of all time.

The impresario of these records of fistiana is said to be Jack Britton. We wish him the material reward to which his intelligence in selection entitles him.

Out and Injured

WHAT of the theatre musicians? Almost overnight these unobtrusive public servants find themselves confronted by a problem which, in simple terms, may be stated as follows: Where do we go from here?

The talking pictures and the "sound-effects" are here to stay, and what exhibitor will keep up a high-priced orchestra, unless he is one of the relatively few who present a stage show? All that the musicians in an average movie theatre will have to do is play an overture—and they're through.

Will this undeniably small contribution be sufficient? We think not. The theatre-owner will, without doubt, be able to hire a canned overture—and, without doubt, that's exactly what he will do. It's the cotton-gin and the sewing-machine all over again.

By W. R. BROOKS

A TYPE of fire-extinguisher which we haven't seen until recently is the Shur-Stop, which the makers call the Automatic Fireman. It is a bulb of glass containing a liquid. This is held on the wall or ceiling in a bracket which automatically releases it when the temperature reaches 130°; the bulb falls and smashes; the liquid vaporizes and puts out the fire. Another way to use it is simply as a hand grenade to be thrown at the flames. Another type made by the same company particularly for use in automobiles is more like the usual fire-extinguisher, except that it is hermetically sealed, so that there can be no evaporation of the contents, and vibration and corrosion do not affect it. To use it you push in a plunger and direct the liquid at the flames. The makers guarantee to replace free of charge every extinguisher of this type used to fight fire.

WE see by the Publisher's Column last week that the editor has—following our lead—expressed himself quite enthusiastically on the subject of hobbies. We say "following our lead," though, as a matter of fact, he probably wasn't, as we don't believe he reads our page, except when some one points out to him in it one of those slight inaccuracies which will from time to time creep into the most carefully and conscientiously gathered accounts of facts. Then, of course, it becomes aware that he has read it. However, his remarks embolden us to suggest that the making of ship models is a splendid hobby for those who are accurate and handy with tools, and that Boucher, at 415 Madison Avenue, New York, can supply all sorts of materials, accessories, and parts for every kind of craft, from a rowboat to a full-rigged ship. A friend of ours made a model of the Santa Maria in his spare time a few winters ago. She is about fifteen inches long, built from the plans which we believe the Spanish Government used in making a Santa Maria for the World's Fair; the hull is built up of separate pieces, and every part of the rigging is made to scale and works—even the tiller on the tiny lifeboat which she carries on deck. Of course, it took a long time to do, but this friend had no great skill, only patience and ingenuity, and he created a beautiful model which it would cost several hundred dollars to reproduce.

A SUBSTITUTE for towels for drying face and hands is being introduced into public washrooms, and we believe into some private houses. It is a machine called Sani-Dri. It is made of white porcelain enamel and stands on a pedestal. Through a nozzle at the top heated air is driven up by a fan at the pressure of your foot on a pedal in the base, and hands and face are quickly and efficiently dried. It is said to cut the cost of towels in offices and factories some fifty to ninety per cent.

SOME modernistic furniture can now be had unpainted at Wanamaker's. The pieces include bookcases, dressing tables, buffet tables, china cabinets, drawer cabinets, coffee tables, and arm chair book-racks. They aren't particularly cheap, but then we've never seen any modernistic furniture that was. Keeping up with the procession is always more or less expensive.

A NEW process of treating oak, called Cellizing, has made it possible to lay floors of this wood in plastic cement without nailing, in various designs using squares, diagonal squares, or half-cent squares, at a considerable reduction in cost. The process renders the wood impervious to moisture, and flooring so treated will not shrink or expand. Moreover, the squares are not built up separately on the job, but each square is manufactured as a unit, of three or more strips, joined by a steel spline. The narrow strip flooring is also available in the Cellized product, as well as Colonial plank floors with solid wide boards. The elimination of laminating and veneering in these latter makes them much less expensive. All of these floors will remain tight and level, they are insect-proof, and are much easier and quicker to lay. Also the plastic cement in which they are laid makes them easy to the feet and acts as a sound deadener.

THE kind of water that came out of the old rain-water barrel was certainly a lot pleasanter to wash with—whether you were washing cloths, dishes, or yourself—than the hard water that comes through most city pipes. If you are one of the old-fashioned housewives that regret the passing of the rain barrel and the cistern, or if you have ever used rain water and know how easy and pleasant it is to use, you may be interested in Melo, a water-softener that is now being sold. It comes in a can and you put two tablespoonfuls in the tub and get a real rain-water bath.

COLONIAL hooked rugs—have we told you this?—are now appearing in regular carpet lengths and can be made up into rugs of any size. They should be useful to those who wish to have floor coverings in harmony with early American furniture in large rooms, where a multiplicity of small hooked rugs would look rather messy.

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that we don't all think alike, else some few schools would have all the pupils. Since it's so—that some parents just don't seem to take kindly to some schools—it's a wise plan to tell about YOUR school where it will reach the people who *will* be directly interested. If progressive, far-seeing people are the kind whose children would find a place in your school, you can reach 100,000 of them at one time. A simple and sure way to interest them is to place the announcement of your school in the "Schools and Colleges" column of The Outlook.

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THE OUTLOOK
120 East 16th Street, New York

. . . "and the Shouting Dies"

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

LARGELY because of the fact that few of the victims remain in the vicinity of Wall Street to show their wounds, there is little that is tragic about the aftermath of even a tremendous landslide in the stock market. One week sees noise, excitement, confusion; the next, serenity, dullness, boredom.

When an advance is in full swing, every chair in the customers' rooms are filled and the standees are packed almost as closely as they are in a New York subway car. Nine out of ten of the occupants are gamblers, pure and simple, wanting something for nothing.

About fifty per cent of the conversation consists of post-mortems.

"I had a good tip on General Motors yesterday. If I had taken it, I would have made ten points."

"I was wondering whether to buy one or two hundred shares of General Electric, and of course I guessed wrong."

"I took twenty points out of Radio last week. Its action on the tape was a sure sign that a move was under way."

The rest of the conversation usually consists of the exchange of tips, conventionally prefixed by "I hear" or "They say."

"I hear that the pool is going to put Postum through 150 before the end of the week."

"They say that Steel is a buy under 140."

But the conversations account for only a small proportion of the noise. Telephones ring steadily. Telegraph instruments clatter orders from San Francisco or Chicago. Instructions are shouted to the clerks. The tickers run at top speed. Occasionally the cry will start, "There goes Atchison" or "Watch the shorts get squeezed in Famous Players."

The business is too much for the machinery of the Stock Exchange. The ticker is recording transactions that occurred thirty or forty minutes before. Customers do not know whether orders were executed, and, if they were, at what price.

The floor of the Stock Exchange is nervous with activity. Brokers have more orders to execute than they can handle without terrific strain.

"The public is in the market."

SUDDENLY prices rush downwar They settle at new levels and all peace.

Only four chairs in one custome room are filled. One occupant is aslee The others are reading newspape glancing only occasionally at the boa where transactions are recorded. T boys posting quotations are slow and i accurate, but no one cares. If a sto goes up a point this morning, it see sure that it will decline a point in t afternoon. The tickers and the tel graph instruments are heard only spa modically. No one says, "I hear" "They say." No one calls out, "The goes Kennecott." Nothing seems to going anywhere.

The victims find that their woun heal fairly quickly. If one of them fac the fact that speculation has reduced h capital from $75,000 to $50,000, grows accustomed soon to the reductio in the value of his property. He realiz in a short time, moreover, that he misse a great deal in the days when his grea est happiness was to look over the sto tables and see a +3 after the name an issue which he was playing for a ris He enjoys his newspaper on the trai home instead of covering the backs many envelopes with calculations of th amounts he has won or lost during th day or week, or how much better off h would have been if he had bought i stead of sold, or *vice versa*. He wak up at five-thirty and, instead of frettin over what the market will do, he turn over happily and goes back to sleep.

BROKERS on the floor of the Exchang spend pleasanter if less profitabl days. The Stock Exchange is very muc of a club, but such frantic markets a those this spring leave no time for casua conversation around one of the tradin posts. Incidentally, the brand of storie intended primarily for smoking-roor consumption should improve. Perhap half of the tales of Pat and Mike or th Englishman, the Scotchman, and th Irishman that filter through New Yor City start from the floor of the Ex change. In view of the present apath in the stock market, the trading of storie should be rapidly on the increase.

IF they are at all compassionate, som of the advisers who persuaded thei

friends to buy stocks which promptly dropped twenty points are even more unhappy than the victims themselves. It is not particularly pleasant to realize that a friend had to sell his house in the country because you told him to buy General Electric at 175. For some such reason as these, the month following a collapse in prices will see some friends avoiding each other in fear of mutual embarrassment. But the clipped speculator soon forgets such unfortunate incidents, and the day may not be far away when he will forget to look at the financial news at all.

A YOUNG insurance salesman is one of those who played the market heavily during this spring. He talked nothing but stocks and offered his friends tips on at least five stocks a day. The declines in his favorites following the raising of the Federal Reserve rediscount rates practically wiped him out. For at least six weeks he didn't vouchsafe any financial advice. One day, though, he came into this office, obviously the bearer of news which he considered important.

"I just got a straight tip," he said. "It came right from the inside. Galena Gal is sure to win the first race at Empire City this afternoon. That horse has not lost a race yet."

THE end of a Wall Street boom means that many of the employees have a chance to see their families again. When four or five million shares of stock are changing hands daily, as they were this spring, the strain of routine work becomes so terrific that it is necessary for the clerks to work almost every waking hour of the day and during part of the time they need for sleep. Returning to their homes means using up time that cannot be wasted, so many of them have to sleep in downtown hotels or on cots in the halls of business buildings.

It takes the constitution of a Bismarck or an Edison to work at such a pace, and not a few of the clerks simply collapsed. It was, in fact, the hospital lists reported by some of the commission houses that induced the Stock Exchange authorities to suspend trading on several Saturdays in order to prevent the pile of work from mounting too high.

FRONT-PAGE tales of the terrific stock market activity brings literally thousands of Mertons of Wall Street from other sections of the country. When the commission houses are being deluged with orders, they can usually find something for these youngsters to do, but when business and commissions fall off many of the newcomers are cast adrift.

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A few interesting facts about Georgia: Agricultural products brought $250,000,000 last year—included famous peaches, pecans, pimentos and peanuts; 900,000 tons of coal deposits; 1,000,000 h.p. potential hydro-electric power; now generates 984,000 k.w.h. electric power annually; has greatest cotton port on the Atlantic and chief naval stores port in the world; is largest state east of the Mississippi and is twelfth state in population.

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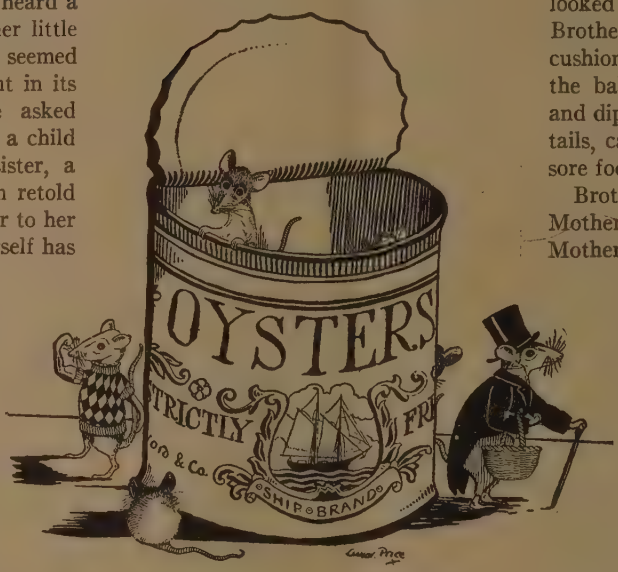
The Oyster-Can Family

A Tale for Children

Edited by HARRIET EAGER DAVIS

Illustrated by Luxor Price

YEARS ago Miss Dimmitt heard a mother tell a story to her little three-year-old girl which seemed to her so charming and so quaint in its lesson of helpfulness that she asked about its origin. The mother as a child had heard it from her older sister, a kindergarten teacher; she in turn retold it to her younger sisters, and later to her own children. Miss Dimmitt herself has never forgotten the little tale, and here passes it on, with some modifications, to our Outlook readers.



The Oyster-Can Family

As remembered by Della Dimmitt

ONCE upon a time a little family of mice lived in an old oyster can. There was Father Mouse and Mother Mouse, Big Brother Mouse and Big Sister Mouse, and two tiny bits of Baby Mice.

Now before the Baby Mice came Father had always found plenty for the family to eat, but with two more mouths to fill Mother had to join him in his daily hunt for food, leaving Big Brother and Big Sister at home in the oyster can to look after the two tiny bits of Baby Mice. Sister was a sweet girl, but rather timid, and Brother, though he had never been outside the oyster can himself, loved to frighten her with tales of the terrible dangers in the big world outside.

One morning, as the family sat down to their early breakfast of a grain of corn apiece, Father looked at Big Brother and said: "Son, you will have to come with us today. Three heads are better than one, and with your sharp young eyes perhaps you can find bits of food we old folks overlook."

Sister raids the doll's tea table

Of course Big Brother was delighted, and all during breakfast he boasted to Big Sister about the brave adventures he expected to have. And all day after the others had gone, while she tended the little bits of Baby Mice, Sister thought of the wonderful deeds her brother was doing out in the great world. At dinner time there was no sign of the family, but Sister neatly laid out six grains of corn, and while she waited she entertained the babies with stories Father had told her—about the big house where he hunted for food, the kitchen and pantry full of good things, but where dangerous mouse-traps lay hidden, and the playhouse outside where two little girls played tea-party with their dolls. When it grew late, she fed the babies and then crept out of the oyster can to look for Father and Mother and Big Brother.

Then far off she saw them coming, very, very slowly. Mother Mouse was limping between Father and Big Brother, her tail, usually so saucy, drooping weakly over her arm. Quickly, Sister ran to fetch a grain of corn, for Mother looked weak and faint, and while Brother curled himself up into a soft cushion for Mother's foot, Father and the babies scurried down to the creek and dipped up water on the ends of their tails, carrying it back to bathe the poor sore foot.

Brother looked the other way as Mother told what had happened: while Mother was cleverly and delicately nibbling a bit of bacon from a mouse-trap Brother had stuck his curious nose in, and before Mother could escape her leg had been caught. It had taken Father and Brother nearly all day to get her free. So tomorrow, while Father stayed home, Big Brother and Sister would have to go out alone to hunt for food.

Next morning, even the two bits of Baby Mice helped by swinging their tails to keep the flies from Mother's foot, so Father, who had been up all night, could take a nap in a pile of shavings. And Big Brother and Big Sister started off to hunt for food. They were no sooner out of sight of the oyster can than Brother began boasting of the brave deeds he would perform that day.

"Just you wait," said he, "and see what I bring back tonight. Father and Mother are getting old—it takes a smart young fellow like me to forage!"

"I think," said Sister, timidly, "I'll try the children's playhouse. Father says"—

"Ho ho!" laughed Brother. "Go ahead. You're safe enough there. Little girls are afraid of mice. I'm going back to that pantry. I'll meet you under the big rhubarb leaf down by the garden fence." And he scurried off.

Wishing she were as brave and bold

"Suppose you lead today, Sister, and I will follow"

s her brother, Sister ran cautiously long the path to the playhouse. She new the way by heart from hearing her ather describe it. Scrunching herself nto a little ball, she crept through the pen door, then jumped as she heard oices—for, sure enough, two little girls ere giving a doll tea-party. But they ere too busy to notice her, so, growing older, Sister began circling around the dge of the walls.

At the little green table with the children sat five dolls very stiff and straight, cup of cambric tea and a little plate efore each one, and on every plate a elicious cookie. Sister sniffed. Um-m! ugar too, a whole doll's bowl full of umps! If she could once get her teeth n that!

How the little girls chattered, in so nany different voices—the little mouse lmost believed the dolls themselves were alking. But Father had told her dolls ere not alive and could never hurt her. Would that tea-party never end? Sister egan to grow worried, thinking of Mother and Father and the babies hungry at home. Brother was probably waiting under the rhubarb leaf with a great pile of food, laughing to himself bout his timid sister.

Girls, he had said, were afraid of mice. Sister wondered—maybe if she showed herself—

Shaking all over, she crept from her hiding-place under the doll-bed and scurried straight across the playhouse floor.

"Ee-ee! Ee-ee!" squealed the little girls. "A mouse!" and upsetting their chairs, they picked up their short skirts and ran through the open door and up the path, leaving Sister so surprised she didn't know whether to laugh or tremble. How funny for anybody to be afraid of her! It made her feel bold for the first time in her life. The five dolls sat stiff and straight in their chairs and before them lay the delicious cookies. Carefully, creeping from floor to chair leg, and from chair leg to tablecloth, Sister made her way. Now she was on top of the table! How strangely the dolls stared! Suppose Father had been mistaken and they were alive, after all, waiting to grab her! Sister's heart went pit-a-pat. But she could not turn back now. First she nibbled off a big piece of cookie, then she set her sharp teeth into a lump of sugar, and climbing carefully down from the table, hurried up the path to the rhubarb leaf.

But Brother was not there. Perhaps he had grown tired of waiting. Perhaps he had carried home his food and gone back for more. A long time Sister waited. It was growing late. She had better get home. So, carrying her cookie and her sugar, off she went. Her burden growing heavier and heavier, at last she came in sight of the oyster can. In the doorway stood Father, looking worried. The babies ran to meet her, proud to be allowed to help carry the sugar lump and the cookie. Inside the oyster can lay Mother, her foot almost healed. And they all sat gratefully down to their delicious dinner!

But where was Brother?

Just at dark they heard his step outside. It sounded so slow and tired that Sister ran out to help him in with the food. But his paws and mouth were quite empty! Brother was hot and tired and cross. All day he had hunted, with no luck. A cat had jumped at him; a trap nearly caught him; a big dog chased him; but not a crumb of anything had he found.

Sister kindly said nothing, only brought him what was left of the sugar and cookie she had found in the playhouse. But next morning, when they started out again, Brother looked at her sidewise and said: "Suppose you lead the way today, and I'll follow."

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Speaking of Books

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

That Terrible Suspense

"The Island of Captain Sparrow," by S. Fowler Wright. The Cosmopolitan Book Corporation.

"Seven Days Whipping," by John Biggs, Jr. Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE men who wrote these two books are far more gifted than the usual first-rate performers upon the instruments to excitement and suspense. They are virtuosi. Each of them has a superior talent for narrative, real comprehension of character, and a good literary style. And each has particular gifts. S. Fowler Wright has a delicious wit and great inventiveness. And John Biggs, Jr., understands how to convey the threat of coming disaster better than any recent writer except Conrad.

We read "The Island of Captain Sparrow" in three hours of a very hot afternoon, during which we were deaf to repeated calls of duty. It is incredible and convincing. It has some qualities which suggest Defoe, some which suggest Dumas, some which suggest Pastor Wyss, and some which suggest G. B. S. amusing himself out behind the nom de plume. If you can think up an assortment better calculated to make one forget heat, dreariness, and duty, we shall be glad to hear of it. The story has to do with an uncharted Pacific island, sparsely inhabited by an ancient godlike race, a race of goat-men, and a race of large and highly talented birds. Upon this island are cast away at different times and in different ways a pirate crew, a French professor, his daughter and two sailors, and a young English diplomat. The heroic adventures whereby the French girl and the diplomat eventually find themselves in sole possession of the island Eden with a little girl, the last of the godlike race to insure against future inbreeding, cannot, of course, be described here. But they are good ones, and various. Everything that the small boy heart could wish is in this book. There are the island and the mysterious footprints from "Robinson Crusoe," the miraculous cave from "Monte Cristo," the abundant, soul-satisfying details of daily living from "The Swiss Family Robinson," and from G. B. S. the rippling, tickling fun and the enthusiasm for a vegetable diet. Besides that, there are the magic mirror from all fairy tales, the clever birds from "Sinbad," Munchausen, and all bravura naturalists, and the young lovers from every romance. But do not imagine S. Fowler Wright to be either an imitator or a compiler. He is an accomplished writer with a sense of humor and a fertile and original imagination. Only there is nothing quite new under the sun, even when it shines upon an island of dreams.

"Seven Days Whipping" is quite another thing. John Biggs is interested in the psychic experiences of men, and his book is a brilliant study of a mind under severe emotional strain. It is an account of the intrusion of the unexpected upon an ordered plan, of the effect upon a sensitive man, overwrought, overtired, and facing a primitive situation under practically primitive conditions, of an event, in itself harmless if unusual, but which arouses in him strong atavistic impulses. The first part of the book is given to setting and atmosphere, and is as fine a creation of mood as we have come across for a long time; the second to action; and the third, which is short, to the resolution of the plot and the restoration to normalcy of Judge La Place. The book is not long, and although not lightly written, might be called light reading. To retell the story here would be useless, because without the carefully constructed background the plot would fall to nothing. It seems to us that every one interested in the writing of thrillers and the mechanics whereby suspense is built up would profit from the reading of this book. And more casual readers, looking for excitement, will find almost too much of it here. The book gives the same cumulative effect of inexplicable terror as is given by one of those awful dreams forgotten in detail at the moment of awakening, but lingering about the victim in an oppressive miasma of dread; the sort of dream which one attempts to describe at the breakfast table in apology for having roused the household by nocturnal shrieks, and ends by leaving it unexplained with—well, anyway, rather than go through that again I'd take seven days' whipping.

THIS list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by the following book-shops each week:

New York—Brentano's;
Rochester—Scrantoms Inc.;
Cleveland—Korner & Wood;
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort, & Barney;
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Company;
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company;
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.;
Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company;
Kansas City—Emery Bird Thayer;
Atlanta—Miller's Book Store;
Los Angeles—Bullock's;
Chicago—Marshall Field & Co.;
Cincinnati—Stewart Kidd.
Portland, Oregon—J. K. Gill Company.

Fiction

"Swan Song," by John Galsworthy. Charles Scribner's Sons. Read either as the last book of the "Forsyte Saga" or as an independent story, this masterly novel should please all readers. Reviewed last week.

"The Bridge of San Luis Rey," by Thornton Wilder. Albert & Charles Boni. Those who have not yet read this beautifully written story have a delight in store.

"The Cavalier of Tennessee," by Meredith Nicholson. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. This is the life of Andrew Jackson in fiction form. It is excellent reading for high school students as well as for adults. Reviewed last week.

"Two Flights Up," by Mary Roberts Rinehart. Doubleday, Doran & Co. Small-town love and mystery. Pleasant and unimportant. Reviewed July 18.

"Brook Evans," by Susan Glaspell. The F. A. Stokes Company. This love story of three generations will touch and please any adult reader. It is tragic, truthful, and beautifully written. Reviewed July 25.

Non-Fiction

"Disraeli," by André Maurois, translated by Hamish Miles. D. Appleton & Co. You will enjoy this charming and vivid biography.

"The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism," by George Bernard Shaw. Brentano's. Almost every one will agree with G. B. S. this time; and any one with the patience to read his long book through will find it marked by his usual wit and wide interests. Reviewed July 4.

"Jesus, the Son of Man," by Emil Ludwig. Boni & Liveright. Readers of Ludwig's great biographies will be interested in this, if only to see how badly the biographer of Napoleon and Bismarck can fail. Reviewed July 25.

"Strange Interlude," by Eugene O'Neill. Boni & Liveright. This play, in which the dramatist steals some of the novelist's best psychological thunder, is as good to read as to see.

"Sunset Gun," by Dorothy Parker. Boni & Liveright. Good light verse. Reviewed June 6.

Women Without Men!

By MARY SHIRLEY

"We Are Incredible," by Margery Latimer. J. H. Sears & Co.

"War Among Ladies," by Eleanor Scott. Little, Brown & Co.

"We Are Incredible" disarms the slight criticism that might be made, for its title proclaims for all who run to read that it is no more plausible than real life and human beings are likely to be. This book is an astonishing study of virginity and the effect of one sterile and futile life on a whole community. The chaste and exquisite Hester works like a cancer among the youth of the village. No more malignant woman has ever been conceived by an author. Yet her charm and intelligence hold both men and women in thrall for many years. We believe she has taken in no less a personage than Zona Gale, whose appreciation adorns the jacket with a lovely figure of speech in which she says that Hester sees life as spirit and her lamp as light, whereas the modern generation knows the lamp to be carbon and glass. In

ur opinion, Hester as a fraud, with no piritual intimations nd only a patter of latonism to pass as isdom, but she was bsessed by the Will to ower. She held sway ver the hearts and the maginations of her overs by giving noth-ng, and she eliminated er rivals by exerting er malign and abnor-al influence over very beautiful young irl who from time to ime seemed to threaten er reign. That so any young people ould have been en-hralled by Hester is he incredible thing. The prototypes of Hester exist in almost ny community, but t most one or two ives are sacrificed to heir vanity. Fortu-nately, nature is a lit-le too strong for the Hesters of the world o make many victims. Hester was o pathetic, sex-starved spinster, turn-ng sour because of emotional frustra-ion. Surfeited with adoration, she attened on the hearts of all about er. Her virginity was a deliberate choice, a means to her ends. If frus-rated in any way, it was only in the most obscure regions of the subconscious. Where the individual emerges from the species, Hester's self-realization is com-plete. Physically and mentally she re-mains *virgo intacta*, withholding her bodily and mental powers for the strange warfare she wages upon youth and love and all the natural relations. She leaves ruin in her wake. It is an amazing character study, and even if Miss Lati-mer's young neurotics are sometimes in-credible, it is only a surface incredibility, for the author is faithful to essential truth throughout. The difficult theme is handled with authority and the book is beautifully written. We have just learned that Miss Latimer is a girl in her early twenties, and we are inciden-tally glad that we did not know this when reading this adult novel which be-trays no taint of precocity.

In "War Among Ladies" we meet other and more pitiful types of celibates than Miss Latimer's monster of virgin-ity. Eleanor Scott reveals life behind the scenes in a girls' school as no other author has attempted to do. Boys' schools have received frank treatment in fiction from the days of "Tom Jones" down to "Stalky" and "Of Human Bondage." In fact, we are finding the detailed chronicle of every youth's en-counter with the English educational system a little monotonous. But never has the young ladies' seminary been handled without gloves, as in this recent novel. The tragedy of the superannu-ated school-teacher scorned by the fac-ulty, baited by her own pupils, terrified at the prospect of destitution, is pre-sented by Miss Scott with almost un-bearable poignancy. And throughout we are impressed, as in stories of massa-cres, with the circumstance that only one escaped to tell the tale! The pretty new teacher, Viola Kennedy, is the only one to get away in the novel. We suspect the author of having known that charm-ing girl rather well. At the end of her career, poor Miss Cullen ruminates upon education with the pessimism of Henry Adams. "Wasn't it that no one quite knew what they did want of that talis-man Education, or even quite what it was?"

From "A History of Wood-Engraving" Courtesy E. P. Dutton & Co.

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A wood engraving by Ethelbert White

Southern Verse of a New Day

By J. DANA TASKER

"The Lyric South," an anthology of recent poetry, edited by Addison Hibbard. The Macmillan Company.

For many years Southern poetry in the main has been only a retelling of Poe and Lanier. Now, suddenly, there appears a new spirit. Rich as their work is in the traditional charm of Southern lyricism, these new poets stand alone upon their own inherent qualities; they are far more than mere disciples of great masters. There is no trace in this collection of the old retelling tendency, unless perhaps the descriptive poems echo too much the rolling harmony of Lanier's verse. In a few instances this similarity is apparent, yet never does it seem to be conscious imitation. Mak-ing a necessary allowance for personal tastes, as one must do in considering an anthology that compasses such a wide range of subjects, one may say that no-where in this volume does imitation im-pair the spontaneity of genuine moods. "Emotion recollected in tranquillity" is here put into pure poetry.

The work of Addison Hibbard in com-piling his anthology of "recent poetry from the South" merits recognition. Few such collections, confined to as re-stricted areas and periods as this one is, include so many delightful poems. The editor has limited his choices to those poems which actually have grown out of the South during the past twelve years—lyrics which seem to him to characterize the peculiarly personal spirit of that specific section at that particular time. The titles under which Mr. Hibbard has grouped his selections bear witness to

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the keen sympathy the man brings to his work. "The Searching Spirit,'" "Cool-Enfolding Death," "People and Portents," and "Journeys End in Lovers' Meeting"—these indicate a fine poetic instinct.

"The Lyric South" provides valuable material for the student of American literature and thoroughly enjoyable verse for the more mildly concerned general reader. Thirty-one different authors are represented, and the contributions of at least a third of that number are outstanding for lyric achievement. There are here so many eminently good poems that it is impossible to do them full justice in a short review. Rather, it is more to the point to recommend the purchase of the anthology to all who enjoy good literature. Only through that sort of relationship can one appreciate the significant work of these new Southern poets. Among them, Du Bose Heyward's sympathetic portraits of the mountaineer and Kadra Maysi's modern interpretation of her "Marse Robert" theme deserve special consideration. They are the high-water marks in a splendid collection of contemporary verse.

On Understanding the Catholic

By EDMUND B. CHAFFEE

"Catholicism and the American Mind," by Winfred Ernest Garrison. Willett, Clark, & Colby.

The nomination of Alfred E. Smith for the Presidency of the United States will unquestionably quicken American interest in the Roman Catholic Church. No matter what the political leaders of the parties may say or refrain from saying, a good many voters are going to be influenced by their attitude toward that Church. This campaign might prove useful in helping Protestants and Catholics to clear away some of the misunderstandings between them if those attempting to write upon the subject could do so with as much real knowledge and in as fine a temper as Winfred Ernest Garrison, of the University of Chicago Divinity School. Professor Garrison is a historian, president, in fact, of the American Society of Church History. As a historian he is accustomed to make an objective, factual approach. His new book, "Catholicism and the American Mind," is an honest, straightforward attempt to do that very thing in this most perplexing field. He confesses his own biases, so that the reader may make proper allowance for them. He is a Protestant, but he says, "My chief desire in connection with this book is to make its exposition of Catholic faith and practice so accurate and so fair that a well-informed Catholic, reading my statement of what Catholics believe and do, will say, Yes, this is exactly what we believe and do."

With such an aim the author gives as clear a picture as he can of Roman Catholicism. He finds it to be two things—a form of faith and worship and a form of government, with authority as the key word of the whole system. He emphasizes another dominating conception, the idea of the supernatural world, a world whose processes cannot be accounted for by any methods available to science. This supernaturalism becomes the basis and support of three chief convictions which Catholics hold and Protestants do not. These are: first, the perfection of the Catholic religion as a system of doctrine and practice; second, the infallibility of the visible Church and the Pope; and, third, the authority of the Church over its own members in all that relates to faith and morals, together with all the spiritual and temporal power necessary to wield that authority. It is this last conviction which, of course, raises the questions which agitate American politics today. The Church teaches that there are properly two spheres, that of the Church and that of the State. If these spheres of control were clearly defined all might be well, but the fact is that they are not clearly defined. Many subjects seem properly to fall into both, and "the Catholic Church steadfastly maintains its right to control here and now some areas which the State also claims." There are today three important conflict areas—marriage, property, and education. What is the duty of the Catholic in such a case? What will the American Catholic actually do? Professor Garrison does not specifically answer these questions, but he tries to give the data on which the reader may answer them for himself. He gives the historical background of these questions and he tries to describe accurately the Church as it is today. He refutes old calumnies against the Church; he also critically examines some legends in its favor, such as that of Catholic toleration in Maryland and Catholic origin of the Declaration of Independence.

He sums up his painstaking study in these words: "Between the Catholic Church and other Churches there can be no fellowship because the former will have no fellowship except submission. Between individual Catholics and non-Catholics there must be co-operation in social, industrial, and political life."

This book is well written. It is carefully documented. It is interesting. It is timely. It ought to help Protestants to understand their Catholic neighbors. We hope it will be matched in the near future by as careful and sympathetic a study of Protestantism by a Catholic.

Picked at Random

By WALTER R. BROOKS

George and Pearl Adams's
A Book About Paris
Harcourt, Brace

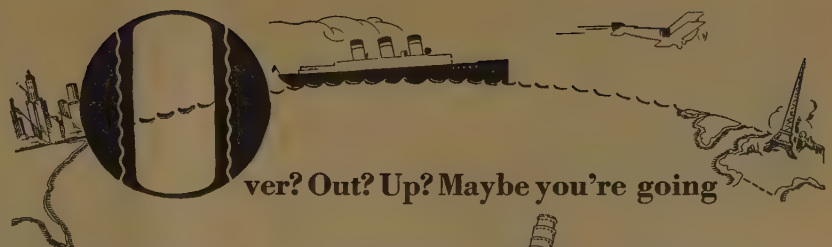
If you would like to know something about the real Paris—not the Paris of the tourists—you will find it very entertainingly presented here. The authors have lived in Paris for many years, they have a real knowledge and love of the city, yet they are neither ponderous nor lyrical about it. The roadways, the streets, the seat of government, village life in Paris, Montmartre, the luxury of Paris—these are some of the subjects which have chapters to themselves. There are sixteen illustrations, very beautifully reproduced in two colors and in monochrome, from drawings by H. Franks Waring. If you're going to Paris, or if you've just come back, you'll particularly enjoy this book. We'd like to see one done about New York with as much knowledge and sympathy.

Sydney Horler's
The Black Heart
Doubleday, Doran

A stranger offered Gilbert Chertsey 10,000 francs on condition that he take up his residence in a certain house in London. From the moment that Gilbert finds a dead man in the wardrobe as he explores his new home things begin to happen all over the place. There's a mystery girl and a keen-eyed Secret Servicer and white-slavers and a group of sinister villains who wish to plunge Europe into a bath of blood. But our Gilbert foils 'em, and averts the impending doom. Personally, we feel that if he'd let 'em alone everything would have been all right, because they were so busy being wicked that they didn't seem to work out just what they were being wicked about. However, if you don't insist on having reasons for everything, the tale is sufficiently exciting.

Julia Davis Adams's
The Swords of the Vikings
Dutton

The Viking code was a simple and a rough one, and these stories, translated for children from the chronicles of Saxo Grammaticus, illustrate it very clearly. Here are Hading and Hagen and Balder the Beautiful and Uffe the Silent and Amleth, Prince of Denmark, who is none other than the original Hamlet of Danish legend, and many others. We liked Oluff, who, scorning to soil his sword with the base blood of a robber, simply grabbed that robber and tore him easily limb from limb. These are the sort of people we like to read about, and children like to read about them too. They are ferocious, and children understand



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that. Their psychology is simple and offers no problems. If they're good, they're very, very good, and if they're bad, they're horrid. There is no middle ground. We wish there had been a few more of those colored illustrations by Suzanne Lassen.

Alice Campbell's Juggernaut Doubleday, Doran

The strange reluctance of the author to kill off Sir Charles Clifford turns the first two hundred pages of this story into the slow movie of a murder, but the last third is full of suspense and excitement. Curiously innocent was Esther Rowe, assistant to the python-like Dr. Sartorius, and later nurse to Sir Charles. If she had ever read a single detective story, the repulsive hands of the beautiful Lady Clifford should have told her volumes. And a child of ten would have suspected the doctor. Still, she paid heavily for a time for her blindness, although in the end she brought the villain to book and landed the hero.

Delia J. Akeley's "J. T., Jr." Macmillan

The biography of this African monkey is a lot more interesting than the biographies of some humans we have read. She was a constant companion of Mrs. Akeley on hunting and exploring expeditions for a number of years, and the stories of her exploits are very entertaining. Incidentally, they also give a fairly complete and interesting account of the life of an explorer in elephant country. J. T. was an intelligent and affectionate pet. Also, she was as neat and fastidious as a cat, a fact which may surprise those who have seen monkeys only in zoos. The book is illustrated with some sixty very interesting photographs.

Castanets and Mantillas

(Continued from page 585)

tire satisfaction. All this gives opportunity for much movement and color, while the dramatic moment is amusing and well handled. A "Zorongo" in two parts was particularly effective, danced as it was by the three couples while Argentina and Jorge Spanover did a *pas à deux* that was thrilling.

"Sonatina" was an unimportant though charming little affair; but it was the next part of the program, "Au Cœur de Seville," another cabaret scene, which was perhaps the most interesting in point of view of actual dancing.

A "Faruca," danced by Raïmundo Collego, was most unusual and fairly brought down the house, as did th "Alegrias" of Carmen Joselito, who sing as well as dances and is nearly as muc of a sensation as Argentina herself.

In the final part of the program, th "Suite de Danses," the star shows us h famous "Danza V.," "La Corrida," an "La Danse Rituelle du Feu," fro "L'Amour Sorcier." As a finale sh gives us a folk-dance of Toledo, "Laga terana," a delightful, grotesque affair i which she is dressed in vivid colors an many red-flannel petticoats.

In all her dances Mme. Argentina dis plays a versatility, a brilliance of tech nique, and a taste in costuming amount ing in itself to positive genius. As fo her playing of the castanets, it is s amazing that one can scarcely credi one's ears. In fact, Argentina with he castanets takes her place with Segovi and his guitar, and they are both un equaled.

This great artist has appeared in Ne York, but for some extraordinary reaso has not made the success one would ex pect. However, we can safely predic that if she comes to Manhattan with th same company and program that she i now showing us at the Théâtre Femin here, she will soon have the town at he feet. Let us hope that day is not fa off!

Miniatures from the Life

(Continued from page 584)

the channel. But it was to be observe among the spectators that her spirit wa slightly dashed. However, the younge generation on the shore noticed wit satisfaction that the Betsy Ann had frac tured her guard-rails in the attack.

The old stoic was unaware that sh had been injured. With her pores ooz ing sweat and her funnels steaming fir she rushed on like a groaning tornad down her side of the given course. Th young thing, with no apparent effor sped swiftly as a bird.

At last the finish line was in sight The spectators held their breath wit excitement. Surely the old favorite coul not keep up this pace. The roar of he boilers could be heard on shore. At an moment she might burst her iron stay and go down. The young thing wa moving easily—now she was ahead.

Then with a roaring and a steaming and an effort that churned to boiling th amazed waters of the Ohio, the ol steamboat gave her final lunge. Neare —then abreast—now ahead! And ove the line.

The old water-logged generation, wit its figure built for emotion and endur ance, had won the race.

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New York

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(For other Classified Advertisements see next page)

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COLLEGE girl, 20, desires position as tutor or traveling companion during coming year. Knowledge of French and Spanish. 8,637, Outlook.

COLLEGE graduate, 20, desires position as governess, companion, or tutor on European or other tour. Knowledge of French and Spanish. 8,638, Outlook.

COLLEGE graduate wants position as lady's companion or gentleman's secretary. Anxious to be useful. Box 459, Scarsdale, N. Y.

CULTURED woman desires position as housemother in school for girls or housekeeper in home where practical and executive ability would be an asset. 8,632, Outlook.

HEADMASTER of unusual scholarship, character, and executive ability would consider a like position in preparatory civilian school of high grade. Address Magister, 8,634, Outlook.

DIETITIAN—Housekeeper of experience wishes position September 1 in private school or women's club. References. 8,635, Outlook.

HOUSEMOTHER, study-hall supervisor, general assistant, in private school or college. Refined Protestant teacher. Exceptional experience. 8,605, Outlook.

NURSE—Child-caring institution or Protestant boys' school. Near New York preferred. 8,636, Outlook.

NURSE desires engagement with invalid. Capable, refined. No objection to country or seashore. Good traveler. Excellent physician's testimonial. 8,630, Outlook.

REFINED, educated woman desires position as private secretary, companion, or home supervisor. References. 8,625, Outlook.

TUTORS, companions, managing housekeepers, nursemaids, governess, hostess. Holmes Employment, Providence, R. I.

WANTED—Position as tutor or compan to one child or more. Smith College well bred and tactful. Proficient in Fren and music. Splendid health, good fam background. Best of credentials. At libe after September 1. 8,633, Outlook.

WOMAN, 32, university graduate, travel experienced teacher and pastor's assista desires position where this background w be useful. 8,624, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in t care of obstetrical patients a nine mont nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. A are provided with maintenance and given monthly allowance of $10. For further p ticulars address Directress of Nurses.

Public Utilities and the Political Campaign

(*Continued from page 576*)

erally to affect public opinion in their favor.

All of this foregoing account of the "power trust" investigation shows one of the difficulties of private development and must be taken into consideration in any analysis of the subject. Yet it is not the whole story.

Now let us see how the Presidential candidates stand on this question of the ownership and operation of utilities. In one of the propaganda books I have mentioned, "Aladdin, U. S. A.," Mr. Hoover is repeatedly quoted, because, the author says, he "appears to have a broader vision of this whole subject than any other man in the United States." Mr. Hoover says:

> Neither our National nor our State governments are planned or equipped for the task of Government operation of utilities. . . .
>
> Under Government ownership, partisanship, "log-rolling," and politics would be inseparable accompaniments of administration. No great business can be efficiently administered by such a board or on such a basis of choice. We shall convert business into politics, and surrender efficiency for spoils. If we distribute railway extensions as we distribute public buildings; if we locate electric power plants as we locate reclamation projects; if we divide up public industries generally as we share river and harbor improvements and army and navy stations—then, as surely as night follows day, facilities will be wastefully provided for those districts or groups which are politically strong, and they will not be adequately provided for the districts or groups which are politically weak.

Governor Smith, when a member of the New York Legislature, went on record as far back as 1907 by voting against a grant to the Long Sault Development Company, a subsidiary of the Pittsburgh Aluminum Company (owned largely by Secretary Mellon's family), to develop the power of the Long Sault Rapids. After a Republican Administration had made the grant, it was rescinded by a Democratic Legislature and Governor. Since then Smith's stand has consistently been for the ownership of water power by the public, "to whom it rightfully belongs."

In 1926 Governor Smith's opponent for office was Ogden Mills, whose family is a large holder of utility securities, and the Governor declared that water-power resources were "the greatest single issue of this campaign." In one of his speeches he asserted that "the Aluminu Trust has had its eye on the St. Law rence River for a great many years and quoted Theodore Roosevelt as ha ing said:

> You have elected too many men in the past who have taken what belonged to the Nation. Coal and oil barons cannot compare with water-power barons. Do not let them get a monopoly on what belongs to this State. . . . There has been an effort to give that control to the Aluminum Trust. . . . We are poor citizens if we allow the things worth most to get into the hands of a few.

An entire section of "Progressive De mocracy," a compilation of Gover nor Smith's speeches and State papers, i devoted to his views on the conservatio of natural resources, and a large part o it is occupied with water-power ques tions. He opposes private ownership o local, State, or National properties of thi sort. I have space here to quote onl one passage from the mass of material a hand:

> The question of water-power development at the present time is receiving Nation-wide attention. Giant power combines naturally will stand against the proposal of a public authority, but it is difficult to be in sympathy with their view-point because it is purely selfish. On the other hand, there is today an insistent and growing demand for the development of these power resources by their rightful owners—the people themselves. . . .
>
> There is one way to get the full benefit of hydroelectric energy for the small storekeeper, the small home-owner, and the people on the farm, and that is to have the State retain the ownership not only of the source of the power, but of the development works.

Here is one campaign issue for 192 which appeals neither to racial nor re ligious passion, but which can be consid ered in the light of cool reason. Thos who wish to vote effectively in Noven ber might well inform themselves regard ing its intricacies.

The Movies

(*See page 587*)

"Abie's Irish Rose."—Just like the play. It's a system.
"Across to Singapore."—Ramon Novarro and Ernest Torrence pulling nautical rough stuff.
"The Actress."—"Trelawney of the Wells" picturized, with a fine cast.
"The Crowd."—A sad story, beautifully directed.
"Dawn."—The soul-stirring drama of Edith Cavell.
"Doomsday."—Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear!
"Dressed to Kill."—The ace of the crook plays.
"The Drag Net."—Don't ask us why you'll like it—go and see it.
"Drums of Love."—Pomp, pathos, and Lionel Barrymore.
"The End of St. Petersburg."—Startlingly fine Russian production.
"Fazil."—Charles Farrell and Greta Nissen in something terribly phony.
"Four Sons."—It's a fine film, but too long.
"Fools for Luck."—Chester Conklin and W. C. Fields—but the verdict is "No."
"The Jazz Singer."—Al Jolson sings, and that's all.
"Kentucky Courage."—A successor to "Tol'able David," with Richard Barthelmess.
"Ladies of the Mob."—Clara Bow gets a chance to act and does so.
"The Last Command."—The great Jannings. See it.
"The Last Moment."—Good photography, but little else.
"The Legion of the Condemned."—The so-called sequel to "Wings."
"The Lights of New York."—How curious are you about talking pictures?
"The Lion and the Mouse."—Lionel Barrymore talks—making this picture worth going to.
"Love."—Greta Garbo and John Gilbert. Recommended.
"A Night of Mystery."—Adolphe Menjou—just fair.
"The Magnificent Flirt."—Sophisticated and funny, with Florence Vidor and Albert Conti.
"The Noose."—A moderately absorbing film, with Richard Barthelmess, Alice Joyce, and Montague Love.
"The Racket."—The triumphant return of Thomas Meighan.
"Ramona."—Scenically beautiful, but pretty syrupy.
"The Red Dance."—Pulled through by Raoul Walsh's stalwart direction.
"Red Hair."—Clara Bow in her big disrobing act.
"Sadie Thompson."—Gloria Swanson trying hard.
"The Secret Hour."—Pola Negri in a good picture.
"Simba."—The Martin Johnson masterpiece.
"Skyscraper."—Thoroughly enjoyable.
"Something Always Happens."—An amusing little thriller, with the ornamental Esther Ralston.
"Street Angel."—A beautiful, tiresome picture.
"The Street of Sin."—Regardless of Emil Jannings, we thought it was terrible.
"Sunrise."—Dr. Murnau's supreme achievement.
"Telling the World."—At last—a good William Haines picture.
"The Trail of '98."—The grandest scenes now on view.
"Warming Up."—Richard Dix and Jean Arthur make this baseball picture a good show.
"Wheel of Chance."—A fine double-rôle performance by Richard Barthelmess.

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Francis Rufus Bellamy, Publisher Ernest Hamlin Abbott, Editor-in-Chief

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
Malcolm Waters Davis Dixon Merritt Harold T. Pulsifer
Frances Lamont Robbins Parkhurst Whitney

William L. Ettinger, Jr., Advertising Manager

William A. Grevers, Circulation Manager

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From Publisher—To You

A *SINCERE believer in prohibition —not a Drinking Dry nor an Anti-Saloon League propagandist—wrote us the other day that he could no longer read any magazine without finding himself labeled as a Puritanical hypocrite and a fanatic. "In such a case," he queried, "who are the real fanatics?"*

In the same mail we ourselves, because of our sincere stand on the other side, were the recipient of the following epithets: Nullificationist, whisky propagandist, enemy of the country, moral pervert, destroyer of the integrity of the Constitution, agent of the liquor traffic, foe of the Church.

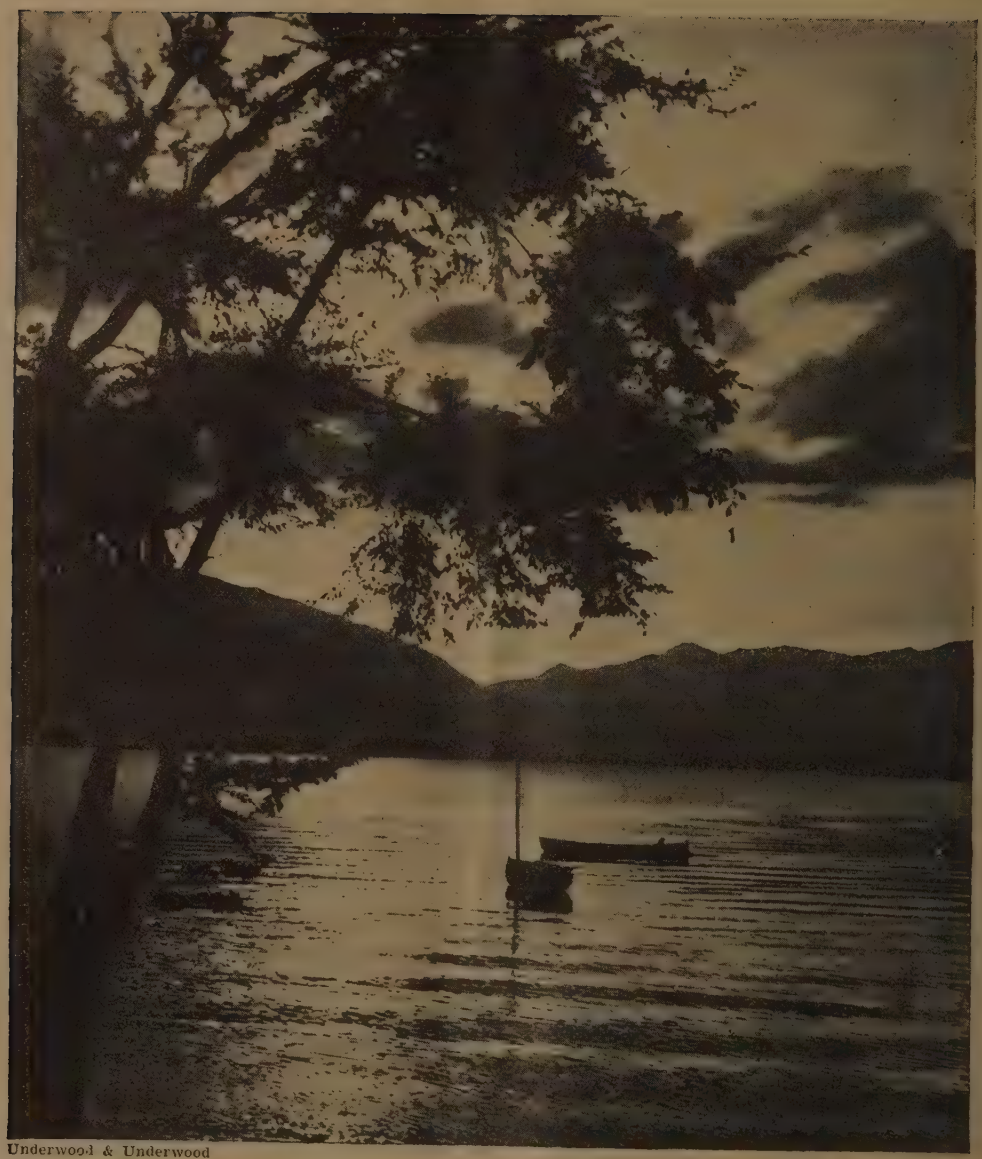
THERE *would seem here to be a common ground upon which both sincere prohibitionists and sincere revisionists might stand against the attacks of the fanatics on both sides. Certainly, a man ought to be able to voice his belief that prohibition is a good thing without being made a target for insults. Certainly also, another man should be granted sincerity and decent motives if he has come to the conclusion that the present Prohibition Law is not the best way to solve the social problem involved.*

PERSONALLY, *we are weary of the gentlemen who assume to voice the opinions of the Deity on the subject and proceed to brand as unmoral and irreligious all who do not agree with them. We think they are the curse of their friends and the unconscious aiders of their enemies. They completely befog the problem.*

A certain set of circumstances may make bone-dry prohibition an absolute practical necessity in Georgia; whereas a different set of circumstances will make it impractical and unenforceable in New York. In such case for Georgia to legislate for New York or New York for Georgia is to disregard common sense as well as to violate the principle of local self-government.

FUNDAMENTALLY, *this is what is wrong with the present form of National enactment. Call it unconstitutional sumptuary legislation, or a noble experiment, if you like. It remains the forcing, without sufficient justification in necessity, of the social habits of one community on the people of another. We refuse to believe that it is the best method of regulation which can be devised.*

Francis Rufus Bellamy



Underwood & Underwood

DAY'S END

The Outlook

August 15, 1928

The World This Week

A Corn Belt Conversion

Governor Smith and Mr. George Nelson Peek have talked things over; as a consequence the candidate has reiterated his intention, if elected, to give immediate attention to the farmer, and Mr. Peek has announced that that suits him.

This is politically important, since Mr. Peek is one of the authors of the McNary-Haugen Bill and Chairman of the Executive Committee of the North Central States' Agricultural Conference. Mr. Peek acknowledges that at the moment he is speaking for only one voter—himself. Nevertheless Peek is a power. He has been called the Wayne Wheeler of farm relief. Neither man had recognized political standing, but both cracked their whips and Congress jumped. It was Peek's committee which twice drove the McNary-Haugen Bill as far as President Coolidge.

Governor Smith said:

"Control of the sale of agricultural surplus is recognized by our platform as an essential need, its cost to be imposed on the unit to be benefited. That principle is fixed by our platform, on which I stand—only the detail of its accomplishment remains.

"As I have said, I shall immediately, if I am elected, ask the best farm leaders and economists to work out this detail with me. Republicans like Governor Lowden, as well as Democrats who have studied this problem, will be called upon for this patriotic service."

Mr. Peek said:

"I feel certain that he has a clear and correct understanding of the farm problem and that he will solve it with intellectual honesty if he is elected President. . . . I shall support his candidacy for President."

End of the Equalization Fee

"Can your statement be construed as indorsement of the equalization fee?" interviewers asked Governor Smith.

"My views are summed up in an editorial in this morning's 'World,'" he replied. He read the significant passage

"We take it that Governor Smith's declaration comes down to this:

"(*a*) That the Democratic Party is committed to the principle of controlling the sale of agricultural surpluses, the cost to be borne by the group benefited.

"(*b*) That the plan for applying this principle contained in the McNary-Haugen Bill is not acceptable to him.

"(*c*) That he has no plan of his own for carrying out that principle.

"(*d*) That he promises after election to work out such a plan."

Thus both candidates as well as the President are on record as opposed to the equalization fee of the McNary-Haugen Bill. Mr. Peek said that he was still pleased with the candidate's position. The equalization fee seems to be out of the campaign.

The Price of Loyalty

In declaring his support of Governor Smith, Senator Harris, of Georgia, has revealed something of what it costs a Southern Democratic office-holder to be loyal this year to the nominee of his party.

"Practically all who have mentioned the matter to me," said Senator Harris, "have urged me to remain quiet and take no part in the National election of my party, the party which honored me. Many have warned me of the dangerous effect on my campaign for re-election two years from now."

It is all but unbelievable that there are no Democrats in Georgia to urge a Democratic Senator to support a Democratic nominee for President, but Senator Harris says that it is a fact. None the less, he announces that he will actively support Governor Smith, and the Columbus "Enquirer-Sun," Julian Harris's paper, applauds him, saying: "Senator Harris has merely done his loyal duty in announcing that he will support the party which has always supported him. . . . Democracy needs the aid of every true and valiant son at a time when betrayers from within are attempting to open her gates to the enemy from without."

If the Southern bolt has swept away some who might have been expected to stand firm, it has left some standing firm who might have been expected to go out with the flood. Governor Graves, of Alabama, elected by the Ku Klux Klan, has lined up for Governor Smith with the simple statement that he is a Democrat and that Democrats support the nominee.

"Unreasonable Scarecrow"

If Mr. Hoover is elected, the tariff will go up and taxes down; if Governor Smith, quite the other way around. So Senator Smoot, Treasury watchman these many years, has been remarking.

"Exactly the illogical and unreasonable scarecrow the Republican Party constantly uses," retorts Senator Key Pittman. "Statements of such purport were made by Senator Smoot after the Baltimore Convention, when Woodrow Wilson was nominated. The Baltimore Convention pledged the party to enact a Federal Reserve Act. Smoot and his type of politician said the Democratic Party was opposed to business and would never do it.

"The Republican Party had been dis-

cussing the necessity for economic legislation for years and did not act. The Democratic Party, in less than twelve months after Wilson was inaugurated, passed the Federal Reserve Act by unanimous vote of the Democrats in the Senate and House.

"The Baltimore Democratic platform pledged itself to a fiscal system for the farmers. Senator Smoot and men of his type said we would never keep our pledge. Inside of a year the legislation creating the farm banking system was made into a law.

"There is no doubt that the Democratic Party's view with regard to the tariff has been in a state of evolution for the last twenty-five years. There is no doubt that with the growth of the West and South from a previous agricultural country to sections of varied industries, the theory of the low tariff has ceased to exist.

"The tariff plank in the 1928 platform contains the frank and definite expression of the Democratic Party today. It declares, unequivocally, for maintenance of high standards of wages and conditions of labor. . . . Men like Raskob and Woodin, who have greater business interests at stake than Senator Smoot and the rest of the Republican politicians, would not associate themselves with the Democratic Party . . . if there was the slightest doubt of the Democratic Party and the purposes of Governor Smith when he becomes President."

Bad Business for Big Business

Big Business does not want to get involved in politics. This is not for the sake of politics, but for the sake of business. The General Motors Corporation is one of the important organizations in Big Business today. According to its president, its value as measured in the market today is "approximately $3,500,000,000," and of this "$2,650,000,000 is the value established by the public for the corporation's good will." The corporation wants to keep away from anything that brings that good will into jeopardy.

In a letter to Miss Emily Marx, Republican candidate for the New York Assembly, Mr. Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., President of General Motors, replying to an inquiry, has written:

"As to the situation which has developed as a result of John J. Raskob, Chairman of our Finance Committee, accepting the position of Chairman of the National Democratic Committee, I wish to say most frankly that I regret the situation and have been disturbed by it. . . . I feel that it is most detrimental to the interest of General Motors, as well as to any corporation, to have any situation develop which causes the impression in the public mind, rightly or wrongly, that that corporation is concerned with any political situation.

"Mr. Raskob made the decision and took the place without consultation with his associates; therefore we had a situation to deal with which was a very unpleasant one. . . . Our organization consists of over 200,000 individuals, and, naturally, they reflect every shade of political belief and opinion on public and personal questions. Each is entitled to his own individual opinion and the corporation is not concerned with such opinions."

Halladay in the Providence Journal

Another Moses

Later, in an address at Flint, Michigan, when the Buick Motor Company, a subsidiary of General Motors, celebrated its silver anniversary, Mr. Sloan reiterated the principle that every individual in the organization has the right to think as he likes on "politics, religion, prohibition, or the like." And he added: "General Motors is not in politics. It will not permit its prestige, its organization, or its property to be used for political purposes." He summed up the matter by saying, "Our business is to make and sell motor cars and other products."

The Foreign Vote

There are in this country 7,000,000 naturalized citizens entitled to vote. Who will get most of them? No telling yet, says Mr. Read Lewis, director of the Foreign Language Newspaper Service, after perusing a survey of foreign-language newspapers.

"It is apparent," he says, "that upon the candidates and the major issues of the campaign, such as prohibition, farm relief, and religion in politics, the divergence of opinion among the foreign-language editors is as great as among the editors of newspapers published in the English language. There is not only a lack of unity between the various racial groups, but each seems to be split within itself."

Thus the "New Yorker Staats Zeitung" is outspoken for Hoover, but the "Detroiter Abendpost" says he may reasonably expect five per cent of ninety-five per cent of the so-called German vote recently promised him. The "Dziennik Chicagoski" is for Smith, and the "Kuryer Polski," of Milwaukee, is for Hoover. The "Glas Naroda Slovene," Republican daily, says, "Now comes the time when it will be said everywhere what a fine lot we are—we foreign-born voters."

The "Swedish Nordstjernan," of New York likes Smith, but the "Svea," of Worcester, Massachusetts, says no candidate ever entered a campaign with greater handicaps.

So it goes; which means that the copying of these names is taking too much of our time.

Secularizing Turkey

Mme. Halidé Edib was one of the leaders of the Nationalist movement in Turkey which produced the present Turkish Republic—was, in fact, Corporal Halidé in the Turkish Nationalist army. She has been lecturing at the Wiliamstown Institute of Politics, the first woman to appear there as a lecturer.

The new Turkey is, she said, not atheistic, but its government has been secularized, Church and State have been separated. Islam, she pointed out—unlike Christianity—has been not only a religion but a political system. This fact makes the abolition of a state religion in a Mohammedan country like Turkey more revolutionary than the separation of Church and State in Western nations. It was not Mustapha Kemal, with whose régime she is not in sympathy, that forced secularization upon Turkey; it was rather a long process going on for nearly a century.

"A people's religion," Mme. Edib said, "if it satisfies their moral and spiritual needs, is all the deeper and more sincere if it has nothing to do with such changing things as politics and government. A state which calls itself a Church State is bound to be restricted in its policy. It may be a good policy, but it is one-

ded at best. Besides, a Church State irts and perverts religion when it inks itself free to use religion for inging about this or that policy. Both ligion and state must be free and indendent of one another. A religion sepated from the state and entirely given matters of conscience and spiritual e is bound to be a broader and higher ing. . . . In Turkey, those things which Cæsar's have been rendered to Cæsar, t the things which belong to God have t yet been rendered to God."

exas Straws

URRENT talk of a break-up of the Solid uth is not supported by Democratic imary results in Texas.

The good news for the Smith forces is be seen in the returns for Lieutenantvernor. The contest was principally tween Barry Miller, a Catholic and owed supporter of Governor Smith, d Thomas B. Love, dry champion and tter opponent of the Presidential nomee. Miller's victory was decisive; the re impressive because he was seeking third term, and probably lost the votes erstwhile followers who are firm for ecedent.

Governor Dan Moody's victory over I. Wardlaw, Ferguson candidate, was o impressive, but not so significant as Miller's triumph. Moody had previously declared his loyalty to the National ticket, but at the same time demanded effective enforcement of prohibition and the election of dry Democratic Representatives.

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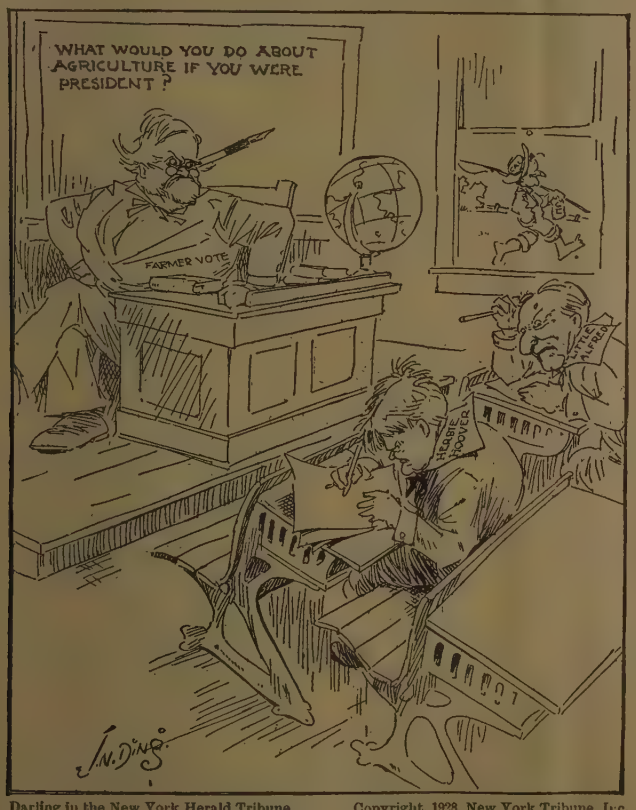
For Democratic salvation



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Summer school

Uncle Sam on a World Police Force?

JUST how all the nations concerned interpret the Kellogg treaty outlawing war has become more important than the wording of the treaty itself. Sir Austen Chamberlain, the British Secretary for Foreign Affairs, has had some things to say on this subject in the House of Commons which merit the world-wide attention they have received—and particularly in the United States. In the course of a warning against expecting too much of the treaty, he remarked:

"The proposal is a recognition . . . that war is a thing to be had recourse to only in the last resort. How much more it will be will, in my opinion, depend not upon any engagement taken by the United States Government, but on how the rest of the world thinks the United States is going to judge the action of an aggressor and whether the United States will help him or hinder him in his aggression.

"If the American nation ranges itself behind its own treaty, then indeed the signature of the treaty will be an additional and most formidable deterrent of

war, and it will be in addition a most valuable security for peace.

"That is what his Majesty's Government has hoped it would be, and it was in that spirit that his Majesty's Government has been glad to co-operate with the United States in bringing its proposal to the fruition of union."

About the so-called "British Monroe Doctrine" that the Government outlined in one of its reservations to the Kellogg treaty, indicating areas of British administration and interest as exempt from interference on the part of other Powers, Sir Austen said in reply to Lloyd George and other critics:

"Does anybody suppose that the American Government in proposing this treaty means to abolish or change its policy in regard to the Monroe Doctrine? . . . Why should it be thought that this country is doing anything unreasonable . . . if it states what everybody knows—that there are certain parts of the world in which we, too, have a Monroe Doctrine? . . . Our doctrine is not one of aggression or the desire of territorial expansion, but a pure measure of self-defense."

Apparently, in outlawing war we shall be recognizing at the same time the legality of a good many other things that need careful consideration.

A Governor in Exile

THE death of William S. Taylor in Indianapolis calls to mind a murder sensation and political turmoil of over a quarter of a century ago. Taylor was declared elected Governor of Kentucky on the Republican ticket and took office. William Goebel, the Democratic candidate, contested the appeal and was declared elected by the lower branch of the State Legislature.

Thereupon anarchy ensued. Two Governors were trying to hold the reins. Armed followers, largely mountaineers with rifles in hand, flocked into Frankfort. An intra-State war threatened. The tension was doubled when Goebel was shot dead on the street by a rifleman hidden in a public building. No one charged that Taylor had fired the fatal shot, but he was indicted for conspiracy to murder, together with one Youtsey (who probably did the shooting) and Caleb Powers, who was Taylor's Secretary of State. Thereupon Taylor fled to Indiana—whether or not he was in any degree guilty his life was in danger every minute he stayed in Kentucky.

One of the unusual features of the case was that Indiana repeatedly refused to grant to the Kentucky authorities the extradition of Taylor because Indiana's Governors believed that Taylor could not get a fair trial on the indictments running against him in his own State.

The Goebel murder is a long-gone-by incident, but it was fierce and strange, and its resulting partisan bitterness shook Kentucky's political base for years.

Textile Troubles

A STRIKE in the cotton mills has been going on for about four months in the textile mills at New Bedford, involving, reports say, two thousand workers. Labor trouble has existed also in the Fall River mills. This economic unrest did not gain public attention at a distance until at New Bedford large numbers of strikers were arrested because of demonstrations and wholesale picketing. Yet that part of the question is local; the conditions that produced disturbance are of National importance.

In New England and Old England simultaneously there has been trouble in the textile manufacturing business—a little while ago 700 mills in England were closed. In both countries cuts of wages have been made—at New Bedford 10 per cent, in England 12½ per cent. But a compromise may be found. The dispute is simple to understand, but not easy to deal with permanently. The mill owners say that they cannot make profits because of swelling competition: in New England competition from the South; in Old England competition from China, Japan, India, and even America. The workers say, for their side, that wages should not be cut, because they would not be able to live on less pay than other workmen of equal skill receive.

Obviously, the question of trade and competition must evolve its own answer through economic demand and supply, coupled with intelligent adaptation of production to suit each country or locality.

As to the immediate question between workers and owners, we commend to them the recent example of English railway owners and workers. A wage cut was resented by the unions. A big strike loomed ahead. After deliberate discussion by representatives of workers and capitalists a compromise was reached. The men accepted a smaller cut than at first proposed on condition that it should affect every one, officials and all. The saving is at the rate of $15,000,000 a year. Rightly, J. H. Thomas, of the National Union of Railway Men, declares: "It was a great settlement—triumph for British common sense."

English Unemployment

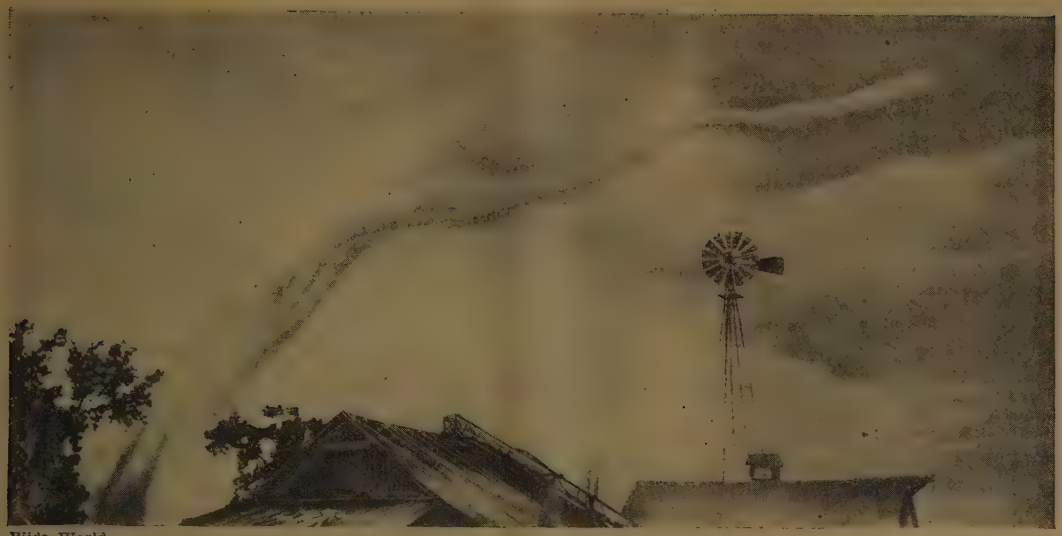
LACK of work in Great Britain is th greatest problem that the Conservativ Cabinet of Premier Baldwin has to face The Government has just defeated i Parliament a resolution of censur pressed by the Labor Opposition for fai ure to deal effectively with unemploy ment. But victory in the House o Commons does not end the emergency i the country.

When the Conservatives drove th Laborites out of power four years ago there were not as many unemploye workers in Great Britain as there ar now. Then the Conservatives attribute the crisis to the after-effects of the wa and to Labor incompetency in industria reconstruction. But their trade policie never succeeded in cutting down th numbers of the jobless much below million. Now there are nearly 1,275, 000, mainly in the coal-mining, building ship-building, and textile industries And the Conservatives themselves admi that it is no after-the-war trouble, but continuing problem of economic read justment. The use of oil has cut dow the use of coal; demands for building ar not sufficient to keep the constructio workers busy; competition has cut int ship-building and manufacturing activ ity.

The Government says that over 200, 000 workers and their families mus move to other parts of the country or g overseas to the Dominions to find em ployment, and it will do all it can t assist them. But that plan does no content men out of work or their politi cal spokesmen. Unemployment is likel to be the main issue in a general electio contest before the next year is out.

Gold Is Gold

THE recent exhibition of a collection o old Roman coins, some of them goin back beyond the time of Christ in date led to an interesting remark by the col lector, Mr. John C. Clarke. It was tha these gold coins were worth neither mor nor less today than they were two thou sand years ago. If turned into the min for coinage, they would make just th same number of United States gold coin as would the same weight of gold fres from the mine. So that if these ol coins were sold in the market any extr price would be because of their rarity But these particular coins are not rar



Wide World

A TORNADO TWISTER

touching the ground from a black cloud, which was photographed by Miss Lucille Handberg at the risk of her life as the storm passed Sherman, South Dakota

at all. They may have romantic associations, but no extra cash value.

The ancients got along somehow without banking facilities, and the peasants of Europe have generally done so even to this day. When an old-time Roman was afraid of thieves or looting or war, he buried his precious gold and jewels; and if he died without telling others of the secret, the treasure might lie hidden for centuries.

So it is that gold and silver coins are being turned up to this day in great numbers when deep foundations or excavations or road building and railway cuts are in process.

It is true that these old gold coins once had a much greater buying power than they have now, but that was the ancients' good fortune.

No Rubber Peonage

Two years ago Harvey S. Firestone, an American manufacturer of large means and experience, told the world how he hoped to enlarge rubber production and help supply to overtake demand. He leased a million acres of land in Liberia from the Government and has been pushing the project ever since—rubber-growing takes time.

Now come intimations that the Liberians who are working for Mr. Firestone's company are in a state of peonage.

The accusation is in the form of a statement laid before the League of Nations by M. Jurod, President of the International Society for the Protection of Natives. Just how much investigation this long-named society has made does not appear. But the peonage theory seems to rest on the assertion that the loan to the Liberian Republic by the Firestone Company closes the door of rubber production to the Republic and to commerce at large—the idea being that such a condition must produce peonage in the future.

Mr. Firestone's answer to this is convincing. He says, "As the Firestone Company controls only one million acres in Liberia and there are forty-two million acres of land available, it is obvious that no such scheme is contemplated."

Wages, he says, are regular and adequate, and the workers are as free to quit their jobs as men in American factories.

As The Outlook remarked when this vast plan was announced, Mr. Firestone is no Colonel Mulberry Sellers and the prospects for large future rubber production are good.

Meanwhile Mr. Firestone's warm personal friends, Henry Ford and Thomas Edison, are working at the rubber problem in other ways. Mr. Ford is just now sending equipment and engineers to begin rubber development in his five-million-acre tract in Brazil. As has been pointed out, that acreage is almost as great as Massachusetts. Even though a rubber tree takes seven years to get its bearing growth, it surely looks as if the future demand is in a way to be met. Mr. Edison is working on another idea—that he may ultimately find plants which have chemical elements of rubber enough to make their growth by cultivation profitable. And, of course, there is always the possibility that some one may find out how to make synthetic rubber that is both good and cheap enough to be marketable.

Color Movies

THE newly announced "Kodacolor" or natural color motion pictures developed in the Eastman laboratories are a sort of reproach to every one who has ever harbored—and who has not?—the secret hope of inventing something worth while, or at least worth a competence; for their essential principle has been readily available for decades to every reader of an elementary physics text-book. Others who have perfected color movies have had to resort to one complication or another, usually expensive and requiring expert skill.

The principle of the new process is utterly simple; but, since it has been described in the newspapers, no effort need be made to explain it here. To do so, in fact, would require a page, several diagrams, and the assurance that the average reader cared for the science of it. Suffice it to say that the film does not actually record a bit of color. What happens, essentially, is that a black-and-white shade is recorded for every color in the object photographed. When the film is later projected, the process is reversed, every black-white tone going automatically back into its corresponding color. This is a matter of position; each position of a black-white shade has its equivalent color. Similar translations and retranslations occur more frequently

in modern life than we realize. A telephone, for example, never transmits a voice, but rather a series of electrical signals which the receiving instrument turns again into sounds. Of course the new color movies have their limitations. Since the films cannot be duplicated from a negative, they will be limited to private use. But for how long? Those who recall that it is hard to stump an inventor will expect it not to be long. The problem of duplication is, however, a real poser in this case.

With the radio in the home, television coming down the front walk, and color movies entering the door, home is becoming more interesting to some and less of a peaceful retreat to others.

Tunney and the Boxing Business

In three bouts, about two hours of actual fighting, he has earned approximately two million dollars. He is not ungrateful. He will always take an active interest in boxing.

"It is a game which, properly conducted, teaches such qualities as stamina, confidence, patience, self-denial, bodily fitness, mental alertness, and courage.

"But the time has come when professional boxing can offer me nothing further that I desire. I am putting it behind me, grateful for benefits conferred, but with the feeling that I am still young enough to make a new start in other fields."

Thus Gene Tunney, heavyweight champion of the world, at a luncheon in honor of William Muldoon, eighty-two-year-old boxing commissioner, reconditioner of prominent citizens, and one-time trainer of the great John L. Sullivan.

Those close to the young champion say that this is the last word; that he will not think better of his decision, as old Jeffries did. They say he is going to be a banker; that he is going to take on Hegel and the champions of philosophy in a four-year bout at the Sorbonne.

Tunney's only admission is to repeat: "I am still young enough to make a start in other fields."

So passes from the arena a champion who earned the warm regard and affection of a few and the puzzled dislike of the mob. He was not a proper headliner. He had read a book, he talked about Shakespeare, he hobnobbed with authors of the first rank. The customers of the "cauliflower industry" want a killer, a mauler, a socker, an ape-man, a strong-boy. This fellow was only—the best the phrase-makers could do was "ex-marine" and "Greenwich Village shipping clerk." The mob showed its dislike by staying away from his last fight in such numbers that the man who really took the count was Tex Rickard, impresario of million-dollar gates.

The admiring few say that Gene Tunney is a smart young chap who saw that there was money in the boxing business, took out of it every cent that he wanted, and then got out of it himself. They say that the "Battle of the Century" is knocked out and through the ropes, and that the man who did it is the retiring champion.

Self-Starting Minds

Not to train men for a profession, but to "furnish the nation with a class whose intellectual machinery runs from its own motive power"—that is the aim of the American college according to Professor L. B. Richardson, of Dartmouth. He was speaking to educators at a session in Chicago of the annual Institute of Administrative Officers of Institutions of Higher Learning. Professor Richardson continues:

"In these days of so-called liberalism, of "Nations" and "New Republics," but likewise of one hundred per cent Americanism and Daughters of a Revolution which has ceased to revolve; of revolutionists and fundamentalists; of Ku Klux Klans and Governor Al Smiths; of anti-saloon and personal liberty leagues; of pacifists and militarists; of Theodore Dreiser and of Harold Bell Wright; of Dr. Cadman and Sinclair Lewis and Eddie Guest and Calvin Coolidge and Big Bill Thompson, it is an asset to the community if a considerable element in it is in the habit of making up their minds upon controverted questions on a surer basis than personal prejudices, snap judgment, or supine yielding to well-organized propaganda."

Those who complain that the American college "bears little resemblance to an educational institution," that people can talk less intelligently of Senator Borah than of Gene Tunney or Bobby Jones, and that the college fails to inculcate high ideals of public service, should remember, he thought, that college students "come from a public like that of Chicago, whose judgment as to the importance of idealism in its public offices is a matter of statistical record."

Because its students come from this social order and go back to it, the college does its duty only as it enables college men to modify their social order for the better. For this reason Professo Richardson held that the junior colleg useful though it may be, cannot sup plant the four-year liberal arts college.

Cellulose and the Future

Last summer, as readers with lon memories may recall, the newspaper were full during a month with account of interesting problems American chem ists were attacking at the Institute o Chemistry of the American Chemica Society. The same sort of gathering i being held this summer at Evanston near Chicago, and the topics under dis cussion have run largely to the futur exploitation of plant products. Twenty years ago the chemists were promisin the rest of us a new civilization based o chemical discoveries. They are makin good that promise. Take cellulose, fo example. Wood is mostly cellulose; s is the corn plant and a host of othe plants, including cotton. The paper o which these words appear is cellulose and so is rayon.

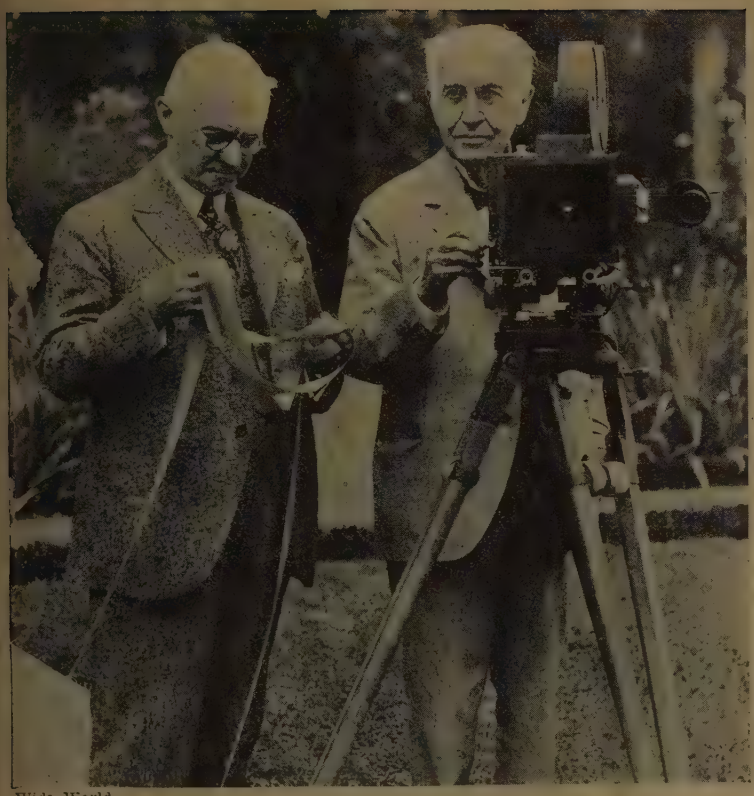
What chemists are seeking, now tha cellulose has been used for shelter an clothing, is a way to make food of it At present the only way to do this i to feed it to cows in the form of grass o hay and then eat the cows. This i wasteful in the extreme. If we coul find out how to make some of its atom rearrange themselves, we would have su gar. That is the problem that nov engages the attention of the Germa chemist Bergius, of whose method o turning coal into gasoline we have writ ten in previous issues.

Future civilization is likely to be buil largely on a basis of carbohydrates chiefly cellulose. We shall doubtles despise nature's inefficient processes o building these carbohydrates up, an create everything ourselves—food, shel ter, and clothing—out of carbon an hydrogen atoms which chemists wi have learned to shunt around into th desired combinations. The moder world progresses, materially at least, o two rapidly lengthening legs—one i physics, the other is chemistry.

The Deadly Tsetse Fly

One form of African sleeping sickne has a death rate of virtually one hun dred per cent. Another form take sooner or later the lives of ninety-fiv per cent of the infected.

This almost incredible statement i made by Dr. Stratman-Thomas, now o his way to the Belgian Congo, wher sleeping sickness exists in an area of



Wide World

TWO MODERN MIRACLE MEN

George Eastman, Kodak manufacturer, demonstrates to Thomas A. Edison the new color motion-picture film for amateur photographers

lion square miles, and has been en- nic for two centuries. What is less ll known is that cases exist in Arabia, rsia, and Palestine. So far no specific e has been found.

Dr. Stratman-Thomas is a research armacologist of the University of Wis- nsin. He goes to Africa through the operation of that University with the ggenheim Memorial Fund and the rke-Davis Laboratories. Research rk has made it highly probable that e right way to fight this terror to life pread undoubtedly by the tsetse fly) with an arsenic compound. Six such mpounds have been selected from arly a hundred and forty that have en tried on infected animals. These will be tested in the Congo region in ousands of cases of men and animals d continued later in more concentrated periments.

When one reflects on the enormous rtality of this disease and the fact at even the small number of survivors e generally little better than idiots, it evident that science must use its ut- ost powers to find a remedy. Such a sease might easily depopulate the globe but for the fact that the tsetse fly is restricted in locale. Fortunately, also, the African sleeping sickness is not at all akin to the form of encephalitis which has sometimes been called sleeping sickness in this country.

Keep Your Own Tally Sheet

Not the least of the unique distinctions of the Olympic Games is that they have no official scorer, and not even an official scoring method. The spectator is left to keep his own tally sheet according to his racial or national predilection. According to the American method, which, by the way, is by no means Anglo-Saxon, as might be supposed, the United States piled up enough points to win the meet long before it was over. The American system of scoring, adopted by the American correspondents, gives ten points for first place, five for second, four for third, three for fourth, two for fifth, and one for sixth. The result is that with the financial backing for a full entry list in almost every event it was next to impossible for the United States to lose the games, especially as the American scorers also scored the British Dominions overseas as separate entities. The Britons, on the contrary, count only first places, but in their list they count Canada, South Africa, and every unit under the Union Jack. The Finnish scorer, finding events in which his compatriots finish first and second, naturally enough raises the value of second place from five to eight points, while cutting down third position and stopping there. Further, the United States keeps tally only of the track and field games, rejoicing over possible victories in other events, but not being downhearted in the event of defeat. Some scorers, of course, will add the swimming victories to the American point totals. The International Olympic Committee found in past games that the scoring developed into a nuisance, even to the extent of disturbing international athletic relations. It therefore refused to sponsor any system at all. It is considered hopeless to establish a league of nations when it comes to scoring.

Down at Sea

This summer's history of aviation is unique in rescues accomplished, rescues that failed, and rescues still pursued—the last, like that of Amundsen and his crew, even yet not altogether hopeless.

In the week-end before this issue goes to press two rescues were made of transatlantic fliers. Captain Courtney and three companions, after a flight to the Azores from England, started the air journey from Horta, in the Azores, to Newfoundland, but came down in trouble about 800 miles from the start and 1,600 miles east of New York; steamships, informed by radio, rushed to their rescue, and they were brought to New York by the Minnewaska. Captain Courtney has had ill luck or trouble aplenty, for a year and a half he has tried to achieve an east-to-west transatlantic flight, but over and over again has been thwarted.

Before Courtney was ashore came the news that two Polish fliers, Idzikovski and Kubala, bravely attempting the Paris-to-New York (or Newfoundland) flight, were down at sea and had been rescued by the German cargo ship Samos; their circuitous flight, before and after trouble developed, covered as long a distance as that from Paris to New York. Kubala was injured. The rescued men were taken to Spain.

Many, even among the enthusiasts, are asking whether the time has not come when this kind of transocean flight has not ceased to be a practical aid to the advance of aviation.

Windows on the World

By Malcolm W. Davis

A DEAL between Great Britain and France that strengthens their political association is evidently the outcome of their long negotiations regarding strength at sea. It is of course inaccurate to speak of their *entente cordiale* as an alliance in the strict sense of that word. But such, for all practical purposes, it proved to be in the World War, and so it might prove again in a crisis. That is the reason that all Europe is giving close attention to their new naval accord.

Briefly, what appears on the surface in the parliamentary announcement made by Sir Austen Chamberlain, the British Secretary for Foreign Affairs, is that the two Governments have agreed to limitation of war-ships in four categories—capital ships over 10,000 tons; airplane carriers over 10,000 tons; other surface ships carrying guns of six to eight inches; and submarines over 600 tons. Other types of vessels would not be restricted.

This marks a great concession by France, whose Government has always contended that limitation should apply to total fleet tonnage—a plan which would have left her free to build as many big airplane carriers and submarines as she desired. Obviously, England has gained a significant point to her own advantage, which she has long sought, in the regulation of offensive ships in these classes.

In turn, France seems to have gained recognition by the British Government of her special claim that she needs to maintain a large reserve army. A great many British people have objected to the French establishment of a great military force on the Continent; and this phase of the new agreement is calling forth an outburst of protests. But it undoubtedly was the only basis on which the French would acquiesce in British desires about navies. And the greatest possible degree of freedom from sea and air attack is Great Britain's most vital concern. So the time-honored principle of *quid pro quo* has won another diplomatic triumph.

The terms of the Anglo-French agreement are to be presented to the League of Nations Committee on Disarmament, preparatory to discussion next autumn. They are also being transmitted to the United States. Officials at Washington have made it clear that there is no reason for American objection to limitation by classes, a principle which American spokesmen have advocated at Geneva. The real question concerns ratios of strength and the effect—if any—of the new agreement on the Washington Conference treaty arrangements.

Wide World

THE KNIGHTS RIDE AGAIN IN CARCASSONNE

A view of the ancient joust which took place there recently in celebration of the town's two thousandth anniversary

THE BURLESQUE of self-government in Egypt has been played out. The country has returned to an open admission of what has been practically the fact ever since Great Britain declared it nominally independent after the war. That fact is administration by King Fuad and his appointed Ministers, under direction from London through the British High Commissioner.

The King has suspended sessions of Parliament for three years, or longer if necessary. He has also abolished the freedom of the press from official regulation. He and his Cabinet are to have full legislative authority—and for the present in Egypt, that is that.

The reasons alleged for the new action are corruption in the Government a the difficulty of running national aff with constant obstruction from Wafd or Nationalist faction. That the party formerly headed by the d leader of the movement for Egypt liberty, Zaghlul Pasha. The Wafd opposed British command of the Eg tian police, British protection of fore interests, British occupation of Eg tian soil in order to guard the S Canal, and British separation of Sudan and the head-waters of the N from Egypt. It was responsible for jection recently by Egypt of a treaty alliance incorporating these princip The new order is Great Britain's fi exasperated—if indirect—answer. Pr ably it will mean a heavy hand in g ernment, more efficient business adm istration of the country, and more e nomic prosperity. Attempted W demonstrations at Alexandria and Ca on the return of Mme. Zaghlul fr Europe to Egypt were suppressed. I for all that it is to be doubted whet we have heard the last of Egyptian tionalism.

What's the Matter With White?

THE liner De Grasse, which serves the vintages of France, is at this writing taking William Allen White to Europe; leaving behind about as much interest in mental processes of the Kansas editor as in the validity his attacks on the record of Al Smith as Speaker and semblyman.

In Olathe, in the corn country, Mr. White tells his Republ- an audience that Smith is intelligent, courageous, honest, e, but—when he was a legislator he was a Tammany tool d voted the Tammany way for the saloon, the gambler, and prostitute.

In New York, a few weeks later, he repeats his charges. is time they are not based on a newspaper clipping. He s had Smith's record investigated by two experts. Photo- tic copies have been made. The charges, he says, have en sustained.

The next day he gives the press a summarized version of record. Here is the proof that Smith favored the saloon, gambler, and the prostitute. Here are the bills and here he way Smith voted.

Dawns, as the movie writers will have it, another day. ore charges? No. In the early morning hours Mr. White s held communion with his better nature. He has always ed to play fair. He sees now that Smith "in casting those es against those reform bills might honestly have felt that bills were unconstitutional, or were not enforceable, or ringed upon personal liberty, or encouraged police black- il." He will withdraw the charges formally "so far as they ect his votes on gambling and prostitution."

Then Mr. White pays tribute to the fairness of the metro- litan press, talks of a Wagnerian debauch in Bayreuth, goes oard the De Grasse with a "trunk full of money," and hopes will be sentenced to Europe for the duration of the cam- ign.

Well! This is a muddled and muddling performance. Just select one incident, the New York "Evening Post," making independent investigation of Smith's past, can find no rec- d of legislation affecting prostitution. What's the matter th the author of "What's the Matter With Kansas?"

Let us summon Jay E. House, New York columnist. Mr. ouse is Kansas home folks. He says we don't understand e editor as Kansas understands him.

"When Old Bill goes on a rampage—and he's nearly always one"—says Mr. House, "the people read about it in the pers and say, 'Well, I see where Bill White's broke loose ain,' and as likely as not forget all about it.

"With unusual qualities of heart and mind, he is a strange xture of generosity, fairness, kindliness, good humor, in- curacy, and hot-temperedness. Politically, Kansas, that s known him and loves him, writes him down as unstable water and uncertain as the wind."

In a word, when you get to know "Old Bill" you make owances. He is just one of those irrepressibles, the Peter n of the prairies, the playboy of the Western World. e will call Hoover an "adding machine," Curtis a "nit t," and Smith the benefactor of the prostitute. It's just his y.

Still, it is a curious mentality that can play so debonairly th reputations and dynamitic issues.

Heresy!

WHILE preparing a series of studies in Harvard history Professor Samuel Eliot Morrison unearthed recently some notes that the late President Eliot had prepared for an address on the subject "What possessions or acquisitions in college lead to success in after life?"

Dr. Eliot had jotted down:

> An available body. Not necessarily the muscles of an athlete. Good circulation, digestion, power to sleep, and alert, steady nerves.
>
> Power of sustained mental labor.
>
> The habit of independent thinking on books, prevailing customs, current events. University training the opposite of military or industrial.
>
> The habit of quiet, unobtrusive, self-regulated conduct, not accepted from others or influenced by the vulgar breath.
>
> Reticent, reserved, not many acquaintances but a few friends. Belonging to no societies perhaps. Carrying in his face the character so plainly to be seen there by the most casual observer, that nobody ever makes to him a dishonorable proposal.

Most of this is excellent. It is the suggestion in the last paragraph that troubles us. What! A man may be reticent, reserved, and yet be successful? What kind of doctrine is that? What are these colleges teaching our boys? We had always supposed that the successful man was he who could slap a thousand cronies on the back, call out their first names, the names of their children, and the license numbers of their automobiles. Dr. Eliot's notion sounds like heresy to us.

Turning a Corner in Mexico

PLENTY of possibilities of trouble still exist in Mexico in the situation created by the assassination of President-elect Obregon. The most encouraging indication that this time they will be avoided consists in the mood of controlled calm with which the Mexican people have met the emergency and in the decision of the police to hand over the assassin to the civil authorities. Heretofore such a crime would have meant immediate use of the firing squad.

A further evidence of improved conditions is the manner in which the Catholic clergy have assisted the investigation—despite the charge of President Calles that they were responsible for stirring up a fanatical follower to kill. Calles has since modified his original accusation by limiting it to certain individuals. It was known that a reconciliation between the Government and the Church was expected under the administration of Obregon by means of a compromise agreement to allow the churches to carry on their services with native priests. The fact that the agrarian followers of Obregon have taken no occasion to attack the Catholic Church is another hopeful sign.

The imminent danger in Mexico is the struggle for power between the agrarians and the Labor Party, which they accuse of complicity in the plot to kill their leader. This conflict, with its menace of civil war, President Calles has been striving to avert by every means, including refusal to admit any possibility of guilt among the leaders of the Labor Party. The progress of events day by day has emphasized the words of Ambassador Morrow to the American Chamber of Commerce:

"We can have firm confidence that Mexico will solve her crisis by due process of law and justice."

Is Europe Entangling America?

A Critical Study of Secretary Kellogg's Treaty to Outlaw War

By HIRAM MOTHERWELL

This month, we suspect, the word Europe does not suggest a treaty, but Paris nights, English lanes, and German Pilsner. However, Mr. Kellogg has induced fifteen nations to look favorably on his proposal to outlaw war, and Mr. Motherwell presents a critical study of its meaning for this country.

"THE proposal is a recognition of the horror of war. . . . How much more it will be will, in my opinion, depend . . . upon whether the United States will help or hinder [the aggressor] in his aggression." (Sir Austen Chamberlain, British Foreign Secretary.)

"The United States takes a world-wide responsibility of which she shunned the risk during the last ten years. . . . The United States Government becomes the moral guardian of the *status quo* created by the Peace Treaty and subsequent treaties." (Jules Sauerwein, political editor of the Paris "Matin" and semi-official spokesman on international affairs for the French Government.)

THESE statements refer to the multilateral treaty for the "renunciation of war as an instrument of national policy" which was promulgated by Secretary of State Kellogg and which is to be signed in Paris on August 27 by representatives of the fifteen nations which have already formally adhered to it. These nations have, with but one or two exceptions, adhered because they expect thereby to draw America more intimately into European affairs. Without this expectation they would not take the trouble to sign. All newspaper correspondence from Europe asserts this. All authoritative statements which have come from Europe, like those quoted above, confirm it.

These nations expect, or at least hope, that America will from now on be in some degree bound to co-operate with them—that is to say, shape her foreign policies in accordance with their aims and desires. Some have called the treaty "the back door to the League."

On the other hand, Secretary Kellogg has stated that the treaty does not draw us into European affairs.

Juridically, of course, he is entirely right. The treaty, as a legal instrument, has no compulsive force whatever. In a public statement which is accepted as an authoritative interpretation of the meaning of the treaty Mr. Kellogg has stated (1) that if any signatory nation breaks the treaty all other signatories are freed from their obligation not to make war against that nation; (2) that the right to make war in self-defense is inherent in sovereignty and not impaired by this treaty; and (3) that each nation is solely competent to decide whether circumstances require recourse to war in self-defense. In other words, any nation can make war at any time if only it says that it is acting in self-defense—and is prepared to take its chances. Which is exactly what has been done in Europe for centuries.

Is the treaty, then, a mere platonic gesture? Is it, viewed as practical politics, meaningless and valueless? No. It is going to make noble statesmen on both sides of the Atlantic scratch their heads a good many times in the next few decades.

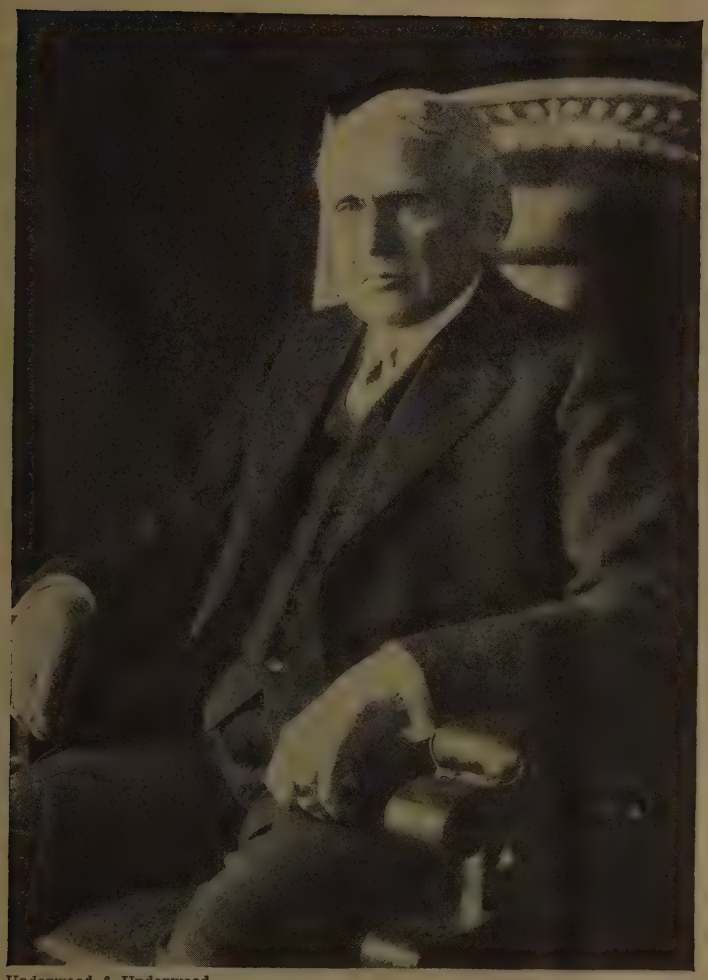
For it has acquired a vast amount of popular enthusiasm in both hemispheres—more, by a good deal, than its promoters foresaw. And public opinion requires a deal of management. All governments which may contemplate war will have to take exceptional pains to convince a generation disillusioned over the moral character of the late war that the new one is really undertaken in self-defense.

THE treaty sets up no standard by which the act of aggression may be judged and designates no authority to judge it. But the greater part of Europe recognizes the Council of the League of Nations as the only tribunal in such matters. When the next war looms, the Council will hold some solemn sessions about it. The Council, be it remembered, is composed largely of th principal parties interested in any Eur pean dispute. Votes are lined up an bargained for exactly as in any othe parliament. The Council, then, wi designate, either unanimously or by ma jority vote, a certain nation (or allianc of nations) as "aggressor," and will ca upon all civilized nations to help punis it, or at least not to hinder other nation in the work of justice.

To America, this particular war ma seem just one more intra-Europea squabble, in which Americans have n concern. But if she sets up her opinio against the official consensus of Europ she will be in the awkward position complaining about the eleven stubbor jurymen, or of accusing everybody el in the squad of being out of step. O the other hand, if she defers to the of cial consensus, what will happen? Th clique of nations which managed to g a majority (or unanimous) vote in th Council will turn to America and say:

"Here is a nation guilty of violatin your own treaty and you are morall bound to help punish it. You must n sell either munitions or other supplies t this guilty nation. You shall respect an blockade which we see fit to set u And you shall give us all the supplies w need on credit. If you refuse to follo our instructions, you will appear befo the world as guilty of abetting a crin inal."

This is the concrete meaning of th familiar phrases about America becon ing the moral guardian of peace. The should be no mistaking the fact tha when Europe talks about America moral obligation it means America's co ton and copper and munitions, and lon long credits. Undoubtedly Americ does not intend to place her policies u der the tutelage of Europe. Yet it mu not be forgotten that this treaty is su ported by millions of persons who a sensitive on moral points, and that th League still carries a good deal of mor authority. Public opinion is the gre imponderable in politics. It may l manipulated on a vast scale. But ofte at unexpected moments, it imposes itse in ways which governments find it dif cult to defy. It may always be possib



Underwood & Underwood

Frank B. Kellogg

for foreign nations to stampede a large part of the American public to support the League's decision on a moral issue.

A summary of the Briand-Kellogg negotiations reveals pretty clearly that something like this has been in the minds of the European statesmen. The purpose of the original treaty proposed by M. Briand, outlawing war perpetually as between France and the United States, was exactly that which M. Sauerwein finds implicit in the multilateral treaty, namely: to make the United States "the moral guardian of the *status quo* created by the Peace Treaty and subsequent treaties"—in other words, to oblige the United States to guarantee France and French predominance as against the rest of the world. Doubtless M. Briand counted on the popularity of the Borah slogan "outlaw war" to force his treaty through against the better judgment of the State Department. With this treaty in its desk, France could have said to Germany or Italy in the next negotiations: "You had better accept my terms. If you force the issue to the extreme, America can never, never join you against me, but she *might* join me against you." It is such potentials which count in diplomacy.

But the State Department parried this neatly. The embarrassment caused to the French Government by Mr. Kellogg's counter-proposal to abolish war all around is amusingly reflected in the panic-stricken language of Article I of the subsequent French draft treaty. Statesmen passed some bad hours in Paris until Sir Austen Chamberlain reminded them, in effect, that the game was not lost, and that even a multilateral treaty might, with the assistance of the League, draw America into European politics.

So here the matter stands at the ceremonial moment of signing: Legally, the treaty binds America not at all; but in practice it might, in given circumstances, bind her rather effectively.

So let us hunt for trouble. Suppose Austria one day declares herself annexed to Germany. Czechoslovakia, now caught in the "Teutonic pincers," invades Austria to prevent the annexation. Italy, facing the prospect of a strong Power on her northern border instead of a weak one, does likewise. Who is the "aggressor"? Is it the nation which first resorts to arms? Or is it the nation which openly (although peacefully) defies a treaty? Whatever Americans might think of the merits of the case, there is no doubt how the League would decide. Austria and her moral accomplice Germany would be the provokers of war. If they offered passive resistance to the military measures, America would be invited to participate in an economic blockade of their territories. American ships might no longer land at Hamburg. American goods might no longer be sold to Germans or Austrians. American investors might no longer buy German bonds in New York. Conceivably, if Germany and Austria were by that time in a position to resist invasion, America might be summoned to supply arms, and even armies.

Again, suppose Great Britain became involved in war. She would seek to exercise to the full her power of naval blockade. Now, Great Britain's concept of blockade is, in effect, this: that she may at her own discretion search and seize any ships anywhere and declare anything contraband. This is decidedly not the American concept. If Great Britain should some day attempt to maintain her view of blockade by overt acts against American merchant ships, there would certainly ensue a diplomatic conflict which might turn ugly. Britain would like to avoid this conflict at all costs. For if, in the face of America's naval power, she were obliged to abandon or modify her doctrine of blockade, that event would definitely symbolize the end of her naval supremacy. But if, on the other hand, America could always be made to figure as the moral ally of Britain, she would not be free to protest the actions of the British fleet.

Or suppose that the Albanian Govern-

(*Please turn to continuation, page 633*)

The Worst Political Mess

By DIXON MERRITT

SOMETHING over a quarter of a century ago Judge James Mulligan became famous because of a few stanzas of verse which should have been, though I have forgotten whether they were or not, entitled "Kentuckyest." The thing ran on and on in enumeration of the superlative qualities and achievements of the Dark and Bloody Ground and ended with the line, "And politics the damnedest in Kentucky."

That was true then. It is true now—in Kentucky, just as it is in forty-seven other States. I could realize then that politics was a bit meaner in Kentucky than anywhere else in the world. I was living in Kentucky. I am sure today that Tennessee has the worst political mess in the world. I have just watched a State election and Democratic primary, held on the same day. If I had happened to observe first-hand the political situation in any one of the other forty-six States, I should have been certain that politics is now the damnedest in that particular State.

All men know that the political situation is worst in their own States. They have told me so in at least twenty States during the past twelve months. That belief is of a piece with the one which every man holds that it takes his wife longer than any other woman in the world to put on her hat. He knows no other woman as well as he knows his wife—and he knows no other political situation as well as he knows that in his own State.

Because it would get rid of forty-eight damnedest political messes, I think I could be reconciled to the abolition of the States, States' Rightser though I am. (I am Union Whig on one side, though.)

Here in Tennessee we think that if a couple of newspaper publishers could stop hating each other our political troubles would end. That, of course, is not true. People have the sort of politics that they want and are capable of making.

What makes this situation the very damnedest is that the people have during a political campaign no dependable newspaper information. They are rendered incapable of forming correct judgments because they are unable to get the facts. One of these newspapers—I decline to say which one because I have been associate editor of one and editor-in-chief of the other—is the most reliable newspaper I ever saw when there is no political campaign on. When a campaign begins, it becomes a campaign sheet. For weeks past neither Nashville newspaper has had more than a few scraps of anything except lurid political propaganda. The publisher of one of these newspapers has recently acquired newspapers in two other large cities of the State. Newspapers of independent ownership are practically forced, as every candidate is forced, to line up with one or the other of these journalistic political leaders. And the plain, straight, simple news goes to the deuce.

In every race each paper accuses the opposing candidate of meaner things than was ever done by anybody in government—unless it may have been some people in the United States Veterans' Bureau a bit back. So, no matter who is elected, something like half the people of the State start out believing that a crook is loose in the treasury.

In the campaign just ended the fight centered in the race for the Democratic nomination for Governor. I am writing the morning after the primary was held, and the result is still uncertain. The margin either way will be scant—so scant as to make a contest probable and continued bitter feeling certain. It looks as though Henry H. Horton, who became Governor when Austin Peay died, has been narrowly defeated by Hill McAllister.

If McAllister is elected, the Nashville "Banner" and the newspapers allied with it may be expected to give cordial support to the entire Democratic ticket. The Nashville "Tennessean" and the newspapers allied with it may be expected to give half-hearted support, or none. If it turns out that Horton is elected, the situation will be exactly reversed. In either event, the National ticket will suffer because of the State row.

The bad influence reaches down as well as up. The simple-minded men of half a century ago who framed the present Constitution of the State believed that the judiciary would be less likely to contamination if elected at a differe time from administrative and legislati officers, State and Federal. So judg and other judicial officers are elected the first Thursday in August, while Go ernor, legislators, Congressmen, and th like are elected on the first Tuesday November.

That nominally. But the Governor a the others are really elected in the Dem ocratic primary—except in times of re olution—and the Democratic primary held on the day of the August judicia election. At most polling-places, th "regular" box and the primary box a separated by only a few feet. And mo of the animosities and animadversions the primary slop over into the "regular box. It is not too much to say that n man is elected justice of the peace i any civil district in Tennessee uninflu enced by the row which always rage over the higher administrative and legis lative offices.

Usually, a campaign for the Demo cratic nomination for United States Sen ator is the principal bone of contentio This time it was secondary to the gube natorial nomination. But the two can didates—Senator Kenneth McKellar an Representative Finis Garrett—wer forced to become more or less gumme up in the general row. The result, how ever, was not so close as in the Gover nor's race. McKellar retains his seat Garrett, the Democratic floor leader an one of the ablest men in Congress, re tires to private life just at the time whe his party has a chance of return t power. But the same forces that de feated him for Senator would have de feated him for re-election as Representa tive. He chose to lose a big fight rathe than a little one. Branded with the en mities of the bitterest campaign that th State has known in recent years, he goe back to his law books in a little fram office under a tree of paradise in a tow the size of your hat.

Of course, the way for Tennessee t escape from its Democratic mess is t turn to the Republican Party. So i seems to everybody except Tennesseans

Is there a man who will suggest tha the way out is to move to another State Certainly not. Every man knows tha his own State has a worse political situ ation than the one which exists in Ten nessee.

"Stir" Slaves

Behind the Walls

By NELS ANDERSON

In prison, innovations are not welcome. Contract labor makes less trouble for prison officials than an effort to devise intelligent tasks; a uniform system of discipline is easier to maintain than a system of discrimination. The old offender accepts, having learned that the going is smoother in the rut. The real sufferer is the new prisoner who has possibilities of reformation.

BEHIND prison walls in this country is marshaled an army of one hundred thousand which gives ardly a thought either to the theories nd strivings of penologists and humanirians intent upon prison reform or to he intrigues and chicaneries of prisonabor contractors and State officials. Vhether ridden by the hag of "hard abor" in the form of the contract shop r the State-use shop, or condemned to he even more vicious monotony of the idle house," every repressed individual f this sodden array is intent upon one hing only—to avoid trouble.

In that prisoners, keepers, wardens, tate prison officials—the whole vast enal machine of the country—are nited. To avoid the trouble of devising ntelligent tasks for the employment of onvicts, the State calls in the prisonabor contractor to manage its prison hops and make a profit, while the State oots the bills. To avoid trouble with abor unions, some States have abanloned the contract system of convict mployment for the State-use system. To avoid the trouble of formulating a ust and discriminating system of discipline, wardens and guards have adopted harsh and oppressive form of governnent. To avoid trouble with the keeper n charge, the convict strives constantly o become as much of an automaton as ossible.

Some old offenders have become adept t it. A warden of the old school more often than not welcomes the return of an x-convict, for the ex-convict is a man vho knows the rules of the game and realizes the futility of protests. He nakes a good prisoner, as a general rule. Some of them return again and again, nd, in spite of the recent vindictive turn iven to criminal legislation by the ublic's desire to avoid trouble, these xperts in penology return to prison even o the third and fourth time as first ffenders. The reason is that they knew he rules of the game. They don't commit spectacular offenses, and when they re caught with the goods they plead uilty. For a plea of guilty, "which aves the county the expense of a trial," he prosecutor often extends the courtesy of permitting the offender to plead s a first offender.

There is Martins, an almost incredibly perfect example of the effects of the trouble-avoiding penal system of the forty-eight States of the Union. Martins has done seven "stretches" in the prisons of Michigan, Ohio, New York, Colorado, and New Mexico. By profession he is a "paper-hanger"—that is, he obtains a valid bit of commercial paper known as a check, raises the amount of its face value by his own skill and industry, and then "hangs" the check on any credulous shopkeeper who will cash it.

Martins is getting too old for the business now, however. He contracted tuberculosis in prison in Auburn, New York, and his hand is too tremulous to make a good job of check-raising. When he tries it now, the motive of getting back among his old friends in the stir is almost as strong probably as the hope of getting the paper cashed.

For, by long practice, Martins has become a model prisoner. He knows every move of the game and every rule of the prisons of five States. He is an adaptable man. It has become second nature to him to ingratiate himself with prison keepers. At the expense of such moral fiber as he may once have had, Martins is able now to lead a fairly comfortable and care-free existence in prison.

Seven times Martins has been sent to States' prisons, and each time it was as a first offender, so skillful is he at playing the game. In prison he is a model of deportment; no guard ever reports Martins for misconduct; on the contrary, any soft jobs that are to be distributed in prison are more than likely to fall to Martins. Long practice has made him a model prisoner, but he has become utterly unfitted for life outside prison walls. He cannot cope with the problems of free society. He is bewildered by a world in which an individual's conduct is not guided by strict regulations at every step. In a harsh and callously individualistic world, Martins finds sanctuary only in a prison.

It is the men who pattern themselves upon the Martins model who find it easiest to avoid trouble in prison. The man who takes honesty and courage and self-respect into prison with him and seeks to keep them encounters difficulties at every step. The higher the caliber of the man, the greater will be his sufferings in prison.

There are ranks and gradations in prison society, outgrowths of the system of prison management in vogue, but honesty, courage, and self-respect are at a discount. It is the experienced and hardened crook, who yet has the suavity to deceive the guards with a show of docility, who ranks high behind prison walls. The first time Martins was sent to prison it was for an insignificant bit of paper-hanging of which his landlady was the victim. That was no bid for social prominence in prison, Martins found. His fellow-prisoners scoffed at him as a small-time crook. They laughed at him for "breaking into prison with such a small package." It was very humiliating for a man as sensitive as Martins, and he was grateful indeed when a much-admired forger, who "fell for $10,000," took him under his wing and instructed him in the ethics of the profession.

Some sturdy souls cling fiercely to the best that is in them in spite of prison environment, but their number is comparatively small and their existence is not pleasant.

THERE was a newspaper reporter who was sent to the West Virginia Penitentiary for fifteen years for forgery. It is a crowded prison, where 1,300 prisoners dwell within the bounds of a three-acre inclosure. Almost all the space is occupied by buildings. There at least the prison-labor contractor, who keeps the men stored away in the prison shops during the day, contributes to a solution of the problem of congestion. His benevolent aspect was somewhat clouded,

The warden's house, Connecticut State Prison

however, by a revolt which took place among the prisoners when he raised the daily output requirements per prisoner, making it difficult to attain even the daily task and virtually impossible to achieve a bonus.

To this crowded prison the newspaper reporter was sent, and for several months he operated a button machine in the shirt shop, sewing buttons on fifty-five dozen shirts a day and watching, always watching to learn the ways of this new world into which he had been thrown. Everywhere he saw stupidity and fear. Guards armed with clubs always were on the alert for anything which smacked of insubordination. Life fell into a pattern which was insipid and revolting. The slightest deviation from the rigid lines of conduct brought punishment. He saw men beaten and thrown into dungeons for days at a time. He saw guards beat two men to death.

He was too sympathetic, too reluctant to acquiesce in this brutal scheme of things. He cherished stubbornly what qualities he had which the world outside called good. When it was discovered that he could keep books, and he was transferred from his button machine to the office of the bookkeeper for the contractor—a soft job as prison jobs go—he refused to be content with his own good fortune and forget what he had seen. When he discovered in going over his accounts that one of the guards was padding the pay-roll, he reported the fact to the contractor. It was a flagrant infraction of the basic prison rule of avoiding trouble, and he paid the penalty. It was more than two years before he succeeded in getting a message out—"flying a kite," they call it in prison vernacular—to tell what the penalty was.

"For thirty-two months," his message ran, "I have been denied mail and visits. For eighteen months, without a hearing, I have been buried in a cell with no air, no exercise, and no religious service. If I want books from the library, I have to have them sneaked in and pay the sneaker. My eyes, ears, teeth, and stomach are in a lamentable condition. I have been refused permission to send for an attorney. . . . I was deprived of a bath and change of clothing for eighty-four days; have had my food thrust through the bars by the hands of a skin-and-blood-diseased man."

There was more of it, listing atrocity after atrocity, with names and dates, and ultimately it led to an investigation. Investigations are slow of achievement and ephemeral in their results. The system outlives them all. This time a few officials and guards were removed from office. No other penalty was inflicted on any one. A new warden was installed, who took the former newspaper reporter, a physical wreck, out of the "hole" and made him editor of the prison paper. The new warden, he says, is a decent man, but dependent upon politics for retention of his job. When a new Governor is elected, it may mean a new warden, a man of the old type, anxious only to avoid trouble, under whom prisoners will again be strung up backwards, have ammonia sprayed in their faces if they fall behind in their daily stint, become the prey of guards who swindle them out of their bonuses, or even out of postage stamps.

"Every time there is an election," he says, "we tremble here until we find out what the next warden will be like. This prison will be a slave pen so long as the contractor is here. As long as the contractor is in the prison his interests come first, the prisoners' last. He is the queen bee; we make the honey."

The "Mark Twain burglar," who was sentenced to a Connecticut prison for an attempt to rob the home of the late Samuel L. Clemens, wrote a book a few years ago, after his release. "In the Clutch of Circumstance," he called it. As originally written, the book told of a young boy going insane at a machine and of a guard clubbing him so that he died from the effects; it related the experience of the author, who was chained for days in the dungeon with his hands above his head. The first of these incidents was omitted and the other was modified in the final version of the book. The prison officials, upon publication of the first version, challenged the author's account of these incidents and threatened to bring suit in defense of the reputation of the State, and so secured the publication of a revised edition.

To inculcate habits of industry, the "Mark Twain burglar" was put to work in the prison shirt shop, run by a contractor's "instructor." Every day he sewed cuffs on fourteen dozen shirts, but he failed to acquire the habit of industry. He acquired only a numbness of the brain and a profound loathing for shirts. He emerged from prison, he says, "worth exactly nothing." Fortunately, some friends he won while serving time got hold of him after his discharge, and he is employed at present in a trade which he learned outside of prison.

"If any man go out of one of your penitentiaries," writes "Convict 1776" in his "Open Letter to Society," "and lives as a law-abiding citizen should live, it is because he was so honest and manly before he was placed there that even your penitentiary could not make him into a rogue."

A writer of ability, a man of keen insight, an adept in the manipulation of words in accordance with their delicate shades of meaning, was convicted of a crime and sent to Joliet Prison. No tragic masterpiece was born of that experience unless it is contained in his sin-

gle statement relating to his three years imprisonment, "Every time I tried to write some poetry the guards would tear it up."

Outcast that he is, living in a world whose standards and mode of life are revoltingly at variance with the normal, the convict cherishes above all his pitiful wage, the one feature of his existence which reflects in some small degree the life of the outside world. Inured to privations, abuse, the sufferings of others, he will begin to grumble if his pay is cut. Prison pay and prison food probably have been the cause of most prison outbreaks.

Just as the practical warden welcomes the sight of a hard-boiled ex-convict, schooled in the ways of the prison, so the hardened criminal yields his tribute of respect to a practical warden. The convict does not look ahead. He lives from day to day, seeking always the easiest way of existence. The routine to which he is accustomed always is the easiest way. Innovations irritate him if they interrupt this routine. He takes cold comfort in the familiarity even of inconvenience. Both seasoned convict and practical warden are pleased with the smooth running in the rut.

Under such a system the entire prison attains a certain machine-like precision in every move of the day. A trance-like calm pervades the cell blocks. The sub-surface gossip with which such an institution always is rife, is more or less harmless in its tone. In such right as he has the convict comes to feel secure.

If changes are made, the machine will continue to run for some time on the momentum it has acquired, but there will be black looks passed with more and more frequency and words of significant bitterness shot from the side of the mouth. The additional pressure from above is beginning to tell. Beneath it the convict body becomes more compact, a group of desperate men who are becoming unified in their grievances with a unity whose quality is unknown outside prison walls.

A cut in their pay is the grievance to which convicts probably react most promptly. It was that which caused a revolt in the West Virginia penitentiary. Under the new schedules of pay, the men found the bonus virtually beyond their reach. It was with the utmost difficulty that the least skilled were able to keep up with the pace set for the ordinary day's production. They rebelled.

Within the walls

THE difficulty of organizing a revolt in prison is hardly to be imagined by the man who has not himself been a prisoner. Communication must be secret and almost invariably under the eye of an armed guard who is alert to discover an infraction of the rules. Punishment must be risked sometimes for the sake of a word. When the moment comes, the entire body of prisoners must act as a unit. It takes cold nerve and deep indignation to sit down at a machine, one of a row of fifty or a hundred men, with armed guards posted behind them, and refuse, without so much as a glance to see what one's neighbor is doing, to start work.

If it wasn't for the "grapevine telegraph" it never could be done. It is by this surreptitious line of communication, as difficult of discovery as the "underground railroad" by which slaves were smuggled out of the South seventy years ago, that bits of information are circulated through the prison. The trusties are likely in the course of their day's routine to pick up bits of gossip or news that are of general interest. From them the news flashes from man to man through the whole institution in a remarkably brief time. Sometimes it will be a personal message from the outside to an individual prisoner, without the slightest significance to those through whom it is relayed. They pass it on, however, in exactly the form in which it was received, and eventually it will reach its destination, even though that be the dungeon itself. The greater the severity of the prison rules, the more perfect becomes the operation of the "grapevine." It was by this means that O. Henry and Al Jennings communicated while in the same prison in Ohio, some of the men who aided in the transmission of the message not knowing either of the two principals.

A prison language, code, system of signals, and even a standard of morals or ethics are outgrowths of the close-knit society which makes the "grapevine" possible. There is a folk-lore of prisons, prison superstitions—in fact, within these institutions, as a result of the severe repressive measures adopted, has sprung up an entire cosmos, compounded of the elements of the unnatural environment as translated through individuals in the mass.

Thus the slackness of public conscience in which is rooted the present-day prison system nourishes an unnatural, degraded form of society within the prison, in which might be found some justification for the secret loathing of the normal individual for the convict and all his works. It is that very distaste of the public which underlies its indifference to the fate of the men it has put into prison, thus completing the vicious circle of cause and effect. The wall which divides the convict from the free man is not of the convict's building, except under the compulsion of society. In building this wall against which the convict storms, society, by its aloofness to the problem, not only shares the guilt of the convict but the blame for his undoing.

Company Men

By STERLING PATTERSON

The corporation has done exceptional things for the country at large. It has helped to achieve shorter hours, higher wages, brought about improvements in working conditions undreamed of a few years ago. Its laboratories are making some of the foremost discoveries in science. What does it do to the individual? Mr. Patterson, himself a corporation employee, attempts to answer.

IN one of those downtown New York gustatory temples which the midday appetites of corporation executives have caused to flourish some fifty men were lunching. They represented a half-dozen large enterprises all made kin through the stock control of one great holding company. Presently, when broiled fresh mackerel, creamed potatoes, green peas, coffee, and pumpkin pie should have been consumed and fifty cigars should have begun to fill the room with an imported haze, one of the men would talk upon a phase of business about which he knew a great deal, and the others would give him contented and drowsy attention.

The men were seated in small groups. At one table five or six of them, typical of American industry—alert in appearance, youngish but prematurely gray, well dressed, a little too well fed—attempted to look as if they were enjoying themselves. There was a vice-president of a great manufacturing company, an advertising manager of a tremendous distributing company, a research engineer, a personnel man, the inevitable statistician. These men were leaders. They directed certain phases of great undertakings. They were university men, had been exposed to the cultural influences of university life. Their opinions were respected. Advice which they gave in their particular fields was readily followed. And yet there they sat smiling to cover a curious embarrassment not unlike that of small boys in a dancing class standing all together scuffing their patent-leather pumps on one side of the hall, while the little girls giggle and chatter on the other.

The personnel man spoke up. It was part of his profession to sense a strained situation and to do something about it.

"Have any of you seen the Quinn Collection?" he inquired. (This collection was receiving much newspaper notice at the time.)

Heavy silence.

Then the advertising manager, "What the hell is that?"

"A collection of 'modern' paintings bought by the late John Quinn, the lawyer. Some of them are pretty interesting."

"Don't try to tell me," said the advertising manager, cutting an eye around to see if his words met with approval, "that you really like that junk."

Relieved laughter. The personnel man subsided.

Silence again.

"Say, T. J.," the vice-president speaking to the research engineer and to the table at large, "I hear you've got a new way of running your furnace. Save a lot of coal?"

Relief on every face. Here was conversation, safe conversation. No chance here to express an opinion with which your superior might not agree. You had gone into furnaces with him before. You knew his "slant" on furnaces. Good, safe ground. That was what was needed to make a business luncheon move along pleasantly. What was the idea in bringing up this Cézanne and Picasso stuff, anyway? A business man is not supposed to know anything about art. Let a man eat his luncheon in peace—and talk about furnaces and golf and business.

Now this is amusing enough in its way. It is easy to dismiss such an incident with a "Ho, hum! More Babbitry," except for the fact that these men are not and never were Babbitts. To begin with, Babbitt was a fool. These men are anything but fools. They are the managerial brains of the country. Babbitt was small town. These men are New York, Chicago, Baltimore. Except for a desire to please, to do the right thing, to be good fellows, along with a fear that they will not quite be able to accomplish it—a trait they share with that prince of clowns, Ed Wynn—Babbitt and the managers of American industry have little in common. Furthermore, in this particular instance, the vice-president was a man of broad cultural instincts. He was keen about painting. In point of fact, he had twice visited the Quinn Collection. The research engineer had attended the showing, too, and had found himself rather bored. The advertising manager, as a purchaser of drawings, should have gone but had not. The statistician, a former newspaper man, who could not get over the habit of reading at least three papers in the morning and even more in the afternoon, had seen the exhibition.

If these men had been dining together in the home of one of them, they would without question gladly have talked about these paintings. Can the mere fact that they wore sack suits instead of dinner coats, that it was lunch time instead of after six o'clock, have prevented chatting of an exhibition about which many a column had appeared in the daily press? The thing furnished as legitimate table talk as the stock market, the newest musical show, the latest murder. It was not the sort of thing for which a man has a secret passion, a thing which he brings into the light of day in the presence of his intimates only. It was material for pleasant, not altogether moronic conversation. Now why, in the name of all that is intelligent, were they loth to discuss a subject which in truth was interesting to every one of them? What is it that makes a corporation man hide the light of his individuality beneath the bushel of fatuity? What is it that corporations do to people?

It may be that an attempt to answer this question is important. Certainly, one of America's great contributions to the present economic state of things has been the huge corporation with its quantity production, its lowered costs, its thousands upon thousands of employees. The number of persons employed now by business corporations, according to the most recent estimates, has reached the astounding total of 19,000,000—some forty-three per cent of the total number of people gainfully employed in the United States. The growth of the corporation, along with other economic developments, has brought to the workman increased wages, shorter hours, more continuous employment, better working conditions, material comforts undreamed of a few decades ago. Big business is now bidding against the pro-

fessions (and with increasing success) for the human material which it must convert into its brain workers, its managers. With its growing problems in labor, engineering, manufacture, distribution, and finance increasing difficulty lies in discovering executive material. The needs of industry grow faster than incipient managers can be turned out, faster than promising young men in industry can be trained and promoted, and we see dawn into the corporate cosmos professors, army and naval officers, newspaper men, lawyers, editors, ex-Cabinet members, judges, publishers, as well as thousands of young college graduates.

And yet, allow these professional men, these college graduates, these men who have come up to managerial rank "through the hawse pipe," to remain executives for ten years, and what have you? Types. Company men—as alike as Brooks Brothers' suits, as individual as peas. If one man still has originality left in him, he stands out like a teetotaler at a college reunion.

THERE is no implication here that the company man does not do his work well. By and large, he is extremely competent in the carrying out of his duties. However, so functionalized has big business become, so bolstered and protected with staff experts are executives, that the duties of the individual are far from arduous. Not that a great deal of committee forming and conferring and consulting and approving and smoking of cigars is not necessary to the making of the simplest decision. It seems to be. Indeed, the executive comes to believe, or at least to act as if he were, the busiest and most harassed man in the world. As a matter of fact, he puts in about four hours a day in actual work. The rest is shadow boxing. Now and then a remarkable man will recognize this and act accordingly. The president of a large corporation, a man still in his forties, has all during his business career been noted for coming in late in the morning and leaving early in the afternoon. Of him it is said that "he can do more work than any two men in a given time." Possibly, that is a way not only of admitting his brilliance but of pointing out his ability to concentrate on essentials during his brief working day. And what a reputation for originality he has, forsooth, because he does not conform to the customary nine-to-five schedule!

Distinctly, he is an exception. Your company man ordinarily is afraid to come in too late in the morning; afraid to leave too early in the afternoon. If there is not much to do and he is frightfully bored, he cannot tell his secretary that he is leaving early just because he wants to. No, indeed. He either must have a "conference" uptown from which he can withdraw to catch an earlier train home than usual; or he has to play golf with So-and-So purely in the interest of business; or his wife has not been well and needs him at home; or something he had for luncheon has disagreed with him and he thinks he would better go home early. Always, he must have an excuse, must move in safety. Your company man (unless he be in a publicity department, which, as all corporation men are aware, is composed of temperamental radicals, Bolsheviks, and plain nuts) does not wear a soft collar; he never lets his hair grow long even though it might be more becoming to him that way; he feels terribly self-conscious if he carries a stick; and he would no more dare raise a beard than he would nominate William Randolph Hearst for President of the United States. Your company man, when some plan is presented to him, is not likely to praise it. Instead, he asks, "Have you had Mr. Dolittle's view on that?" Or, "Suppose you check up on that with Mr. Tomtit and Mr. McHorn and Mr. Gulch, and bring it back to me when you have found out what their slant is." And if Mr. Tomtit or Mr. McHorn condemn the proposal, he joins in and makes it unanimous, especially if either of those gentlemen happen to outrank him. Your company man easily falls into the habit of criticising every proposal or suggestion made to him. To be sure, it is difficult to avoid when so much of his work essentially is picking flaws, weighing the merits of cases.

There was an officer of a company who was accustomed to having the speeches which it was necessary for him to deliver from time to time before trade organizations written for him by one of the bright young men on his staff. On this particular occasion a draft of the proposed address was delivered, and received the expected comment: "I don't like that here and here and here. Better do it over." Back went the bright young man. In a few days he laid a revised version upon his chief's desk. "Pretty good this time," was the verdict, "but you'd better change this part and this part. I always find that a speech has to be written three times before it is any good." Now it happened that the bright young man was busy with other things. He took a chance. He allowed a few days to pass, then brought with him a clean copy of his original draft and presented himself before the vice-president. This time the officer read the paper slowly and thoughtfully.

"My boy," he beamed when he had finished, "this is fine. Exactly right. Now why couldn't you have done that the first time you wrote it?"

Impossible? Not a bit of it. Absolutely true, although cases of this kind are obviously unusual.

NOW why is your company man hypercritical? Why is he afraid to wear a soft collar? Why is he afraid to be away from his desk without an alibi? Why is he loth to indorse a proposal without waiting for the approval of a half-dozen other men? Why is he afraid to be himself? Just this: He has a boss. If he does not please that boss, he may lose his job. If he does please him, he increases his chances of progress with his organization.

The privately owned corporation today is disappearing. Control has passed to the public, and professional, hired management is in the saddle. Company men, therefore, are employees. All of them—workers, straw bosses, foremen, department heads, officers—are employees, not owners. And, despite a realization that a "boss"—largely dependent for his success upon those who report to him—is limited in his ability to discharge men, the employee always is stalked, no matter how dim the outline may be, by the specter of dismissal. He must please the man or men he is working for to get ahead. The worker reports to the gang boss; the gang boss reports to the sub-foreman; the sub-foreman reports to the foreman; the foreman reports to the department head; the department head reports to the vice-president; the vice-president reports to the president; the president reports to the board of directors, and through them to the stockholders, the public. And if the worker, the department head, and the officer of a company are also a part of that stock-owning public, there is all the more reason why each company man should be willing to submerge his personality in his company, to conform, in the hope that by so doing he may increase the assets of the business.

The quite human tendency toward imitation, furthermore, makes for a lack of independence in the company man. A department head, let us say, gains his exalted position through his enthusiasm, his friendliness, his good fellowship, along—let us trust—with a modicum of ability in his work. His methods have brought him success. He comes to be-

lieve, therefore, that his methods are the best methods. He encourages his men —more often than not unconsciously— to accept him as a pattern. His men, on the other hand, want to go forward in the organization. To do this they know they must please their superior, not only in the quality of their work but in lesser ways. If the "boss" objects to a certain kind of collar, what more natural than to dispense with it? If the "boss" thinks that excessively vigorous hand-shaking is the way to register cordiality, what more natural than to greet callers as if one were cranking an old-fashioned flivver? If the "boss" believes that a slap on the back gets more orders than an instinctive regard for a customer's dignity, what more natural than to become addicted to shoulder pounding?

Most men enter a large organization when they are young, ambitious, anxious to learn how to get on. It is to be expected that they will learn, as they learned as children, largely by imitation. It is a rare executive, as it is a rare parent, who attempts to foster and encourage individuality. A thoughtful business man was once asked why men who held positions of real responsibility were inclined to look with something akin to awe at those who ranked them. He was reminded that all men are very much alike; that, no matter how important a man might seem when glowering behind his mahogany desk, he had to wash his face and brush his teeth like any lesser mortal. This was his reply: "We started, most of us, as clerks and office boys. Our bosses seemed gigantic, successful figures—miles above us. We progressed in the organization. So did they. Always they were ahead of us. The relative distance between us has remained constant. When we both get into the executive group, we pretend a certain intimacy. They call us by our first names, as they did when we were office boys. We call them by their initials. That is a compromise between the basis of friendship on which executives are supposed to operate and our instinctive feeling—left over from office-boy days—that we ought to call them Mister Blank."

IMITATION, therefore, seems to be not only the sincerest form of flattery, but a stepping-stone to success of a certain standardized sort. The man who wishes that brand of success must conform. He must play the game; and he must play it according to established rules, not by those he makes up as he goes along. Indeed, the business genius might be defined as a man who knows when to break the rules. For the average able citizen, every infraction of the written or understood regulations counts against him, no matter how well he may carry on his work. If he arrives at his office late, if he is not at his desk when his chief wants to see him, if he does not seem to be laboring at a terrific pace whether he is busy or not, his progress is endangered.

It is possible that the overshadowing of the individual by the glorification of the institution is essential to the successful conduct of great affairs. But does it not seem that such a program would tend to rob management of the very traits—daring, initiative, courage—which it most needs? If these qualities did not persist in the individual in spite of the corporate atmosphere's tendency to remove them, it is questionable whether big business as we know it today could survive. Nevertheless they do persist; but they persist because the individual—while camouflaging his true self with a surface conformity—will, if he be strong, fight for his individuality with all the vigor that a small boy displays in recovering a snatched cap. The successful man, the man who comes closest to the realization of his capabilities, is always, despite the massed mediocrity surrounding him, despite the waves of standardization seeking to engulf him, an individual.

Among the words which bob most frequently to the corporate surface, since "service" has been worn so threadbare, are specialization and standardization. Doubtless, they represent practices which have proved enormously efficient in a material way; but they have at the same time helped considerably to make the company man what he is today.

Consider, let us say, the purchasing department of a great company. A young man enters it after having displayed to the satisfaction of the employment department an aptitude for it. He starts as a clerk. He develops into an assistant buyer, then a buyer, then a division head, still later a department head, finally assistant to the executive in charge. Ultimately, if he lives long enough, he may be the head of the whole department. He has given his life to the business of "scientific purchasing." It is no wonder that he knows almost all there is to know about it, and that his company benefits accordingly. But what of himself, the man within? What books has he read, what magazines beyond his trade papers? What plays has he seen, what music has he heard? How many people outside his own business does he know? How many bankers, doctors, artists, can he talk with understandingly? In all probability, very few. Unless he be the exceptional man who struggles consciously to keep up with the tide of human affairs, his personality has become a "scientific purchasing personality."

Actually, there have been discovered foremen who after twenty-five years with an organization have never even walked through the department next to theirs—have never left their own particular bailiwicks except to go home at the end of the day.

It must be pointed out that industry is conscious of the losses it may have suffered through allowing a man's horizon to become so narrowed. Many companies have evolved systems which transfer employees from one department to another. Broader business minds result, and the possibility of discovering men who can develop into general executives is increased. Hobbies, for reasons of health as well as for a possible broadening influence, are being encouraged. The employee magazine not only attempts to educate along industrial and economic lines today, but makes an effort to stimulate reading and thinking beyond the narrow confines of commercial activity.

STANDARDIZATION, on the other hand, when applied to human beings is not narrowing. It is suffocating. Material things—telephone systems, automobiles, sewing-machines, typewriters —thrive under standardization. An automatic screw machine spits out thousands of screws, each more perfect than a skilled workman could possibly hope to make by hand. But a system under which men write alike, talk alike, think alike, does not create an ideal condition for individual development. If the regulations of most companies were brought out in book form, they would rival that great substitute for the human brain, "Army Regulations." Letters must be written thus and so; margins must be so deep; such and such forms must be used; all correspondence originating in Department 1776-Y must go out over the signature of department function 1.2; Form 1-Ab must be used. "We'd better handle that matter according to standard practice." "How did we handle it last time?"

Efficient? Quite. But is it the best thing in the world for individual cerebral progress to have a man start his letters "In reference to your memo of the 6th;" or to refer to any suggestion, proposal, or notion as a "proposition;"

(*Please turn to continuation, page 640*)

Emily Dickinson

By ALLEN TATE

Emily Dickinson's poetry has been for many as great an enigma as her life. But her few devoted readers will welcome this analysis of the poet and her work, which is one of a series of papers on America's literary figures revalued in the light of contemporary criticism. Allen Tate is himself a poet and author; "Stonewall Jackson" is his most recent work.

ISS DICKINSON'S devoted readers are few, but those who are familiar with the history of reputation will scarcely need to be inded of the uncertainty of judgment nearly all her critics have displayed. only have they been undecided about in everything but their admiration; have not looked for her problem; they have not made up their ds why they are perplexed. To ac- them of incompetence would solve ing, even if it were just to do so. Conrad Aiken, a sensitive and intel- t critic, has led her defense with an communication to the public of the ity of her poetry; this, and even e of the same kind of criticism, is ssary while the audience for poetry ains hard to move, as it is likely ever e. If Miss Dickinson has not been erstood, it is because we lack a criti- tradition, a body of assumptions, ed on from generation to generation, h alters as the spirit of literature s yet, in its comprehension of the with the present, remains clear and damentally the same. Our criticism oetry seldom gets beyond impression- ; it starves in the famine of general s. If Emily Dickinson had been an lish poet, she would, of course, have n better understood. This is not true; might have fared worse. Not even French, the masters of criticism, ld have done better by her than we. this I mean that her case is special. he is, perhaps, even more than Haw- ne the special case of nineteenth- ury Puritanism. The intellectual ate into which she was born, in 0, had (as all times have) the fea- s of a transition; but the period was ajor crisis culminating in the Civil r, before and after which, in New gland as well as in the South, the es are definitely minor. The theoc- y declined; industrialism rose; and energy of the former went over, raded, into the latter.

he idea which moved the theocratic e permeated all New England so- y. It gave a definite meaning to life, the life of pious and impious, of ned and vulgar alike; it gave—and is the thing to remember—a tragic aning, an heroic proportion, to the ex- ience of the individual. Socially we y not like the New England idea; yet critic of literature must not lose sight of its value to literature; it dramatized the human soul.

BUT after 1830 the great fortunes were made, and New England became a museum where the knickknacks, the fine laces and china, the pieces of Oriental jade, the chips off the leaning tower at Pisa, the rare books and the cosmopolitan learning, were displayed as the evidence of a superior culture. Culture, as a matter of fact, was disappearing. Where the old order of feeling gathered up the scattered personal experience into a comprehensible whole, the new tended to flatten out the common experience, to exalt the personal, the unique. This does not mean that the mid-nineteenth-century New Englander was an individualist; he conformed. It means that where his grandfather had been concerned with the common idea of the redemption—that is to say, with the search for truth—he looked to his personal respectability. History yields on this point a paradox: when a great idea common to all men, a kind of supporting fate that all men participate in, breaks up, society moves toward an external uniformity which is, perhaps, the measure of the spiritual chaos within. Emerson appeared; looked at the scene, seeing only the uniformity, and supposed it to be due to the persistent tyranny of the theological idea. He set out to destroy it. He succeeded, and he accelerated the tendency in New England society that he disliked. It was a great intellectual mistake, for by it Emerson became unwittingly the prophet of industrialism and, historically speaking, hoisted himself on his own petard. He destroyed the Puritan drama of the soul.

A secular, didactic order supervened. "After Emerson had done his work," says Mr. Robert Penn Warren, "any tragic possibilities in that culture were dissipated." Hawthorne alone in his time kept the primitive vision pure, in the primitive terms, and in him the Puritan tragedy reaches the climax: man is measured by a great idea outside himself, and is found wanting. In Emerson, man is greater than any idea, and, being himself the Over-Soul, is potentially perfect; there is no struggle because (I state the position in its extreme terms) there is no possibility of error; there is no drama because there is no "tragic fault." After Emerson New England literature loses its life and intensity. Except in Emily Dickinson. There is Hawthorne looking back; there is Emerson looking ahead. Miss Dickinson, who has something of both, comes in somewhere between.

HER biography remains to be written. Yet even after the facts that are now withheld are known and arranged by a person more competent than Mrs. Bianchi, the outline itself will probably be no clearer, the solution to her personal enigma no easier. The outline, of course, will be fuller; but this may not really assist the understanding, however much it may feed the devotion that Miss Dickinson calls out of her admirers. There is no poet in American literature who is so closely bound up with his poetry, no one of whom it is so accurate to say that the poet *is* the poetry. Because this is true it is all the more difficult to explain (I mean correlate) the double fact of her life and work. The poetry is rich in a profound and various experience—whence did it come? The poems of Emily Dickinson have a certain absolute position above the personal life that she led. It is dangerous to accept the present-day belief that her life, her thwarted love, gave serious direction to her poetry; even more dangerous to suppose that it made her a poet.

The mystery of poetry is great, but the mystery of why some persons become poets is exactly equal to the mystery of why others become carpenters or bankers. The emphasis which the meager criticism of Miss Dickinson has placed upon the enigma of her personal life is a legitimate interest, but on the personal plane only, and not because she wrote poetry; it is legitimate in the sense that speculation upon the life of John Doe is legitimate. It will never give up the key to her verse; used for that end, the

interest is false. It is reasonable, of course, to suppose that her love affair made her a recluse, but there is a great discrepancy, a great disjunction, between what her seclusion produced and what brought it about; it is quite as reasonable to suppose that another experience of another kind might have brought her to the same result.

The *meaning* of her seclusion is the problem we must keep in mind—the meaning of her decision (it must have been deliberate, or deliberately observed by her) to withdraw to her upstairs room and spend her best years imposing her own flashing constructions upon a dimly explored real world. The fact that she went upstairs is not very important. The fact that it must have been her only way of acting out her part in the history of her culture, which made a single demand in various ways upon all of its representatives—this is of the greatest consequence. Her seclusion was the fulfillment of her life. All pity for Miss Dickinson's "starved life" is misdirected. Her life was one of the deepest, one of the richest ever lived out on this continent. She is one of the few Americans who have realized themselves.

For when she went upstairs and closed the door she mastered life by rejecting it. Others had done it in their way before; still others did it later. The love affair was incidental, a kind of pretext; she would have found another. (It was probably not an incident that her lover was a married man.) Mastery of the world by rejecting the world is the doctrine of Edwards and Mather, the meaning of fate in Hawthorne; it is the exclusive theme in Henry James.

BETWEEN Hawthorne and James there is an epoch. The temptation to sin in Hawthorne is in James transformed into the temptation not to do "the decent thing." A whole world-scheme has shrunk to the dimensions of the personal conscience. For James found himself in the post-Emersonian world. He could not undo Emerson's work; he could only escape from its physical presence, could only take his people to Europe upon the vain quest of something that they had lost at home; his characters, fleeing the wreckage of the Puritan culture, preserved only their honor. It was a kind of stoicism. Its beginnings are in Emily Dickinson.

Between her and Hawthorne there is a difference of intellect. It might be said, indeed, that she lacks utterly the intellect in its capacity to conceive and analyze abstractions. Hawthorne was, in a narrow sense—his narrowness was his intensity—a master of ideas; he seems to be aware of the abstract, the doctrinal equivalent of the action of his tales; he was prepared to reason out the ethics of his conflicts. *Prepared* to reason it out. He seldom did. As a master of ideas, he was not mastered by them. He was an artist. Miss Dickinson was spared the risk that imperiled a man like Hawthorne, for she could not reason at all. She *sees*. The Puritan drama Miss Dickinson, as a lyric poet, takes clear off the intellectual stage; its reasoned proportions are gone; the feeling, the values, the approach to life, remain the same. The proportions of the Puritan myth are gone in Emerson too; but the difference between him and the poet of Amherst is that he possesses a new feeling which is in revolt against the feeling that she is still able to accept. The difference between her and Hawthorne is the difference between a lyric poet and a historian of conduct in the same degree of acceptance of their tradition.

Miss Dickinson's intellectual "deficiency" is, for her purpose, her greatest distinction. She is not the only great figure in New England. She is the only poet. Given her talent, her lack of "ideas" made her the supreme poet of her time, one of the great poets of the world.

PHILOSOPHERS must have ideas, and the trouble with most nineteenth-century poets is that they are nearer being philosophers than poets, and in the true sense far from being either. Their ideas were not clarified by the intense application to them of feeling. They are seldom realized in the intensity, in the unity of vision; the ideas are mixed with the poetry, but not fused. There have been poets—Dante, Lucretius, Racine, perhaps Milton—who were not spoiled for their true business by looking through the medium of a rational scheme of ideas. Milton's greatness consists less in his gigantic story, less in the reach of his theological figures, than in their moral equivalent deeply embedded in his character; this world-scheme is as profoundly implied, if not expressed, in "Lycidas" as in "Paradise Lost." (There have been long poems—Young's "Night Thoughts," Pollock's "The Course of Time"—poems of epic dimensions, which contain no major poetry.) Majority in poetry is not to be confused with the measurable grandeur, with the bigness, of the poet's world. It is a quality, not a quantity. Sometimes the epic dimension accompanies and visibly supports the major poem; sometimes not. In Miss Dickinson it does not.

Yet it is there. It is there, with ferences, much as it is in Shakespe It is present in all great poets; for great poets have culture even if t are not "cultured." In Emily Dickin the world-order is subordinated, as i in Shakespeare, to the poetic vision. might be said that the greatness o poet depends, first, upon the thorou ness of his absorption in a world-sche like the Puritan theology, and, secon upon the degree to which he is unc scious that he is working in such ma rial. It is precisely this situation t Shakespeare emerges from—the decay the mediæval world as a rigid pattern life, the pattern yet remaining, as fo ing, in the sensibilities of men. (T Southern United States have just und gone such a change, and are proba yet to be heard from in literature. T past in New England was destroy earlier, if less dramatically, and fr within.) Miss Dickinson came upon equilibrium of an old and a new ord Puritanism to her was no longer rigid mold it had been, it had become pulse of her life.

IF something of the same historical s uation produced Shakespeare a Emily Dickinson, it does not foll that they are the same kind of po seeing with the same vision, taking eq rank in the hierarchy of literature. mean that their general situation oft makes possible a rare kind of poet one who is specially pure of system tized ideas. People used to go to Shak speare to see what he "thought" abo morals, politics, religion; the truth his peculiar quality is largely due to never having "thought" at all; his tru is not in what he says, not in the co tent of his expression, but in the inte sity of his dramatic vision. Miss Dic inson is equally innocent of intellectu ism. (Her poetry is hard to understan but that is not intellectualism.) S wrote to T. W. Higginson that she h no education, and it was true. S never reasoned about the world arou her; she looked at it; and the wor within her rose up, its depths conce trated in the slightest of her perceptio

This world within her gave her g for poetry its full sweep. It is not tr to say that the poet alone in a given tim has such an inner world, such an ordere universe; the other people of the sam culture have it too. The poet diffe from them only in the gift for raising t his culture to a life in words, to a co centration of its values. He may eve hate his age; he may attack it, Dante did, or he may be an outcast,

s Villon; but his world in
r case stands behind him as
definite background to his
rk. It is the lens through
ich he sees the world outside,
dark or the bright, the dis-
ting or the clarifying me-
m which focuses, concen-
tes his personal vision. It is
dy-made; and his vision has
pontaneity, a smoothness, a
tainty of direction that,
hout it, he would lack. There
living Americans who have
of Miss Dickinson's gift for
etry; there is none so good a
et. Her mind is different
m all others, but it may not
deeper; she was a deep mind
iting out of a deep culture.
e came to poetry, and "cus-
n had made it in her a prop-
y of easiness."

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HER poetry is bold in utter-
ance, and it is bold in
hnique. She has been so re-
ntly discovered that critics
e still exercised over her vio-
ion of regular meters, of
neteenth-century diction, of
themes, of established gram-
r. Her rhythms are marvel-
sly adjusted to her effects;
ain they fail. Her metaphors are un-
nnily apt; on the other hand, her
rch for the precise visual equivalent of
ne obscure sensation often leads her
o forced comparisons. Yet the curious
ng about her occasional failures is the
allible immunity to faults of taste. If
ew metaphors are wrong, none is false.
ets as able as she and as firm in their
ral integrity (error in taste is moral
ficiency) will fall into spurious sen-
tion, into the habit of padding;
owning did it, Tennyson did it too
ch. In other circumstances, Miss
ckinson might have done it; but
e was not a professional poet; she
t no temptation to round off a poem
r public exhibition; she felt no com-
lsion to say more than she had to
y. The sense of competition with her
ntemporaries, or with the poets of
her days, never came to her. Higgin-
n's polite attempt to correct her verse
s an invitation to throw her work into
e public ring, and he did not, of
urse, see that it attacked one of the
rest integrities in all literature. Here
s a woman—women are oftener than
t, in this, superior to men—who could
rite without the usual supports to au-
orship: flattery, fame, the sense of so-
cial power. Yet Higginson's mistake was not an enormity; contemporaries are by definition blind; and he did better than most.

Her influence on American poetry has been gradual, insidious, and profound. The surface properties of her verse have had two effects. Her use of half, false, and echo rhymes is now in almost universal practice. And her irregular rhythms exceed perhaps in boldness, certainly in success, those of the people directly or indirectly in her influence; they may have given momentum to the free-verse poets of ten years ago.

The internal structure of her poetry—the quality of her vision—remains inviolable; it cannot be imitated. Its audacity may have set an example to the new generation of American women poets; it may not. They match her in audacity, but it is audacity of another sort. It includes, for one thing, the general intellectual bewilderment of our time. Miss Dickinson possessed more thoroughly her own mind in an age when women had none than any women poet does today.

HISTORICALLY, her attitude contains certain religious elements which are now broken and which, on the religious plane, take their place in the hall of antiquities; Puritanism, as a unified vision of the world, is dead. In the history of the Puritan attitude she comes between Hawthorne and Emerson; she has Hawthorne's matter and Emerson's loose form. She is not, as I have said, the poet of a doctrine, and her spirit cannot be isolated in a single poem. (Wherefore, I have omitted quotations.) She is like Hardy, like Whitman, in one respect—but in one only: she must be read entire. You can prove nothing about Miss Dickinson by citation of chapter and verse; like Shakespeare, she never gives up her meaning in the single line. She is therefore pre-eminently the subject of that criticism which is chiefly concerned with general ideas. Her poetry invites at least ten years of devoted and widespread critical discussion. It may yet receive it. The beginnings are scarcely made. She needs a tradition of criticism, and in its absence one must be contented to guess.

She has Hawthorne's moral toughness, a hard and definite vision of the current reality. The highest flights toward God, the most extravagant fancies of the bizarre and the remote, return to some point of casuistry, to a moral dilemma of the three-dimensional world. There is, in spite of the homiletic form of expression, no abstract speculation, no preaching, no message to the world. Up to this point the resemblance to Emerson is slight; her vision is pure. But in her the Puritan world is no longer self-contained, no longer impersonal; its physical proportions are clipped down; instead of the spectacle of tragedy there is the commentary upon it. It is all a magnificent personal confession, and the purity of its vision is personal; it is no longer intellectually identified with a great order outside it, beyond it. The world of Emily Dickinson, perfect for her moment, tottered; it was ripe for disintegration. Emerson was due to come.

This may be the problem; yet the poetry, its immediate quality, is no problem at all. It is there. It is this that creates all problems; prompts speculation; gives to all our discussion form.

Olympic Aces and Deuces

By HERBERT REED
(Right Wing)

THESE United States will bring home their athletes from the Olympic Games at Amsterdam point score victors in track and field (according to the unofficial tally), but it would take a professional flag-waver and a cart-tail shouter to work up much enthusiasm over this turgid fact. This particular victory means a little less than nothing in the light of the fact that it was not until the last day of the flat races that the wearers of the shield were able to get home in front on the track. We were saved from rout by Ray Barbuti in the 400 meters, a big and rugged runner, who knew from his experience on Syracuse football teams just what it meant to run against something other than air. Points meant nothing to Barbuti, nor did records. He was the lone runner from these shores who seemed to realize that he was called upon to beat men and not the watch, and that the idea of the Olympic Games was to produce champions and not mere point winners. It were well, had the modern Syracuse walls, that a breach be made in them for the entry of the returning victor. In the twilight of the hitherto unassailable (in their own opinion) young gods of the American track Barbuti flares out like a beacon.

But it was not of the Syracuse man of courage that I set out to speak. The spirit of the games had already been exemplified in other great runners before Barbuti came forward as the last warrior in a lost cause, the only American ace in a pack of deuces. If there was any one avatar of the Olympic spirit as the Baron Pierre de Coubertin, reviver of the ancient games, would have that spirit expressed, it was the gallant Lord Burghley, better and more affectionately known to all the world as simply "Davy." Courage, ability in his chosen event, and the sportsmanship of a Bayard—these were the hall-marks of the one man among all the four thousand athletes whose victory could be cheered by all the assembled nations without a dissenting voice. And when he had won the 400-meters hurdle—won it handsomely from the best rivals the world could produce, including Morgan Taylor, the record holder and defending champion, won it in the presence of his father and mother and his fiancée, won it in the presence of the pick of British sportsmen—he would have preferred, if I know the man, that the sky fall in upon him and obliterate him from the acclaim of the multitude.

Davy is known in every land where

Percy Williams

sportsmen congregate, leaving behind him the same modest trail of achievement, taking his victories with his defeats, so that from his demeanor one never knew whether he had won or lost. One of his simple acts of sportsmanship while a visitor in this country surges up in the memory in the light of the fact that our own Johnny Gibson was one of his defeated rivals in the Olympic hurdles. It was not so long ago that Johnny beat Davy in a race at the Pennsylvania Relays. It turned out after the race that Gibson had been ineligible through a ruling of the Amateur Athletic Union, and it was sought to give the medal to the descendant of many belted earl.

"But why?" quoth Davy; "I did win it, you see."

"Well, but Gibson was ineligible," the reply.

"Oh, indeed," retorted his Lordsh "He didn't seem so very ineligible there on the track. Really, you know am not responsible for these strai rules. I only know that he beat m And that ended it.

There is no doubt that Davy wan very much to win this Olympic cha pionship—oh, very much indeed. had been preparing for it for years. had engaged the services of our Harry Hillman, the American coach has turned out so many excellent timb toppers, including Earl Thompson, Dartmouth and Canada. He was an pupil, and he came along steadily, oc sionally meeting defeat, but persist everlastingly to the moment of his u mate triumph. And so it is that it Hillman's odd fortune that he turned out two Olympic champi neither of whom represented the Uni States. But with Burghley the man, course, the coach had nothing to The man was ready made—supe physique coupled with rare courage competition and the gentlest of spirits fair play. So I like to feel that, shou the Olympic games turn out only handful of champions of the type David Brownlow Cecil, their revi would be worth while. And the Bar de Coubertin may be well content.

There was, however, another, in early days of the meet, who came up the Olympic standard quite as spl didly as the Peer of the Realm, anot under the ægis of the British Empi which with its rich lore of running, a taking its second breath after the r ages of the World War, has turned its share of champions this time. T was Percy Williams, the nineteen-ye old schoolboy all the way from Vanco ver, British Columbia. Here was, effect, the other end of the social scale a commoner, a youngster so lit equipped with this world's goods that was necessary to pass the hat to get h to Hamilton, Ontario, for the try-ou and with him his own trainer, B Granger, who alone seemed to have fai in the boy. Yet this mere boy clean

both the hundred and the two hun-ed meters, and did it with consummate se. A modest curly-head as typical of e Olympic spirit in the hour of his umph as the more famous Davy. ese two, in the last analysis, were the l Olympic aces.

It is taking nothing from the splendid ld-event men of the United States—pendables like Kuck, Houser, Carr, ng, and Hamm—to say that the main dy of this year's American team was a l contribution to the history of the mes. Trainers' pets, accustomed to nning on fast tracks against one an-her and the watch, said watch showing

Lord "Davy" Burghley

nbelievable times on many occasions, ey were querulous over the conditions ey found in Amsterdam—pettish in-mpetents, astounded, and practically iven into a panic by the sudden reali-tion that there were other good and urageous competitors under other ags, who boasted quite as much tech-ique and considerable more generalship nd heart for the task at hand than they uld command.

There isn't the shadow of an excuse r the mishandling of this venture from eneral MacArthur, the head of the ommittee, down. Detail after detail of tupid preparation could be brought up, and doubtless will be brought up when the team comes home. This team that our own "Doug" MacArthur announced with a flourish was the greatest that America had ever turned out was arrogant and swell-headed from the beginning, and then childish when the crash came. It couldn't stand praise and it couldn't stand pampering, both of which it got in exorbitant measure. There were times when some of its members were even boorish. It may be that there are good reasons for unwillingness to dip the flag to "any man or any nation," but just why the military "eyes right" is the only salute permitted in passing the Tribune at the games is beyond me. It savors of the drill yard. So brave a man as General MacArthur might have been brave enough to break precedent in the interests of international courtesy. However, the fat is in the fire, and so is the fat-headedness. Our athletes have reached a stage where they live on praise, pictures, and primroses.

As long ago as 1920 a few men knew what was in the offing for the American runner. We no longer had any secrets that the Europeans did not know. But, once having "lost the dope," we made no effort to get it back. In the sprints we were still relying on our ability to "beat the gun," and in the middle distances and the distances we were still underestimating both the runners of Scandinavia and those of the British Empire. Well do I remember when Nurmi, the Finn, came here for a winter campaign. I sat in a little hotel room with one of the shrewdest of our coaches, a man in a subordinate position on the general coaching staff, and listened to the cogent reasons why Nurmi was the fastest man on earth at the time. "Why," said Johnny Magee, for it was the little ex-sack-and-potato racer with whom I was talking, "Nurmi can even beat any man around this room." And he proceeded to tell me why. Later we were unwilling to learn anything from Edvin Wide, the Swede. It is true that Wide failed in the present games, but our board-track running would wreck the chances of any man. It took Nurmi three years to get back his true style after his board-track experience.

Another thing—our athletes are downright lazy. Time was when Jack Moakley, of Cornell, made middle-distance runners out of a cross-country mileage that would make the modern athlete curl up and quit. If your modern athlete runs a point-to-point race, it is a sure thing that he will return in a flivver, if he does not come home in a limousine. Work? Perish the thought!

As crash after crash was reported from Amsterdam the alibis weakened steadily. It finally occurred to their makers that, after all, other athletes had to encounter the same conditions. The track was heavy and slow. Everybody knew it would be at the start. Yet great times, even new Olympic records, were made on it. It did not check Williams of Canada, Douglas Lowe of England, Nurmi and Larva of Finland, nor a host of others. The alibis grew even pathetic when a little lone entry all the way from Haiti, no doubt one of the descendants of Toussaint L'Ouverture, beat some of the American stars. There had been a

Paavo Nurmi

persistent propaganda in advance of the appearance of the Germans, and that was about all the information that the Americans seemed to have regarding the abilities of the foreign athletes. It developed that these foreign stars had such a background of hard work behind them that they could not only run fast heats but fast finals as well. It was then plaintively complained that our men ran themselves out in their heats. They had to to qualify.

But even this excuse does not hold for the running of Lloyd Hahn, who ran as stupid a final in the 800-meters as could

(*Please turn to continuation, page 640*)

Miniatures from the Life

Glamour

By IBBY HALL

DOWN in Virginia time moves with leisure and quietness. There is little excitement in the Old Dominion State. And to an ambitious young Negro nothing much seems to happen anywhere.

One young Negro of Virginia has felt for some time the stirrings of ambition. Like others of his race, he is enthralled by dreams. And of all his dreaming, the dream of New York has held most glamour for him. Miles away—farther than Washington, beyond Baltimore, way up north of Philadelphia—but who says he could never get there? All these cities were magic names for him, but he discarded them one after another. It was to be New York for him or nowhere.

Oh, boy! Money and excitement! Crowds filling the great wide streets—easy jobs lying in wait for white or black—nothing to do at all except take in the rolling money and spend it. Dance-halls—jazz joints—yellow girls with eyes sliding round at a boy—light feet and grand dressing. New York!

The black boy set his imagination towards the distant city. He thought New York and dreamed New York; until he knew with the certainty of a vision that one day he would arrive.

The golden days shimmered evanescently on the horizon, but this summer it dawned at last. He wasn't quite sure himself how he had managed it, or where the money had come from that finally brought his feet to New York pavements. Wherever it had come from it had flown back as quickly. There was nothing in his pockets now except his own nervous hands. But he had little need of money. He had reached the City. Here was all the money in the world lying around waiting for him. Head in the air, heart beating expectantly, he marched forward to meet it. Meanwhile his roving eye observed the glittering town.

The day passed, and night came on all too quickly. He had had nothing to eat, but hunger sharpened his excitement. He had no place where he could go that night to sleep—but, oh, boy! what difference did that make? Wasn't any night in this town! When the skies came on black, the streets just laughed at them—laughed with a million lights brighter than day. Shops blazed up and bowed and laid their show-cases in front of you. Restaurants shone wickedly, inviting you to come inside. All along Broadway theatre lights glittered and twinkled, but oh, boy! what need to go inside? Nothing inside those fairy-tale places could equal this road of light outside, with its colored lights and changing brilliance and tall buildings that told you messages in fire!

The footsore, tired boy raised his eyes fearfully to the tops of those buildings. So high they didn't need to care about the stars even. Why, there they were two or three of them, not big and close like the stars in Virginia, but little and pale and sick-looking. Far off. His gaze dropped dizzily to the pavement at his feet. And suddenly he knew that his was a terrible hunger.

Dawn sought him out and woke him early. He was huddled and stiff, but this was a new day. Boy! He hadn't had a thing to eat since the day before yesterday. This was his day to get hold of something. He pulled his belt tighter on the curious feeling behind his ribs. Big old rat eating him up inside. This was a mighty fine city, but where was he going to find breakfast?

Breakfast time crept on and passed, and still he walked the pavements with blistered feet. He was beginning to get worried. Where was he to find all this money? And how was he to begin unless he got a bite inside his belt? His head was feeling mighty queer—the city looked stranger than ever to him and not so bright—and how was he to ask for work when he was giddy in the head?

Breakfast time was over and lunch time had arrived. The boy from Virginia was still empty in his stomach and very doubtful in his mind. Wasn't this the city he had dreamed of? Sure this was it. See those windows full of food and fine clothes? See all the high-class motor cars full of quality crowding the streets? See all the people hurrying along? Everybody going somewhere special. Everybody looking excited over his own secret.

He didn't have a secret—not yet he didn't. He didn't have a place to go or a crumb to eat. My God, if he could get a crumb to eat! But where was the money?

In the motor cars. In the gentlemen wallets. In the ladies' pocketbooks. He began to watch the ladies' pocketbooks.

The afternoon came on, and the young Negro found himself approaching the world's busiest corner. People and traffic surged around his dizzy ears. But now he was lost indeed. Where was he? In a strange city. All he could see for sure was the ladies' pocketbooks. His eyes roved emptily from one careless handbag to another.

By the middle of the afternoon it was with the ease and inevitability of a sleepwalker that he thrust out a dark and nervous hand, closed his fingers convulsively on the coveted treasure, and leaped wildly for a place to hide.

Thousands of people, if they would only stand still, and let him hide behind them. Thousands of motor cars all getting in his way when he had such desperate need to run. Like a lithe and dexterous eel, he slipped through the traffic of that crowded juncture. He found himself suddenly faced with green grass, in front of a marble palace guarded by great lions.

They were after him. The lady of the pocketbook, screaming and pointing, was at his heels. He dashed madly up the great marble stairway of the palace only to turn desperately at the top and leap down again. All about him a slow thundering of sound was rising like a roaring sea. Hoarse voices from untold mechanical throats shrieked and honked and bellowed in pursuit. A stranger, unnoticed for two days—but they were all after him now! Into his feverish hunted brain there swam unexpectedly the sleeping roadsides of Virginia. Unknowingly he turned south. But at that moment one foot of the cities' million was held in front of him. The black boy tripped and fell.

He was escorted to the police station by a special officer and the white lady who had accused him. At the station house his glamourous city received him. She listened indifferently to his brief story, and as indifferently gave him prison fare and a hard bed. Here, at last, was food and shelter. But his freedom lay behind him in Virginia.

Paris Opéra via Harvard Glee Club

By EUGENE BONNER

Paris.

ANY one interested in such things and possessing a roving eye to boot (extremes seem to be meeting) would have noticed that the *affiche* in front of the Paris Opéra carried the announcement that on the evening of May 7, 1928, the one thousand eight hundred and twenty-sixth performance would take place at that house of an opera yclept "Faust," a piece in five acts by Messieurs Barbier & Carré, with music by a certain M. Charles Gounod.

Now to one who has passed a goodly portion of his days in this city there was nothing particularly exciting or even interesting about all that, as, speaking personally, it seems to us that we must have sat through that tough old opera fully that many times, and, what's more, we feel in our bones that some malign old fairy will cock her cone-shaped hat on one side, adjust her great horn spectacles, and, leering through them, will write it down in her filthy old book that we shall continue to hear that barnacle-covered concoction fully as many times again.

It was probably under the benign influence of this exasperating old party that we let our aforesaid eye roam on a little farther (or further—which is it?), and the announcement that the rôle of Marguerite was to be sung by Mme. M. Despoulous did not make our heart miss a single beat.

But in the midst of all these exotic names there was one that did catch our eye, the name written opposite that of the title rôle, namely, Mr. William Martin. Now, having heard Martin at the Opéra-Comique in the rôles of Werther and Rudolph in "La Bohême" the year of his début, we were naturally much interested to hear what he would do with a part such as Faust. Making no further effort to escape our destiny, we went inside and, after waiting a good twenty-five minutes in line, at last succeeded in procuring one of the three or four remaining *fauteuils d'orchestre*, as, believe it or not, after one thousand eight hundred and twenty-five performances the house was practically sold out. The Opera seems to be making a success.

Now, as most Americans know (if you didn't, you do now), the Harvard Glee Club decided back in 1921 to show some of the European capitals that its members had been making most decided advances to that Blest Pair of Sirens, as old John Milton dubbed the muses of Poetry and Song. They came (the glee club members, not the sirens), they sang, and, while we were not here at the time to give our benediction, it would seem that they also conquered.

William Martin as the Duke in "Rigoletto"

Among the many songsters that composed that organization was a young man who, starting in the club a couple of years before as a substitute, had risen to be one of the principal stars of that singing band. The success of young Martin here at that time encouraged him in the belief that he had a career before him as a professional singer.

Like many another who has come to Europe for a few weeks, he decided to remain indefinitely. Hunting himself a teacher, Amédée Sujol, he worked with him a couple of years, and succeeded in having an audition at the Opéra-Comique before the director, Albert Carré, and the head conductor, Albert Wolff. The audition was successful and the patient didn't die, but was engaged for two years to sing leading rôles at that establishment.

He made his début soon after in the title rôle of Massenet's "Werther" and scored a most decided success, his youth, agreeable personality, and an unusually fresh voice making a most favorable impression.

On the expiration of his two-year contract he wisely decided to sing for a period in the provinces, where he could enlarge his repertoire, as, notwithstanding his success at the Comique, many rôles he would have liked to sing were, naturally, more or less the property of the older singers at that institution.

He spent the season of 1925–6 at the opera in Marseilles, and while there added many important rôles to his repertoire, including, among others, the title rôle of "Faust," the leading tenor rôles of "Lakme," "Le Roi d'Ys," "Rigoletto," and one of his greatest successes—the title rôle of "Le Jongleur de Notre-Dame."

The following season he sang mostly on tour in all the principal cities of France. Returning to Paris, he made his début at the Opéra in the rôle of Faust. In the past year he has sung at that house, in addition to that rôle, the part of the Duke in "Rigoletto," the Astrologer in "Coq d'Or," and Loÿs in "Le Miracle," a new opera by Georges Hue. In addition to his work at the Opéra, he made "guest appearances" at the Opéra-Comique and in the provinces.

Beginning this autumn, he will return to the Opéra-Comique as a regular member once more, which is fortunate, as his forte is much more the lighter type of operas, such as are given there, than the more ponderous works customarily done at the larger house.

Mr. Martin is a little under average height, carries himself well, and has a fine stage presence. The voice itself, while not exactly what you would call a big one, is clear, sympathetic, and when singing such rôles as Werther or Cavaradossi at the Opéra-Comique is of unusual brilliance.

To have come, fresh from college, with no influence other than the distinction of having sung here with the Harvard Glee Club, with very little money, and to have managed practically unaided to create for himself while still in his twenties a position of no small importance in the operatic world of Europe—his, surely, is no small achievement.

The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

"White Shadows in the South Seas"

SEVERAL years ago a young artist (we don't mean a painter or a violinist or an actor; we mean an artist) named Robert Flaherty went to the Arctic Circle with some pemmican and a movie camera.

He took something else along, too: the something in a man's heart and brain which makes him an artist.

These accessories made possible Flaherty's return with a picture called "Nanook of the North," one of the two or three greatest pictures ever produced.

Following the Arctic venture Mr. Flaherty packed up his equipment for a second time and took ship for Polynesia. With the exception that he substituted calico and glass beads for pemmican, the equipment was the same, and the result was "Moana of the South Seas."

Pages could be used to describe these two films, "Nanook" and "Moana." Endless adjectives could be invoked to help analyze the reasons for their greatness—but what's the use? They were great because they were real. They were artistic because an artist made them. And this brings us up to "White Shadows in the South Seas."

When you see this picture—as you must, without fail—observe the "credits" at the beginning. We forget just how they read, but this is the way they *should* read:

Worth-while Portions—Robert J. Flaherty (anonymous):
Sound Effects—Popular Demand.
Lily Painting—The Spirit of Hollywood.
Hot Baked Ham—The Entire White Cast.

Mr. Flaherty photographed and directed most of "White Shadows in the South Seas," and that's why you must see it. His native studies so far outweigh the picture's defects as to make these defects mere incidents at which you blush hotly and wish you were dead.

But this is only because, for the most part, "White Shadows on the South Seas" is a fine, a really important picture, which thereby attracts all the more attention to its own imperfections. A very few, but very drastic cuts would

make it nearly perfect, one being the removal *in toto* of the sound effects, and another the pruning down of the plot sequences to a skeleton basis. Judging from the uncontrollable mirth which agitated the first-night audience in some of the wrong places, these cuts have perhaps been made before this. The indescribably comic noises of the native bathing beauties, as recorded in sound, and the tentative "Hello!" of the hero were epochal events in the realm of fun-making; but the laughs they got were at—not with.

Please, Mr. Flaherty, try again; don't let them discourage you. The great army of American movie fans is with you—we'll swear it.

"Loves of an Actress"

POLA NEGRI must emote. People expect her to emote, and if she doesn't her admirers are presumably of the opinion that they have been gypped. She emotes in "Loves of an Actress" to an extent which ought to satisfy her most devoted followers.

We thought "Loves of an Actress" was directed just about as badly as most Pola Negri pictures are directed, but, on the other hand, we found in it some of the cleverest photography we have seen. The scene is nineteenth-century France, and the "actress" is Rachel. The camera has succeeded in producing, over and over again, the effect of moving daguerreotypes, which is a smart idea and conveys an impression of the times even better than do the excellent settings and costumes.

"Loves of an Actress" is one mo picture which ought to have been comedy. It is the bad habit of mar moving-picture critics to keep draggi in Lubitsch; but, honestly, one sees pi ture after picture ruined by total mi conception of what the public want and it's difficult to stay away from th assertion that Lubitsch seems to be o of the very few who know when to be down and when to ease up on sentime tality and emotion.

Pola Negri was a different woma when she worked for him. Lubits made her fiery, naughty, imperious, a arch by turns, and now she is invariabl a noble creature of sacrifice and su fering—calling Heaven to witness h woe.

To our mind, there are few types all creation more conclusively boring.

"Lost in the Arctic"

A TRAVEL film, and a very good on is this record of the voyage of H. and Sidney Snow to Herald Island, the polar ocean.

They didn't get lost themselves, b the object of their trip was to find trace if possible, of the lost members of Stefansson expedition twelve years ag The fate of these men was unknown, an science and natural curiosity demande an investigation of the manner of the disappearance.

The Snows, after a hazardous voya through the polar ice, found the islan on which these men were supposed have landed, and they found all that r mained of the men themselves—the scattered bones. It is an interesting an genuinely moving episode, and one whic gave us, personally, a better idea of wha explorers go through than anything w have seen or heard or read on the sub ject.

The capture is shown of a huge pola bear, which, while the whole thing pretty brutal, at least ends with the bea safely in a cage on shipboard and heade for the Oakland (California) zoo.

If this pictures comes your way, yo will make no mistake to see it. Th finding of the lost party, the close-up of their possessions, and the theories their deaths are all well worth you while.

The Wood-Cutter and the Fairy

A Tale for Children

By HARRIET EAGER DAVIS

Illustrated by Arnold Hall

IN the days before the Chinese wall was down, before the Revolution was more than dreamed of, five round-faced, black-haired little girls grew up in Canton. Daughters of a Chinese doctor, they had never suffered the tortures of foot-binding; indeed, they were often sent for a country walk across the river to visit Ah Saam, their old nurse. To the accompaniment of tea and rice in her tiny courtyard and *wong pai* berries from her single tree, she told them stories; afterwards, tripping home under their paper umbrellas, the sisters retold them in their high, sing-song Chinese voices.

One of these girls grew up to teach in a mission school, where, many years later, she translated the old tales for young American friends. This favorite traveled ten thousand miles across the Pacific, where an aunt now tells it to her two small New England girls.

The Wood-Cutter and the Fairy

As told by "Miss Lin" to Miss Naomi Grider, an Outlook reader

THERE was once a poor wood-cutter who had to work very hard for his living. Always as he cut twigs and gathered them into bundles he complained and murmured against fate.

"Lord of Heaven," he would cry, "open your eyes to the distress of a poor wood-cutter!" While his wife, too, laboring at home in their bare hut, grumbled bitterly against her lot.

One festival day, when all their friends had gone merrymaking, and they alone must stay at home and work, the wood-cutter's cries reached even to the gate of heaven, and the fairy "Lui Tor Pan took pity on him.

"I will give this poor man a happy

surprise," he thought. So, assuming the disguise of a beggar, he left heaven and appeared at the wood-cutter's door. The man was not at home, but his wife was working within.

"Madam," pleaded Lui Ton Pan, humbly, "I pray you give a poor beggar a cup of tea." He meant to turn the cup of tea into a lump of gold.

"Get away, old fool!" cried the woman, crossly. "I have no tea to spare."

"I am very thirsty," said the fairy. "Pray give me a cup of water." He meant to turn the cup of water into silver coins.

"Be off, wretch! There is water in the spring."

"Lend me a cup that I may dip some water from the spring," begged the fairy. He meant to turn the empty cup into copper coins.

"Away with you, beggar, or I'll set the dog on you!" shouted the wood-cutter's wife.

"Heartless woman," spoke Lui Ton Pan, sternly, "you will be sorry for your conduct," and instantly he changed the dog at his feet into a lotus-flower.

When the woman saw this, she knew the beggar was a fairy, and, falling on her knees, she promised to do anything he wished. But when she looked up he had gone, and though she hurried forth and called and searched everywhere, it was all in vain.

When the wood-cutter came home that evening, he stared wonderingly at the lotus-flower growing in the hard earth beside their door.

"Wife," he said, "who planted the lotus-flower in the spot where my dog used to lie?"

Then, with moans and lamentations, she told him of the blessing she had missed by refusing a cup of tea to the fairy. The wood-cutter flew into a rage.

"Stupid woman!" he cried. "Had I met the fairy, I should have done his meanest bidding—yea, I would even have eaten the dust off the ground at his feet."

As they quarreled their neighbors returned from the festival, and when they heard the story, an Elder of the village said: "Just a few minutes ago a strange man in a beautiful cloak passed me swiftly on the road. Could it have been the fairy?"

"The fairy! The fairy!" every one cried, scattering in every direction.

The wood-cutter too ran and ran, searching here, there, and everywhere, but never a glimpse did he get of the strange man in the beautiful cloak. Sadly he turned home, murmuring over the stupidity of his wife. On the way a beggar stopped him.

"Master," he said, humbly, "I am hungry. I pray you give me a bowl of rice to eat."

"Old beggar," said the wood-cutter, "did you see a fairy pass? A strange man in a beautiful cloak?"

"No, master," answered the beggar.

"Ah!" sighed the wood-cutter. "Should I meet him, I would even eat the dirt at his feet."

"Sir, eat up the dirt at my feet!" commanded the beggar.

"Miserable wretch! Dare you mock me?" cried the wood-cutter and lifted his hand to strike him.

The beggar rose to his feet.

"Your wife sent me from your door with hard words," he said, sternly. "You despise me here on the roadside. I will go and leave you mortals in peace." And, scattering a trail of brightness behind, the fairy Lui Ton Pan rose through the dark night.

The poor wood-cutter fell on his knees, straining his eyes towards heaven. But the fairy did not come back.

Surplus Cash in the Market

By
THOMAS H. GAMMACK

CORPORATIONS, partnerships, and individuals who have other businesses of their own have been dabbling in banking, with unfortunate results. That, at least, is the complaint of many of the established banks, and they have taken measures to limit the practice.

Their complaint is that, while the New York banks are themselves lending about $100,000,000 less to brokers than a year ago, they are lending nearly a billion dollars more for the account of "others." These loans represent funds lent on collateral, usually on call, for their clients, corporations, insurance companies, individuals, any one with spare cash on hand. For the service, the banks had been charging 5 per cent of the interest received. With the call rate at 6 per cent, the clients received 5.70 per cent per annum and the banks .30 per cent.

To curb these loans, the Clearing House Association, of which nearly every important New York bank is a member, has raised both the service charge for making loans for "others" and the interest which they pay on deposits. The service charge becomes a flat one-half per cent per annum, whatever interest the client receives. At the same time, members of the Association were forbidden to make for "others" loans of less than $100,000.

The banks undoubtedly will be criticised for this action, since those in possession of idle funds want to get as high a return on them as possible and they will not be thankful to the banks for cutting it down.

It must be admitted at the outset that the motive of the banks in changing the Clearing House rules was not entirely concern over the public welfare. It is reasonable to assume that a very substantial proportion of the funds that were being loaned by the banks for their customers would, if the collateral loan market had been closed to "others," have been left with the banks as deposits. Interest on deposits was being paid at a rate of only about two per cent, and the funds could have been employed by the banks at a much higher rate. The banks obviously earned smaller profits when they got only .30 per cent on potential deposits.

The fact that the banks had a material interest in wishing to limit the loans,

(C) New York Stock Exchange Bldg. Co.

however, does not necessarily invalidate their objections on the ground of the public welfare.

Their disapproval of the practice was based, ostensibly at least, on their contention that direct loans by corporations and individuals have an unhealthy and a potentially dangerous influence on the National credit situation. Their bill of particulars read something like this:

The traditional guardianship of the money market exercised by the banks for so many years should not be shared to any considerable extent with other organizations and individuals who have neither the training nor the sense of responsibility to fit them for the task. This summer, for instance, the Federal Reserve System has been using its influence to cut down the volume of collateral loans in order to release funds for agriculture and for legitimate business. The banks were willing to co-operate with the Reserve authorities but were frustrated by the funds poured into the securities markets by "others." In other words, one of the chief reasons why the stock market has had too much credit is because it has been supplied so bountifully by corporations and individuals.

The banks, moreover, as guardians of the money market, are careful not to disturb its stability by calling loans suddenly. The withdrawal of as much as $100,000,000 of the $3,000,000,000 in the call market is usually enough to shoot the rate up two or three per cent. Such a disturbance is manifestly undesirable. Corporations and individuals, feeling responsible only to themselves, would withdraw funds whenever they thought it advantageous to do so and without regard to the consequences.

Finally, there is always the danger that a great disaster such as the outbreak of a European war in 1914 would freeze the collateral loans. In such cases the banks might feel morally obligated to take over some of the loans in order to save clients from serious embarrassment.

The first retort to these objections is the familiar argument *ad hominem:*

"There is one reason, and one reason only, why the banks dislike to make loans for their clients—because they make less money than by holding funds as deposits."

This is all that some of the "others" bother to say. Detailed answers to the objections of the banks are along this order:

Surplus funds inevitably seek the most profitable employment, and this rule would prevail even if the banks were the sole stewards of the funds not needed at the moment by corporations and individuals. If the stock market offered a higher return than the other markets, it would have obtained approximately the same amount of funds as it has had this summer.

As to excessively wide fluctuations in call rates, whether or not corporations and individuals call loans in large amounts at times when the demand for funds is abnormally large, the banks can and, in fact, do take advantage of the high rates to pump funds into the market. It is always possible for them to borrow at the Federal Reserve banks for just this purpose. The alleviation of such strains was one of the purposes for the creation of Federal Reserve facilities.

The disaster of 1914 is the only one of its magnitude in this country since the Civil War, and, if a corporation or an individual can take any risk at all, it is safe to act on the assumption that there will not be another such calamity for some time.

It is doubtful if the new Clearing House regulations will change the credit situation materially. But it will be interesting to see whether the lenders will consent to pay the higher charges or will try to find some way of lending on collateral without using the banks as intermediaries.

Where the Bell System's profit goes

An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company

THERE is in effect but one profit paid by the Bell Telephone System. This profit is not large, for it is the policy of the Bell System to furnish a constantly improving telephone service at the least cost to the public.

The treasury of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company receives dividends from the stock of the operating companies. It receives a payment from the operating companies for research, engineering and staff work. It receives dividends from the Western Electric Company—makers of supplies for the Bell System—and income from long distance operations.

Only one profit is taken from this money in the American Telephone and Telegraph Company's treasury. That is the regular dividend to its stockholders—now more than 420,000 in number—which it has never missed paying since its incorporation in 1885.

Money beyond regular dividend requirements and a surplus for financial stability is used to give more and better telephone service to the public. This is fundamental in the policy of the company.

The Bell System accepts its responsibility to provide a nation-wide telephone service as a public trust.

By W. R. BROOKS

HAVE you put your winter's coal in yet? If you haven't—or even if you have—you may perhaps be interested in the Majestic Coal Window, which can be installed in any house. It is made of heavy steel and malleable iron, reinforced so as to be break-proof, and rust-proofed by the electro galvanizing process. The door opens upward and is held open automatically; when closed it automatically locks, and the catch can only be released by pulling a chain, which can be run through, like a furnace damper chain, to any part of the house. There is a hopper which can be pulled partly out when the door is open and does away with the necessity for a chute, when coal is put in in baskets or wheelbarrows. No more cellar windows with broken panes and grimy, coal-battered frames. No possibility of a burglar getting in through the coal-bin and stealing your diamond tiara.

The same company makes various types of chutes for different purposes, some with heavy glass panels for dark basements, chutes for stores and office buildings, and grade-line chutes for houses having little or none of the foundation above ground. Also there is an underground garbage receiver, whose top is flush with the ground, and which contains the garbage can. The lid is opened by stepping on a foot trip, and when closed fits snugly so that no odor escapes and no flies can get to the garbage.

There are several types of Majestic built-in garbage receivers. In one type the can sits on a shelf which is fastened to the door, so that when the door is opened the can is ready to receive the garbage. In another type the upper small door of the receiver opens into the kitchen to receive the garbage, the large lower one opens outdoors so that the can may be removed.

The Majestic Milk and Package Receiver makes it possible to receive parcels, groceries, etc., without going outside or opening a door. There are two doors. The delivery man opens the outer one and deposits the articles, then closes the door, which locks automatically, which cannot be opened again until the latch is released from the inside, thus making the receiver ready for further deliveries. This isn't a particularly new idea, but you may not have seen it before.

WE fear that we are acquiring an ill-deserved reputation for industry. A mysterious correspondent, signing herself V. B., citing Shakespeare and a Chinese gentleman named Po Chii or Chu (with an umlaut), refers to us as "singing masons, building roofs of gold," and also as a golden builder, who toils and sings. Well, now, this disturbs us. We are no bee. We toil not, neither do we sing. Sing! Try and do it in this office. Our artistic efforts meet with a total lack of appreciation—as witness the clever little drawings which we made and hoped in the simplicity of our heart would brighten and illuminate this page.

We tried singing. We thought that a ballad or two or a spiritual or a couple of arias might bring a little sunshine into the lives of our fellow-workers. We had visions of interesting them, too, in taking an active part, of forming a glee club and singing part songs during lunch hour. Well, what happened? We selected one rather simple old ballad, and after practicing it at home for a week or so, came down one morning full of happy anticipation. Then, just casually, as we sat at our desk, we burst into song. It was a well-known tune. We hoped that the others would join in happily, beating time with such of their office equipment as was handy—pencils and lipsticks and typewriters. They did join in, but not as we expected. When we made our first appearance at the office the following week, we found on our desk a memorandum from the editor: "Members of the staff will kindly refrain from shouting or making loud and uncouth noises during office hours, as it disturbs others and interferes with work." Well, that's that. We assure V. B. that we do not sing any more.

As for toiling: in our youth we studied some elementary natural history. We observed the grasshopper and the bee and the spider, and their methods. Leave the grasshopper out; he is plainly a fool. The bee, however, is also a fool. He toils, and for what? That we may have something to spread on our toast in the morning. But the spider does not toil. In winter he sleeps. In summer he sits comfortably in the middle of his web, with the cool breeze blowing through his whiskers, and waits for what the gods may send him. And they always send him something. We admire the spider, we have tried to emulate him. True, few flies tumble into our web; we go sometimes for weeks without even a gnat to munch on. But at least what we get is ours; we do not store it for others, and we have an awfully pleasant time.

WE know some people who are awfully nice people except that their tempers are a little shorter than other people's, especially early in the morning. And they occasionally throw things at each other at breakfast—not exactly *at* each other, you understand; just near enough to make it wiser to dodge. The results, of course, you can imagine—they were always repapering and redecorating the dining-room. Until they heard about Perma-kote, a washable wall-paper, from which a damp cloth will remove grease-spots, finger-marks, even ink-spots. They put it on the dining-room wall, and now their tempers are not so expensive. We mention it to you because even even-tempered people sometimes have to repaper their rooms.

Is Europe Entangling America?

(Continued from page 613)

nt were to request Premier Mussolini send his troops to repress a revolution id incidentally occupy all roads eatening Yugoslavia) in virtue of the eaty of Tirana, which notoriously was ained by coercion. Yugoslavia, enraged by France, mobilizes. Who is aggressor? France and Italy will rshal their allies and clients in the ague Council. One of the two parties l be solemnly declared the aggressor d violator of the world's peace. Then America accepts Europe's view of her ligations, she will be bound to submit r merchant vessels to search by any lian (or, as the case may be, French) r-ships which choose to stop them.

"Aggression" has become a highly hnical concept. Scholars have been bating for ten years who was the aggressor in 1914. If scholars cannot ree on these matters after ten years of udy, it may be imagined what the nans represented on the League Council uld do in, perhaps, a single two-hour ssion. They would simply roll the gs, as they have done in each of the ne cases in which the Council has therto been called upon to pass judgent on a threatened war.

Is America, then, now in the dilemma being obliged to hitch her policies to uropean chariot-wheels, or else bear e moral onus of aiding war-makers and pudiating her own treaty? By no eans.

Curiously enough, all attention has itherto been centered on Article I of the eaty, under which the signatories "renounce war as an instrument of national olicy." Almost nothing has been said bout Article II, under which the signaories solemnly agree that "the settlement or solution of all disputes or conicts of whatever nature or of whatever rigin they may be, which may arise mong them, shall never be sought except by pacific means."

If America wishes to avoid being entangled against her will in European ffairs, and to retain her initiative in fostering world peace, she need only invoke Article II in each instance *before* Article is invoked by the League Council. Instead of joining, as a sort of heavenly detective, in a pious hunt for criminals, he need only insist politely on the ffirmative obligation to settle disputes n a decent way before some kind of civil court, before they have become acute enough to threaten war.

It might be embarrassing at times to some of these peace-loving nations which are today more heavily armed than ever before in history. It might at times be embarrassing to America. But no one imagines that America can promote peace without making some sacrifices. And if America is to retain leadership she must actively promote peace.

This is not to suggest that America should assume initiative in all world problems. It is only to point out that America need run no risk either of being committed in European quarrels or of standing in haughty aloofness. By a continuous and active arbitration policy she may assist world peace and protect her independent interests as each occasion arises. But the one condition which is essential to such a policy is that American opinion shall continue to refuse to accord any peculiar moral authority to the Council of the League of Nations.

Is your city on the Air Map of America?

THE air map of America is now in the making —on the ground. A few years from now, cities will have been made —or side tracked— according to their enterprise in grasping their *present* opportunities.

Build now your station-stop for the increasing traffic of the air. Build as men of vision are building—not for the trickle of the pioneer air lines but for the powerful stream into which that trickle will presently swell, bearing on its current a score of affiliated industries and trades.

Air transportation is a night- and -day service. Night operations are essential in order that the airplane may deliver the essence of its service—*speed. Above all,* your airport must be lighted according to the most advanced practice. Airport lighting is a science in itself, in which General Electric has already established its leadership. Let us help you to specify the correct lighting for your airport. Write us.

The G-E monogram—whether on a 10,000-watt MAZDA lamp for your airport or a smaller MAZDA lamp for your home—is your assurance of electrical correctness and dependability.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Speaking of Books

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

The First Canterbury Play

By MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

"The Coming of Christ," by John Masefield. The Macmillan Company.

FOR the first time since the Middle Ages, a play has been given in the nave of an English cathedral. Nor was it a revival, such as antiquarian and stage societies have been putting on with increasing frequency in the past few years in churches and in theatres. In spirit and in form it is of the great tradition, conforming to the type of those mystery plays out of which modern drama came into being, but its language and its ideas are simply and sincerely those of today. "The Coming of Christ," by John Masefield, in the Whitsun holidays of this year brought to Canterbury more than seven thousand present-day pilgrims. The audiences came from everywhere, but there was no tourist attraction. The Dean of Canterbury had asked that such a mystery play be written "as a means of dedicating the arts of poetry, music, and painting to the service of religion." John Masefield had responded, not only with the words of the poem, but as the producer, holding everything together with the power he undoubtedly possesses of communicating to others his profound conviction of spiritual verities. With him was Gustav Holst, the composer, making the music for chorus with orchestral background, and Charles Ricketts, R.A., designing the costumes, and a cast of townspeople, anonymous and depending less upon stage experience—which scarce any of them had had—than upon lifelong acquaintance with the extraordinary natural stage provided by Prior Chittenden in the fifteenth century by his construction of the cathedral choir, and upon an unmistakable spirit of devotion.

To reach Canterbury Cathedral one goes through the streak of lane through which centuries of pilgrims have passed, through which indeed passed in sinister haste the bravos who struck down Thomas à Becket and started the pilgrimages. In whatever frame of mind those who journeyed to this play had left home, they must have been caught up into something of its spirit before they had passed Chaucer's "Chequers of Hope" and the even older mediæval building that overhangs the narrow way opposite, and saw ahead the crowd in waiting.

So far as research can show, a play had never been given in Canterbury Cathedral, even when the drama was under the direct patronage of the Church. Why this was so it is hard to see, now that it has been done, for a more convenient place could not have been arranged. Possibly one thinks this with the modern playhouse in mind, for the arch of the choir is precisely that of a present-day proscenium, while the broad steps leading from the choir screen to the lower level of the nave provides such levels as the Theatre Guild must carefully construct with an eye on Gordon Craig. Through the door in this screen and from the depths of the choir thus revealed the heavenly characters appeared; they seemed to come litera from the stars, for the gaze of the au ence looking past and beyond them the steps met the matchless colors of t mediæval windows, shining in the spri twilight. From this remote glory ca a trumpeter to dispense with a rising c tain, for there was no scenery and t only hangings were those high up, cope with echoes. Here four Angels The Power, The Sword, The Mercy, a The Light—made each his solemn e trance in a stillness so complete that cloth-of-gold mantle could be hea crunching richly on the marble. A pu pose, they announce, is moving in t mind of the Divine:

> Even now that shining Spirit leave
> the realms
> Of the bright souls with the exultan
> helms
> And stands here at the brink
> Of life's red sea which stains and over
> whelms,

and the towering forms bend before t entrance of a white-robed, jewel-crown figure.

Prepared as every one must have be for the appearance of some form reser bling that of the traditional Christ art, this actual figure must have co with all the quality of surprise. Upo it depended to a great degree the su cess of the production—not as dram which was, after all, rather its form tha its intent, but as an effort to convey this solemn setting and by means ou side those of accepted ritual a sense vivid reality of Christian faith. If the had been about this figure a trace theatricalism, the whole performanc would have been abhorrent. There wa not. His robe was seamless, his feature and the arrangement of his hair lik enough to that of mediæval tradition and the crown and scepter agreed wit the brooding majesty of his expressio His voice, lighter in quality than thos of the stentorian angels, cheated th reverberations and carried every word t the ear.

The Powers set before him the natur of man, "the insect made of clay whon worms devour," who, far from welcom ing him as deliverer, will hunt him t death:

> Man will not change for one voice
> crying truth,
> And dying, beautiful as fire, for wis-
> dom.

THIS list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by the following book-shops each week:

New York—Brentano's;
Rochester—Scrantoms Inc.;
Cleveland—Korner & Wood;
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort, & Barney;
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Company;
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company;
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.;
Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company;
Kansas City—Emery Bird Thayer;
Atlanta—Miller's Book Store;
Los Angeles—Bullock's;
Chicago—Marshall Field & Co.;
Cincinnati—Stewart Kidd.
Portland, Oregon—J. K. Gill Company.

Fiction

"Swan Song," by John Galsworthy. Charles Scribner's Sons. Read either as the last book of the "Forsyte Saga" or as an independent story, this masterly novel should please all readers. Reviewed August 1.

"Beau Ideal," by Percival Christopher Wren. The Frederick A. Stokes Company. The third story of the Geste trilogy, which will be welcomed by lovers of the two which preceded it. The Foreign Legion in Africa once more supplies the theme. Not an atom of reality, but the action is exciting. Reviewed July 25.

"The Bridge of San Luis Rey," by Thornton Wilder. Albert & Charles Boni. Those who have not yet read this beautifully written story have a delight in store.

"Brook Evans," by Susan Glaspell. The F. A. Stokes Company. This love story of three generations will touch and please any adult reader. It is tragic, truthful, and beautifully written. Reviewed July 25.

"Tide of Empire," by Peter B. Kyne. The Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. The love story of an Irish adventurer and a Spanish lady in the great days of the California gold rush. To be reviewed later.

Non-Fiction

"Strange Interlude," by Eugene O'Neill. Boni & Liveright. This play, in which the dramatist steals some of the novelist's best psychological thunder, is as good to read as to see.

"The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism," by George Bernard Shaw. Brentano's. Almost every one will agree with G. B. S. this time; and any one with the patience to read his long book through will find it marked by his usual wit and wide interests. Reviewed July 4.

"Disraeli," by André Maurois, translated by Hamish Miles. D. Appleton & Co. You will enjoy this charming and vivid biography.

"Jesus, the Son of Man," by Emil Ludwig. Boni & Liveright. Readers of Ludwig's great biographies will be interested in this. If only to see how badly the biographer of Napoleon and Bismarck can fail. Reviewed July 25.

"Poems in Praise of Practically Nothing," by Samuel Hoffenstein. Boni & Liveright. If you enjoy light verse, this is the very best.

e a stone falling in a
stagnant pond,
u will but make a ripple
swiftly stilled
the green weed. . . .
his purpose grows:

Anima Christi

you Powers,
ght not my coming light a
way for men
om earth's unhappiness to
very God?

The Power

ch way has ever been, yet
few have passed.

Anima Christi

if I make it plain with
my heart's blood,
will be better known, more
tried, more used,
ore bright with spirits pass-
ing and men climbing?

er and Paul are summoned
n the future to give their
ness, until at last comes the
ision:

aving beheld man's misery,
sin, and death,
ot to go on were treason.

With scepter and crown laid
the smaller stature and
re slender form, suddenly
de evident by contrast with
angels' golden height, gives
eculiar poignancy to the mo-
nt when with arms outstretched as on
ross he cries,

brother Man, I come: hate me not
always,

l passes through the angelic ranks
o the choir above, while the voices of
unseen chorus, the "Host of Heaven,"
ging over the choir screen, are heard:

sing, as thrushes in the winter lift
heir ecstasy aloft among black
boughs. . . .

wake and sing; for in the stable-
cave,
Man's heart, the sun has risen, Spring
is here.
he withered bones are laughing in
the grave,
Darkness and winter perish, Death
and Fear:
new life enters Earth, who will
make clear
he Beauty, within touch, of God the
King.
O mortals, praise him! O awake and
sing!

The song of which this is a part is ar-
nged to begin with one soprano voice,
llowed by women's voices in unison,
en a tenor alone, and then full har-
ony, with the result that the words are

From "A History of Wood-Engraving" Courtesy E. P. Dutton & Co.

FACTEUR RURAL

A wood engraving by J. E. Laboureur

more readily distinguished than one would have believed possible; the music has stood aside for the poem, as indeed it does throughout the play. An organ has been so far the only accompaniment, but now a modern grand piano somewhere concealed leads an emphatic, straightforward chorus of marching men, the retainers of the Three Kings. These enter from the transept, as all the earthly characters do, and line the steps to the right, singing in unison; they are in silver mail with brilliant banners. The Magi look as if the rulers under whom this arch was raised had come to revisit it. Mr. Ricketts wisely kept away from contemporary stage color-effects and held to such mediævalism as he had given the London production of "Saint Joan." Baltasar is in mail with crimson cloak; Gaspar, easily the most splendid figure in the assembly, is wrapped in ermine with a headdress of coral velvet, over his white glove a flashing ring; the aged Melchior's turban and mantle are gold and green. Each has reached success in his own way and found frustration. Baltasar has won by war; his son is dead and Death waits to disperse his kingdom. Melchior has been baffled in his search for truth through the world's wisdom. Gaspar has won by wealth, and soon "must die, leaving all I possess, losing all of my schemes."

The marching men sing off the Magi, and the Host of Heaven preludes the coming of the Shepherds. Any one who has read a mediæval mystery play knows that these were the characters intrusted with "comic relief" and permitted the widest latitude not only in byplay but in talk. Indeed, it was largely the shepherds that in the end got the drama turned out of the Church altogether, and those in this play were so much in the tradition that they came near doing it this time. For when the text was published, some ten days before the performance, protests appeared in every newspaper in London about the inflammatory speeches these ex-soldiers and social revolutionaries were to be permitted to make within the walls, one might say with the sanction, of the Church itself.

It's a cruel hard shame to be
up in the frost on the
wold
A-tending another man's
sheep, while you freeze
to the bone.
What we want is a good revolu-
tion, . . .

says Sandy, and Earthy replies:

Let the many be served by the
few. . . .
It's time they did, the rich and great,
To pay for what they did to me:
They said that I must serve the state
And fight poor heathen oversea:
And there I stayed among the mud
In beds of lice and deeds of blood
Until they chose to let it be.
Four years they kept me, "serving,"
so they said:
Ordered like dogs, and Death to all
who disobeyed.

Here was the Masefield of "Dedication" fulfilling his early pledge so thoroughly indeed that he raised some ghosts he did not altogether lay. Certainly the rebuke of the "right-minded" shepherd did not altogether meet the case, being the time-honored one of bumping their heads together. But just as the "village atheist" is declaring "there never was a God and never will be," The Power is heard announcing good tidings of great joy. From the heavenly portal enter ranks of angels in deep blue with wings such as Fra Angelico gave them; they fill the higher

steps, the Kings troop in to the left lower down, the Shepherds crouch to the right. Framed in the door appears a throne-shaped litter in the colors of a Della Robbia altar-piece, the Mother immobile as a statue, the sleeping Child a polychrome figure such as appears in a *crêche*. The Magi offer their gifts in rapid happy verse, sharply contrasting with their previous desperate musings; the Shepherds promise a cradle and a fleece. Then they take up the litter and bear it down the steps into the very nave, where the audience is singing with the Host of Heaven, across the transept and out of sight. The great Angels pass through the door one by one. Last of all, The Power raises his gold-swathed arm and cries aloud,

Friends, Christ is come within this hall.

The justification of the play is that the audience to a man profoundly believes it. The trumpet sounds once more, and the people depart. It is not fanciful to say that one may see in their faces as they move silently through the shadowy close that for the moment at least they are thinking of the mystery as just begun, rather than of a mystery play that has just ended.

It was the purpose of this play to express by noble verse, by gesture, by music, by the language of color and of motion, some sense, otherwise inexpressible, of the mystic reality of religion. To this purpose everything was directed. It was this that made the performance unforgettable.

The Busman's Holiday

Sorrento, Maine.

A BUSMAN on his holiday takes a drive. The confirmed reader, closing the last book which he *has* to read for a while, turns around and picks up another.

It is safe to assume that any one who takes the trouble to read these pages at the back of The Outlook is interested in books to the extent of being a confirmed reader. They offer little aid and comfort to the seeker after topics of conversation who reads reviews in order to be able to discuss (*sic*) the books reviewed. A confirmed reader will not bother much about discussing books. What he likes is to read them. A confirmed reader is a fortunate person, but not necessarily an entertaining companion. There are not enough confirmed readers and too many people who read at books. The messianic impulse with which we engaged in the bookselling business, some ten years ago, disappeared quickly and gave place to a profound thankfulness that the useful book-store slogan—Buy a Book a Week—did not in the least mean Read a Book a Week. And the older we grow, the more heartily we believe that a social group in which one man read the King James Bible, one, the Greek tragedians, one, Cervantes, one, Plato, one, Shakespeare, one, Dante, one, Ward's "English Poets," one, Goethe, one, Spinoza, and one, let's say for fun, James Joyce, exclusively and constantly, and the other ninety read nothing at all would be more valuable and far more lively than a group in which every man reads at a little something. And as for women—the day that the first woman was first taught her A B C's marked the beginning of the end.

But confirmed readers do happen. And the confirmed reader going on vacation will carry books. Every one has his standbys. One man will always have a book of poetry about him, and be no mollycoddle either; another cannot travel without "English Prose from Mandeville to Ruskin," the little blue Oxford Press edition; some still carry the Bible. Yes, they do. Reading is a rest from violent exercise, a solace to the disappointed sportsman, a refuge from too talkative companions. Such are the confirmed reader's excuses for loading his baggage with books. Whatever your excuse, if you are in momentary doubt as to what to add to your standbys, may we, a busman on a holiday ourselves, say a word?

Suppose you give over strictly contemporary reading for a few weeks. Your interest in the current novels which you will again pick up next winter will be greater if you read some of their great forerunners. Perhaps it would be oversanguine to suggest starting off with the Arthurian romances or Chaucer. Chaucer does come, in part, in a modernized version, is, anyway, not so hard as you may think to read in the original, and is especially interesting just now, as some of our strongest young writers aspire to do for America what Chaucer did for the English language and literature—to set down in the vernacular the life and thought of the day. But if you read the Arthurian romances or Chaucer you will have to do it *sub rosa* or your children will think you have turned highbrow, and that would be a bad thing. Leave them and Sidney's "Arcadia" and the seventeenth-century books of sketches called "Characters," and other forerunners of the English novel proper—or, if you can pick up in the library "The English Novel," by Walter Raleigh, read about them, most delightfully in that—and begin your vacation reading with a book which you and I and every one else can readily recognize as a novel and can read with great pleasure, "Jonathan Wild," by Fielding. W have no catalogues or reference boo here, and we cannot tell you wheth this can be had in Everyman's Libra or the World's Classics or not. But o fat book might be carried, anywa "Jonathan Wild" is not only fine rea ing, but it is interesting as an examp of the English version of the picaresq novel, a thing frequently mentioned b contemporary reviewers, partly becau some excellent modern stories of adve ture are modeled after the old picaresq novels, and partly because "picaresqu is a beautiful and slightly tricky word use. "Jonathan Wild is the story of highwayman who was bad all throu and gallant to the last. We are accu tomed to having our bad men turn o to be detectives in the end, or at least reform in jail and advise other bad me that they cannot win and had better gi up before they get caught. Jonatha Wild did not do that. Perhaps you ma like him all the better for it. Then wh not read, or re-read, "Tristram Shandy by Sterne, which comes now in th Modern Library for ninety-five cent and excellent print, too? Tristram, a you remember, barely manages to g himself born in that long book, but h Uncle Toby lives there, and is a perso whom no one who is still capable of u controlled laughter and unashamed tea can afford to forget. There are no boo like "Tristram Shandy" being wri ten now, more's the pity! After tha you might try the work of two ladie the only two who have attained the high windy plain of heaven in the creativ arts. Read "Pride and Prejudice," b Jane Austen, and "Wuthering Heights," by Emily Brontë. Both can be ha in Everyman's Library (Dutton) an "Wuthering Heights," we think, come in the Modern Library, too. "Pride an Prejudice" is the greatest book writte by a sane woman (at least, compara tively sane; no one who writes as wel as Jane Austen can be quite sane), an "Wuthering Heights" is the greate book ever written by a mad one. The are both, as might be expected, lov stories, and grand ones. The comedy of love has never been more subtly an exquisitely played than by Elizabet Bennet and Darcy, its tragedy neve more terribly than by Heathcliffe an Catherine. Jane Austen's influence i very persistent. The current novels o manners, even when dramatic rathe than narrative in style, take much fro her. That was recently very amusingly illustrated in Margot Asquith's book "Octavia," where the elegant and com pact Austenesque style is constantly op posed to what we believe is the author's natural tendency toward vulgarity.

fter those two, and a rest of a day so after "Wuthering Heights," you ht try "Quentin Durward," by the trious father of modern historical ance, find yourself transported into orld of color, intrigue, and adven-, and see, not only how well Scott te and how much he knew, but how ely contemporary writers of histori-fiction follow his pattern.

erhaps you read Dickens and Thack-y in your teens, have not touched n since, and grumble because your won't read them. Your boy can rcely be expected to appreciate them. children who were brought up on kens and Thackeray usually enjoyed rivilege which is now uncommon. y heard them read aloud to the fam-around a table and a lamp, on winter ings. The meanings of the things could not understand they read in smiling, tender faces of their parents. d "Our Mutual Friend" and "The comes" again, and rediscover the ect bed books. We like Trollope recommend "The Eustace Dia-ds," if you can get it separately. brilliant and amusing, and in it you t Trollope's most charming woman racter, Lady Glencora Palliser. Hav-met her, you will find it hard to re-going back into the Barchester nov-and forward into the Parliamentary to see her again and again. If you detective stories, you might get "The onstone," by Wilkie Collins, in the ld's Classics (Oxford Press). It is first, longest, and best English de-ive novel. Everything good in cur-ones can be found in it. It has cted them all.

ur suggestions for novels end with redith. He is not very popular just . Writers may be afraid of him. style has a way of fastening itself n one, and after reading much of , willy-nilly one imitates him—super-lly. Those who read him for the time will find their greatest pleasure greatest stimulus in "Diana of the ssways" (Modern Library, almost ainly). This is so absorbing, so urbing a story that it cannot be put n unfinished, and by the time you e finished it Meredith will have ght you and you will be ready for most enchanting book, "The Ego-

hen you have read all these, you have read some of the greatest ex-les of the English novel since that derful and blessed thing took its ent form; and you will go back to r reading of contemporary novels much riper critical appreciation, therefore much keener pleasure—if ever go back at all. F. C. L. R.

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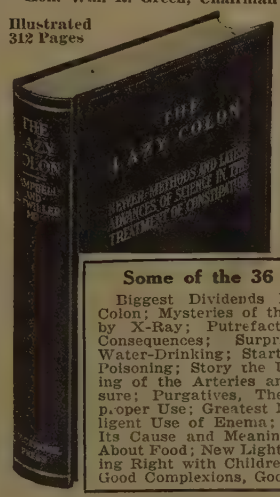

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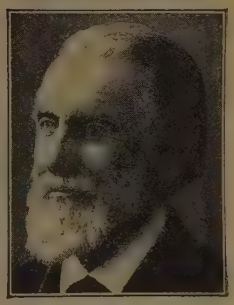

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The Movies

(See page 628)

"Abie's Irish Rose."—Just like the play. It's a system.
"Across to Singapore."—Ramon Novarro and Ernest Torrence pulling nautical rough stuff.
"The Big City."—Lon Chaney using his regular face.
"The Big Killing."—Beery and Hatton. Funny in spots.
"The Big Noise."—Chester Conklin and some pretty biting satire.
"The Chaser."—Harry Langdon scores a miss.
"The Circus."—If you don't like Chaplin, you're the funny one.
"The Cossacks."—John Gilbert obeys the current behest to "keep smiling."
"Burning Daylight."—Won't set fire to anything.
"The Actress."—"Trelawney of the Wells" picturized, with a fine cast.
"The Crowd."—A sad story, beautifully directed.
"Dawn."—The soul-stirring drama of Edith Cavell.
"Doomsday."—Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear!
"Dressed to Kill."—The ace of the crook plays.
"The Drag Net."—Don't ask us why you'll like it—go and see it.
"Drums of Love."—Pomp, pathos, and Lionel Barrymore.
"The End of St. Petersburg."—Startlingly fine Russian production.
"Fazil."—Charles Farrell and Greta Nissen in something terribly phony.
"Four Sons."—It's a fine film, but too long.
"Fools for Luck."—Chester Conklin and W. C. Fields—but the verdict is "No."
"The Gaucho."—No one is perfect—not even Douglas Fairbanks.
"Glorious Betsy."—The second talking movie. Still not good enough.
"Hangman's House."—Swell photography, good direction, and good acting.
"How to Handle Women."—It doesn't tell you how, or anything.
"The Jazz Singer."—Al Jolson sings, and that's all.
"Kentucky Courage."—A successor to "Tol'able David," with Richard Barthelmess.
"Ladies of the Mob."—Clara Bow gets a chance to act and does so.
"The Last Command."—The great Jannings. See it.
"The Last Moment."—Good photography, but little else.
"The Legion of the Condemned."—The so-called sequel to "Wings."
"The Lights of New York."—How curious are you about talking pictures?
"The Lion and the Mouse."—Lionel Barrymore talks—making this picture worth going to.
"Love."—Greta Garbo and John Gilbert. Recommended.
"A Night of Mystery."—Adolphe Menjou—just fair.
"The Man Who Laughs."—An impressive, entertaining picture.
"Mother Machree."—A nice, mushy Irish-American drama.
"The News Parade."—The cameraman and his adventures. Pleasant enough.
"Partners in Crime."—Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton in a darned good comedy.
"The Patsy."—King Vidor directs Marion Davies, to the credit of neither.
"The Magnificent Flirt."—Sophisticated and funny, with Florence Vidor and Albert Conti.
"The Noose."—A moderately absorbing film, with Richard Barthelmess, Alice Joyce, and Montague Love.
"The Racket."—The triumphant return of Thomas Meighan.
"Ramona."—Scenically beautiful, but pretty syrupy.
"The Red Dance."—Pulled through by Raoul Walsh's stalwart direction.
"Red Hair."—Clara Bow in her big disrobing act.
"Sadie Thompson."—Gloria Swanson trying hard.
"The Secret Hour."—Pola Negri in a good picture.
"Simba."—The Martin Johnson masterpiece.
"Skyscraper."—Thoroughly enjoyable.
"Steamboat Bill, Jr."—Buster Keaton in a really funny one.
"The Strange Case of Captain Ramper."—Out of the ordinary.
"The Michigan Kid."—One unusually clever double-exposure sequence.
"Something Always Happens."—An amusing little thriller, with the ornamental Esther Ralston.
"Street Angel."—A beautiful, tiresome picture.
"Tempest."—John Barrymore comes into his own. Cheers!
"Tenderloin."—The first (and worst) talking movie.
"Three Sinners."—Pola Negri in a bad picture.
"Wings."—The great epic of the war-birds.
"The Street of Sin."—Regardless of Emil Jannings, we thought it was terrible.
"Two Lovers."—Last of the Colman-Bankys. Interesting.
"Sunrise."—Dr. Murnau's supreme achievement.
"Telling the World."—At last—a good William Haines picture.
"The Trail of '98."—The grandest scenes now on view.
"Warming Up."—Richard Dix and Jean Arthur make this baseball picture a good show.
"Wheel of Chance."—A fine double-rôle performance by Richard Barthelmess.

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John Galsworthy's

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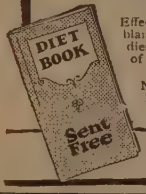

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Picked at Random

By WALTER R. BROOKS

John Clyde Oswald's
A History of Printing
Appleton

All who are interested in the art of typography, from Gutenberg to Goudy, will find pleasure and profit in this volume. The author is a former editor of the "American Printer," and President of the American Institute of Graphic Arts, and many years of research have gone to the writing of it. The fine illustrations—more than a hundred and forty of them, many in colors—giving examples of the work of various printers, add greatly to its value. There are separate chapters on the history of printing in various countries, and on type faces, paper, binding, the evolution of the press, and on education and organization in the trade. We were particularly interested to learn that there is nothing new about the literary censorship of which we hear so much complaint nowadays, as in Nuremberg in 1524 the Pope's legate decreed that "some holy and learned men should peruse and examine what came from the press, and that which they disapproved should not be sold." We liked that about the holy and learned men.

Robert E. McClure's
Lady in Marble
Doubleday, Doran

Shows what happens when people from Cincinnati go to Paris. Kate and Clark Gardner got there and ran across Chérie Kalb, the inevitable girl from home who is studying art in the city by the Seine. They saw quite a lot of Chérie, and Clark fell for her pretty hard, but everything went well until one evening in a restaurant Chérie and Clark had special wine and Kate drank *vin ordinaire*. After that Kate grew more and more jealous and Clark more and more fatuous, until they went back to Cincinnati. As a picture of the antics and self-deceptions of a man in love it is pretty good. As a story it doesn't get anywhere particularly.

John Buchan's
The Runagates Club
Houghton, Mifflin

A dozen short stories of mystery and adventure told by the members of a club which meets weekly for that purpose. Most of the members are characters from former adventure stories by Mr. Buchan. We liked best the supernatural stories—*The Green Wildebeest* and *The Wind in the Portico*. The touch is surer in them. Though Mr. Buchan can do much better. The sto-

ries in *The Moon Endureth*, writ
some fifteen years ago by the same
thor, simply lay all over these la
efforts. It's only fair to say that t
also lay all over most other stories of
same kind we have ever read.

Carroll John Daly's
The Man in the Shadows
Clode

There was a t
in the mail that d
"a card that wo
have puzzled m
men, but simply drew into heavier wr
kles the high intelligent forehead
Clarence Johnstone." It read: "T
three of spades is out of the pack agai
And then a dead man was found on t
beach with a three of spades pinned
his breast with a dagger. And the hi
intelligent forehead gathered more wr
kles because behind it was the knowled
that Nixon Carleton was out of jail a
after revenge. There's a kidnappi
and a lot of shooting, indoors and o
in fog and clear weather, and a sinis
figure in a raincoat who is the he
criminal and turns out to be—well, gi
a guess. We were troubled by the
of "of" as a verb, and by mention in t
blurb of a detective who doesn't appe
in the story at all. But it's a good fa
moving yarn, at that.

Stanley J. Weyman's
The Lively Peggy
Longmans

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MISCELLANEOUS

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Company Men

(*Continued from page 620*)

or to shake his head in solemn agreement when there is made the declaration that the American workman is not sufficiently adult to use leisure wisely—simply because this is the sort of thing his fellows understand?

In companies, as in democracies, the average intelligence predominates. Unlike a democracy, the business cabinet, the directors, more frequently than not reach their positions through merit. It seems hardly necessary to remark that merit may mean a number of things. It nearly always means safety, dependability, experience. It may mean personal charm, forcefulness, or just a way of emitting platitudes which makes them sound important. It sometimes means brilliance, but that brilliance is sure to be accompanied by a fine sense of balance. Merit, in the last analysis, must be at the helm, or the craft of big business might smash. Nevertheless, if standardized regulations were decreased, if red tape were eliminated, would not the individual have a btter chance to rise above the dead level of the brain power of organized mediocrity? And would not the corporations and the public ultimately gain thereby?

The industrial world is not unaware of the imperfections this article has outlined. It knows that there is no wall separating a man's work completely from his wider concepts of life, over which he climbs at the end of his business day. It realizes that a man's life is affected by all of his human relationships, both business and social; that his personality is enormously influenced by environment. It has been known to refer to such scratches on the crystal of perfection as "inherent difficulties of a big organization." It has moved in certain directions. The loss of individual initiative which standardization, specialzation, the lack of a feeling of independence, and mere size cause is being made up for somewhat by more specialization. Departments are devised whose duties consist of originating better ways of doing things, better and more economical ways of making things. One might almost call them "Initiative Departments." The growth of research, on which the leading corporations of our land are now spending some $200,000,000 annually, is traceable partially to a recognition of automotive loss. The offering of awards for usable suggestions, the more or less subtle propaganda of the company magazine—these, and many other schemes, attempt to stimulate the initiative which "inherent difficulties of a big organization" tends to destroy.

Big business takes fairly kindly to criticism. It knows that it may learn something thereby. Its mind is open. It has a passion for self-examination. It may appoint a committee to study the question "What Has Become of the Lost Personalities of Company Men?" It may even find an answer. But the odds are heavy that such an answer would recommend a standardized cure for a standardized ill.

Olympic Aces and Deuces

(*Continued from page 625*)

well be imagined. There was nothing to indicate that Hahn was out of condition when he went to the mark in the final. Yet, certainly having enough speed for the first quarter, and knowing that his only hope lay in a fast quarter, he turned in the first round in 55 seconds. This was playing right into the hands of Douglas Lowe, the English star. It is my opinion, and that of others from whom I have heard by private cable, that Lowe could have beaten Hahn the best day of his career.

It has been said that the Americans were overtrained, and that they had no chance to get back into shape after the journey over, that they over-ate, t they found quarters on board stuffy a uncomfortable. If they over-ate, wh were the trainers who were hired guard against just such a contingenc If they should not have lived on sh board, why had some one not studi the experiences at Stockholm when c team lived on a ship and came ho with a rich share of championships? they had no time to get in shape af landing, and there were no faciliti what of the preliminary expedition Lawson Robertson, head coach, who h been sent over to make the necessa arrangements? No, we were arroga and lazy—that was our backgrou And I will further venture the opini that there was not too much harmo among the coaches and trainers the selves. So far we have heard only fr those who cable articles to Americ syndicates. We have yet to hear fr those who do not write. When our at letes get home, they will have a lo rest, and then they will have to buck down to preparation for the next Olyn piad. I will wager that I can count my fingers the men who will ha learned a real lesson from the handli of this expedition and the performanc of the foreigners, and will be prepared profit by it.

Just one little detail in passing. W have not developed steeplechasers in th country, and we have made no effort do so, since the passing of the Harrie of the old days. Granting that we c not care to do so, why take any steepl chasers with us? At the Boston try-ou the steeplechase course was a joke. N man who qualified, in the light of th conditions it was known he must fa abroad, earned his passage except as a act of favoritism. But enough, I thin has been said. Let us take off our ha to the nations that have turned out th real champions on the track and over th hurdles, and settle down in a chastene spirit to try again.

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ASSOCIATE EDITORS

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William L. Ettinger, Jr., Advertising Manager
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From Publisher —to You

This issue has been termed by those who have known of its coming, the New Outlook. Its content and appearance is an indication of the distance and direction The Outlook has traveled editorially within recent months.

Terrible indeed has been the effect of this journey on some of our tried and true friends. Our daily mail has brought criticisms involving our methods, motives, and morals. But for every such letter, we have made many new friends who sustain us in our efforts to present independently and fairly, and as we see it, the world of politics, literature, science, and philosophy.

Professor Richards of Dartmouth made a speech in Chicago last week in which he stated that the aim of the modern American college was to "Furnish the nation with a class whose intellectual machinery runs from its own motive power." Said he, "It is an asset to the community if a considerable element in it is in the habit of making up their minds upon controverted questions on a surer basis than personal prejudice, snap judgment, or supine yielding to a well-organized propaganda."

The Outlook is being edited for precisely this element. It assumes that its readers do their own thinking and want facts and opinions that will be of assistance to them. It believes in no political party as the saviour of the nation, or even the producer of prosperity. It views political parties as the servants of the public and the agents of those of us who desire social problems solved by political action. It aims to present in as unprejudiced a manner as possible all the facts it can ascertain which have any bearing on the problems in which modern society is vitally interested—and to state its own conclusions as a matter of common honesty; not propaganda.

Such a journal is religious in the highest sense of that word. A spokesman for any party or creed, it is not.

We hope our new dress—for which we make our bow to N. W. Ayer and Son, of Philadelphia—will please our readers as much as it does us.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

SAIL AND STEAM

Dry-point by Philip Kappel

The Outlook

August 22, 1928

John J. Raskob

A Portrait

By HENRY F. PRINGLE

One of the several bold moves that followed Governor Smith's nomination, and quickened interest in his candidacy, was his choice of the chairman of the Finance Committee of General Motors as chairman of the Democratic National Committee. Governor Smith's reasons for asking him to serve and Mr. Raskob's for accepting have been well aired. This sketch by Mr. Pringle gives a good idea of what Mr. Raskob himself is like.

T may, perhaps, have been exposure to the intoxicating air of Maryland Free ate—he is married to a aryland lady and has a farm ithin its boundaries—which uses John J. Raskob, newly ected chairman of the Demoatic National Committee, to something of a non-conformt. Long years ago, so long o that by now the incident s been forgotten, Maryland fused to bow to the mantes of William H. Anderson the Anti-Saloon League and nt that worthy to his ultiate doom in New York. When prohibition finally arrived, the state dened to pass a local enforcement easure. It has enacted a minimum mber of other laws infringing upon e liberties of man and it shelters, the city of Baltimore, America's ch protestant, H. L. Mencken.

Without some such contaminating fluence, it would seem logical to ppose, Mr. Raskob would be as safe, sane and as Republican as Mr. Andrew Mellon or Mr. William M. Butler, e Massachusetts mentor to Mr. oolidge. For he is very definitely the big money class. His personal rtune is said to reach the staggering tal of $100,000,000. He was, until dden entry into politics made it ecessary for him to resign, chairman the Finance Committee of General lotors and a member of its executive mmittee. He is a vice-president of . I. du Pont de Nemours and a irector of numerous other great corrations. He is a heavy stockholder General Motors, the United States teel Corporation and many additional mpanies. In addition to his farm in laryland he owns a baronial estate ear Wilmington, Delaware, and mainins a residence in New York. He elongs to many of the better clubs and is listed in the current Who's Who as a Republican.

Yet here he is serving as chairman of a campaign committee which seeks to place Alfred E. Smith, a Tammany Hall graduate from the East Side of New York, in the White House. Not only that, but Raskob is advocating modification of the prohibition law. Most terrible of all heresies, he has suggested that the East does not fully understand the farm equalization fee; that it is "a very much abused and misunderstood term." Even Governor Smith rejects the fee and Mr. Coolidge, for whom Raskob voted in 1924, wore out a thesaurus finding adjectives bitter enough to describe it. Within the next few weeks, it is likely, the new Democratic chairman will show similarly Socialistic tendencies regarding other issues, among them water power. He will probably hint that the public, as well as the utility companies, should receive a share of the profits when these great natural resources are developed.

Meanwhile the campaign to make Al Smith President of the United States gathers momentum at the General Motors Building on upper Broadway in New York City. Each day the offices hum with visits from politicians making rash promises to deliver Pennsylvania, Illinois or Oklahoma. Each day there are sessions of the High Command, conferences with newspaper correspondents and meetings at which the farm, the dry, the wet, the urban, the Negro and the border state vote must be debated. Always there is the long line of the "boys" to be taken care of; the boys with the itching palms who demand a place on the party payroll.

In the midst of it all, apparently as happy as though he were still directing the destinies of General Motors, moves Mr. Raskob. He learned long ago, fortunately for the peace of mind of his associates, that there were times when it was wise to look knowing and say nothing; it is a trick acquired by industrial giants as well as by campaign strategists. Thus far, as a result, there have been none of the unfortunate incidents that have bothered Dr. Hubert Work, the G. O. P. chairman. One cannot avoid the thought, however, that Raskob must sometimes give way to bewilderment that he was willing to assume this rôle. The politicians he is meeting are men of a type he has never known before. They utter daily predictions, obviously based on little or nothing, that Smith's election is already an assured fact. They exude confidence, self-satisfaction and optimism. It is not that Raskob objects to optimism. On the contrary, he has long been known in Wall Street as an exceedingly bullish gentleman whose occasional sunny predictions regarding General Motors are to be taken very seriously. But Raskob's optimism has been based on cold, demonstrable fact. He has studied production charts, sales records and probable earnings. Now he is

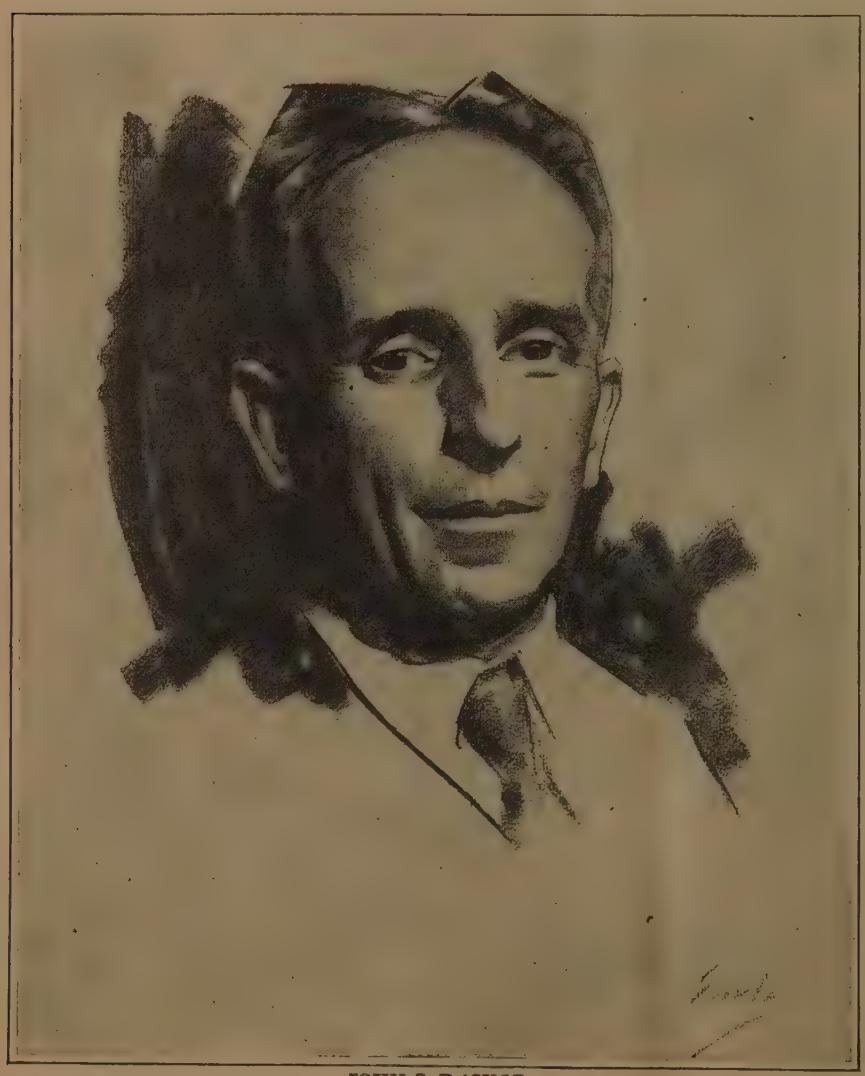
learning that politics, although a human and fascinating one, is far from an exact science.

Raskob has offered, of course, a formal explanation for accepting his present post. Following his election on July 11th he said that a time came in the life of a nation "when men not in politics feel called upon to take an active instead of a passive interest in government." Such a time, he believed, was at hand. He then went on to give two very specific reasons for his willingness to assume "the great responsibilities this position carries." The first was his great admiration for Governor Smith, whom he met some years ago through William F. Kenny, the millionaire contractor, and with whom he has been on intimate personal terms. The second influence was his conviction that national prohibition had failed and was causing wide-spread corruption and disrespect for all law. A third reason, probably less important and one that Raskob did not mention, is the fact that he, like Smith, is a Roman Catholic and is anxious to play a part in stamping out intolerance. Finally, of course, there is my private theory that Maryland's disturbing air had gotten into his blood and caused him to prefer non-conformity for its own sake.

I MEAN it as no reflection upon Raskob's eventual political skill, or his present very great talents as an organizer, when I say that he was selected to serve as "window dressing" for Democracy. Before the tumult of Houston had died away, while the leaders who had managed Smith's pre-convention campaign were heading for the North, the subject of a new national chairman was the chief topic for discussion. In order to win, the wi ones realized, the party must refu the damnable, partisan charges that was a menace to prosperity. It mu convince the people that their rad sets, their automobiles and their ban accounts would be as sacred to th Democratic Party as to the Republica indeed, more sacred. Business, alway jumpy on the eve of a Presidenti campaign, must be assured that nothin rash would be done with the tarif The Democratic Party must, in brie be made to appear as nearly identic to the G. O. P. as possible.

The best way to accomplish all th was to persuade some giant industria ist, some great figure free of the tai of politics, to serve as chairman of th national committee. The first ma suggested was Owen D. Young, chai man of the board of the General Ele tric, reputedly the brains behind th Dawes Plan, a Democrat and symp thetic toward many of Smith's policie It developed, however, that Young distaste for politics, often expresse had not abated and he would not liste to the pleas of the leaders. During fortnight many gentlemen were me tioned for the post. But at 3 o'cloc on the morning of July 11, at a pr longed meeting in the Governor's sui at the Biltmore, Smith announced th John J. Raskob was his person choice, was acquiescent and would named when the committee convene that afternoon.

Not a few members of Democracy High Command, particularly those wh had been planning to berate Herbe Hoover for his one-time politic vacillation, made vigorous protest. Th they said, was a trifle thick. Rask was just as dubious politically as t Republican nominee. He admitte openly and without shame, that he h never been affiliated with any part He had voted for Wilson in 1916 a for Coolidge in 1924! He was a me ber of the Union League Club Philadelphia and was said to be wor $100,000,000. Such a man would ha all sorts of idiotic ideas regarding campaign and would be impossible work with. Besides, just how mu did Al intend to emphasize the dange ous prohibition and Catholic issues an how? This Raskob was a director the Association Against the Prohibiti Amendment, which fought openly repeal of the Eighteenth Amendme He was, moreover, a Roman Catho who had been made a Knight of



JOHN J. RASKOB

Order of St. Gregory the Great by the Pope. His selection, the objectors said, would further inflame the Baptist-Methodist and anti-Smith thousands in the South and would boost the membership of the Ku Klux Klan.

But Al Smith, who each year grows more accustomed to having his own way, was determined and in a few hours Raskob was unanimously elected. After the meeting in the gaudy Democratic Club on Madison Avenue had ended, some of the members of the committee came up to offer their congratulations. They felt slightly uncomfortable in the presence of such concentrated wealth and Raskob, sensing the strangeness of it all, was similarly ill at ease. As a result conversation languished.

"We're delighted," said one committeeman, "that you're to be with us."

"Yes," said Raskob, shifting uneasily and trying to think of something to say. Just then another party leader approached.

"Congratulations!" he boomed.

"Yes," said Raskob.

DESPITE this inauspicious beginning, despite the fact that protests by his fellow directors caused him to resign as finance chairman of General Motors, Raskob has done amazingly well. The editorial comment regarding his election was wide-spread and very friendly. The harmony which marked the Democratic Party in convention at Houston seems to have an excellent chance of continuing up to Election Day. Raskob still knows less than nothing, it is true, regarding the art of politics. I venture to say that he could not name a dozen important Democratic leaders in the entire country or give a list of the states where Smith must win in order to be elected. All this is not, however, important inasmuch as the Democratic headquarters swarms with experts whose livelihood has, for years, depended upon familiarity with such matters. Raskob's normal day, except for the confusion and hurly-burly which cannot quite be stilled, does not differ too greatly from those while he was with the General Motors Company. He has the same suave, efficient private secretary at his elbow. His list of appointments is made up in advance and sometimes he does not know, until a few minutes before a caller arrives, whom he is to see, what he is to talk about, what the significance of the visit is. It is quite likely that conversation at these private sessions is not too brilliant. But the visitors seem, none the less, to be favorably impressed when they come out.

In one respect, though, Raskob finds life very different. Never before has he faced daily bombardment by the irreverent newspaper correspondents and it is greatly to his credit that the reporters like him very well indeed. They respect his intelligence, feel that he is honest, able and sincere. At first, it is true, there was mutual distrust. Great figures of business or finance are accustomed to have reporters (they rarely see any but the Wall Street men) await their pleasure. They are seldom permitted to print anything but a statement prepared in advance. The political writers, however, must be seen at a stated time each day. They insist upon the right to cross-examine at will. During the first few conferences Raskob was rather nervous. This was not lessened when, after he had been in office a few days, he ran into a reporter seeking what is known in the trade as a "trouble story." The writer was from a hide-bound Republican journal, energetically and often unfairly opposing Smith's candidacy. That Al could win any votes among its readers was extremely remote and there was really no cause for alarm when the correspondent began asking questions regarding fancied friction in the Democratic ranks. But the new chairman felt that it was of vital importance, answered the questions rather vaguely and was filled with wrath when, the next morning, he read that there was "Dissension in the Smith Camp." Meeting the correspondents later in the day he made it clear that he was very angry.

"The trouble with these informal conferences," he said, in effect, "is the chance that some snake will be present."

It was an unfortunate remark, inasmuch as the offending reporter was a good friend of most of the other writers. They knew that his occasional lapses from the whole truth were the result of a militant pro-Republican policy on the part of his paper and were in no way personal. The incident has, however, been forgotten in view of Raskob's increasing ability to handle the conferences. From a journalistic point of view he is now perfectly satisfactory.

At first glance, viewed as he is thus engaged in some conference, Raskob seems to be a very calm, even a tranquil person. Certainly he looks very capable, self-assured and efficient. It soon becomes apparent, though, that he is anything but calm. His hands, for instance, are constantly in motion. First he brushes his right cheek with his finger tips. Then it is his left. Next he fusses with papers in front of him. He speaks well enough, in so far as clear, concise language is concerned. But his tones are almost inaudible and the listener has to strain for every word. He is not a big man, being about five feet seven inches in height and except for the faintest suspicion of stoutness at the waist he is free from the sag of middle age. This is because he takes a good deal of exercise, chiefly the acrobatic variety which results from manipulating the sails of a small boat. His hair is plentiful, except in front, and is just beginning to grow gray. His eyes are brown and steady. But the most striking thing about Raskob is a smile when he is amused; which is fairly often, for he seems to have an excellent sense of humor. Then wrinkles begin to radiate from his eyes to the corners of his mouth until his entire face is a network of tiny lines. The mirth is accompanied by a chuckle quite devoid of sound and somehow very contagious.

APPREHENSIONS on the part of Smith's advisers that Raskob might be aloof or difficult to work with have proved to be totally unfounded. At Wilmington, where his estate must have cost millions, his democracy is a matter of local pride, and he is universally known as "Johnny Raskob." "Archmere," the name of his home, swarms with visitors of low and high degree. He attends most of the meetings at the Democratic headquarters in his shirt-sleeves, and so one has slight opportunity to judge his taste in clothes. It is said of him, however, that he gives in to a weakness for gay cravats with matching (as he supposes) handkerchiefs. Mrs. Raskob is said to act as a restraining influence. It is rumored, too, that on the golf-links and when lounging about his Maryland farm he wears astonishing plus-fours that reach well to his ankles. But during the hot August days of the Smith campaign he is sartorially without distinction. On the day that the committee moved into the new headquarters—the General Motors building was selected because Raskob had hoped that he could hold his old

job at the same time—the chairman was attempting to find his office while workmen were shifting tables and chairs.

"Hey, you!" hailed a clerk, "are you from Gimbel's? They just called up for one of the men from the furniture department."

It was in November of 1915 that Raskob first came to the attention of the metropolitan press, and he found the publicity not at all to his liking. There appeared in the New York papers, one morning, despatches from Wilmington stating that a party of millionaires, swollen with war profits, was bound for Manhattan "to paint the town red." The celebration was being paid for, it was stated, by one John J. Raskob of the du Pont powder people and Frank J. Lackey, a Wilmington broker. So wealthy were these gentlemen that common taxicabs were to be spurned when they arrived and costly limousines hired to transport the party to elegant accommodations at the Hotel Astor. The stories were somewhat jocular, and when Raskob and his friends arrived the next day they were obviously indignant. Raskob, in what was probably his first interview, protested that the orgy was a "Dutch Treat" affair, that expenses would come only to $35 a head, and that the group was made up of twenty-one married couples belonging to the "Friday Night Dancing Class" of Wilmington. Having thus spoken, the party boarded busses, not limousines or even taxis, and went to their hotel.

But even in 1915 Raskob had progressed part of the way on the path to great wealth, for he had already persuaded Pierre S. du Pont to buy into General Motors. It was a step that was to make another fortune for the du Ponts, build one for Raskob and to result, years later, in the creation of eighty millionaires among the executives of General Motors — to-day known as "Raskob's Eighty Millionaires" and counted upon, by many a Democratic hopeful, to chip in to make Smith President. But of the millionaires I shall speak later.

Raskob was born in 1879 at Lockport, N. Y., of the worthy immigration which turned toward America during the middle of the nineteenth century. A Jakob Raskob had landed in 1845 from Alsace, had turned his back on the already congested centers of the Eastern seaboard and had gone to Buffalo, where he began to make cigars in a small way. He was a Roman Catholic and a devout, law-abiding gentleman who became an American citizen within a few years after his arrival. He did not, though, have the gift of making money. His son, John Raskob, continued to make cigars, but moved to Lockport, a small town on the Erie Canal. He, too, failed to prosper, but was married to Anna Frances Moran, whose parents had been born in Dublin. There were four children, among them John Jakob Raskob, the hero of our story.

Johnny, it was to be seen, possessed in full measure the gift denied his father and grandfather. While still in high school he announced that he intended to make money, "a lot of it," and he studied stenography and accounting in preparation. The opportunity to begin came soon, for when he was nineteen his father died. He took a job as stenographer at $5 a week and in six months was demanding $7.50. When it was refused he wrote to a friend in Loraine, Ohio, asking whether, by any chance, there was a job in that town for a bright and ambitious young man. The friend replied that a man named P. S. du Pont was looking for a secretary, so Raskob wrote, suggested that he was the very man needed and that $1,000 a year was his price. While Lockport jeered at such arrogance the offer was accepted and the boy moved to Loraine with his family. From that day the curve of his career and of his wealth moved constantly, and often with astonishing swiftness, upward. Pierre S. du Pont was, at the time, operating a street car line in Loraine. Later he acquired another one in Dallas, Texas, and he took Raskob with him to become treasurer of the company. In 1902 the three cousins, Coleman, Pierre and Alfred, assumed control of E. I. du Pont de Nemours, a company which had been manufacturing powder since the Revolution, and Pierre became treasurer. Again he took the bright young man from Lockport with him to Wilmington, and Raskob was made assistant treasurer at $3,000 a year. Later Pierre du Pont became president and Raskob treasurer. When the war came, and profits began to leap as never before, he was the vice-president in charge of finance. And so he would have accumulated "money, lots of money," even without the assistance of General Motors.

The story of Raskob, the du Ponts and General Motors is one of those fantastic financial true stories possible only in real life. In 1913 Raskob received word that General Motors, organized in 1908 by William C. Durant, was, as they say in Wall Street, a "good buy." He purchased some of the common and persuaded du Pont to do the esame. Between them, they owned 3,000 shares. In 1915, through one of the freak occurrences upon which so many vast fortunes are based, they found that their paltry 3,000 shares constituted a balance of power in General Motors. It was unbelievable, but it was so. There had been a bitter fight between Durant and a banking syndicate which had lent him large sums. Raskob persuaded the factions that nothing could be gained by fighting and also induced them to elect du Pont, in whom both sides had confidence, chairman of the board. He became himself a director at the same time. Meanwhile virtually uncounted millions rolled into the du Pont treasury from the warring nations of Europe and, later, from the United States. The directors faced the not unpleasant problem of deciding what to do with the money. Again Raskob suggested that General Motors was a good buy, and this time the du Pont interests bought $50,000,000 in stock. There was another reorganization and the boy from Lockport became chairman of the Finance Committee. To-day that stock is worth $800,000,000 more or less. In 1915, when the du Ponts first became interested in General Motors, the company had assets of about $78,000,000. To-day they approach a billion dollars. The growth is due, in no small part, to Raskob. An inveterate optimist, he felt that the market for automobiles had barely been scratched, and he organized the General Motors Acceptance Corporation whereby cars are purchased on the installment plan. He felt that the executives of the company would "work their heads off" if they had a share in the profits, and in 1923 eighty senior and junior executives were permitted to organize the Managers Securities Corporation, which bought $33,000,000 in General Motors Common. The minimum participation allowed was $25,000, and that minimum is now worth $1,000,000. So, in about four years, were created "Raskob's Eighty Millionaires."

If Raskob is free from the pomposities which make the average wealthy man a dull individual it is partly due

no doubt, to the fact that success came early in life and to the element of luck involved. The rungs of his ladder cannot logically be labeled "hard work," "zeal," "attention to duty," "vision" and "save your pennies." Obviously he cannot utter bromides about industry and its rewards, for it was good fortune, just as much as industry, which created his vast wealth. He admits this frankly, but prefers to interpret it as destiny's work.

"I believe," he once remarked, "that there is a divinity which shapes our ends. I'm positive it was so in my case."

One finds the clues to Raskob a little elusive. It is untrue to say that he was merely lucky. Those who know him best usually place that of organizer first among his talents. Men work for him, they say, in harmony and efficiently; a fact which Al Smith probably knew in picking Raskob for his campaign manager. Raskob is, too, rather inclined to assume that things will go well rather than that disaster is ahead. Thus, without being like the late Elbert Gary and constantly remarking that God is in His Heaven, he is optimistic about General Motors, Smith's campaign, America, his children, the Universe. He has, I think, foresight rather than vision. It was a combination of foresight and optimism which first persuaded him to buy General Motors common. It was optimism and no mean ability as a salesman which enabled him to persuade the du Ponts to do likewise to the extent of $50,000,000. These traits are guided by a mind which is keen and facile and rarely closed to argument.

Raskob the millionaire, then, was born of fortune and those specific gifts. He is a pleasant, affable gentleman uncrushed by his millions. Unlike George F. Baker or the elder Morgan, he did not watch his money grow by the comparatively slow accumulation of interest. Like that of Henry Ford, it increased at a rate beyond the ability of the eye and brain to watch. So Raskob is less impressed by wealth, less fearful of the unknown. And another factor which led him to escape rigidity, I am sure, is the enormous size, judged by any modern standards, of his family. As a boy he had said that he wanted money. As a father he remarked, finding it all rather amusing, that he "had to have it." He certainly did, for the Raskob household consisted of twelve children. No man could be pompous with twelve assorted sons and daughters. The only tragedy of his life occurred last month when William F. Raskob, the second son, was killed in an automobile accident.

Probably the children, growing up and spreading the outrageous ideas of the younger generation, were no less important than luck and the heresies of Maryland in causing Raskob's independence of thought. His first contact with the Maryland mind came in 1906 when he was married to Helena Springer Green, a lady of great charm whose forebears had come to the colony back in the misty days of the seventeenth century when Maryland was already a haven of tolerance. Mrs. Raskob had been born on the magic soil of the state. Also a Catholic, she has long favored the Democratic Party and has viewed her husband's occasional lapses with regret. When, on a morning in July, he announced at the breakfast table that the family should "watch the afternoon papers," she assumed that he had agreed to assist his friend Al Smith, and was properly gratified that he was permanently in the fold.

EXCEPT when they are in New York, where there is an apartment, the Raskobs divide their time between their farm at Powder Point, Maryland, and Archmere, an awe-inspiring structure which is the show place of the countryside at Claymont on the Delaware River. Somehow it miraculously manages to be homelike despite its elegance and great cost, and one assumes that Mrs. Raskob is responsible. Again, of course, the swarm of Raskob children has been a factor and Archmere is undoubtedly one of the few mansions on earth in which there are five nurseries. Over a mantel in the drawing room is a bas-relief of one of the daughters. Several children romp, in fresco, on the base of a fountain in the courtyard. Love, as well as money, went into the foundations of Archmere, and Mr. and Mrs. Raskob make no effort to conceal their pride in it. It was built, Mrs. Raskob has said, "for all time." A detailed description of it, written with considerable feeling, appears in a volume entitled "The Green-Raskob Book," presented to various libraries. The book also contains the geneologies of the two families.

The children inspired their father anew to his task of making money. They also caused him to ponder regarding the future of the nation. His energetic objections to prohibition are based, he has said, on the fact that it breeds disrespect for all law. He is a little frightened to think that his sons and daughters may grow up in a country where the law is lightly held and constantly violated by people of breed-

(Please turn to continuation, page 678)

Archmere, Mr. Raskob's Country Place on the Delaware River

The Mind and Art of Nathaniel Hawthorne

By ROBERT E. SPILLER

For the purposes of a better understanding of the writers of today, a re-examination of the art of Nathaniel Hawthorne is doubly interesting. A Puritan himself, he was a profound and penetrating critic of the philosophy that is the base of American civilization. Again, he was a lonely traveler on a road now dusty with the passage of writers—the road of the psychological novelist. This article is one of a series of re-valuations of great figures in America's literary past.

A SENSE of unfulfillment, almost of failure, seems unavoidably associated with the name and work of Nathaniel Hawthorne. "I thought him a greater man than any of his works betray," wrote Emerson soon after his death, "that he might some day show a surer power . . . Now it appears that I waited too long." And critics since Emerson have not hesitated to repeat this impression. Yet Hawthorne's position in that small company of pioneers who first brought distinction to the literature of America remains unquestioned. It might almost be said that, if originality of matter and form be one of the more important attributes of genius, his place is preeminent even in this limited circle.

There are a number of factors in Hawthorne's background, in his personality, and in his writings which give reason for this feeling that he failed in his destiny. He lived at a time when his nation was on the eve of its cultural majority, the age which Lewis Mumford has optimistically dubbed "The Golden Day." A fringe of wilderness had been converted into a modest imitation of the European scene; the newly cleared ground was ready for cultivation. Men like Irving, Cooper, Longfellow, and Hawthorne cheerfully undertook the task. Lacking tradition, they imported it or they manufactured it from the limited past of their own memories. Lacking original forms, they experimented or imitated. Materials they had in abundance, but even here they sometimes borrowed.

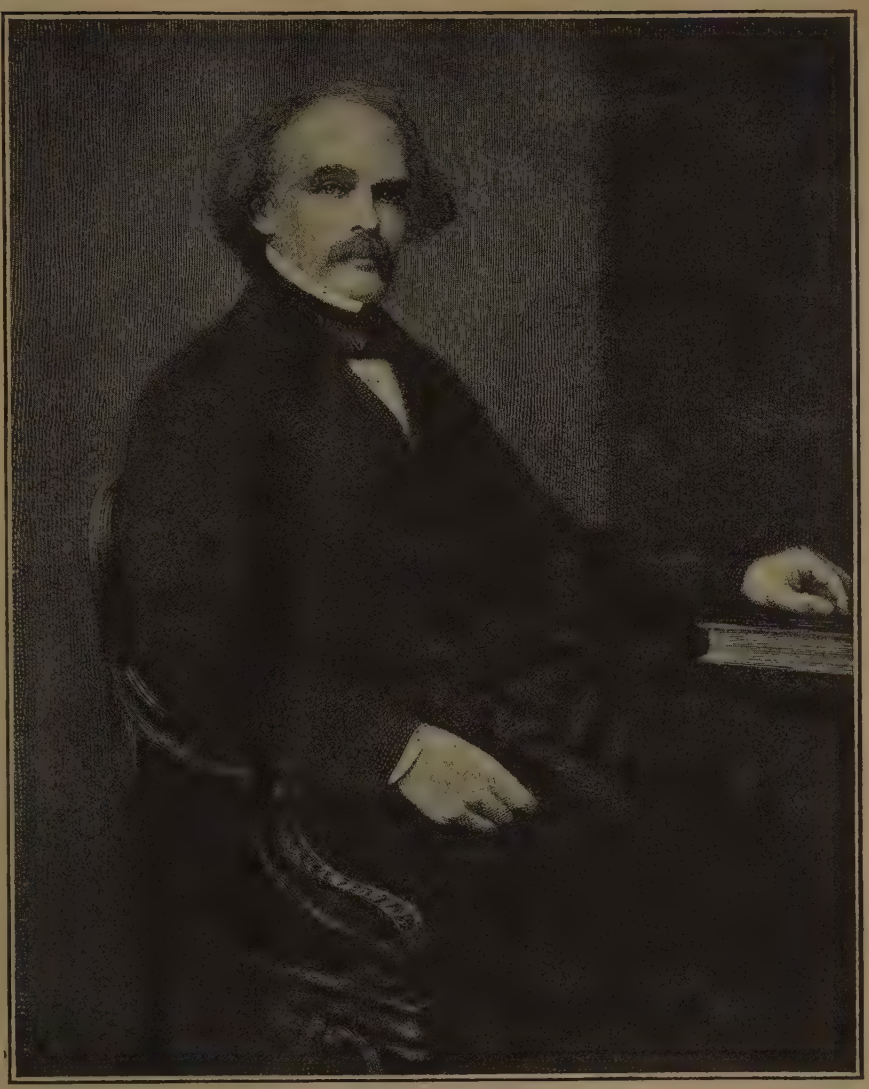
HAWTHORNE was an integral part of one of the oldest existing traditions in America, the Puritan; and at the same time he was the prophet of its decline. Whatever that tradition may signify in its entirety—and Kenneth B. Murdock's recent plea for an inclusive definition of the term is a timely admonition—Puritanism at its height was a religious conviction which resulted in stability of government, of economic conditions, and of individual conduct. Hawthorne lived at a time when the foundations of that stability were being undermined, when its dogmas and its practices were being questioned; and he pulled away some of the underpinning himself. He felt that his generation had built its house over an unquiet grave—that the very qualities of iron will and certain faith which his ancestors had believed to be virtues, were in reality vices, now living as ghosts to torment their children's children. The sense of inherited sin, either that of commission or that attendant upon intolerance, is the keynote of the best of Hawthorne's writings.

But he was not content to view this decay of the New England past with an esthetic objectivity. Neither was he willing to accept the terms which the future laid before him. He viewed the coming age of industry with suspicion and alarm. The Celestial Railroad carries him to the very gates of Paradise, but he hears only the glad angelic welcome of the two poor pilgrims who had climbed by the way of Bunyan. The dream ends before we are told whether or not the last step, the crossing of the river by ferry, was as easy as the others on Mr. Smooth-it-away's improved railroad to Heaven. "The wheels, as they began their revolutions, threw a dash of spray over me so cold . . . that with a shiver and a heartquake I awoke." The chill of the future was as ominous as was that of the past.

A REVIEW of the facts of his life leaves a similar sense of unfulfillment. His early hermit-life in Salem, his unsuccessful efforts to take his part in the business and social spheres, and his final inability to enter into the spirit of the European scene, all reveal him as a solitary and a provincial. Such happiness as he found in human associations was concentrated upon his home life both before, but more particularly after, his marriage, and upon his small but intimate circle of friends. Lloyd Morris, in his recent biography of Hawthorne, has felt perhaps too keenly the pathos of a life so spent, and he has painted his portrait of the "Rebellious Puritan" in pastel shades, to the great indignation of Julian Hawthorne, who remembers vividly the wholesome comradeship which he enjoyed with his father. But there is nothing irreconcilable in these pictures. Hawthorne's lonely habits of thought were not the results of a shrinking or morbid temperament. "This claims to be called a haunted chamber," he wrote upon a late visit to his former hermitage (1840), "for thousands upon thousands of visions have appeared to me in it; and some few of them have become visible to the world."

The solitude of Hawthorne was the isolation of self-sufficiency. He is at his best when writing of the scenes of his own life dimmed and merged by long hours of meditation. His romance is of the introvert type. He seeks for strange places and strange times within the mind rather than in the far away. With Sophia and the children, or with Bridge, Ticknor, or even Melville, Hawthorne was friendly and at his ease. But his own descriptions of his experiences at Brook Farm and in the Salem Custom House show how limited was his horizon in these matters. "What, in the name of common sense, had I to do with any better society than I had always lived in?" exclaims Miles Coverdale in "The Blithedale Romance." "It had satisfied me well enough. My pleasant bachelor-parlor, sunny and shadowy, curtained and carpeted, with the bedchamber adjoining . . . Was it better to hoe, to mow, to toil and moil amidst the accumulations of a barnyard; to be the chambermaid of two yoke of oxen and a dozen cows?"

In the introduction to "The Scarlet



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

tter" this same bachelor-parlor is ain described with fond affection the proper place for the brewing romantic concoctions, but, exclaims awthorne, "during the whole of my ustom House experience, moonlight d sunshine, and the glow of firelight, re just alike in my regard; and ither of them was of one whit more ail than the twinkle of a tallow ndle."

In thus recognizing his need for the oper time and the congenial place r his work, Hawthorne admitted both strength and its weakness. It was is very quality of dreamy introspecon that gave to "The Scarlet Letter," The House of the Seven Gables," and e best of his seventy-eight short ories their originality and their chief gnificance. The theme of "The lithedale Romance" was almost too ll-bodied to thrive in such white and oonlit regions; and "The Marble aun" suffered from being planted in foreign soil, however native its roots. uch as he professes to have acquired Rome a home-feeling as nowhere se in the world, and to have retained, om reading the old English wisdom, s feeling for "our old home," Haworne was never successfully translanted from his own study, with its ntre table and its windows looking t upon the grave New England scene.

When Hawthorne is considered, therefore, in terms of his backround or of his personality, he is pparently hedged about by restricons and inhibitions enough to make im theoretically incapable of vital and nduring literary work. His success ust have been the direct result of oncentration upon that small territory hich was enclosed by these high barers. A fair judgment of the work f any author must depend first upon analysis of that author's aims and ethods as he himself conceived them. econdly, it must question both the alidity of those professions and the uthor's degree of success in their pplication.

Few writers have so clearly and requently defined their esthetic creed s has Hawthorne. He was a writer f romance and he strove, by means f romance, to illustrate moral beliefs. Nowhere does he profess an impartial nterest in the complexity of a single uman soul in all its aspects; nowhere oes he attempt the accuracy of the istorian, or even of the realist. Legend, fable, and parable fall by a novelist or short story writer in the modern sense he is exceeding his own aims.

"When a writer calls his work a Romance," he says in his preface to "The House of the Seven Gables," it need hardly be observed that he wishes to claim a certain latitude, both as to its fashion and material, which he would not have felt himself entitled to assume, had he professed to be writing a Novel." A romance owes fidelity only to "the truth of the human heart"; with particularized facts it need have nothing to do. The author may, with reasonable moderation, "so manage his atmospherical medium as to bring out or mellow the lights, and deepen and enrich the shadows of the picture." The "legendary mist," which the tale brings with it out of the past, aids in this process of blending details for the sake of a generalized truth or belief which Hawthorne finds hidden in its folds.

Similarly, "The Scarlet Letter," with its scene laid in the familiar streets of its author's own village, requires dim light before it becomes romance. The finest scenes in the book occur in the shadowed depths of the forest or on the village street when the white moonlight reveals the minister standing in his lonely penitence upon the scaffold. Whether it be in his hermit cell, in the Old Manse, or in the Wayside, Hawthorne sees life truly, by his own definition, only when he has withdrawn from it. "From these quiet windows the figures of passing travelers looked too remote and dim to disturb the sense of privacy." The muddy Concord assumed in the sunset glow an ideal beauty which was more true than its own sluggish self. "We will not, then, malign our river

as gross and impure while it can glorify itself with so adequate a picture of the heaven that broods above it." And, in "Our Old Home," he affirms the same theory in no uncertain terms: "Sublime and beautiful facts are best understood when etherealized by distance"—or, he might have added, by any agency which generalizes and falsifies their immediate and confusing complexities.

Right or wrong, this is the creed of the romanticist as Hawthorne believed and strove to follow it. He never intentionally departs from it when he is writing fiction. Even the modern Arcadia of Blithedale failed to reveal a higher truth: "The clods of earth, which we so constantly belabored were definition within the limits of his self-restricted province; when he becomes never etherealized into thought . . . Our labor symbolized nothing, and left us mentally sluggish in the dusk of the evening." The minister's black veil was in itself a greater truth than the features which it covered. Donatello's ears were better unrevealed; he was a fawn at heart and his ears might have proved after all to be merely mortal. From the mind of the middle ages comes the belief that above the truth of facts is a higher and purer truth, comprehensible only to the visionary and demonstrable only through symbols. This Hawthorne believed and upon this belief he built his art.

HAWTHORNE was no mere moralist. "A high truth," he continues, "fairly, finely, and skillfully wrought out, brightening at every step, and crowning the final development of a work of fiction, may add an artistic glory, but is never any truer, and seldom any more evident, at the last page than at the first." In the distilled atmosphere of such a truth the story has a life apart from the complexities of this world; yet at the same time it becomes a mere illustration, a symbol. The ancestral footstep, the scarlet letter, Alice's posies, Donatello's fountain, and many other symbols occurring and recurring in Hawthorne's fiction point an accusing finger at a sin, sometimes in itself entirely undefined, but a sin never to be forgotten. Such thought is but an echo of old Michael Wigglesworth's insistence upon the eternity of all of that human action which involves moral good or moral evil.

"But allegory," says W. C. Brownell, "is art only when its representation is as imaginatively real as its meaning. The mass of allegory—allegory strictly devoted to exposition and dependent upon exegesis, allegory explicitly so called—is only incidentally art at all." Coleridge, on the other hand, attempted to make place for such an aim within the limits of art by calling it fancy. "The fancy," he says, "is indeed no other than a mode of memory emancipated from the order of time and space; while it is blended with, and modified by the word Choice." This is what Hawthorne wished to accomplish by his work, and it is significant that Coleridge made his statement at about the time when the American was writing his romances. Fashions have at least something to do with our definitions of art.

"In the humblest event," wrote Hawthorne when he had settled in his first real home after his marriage, "I resolved at least to achieve a novel that should evolve some deep lesson and should possess physical substance enough to stand alone." During those three years in which, to Sophia, dreams became realities, to Hawthorne the reverse was the case. Realities—his life in Salem, the Custom House experience, his brooding upon his own ancestors and upon New England's past—formed themselves into dreams. His mind chose what it wished from the tangled web of his memory to spin a new and patterned fabric as fragile as memory itself. The novel which was to "possess physical substance enough to stand alone" was "The Scarlet Letter," by the consensus of critical opinion his masterpiece.

The problem of whether the greatness of this book was accidental should furnish the key to Hawthorne's significance as a writer of romance. Did Hawthorne, in spite of his professions to the contrary, write, as Brownell believes, a story "so exclusively a drama of the soul as to be measurably independent of an elaborate setting in a social picture," or do we find in it the expression of its author's obsessing moral vision translated into an allegorical painting of the long-past New England landscape? Herbert Gorman, in his recent study of Hawthorne, calls this book "the completest epitome of Hawthorne's genius," in spite of Hawthorne's own insistence that "The House of the Seven Gables" "is more characteristic of the author, and a more natural book for me to write, than "The Scarlet Letter"—and not only more characteristic, but better as well. Gorman's further statement that the latter novel "is a moving series of symbols within a larger symbol from beginning to end" brings his criticism back to Hawthorne's own terms. But in "The Scarlet Letter" the moral truth is distilled from the particularized lives of the three individuals whereas in "The House of the Seven Gables" it derives from a generalized sense of the past. Old Hepzibah and young Phoebe alike maintain their own lives, as did Feathertop, by deep breaths of mystic influence, in the one case of past deeds and thoughts, in the other of smoke from Mother Rigby's pipe. A review of Hawthorne's tales and sketches, the forms in which he did by far the greater part of his better work, will demonstrate that the method of "The Scarlet Letter" was the exception, that of "The House of the Seven Gables" the rule. The unity of the latter work depends neither upon plot consistency nor upon character revelation. The sin motif is introduced in the bass strings, and is sustained and tossed about by various voices forming, over all, a tone poem of rich harmony and graceful dignity. The story is the best of Hawthorne in his most characteristic phase. It is no surprising that he felt it to be a more natural book for him to write than that in which he pointed the way to the condensed psychological fiction of the present.

Little has been said except incidentally of the many other volumes of Hawthorne's work. His four great romances, "The Scarlet Letter," "The House of the Seven Gables," "The Blithedale Romance," and "The Marble Faun," were framed by experiments in the same allegorical method as "Fanshawe" in his youth and those four abortive efforts to blend the themes of the ancestral footstep and the elixir of life with which his literary career was brought to a close. Upon his four major romances, however, supported by the many tales and sketches, which are often more apt and more perfect than the longer stories, Hawthorne's ultimate literary fame must rest. His tales for children, excellent in themselves, require no extensive comment, and his endless note-books, as well as "Our Old Home," although lighted by occasional glowing passages, are useful chiefly as comprehensive sources for the study of the man and his work.

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On Loud Speakers

The Art of Selling Radios

By STUART CHASE *and* F. J. SCHLINK

A CORNELL physicist has devised an ingenious apparatus to measure the noise of great cities. has reported Herald Square in New rk as the place where the ear-drums the citizens of modern Babylon are st seriously assaulted. He is wrong. vo miles south, near the tip of this indible island, there is an even more lirious racket. Cortlandt Street west Broadway is the heart of the retail dio trade. Coming from the relative ace of the subway, one enters an ino which all the fiends of hell might vy—or even a superintendent of a lling mill. Here are batteries of loud eakers geared to the brass of a thoud trombones. Mounted in front of ch little shop, they rock the ether th selections from jazz bands, lady mpeters, tremulous sopranos, bellowg baritones, high-pressure orators—nultaneously delivered with a roar e the Pennsylvania Limited cleaving rock-walled cut in the Alleghanies. he Cornell professor did well to oid this spot; no scientific instrument uld have reduced this chaotic din to derly measurement.[1]

BEHIND the almost solid wall of sound are shop windows filled to overwing with the amazing apparatus the new art. Here are loudeaker horns coiled like the bowels a dinosaur; here are ball, birdge, and rat-trap antennas; static iminators—about as effective as e command of King Canute. Here are acards announcing the world's greatt receiving set, challenging all comers, he marvelous all-wave, universal, and ans-oceanic superheteroflex; the neugenodyne; the unparalleled K-17 cirit with its kit of parts, ready-drilled anel, special dynatonic modulator, and binet—all for $69.89." Here is the agic appeal of "razor edge selectiity" and sets with gleaming tubes sold ke motor cars in "Monodyne balanced xes and straight eights." Here are genuine air-tone speakers," variosensers, transifiers, radiohms, radiorons, sonatrons, and supertrons, and hat latest arrival, the shielded grid ircuit.

On Cortlandt Street one can buy—if is ear-drums hold out—every variety of device for broadcast reception. He can buy it sometimes long before it is technically fit for the market, and long after it should have disappeared from the market. Into this blaring world comes an endless succession of antiquated and unsuccessful broadcast receivers and parts, to be had for whatever the traffic will bear. Sometimes it will bear less than the cost of the materials that went into the goods, but even at this the bargain is usually a bad one. The seasoned and enlightened fan may, however, occasionally find a bargain of real quality.

MEANWHILE *caveat emptor* is the rule on Cortlandt Street. There is a recognized jobbing trade devoted to picking up obsolete models, sometimes in 50,000-piece lots, at next to scrap-metal prices, and then courageously attempting to unload them, at a handsome advance over cost, upon the unsophisticated customer as "one of the latest models." A certain czar of the jobbing trade descends upon New York every so often, his pockets stuffed with a fabulous amount of cash. He hires a dozen rooms in one of the great hotels and proceeds to entertain such manufacturers as have "distress stocks" on their hands. This is trade jargon for antiquated, obsolescent, and slow-moving sets and parts. This distress merchandise he buys in enormous quantities, paying cash on the nail. Then, with the utmost ability and enthusiasm, he will proceed to dump the lot on Cortlandt Street, and on the other cut-price stores all over the country. In fairness, it should be noted that on rare occasions some items of this distress stock are about as good as current models—once in a blue moon, better.

Hardened radio fans can recognize old apparatus by characteristic differences in design, but the thousands of newcomers on the market, the schoolboy and the exploring suburbanite, are grist to the mill of this spirited salesmanship. They may buy as an up-to-the-minute product a set with a well-known name upon it, but fabricated in the days when tone quality was a hobby pursued by a few adventurous spirits in the laboratories of the Bell System. They may buy spavined storage batteries astutely revived for the moment; they may buy very expensive tuning coils, not nearly so efficient as bell-wire wound on an oatmeal box; they may buy "cone speakers" made by placing a conical cover over an obsolete horn speaker.

In brief, the commercial game in radio is, over great areas, on all fours with the Royal Nonesuch. In the cut-price stores models are changing so rapidly, due to the development of the technical art, competition is so keen, the danger of over-stocking is so great, that the harassed dealer is almost totally unable to exercise any critical function on behalf of the consumer. He has no time to study engineering; his task is to move his stock at prices which will keep him one lap ahead of the sheriff, and "let the buyer beware" must necessarily be his motto. Even in the stores which try to avoid cut-price salesmanship, there is no such thing as a dealer or a clerk who knows more about quality and value than the average intelligent fan.

MEANWHILE, if one learns little that is genuinely helpful from the dealer, he learns even less from the advertising of radio sets and accessories. In this department the copy often comes perilously close to the palmiest days of patent medicine-vending. "Radio Broadcast," perhaps the most dependable journal for the broadcast fan in the field, recently said editorially:

> If the advertising is to be believed, all receiving sets possess unbelievable selectivity, marvelous sensitiveness, and magnificent tone quality, regardless of price. Rarely is there any enlightening information in a radio advertisement by which a prospective purchaser may judge the superiority of one receiver over another. Magical phrases are concocted to suggest fancied engineering superiority. The uninitiated must be guided by such medicine-man hokum as "utilizing the new intra-paralytic principle of interference submergence," or "mastertonic sliding trombone transformers."

These strictures, furthermore, affect a sizable fraction of the National pocket-book. Mr. Pierre Boucheron, of the Radio Corporation of America, speaking before the Harvard School of Business Administration, places the total sales of radio to date at nearly $2,000,000,000, for which $122,000,000 has been spent in advertising. The annual sales are now placed at $550,000,000, and the annual advertising charge at between 6 and 7 per cent, or not far from $40,000,000 a year. Meanwhile, for one or two per cent of this sum competent scientific tests could be carried out which would give a proper performance rating to every set and accessory on the market.

BEFORE proceeding in somewhat more detail to the Wonderland of radio salesmanship, it may be well to sketch briefly the basic engineering principles of this astonishing new art, an art which has placed nearly 10,000,000 instruments in American homes, and which entertains—or seeks to—upwards of 30,000,000 listeners a day.

The broadcasting station sends out into the ether in all directions waves of electrical energy pulsating at very high frequency, from half a million to several million reversals per second. (The current for household lighting is delivered usually at sixty reversals per second.) This incredibly rapid "carrier" wave is modified in intensity by superimposing upon it electrical waves representing the vibrations of sound, at frequencies of from 100 to 5,000—a band considerably narrower than the range of the normal ear.

The high-frequency carrier waves, modified by electrical waves of the useful sound band, come through the air to the aerial or antenna of the listener's receiving set. The set is a device which takes this electrical cocktail of energy, amplifies it from the inconceivably minute power level at which it arrives, separates the low-frequency energy (between 100 and 5,000 cycles) from the carrier frequency at a million cycles, discards the latter, and delivers the former, modified as little as may be, to the loud speaker. It is delivered in the guise of a rapidly varying electrical current, usually much distorted by the selecting, "rectifying," and amplifying processes which have been going on in the receiving set.

The loud speaker is a kind of electric motor which takes the low frequency energy, and, with more inevitable distortion, transforms it into audible sound, more or less a replica of the sounds in the broadcasting studio.

Meanwhile the ether does not permit its permeation by carrier waves without a protest. It has other functions, both timeless and infinite. What business has a featherless biped in these awful mysteries? There are always present in the ether, cosmic movements of electrical energy which give birth to anarchic and freebooting electrical waves of various intensities and frequencies, which, so to speak, hitch-hike upon the carrier wave, and come crashing into the receiving set along with the invited guest. Lightning and atmospheric electrical disturbances originating in the play of rain, snow, and wind produce such parasites; so do high-power transmission lines and many electrical devices.

In addition there are great areas of radio shadow, or silent zones, due to tall buildings, mountain ranges, and forests; there are heterodyne whistles and howls due to stations whose waves are nearly enough of the same frequency to interfere; there are a variety of squeals and squeaks due to receiving sets that radiate swirls of energy through local oscillation. Finally, there are the telegraphic dot-and-dash disturbances which come from ship radio stations, sending messages with antiquated spark apparatus in or near the broadcast band.

IN short, the radio trail from microphone to ear-drum is both perilous and incredibly complicated. In the receiving set alone engineers have listed no less than twenty-five possible causes of distortion. Any one of them is capable of causing the terrible caterwauling heard on Cortlandt Street. Some sets as now manufactured have a dozen or more of these distortions working at once—some in the high-frequency amplifier, some in the detector, many in the audio amplifier. The last, and the plagues and fevers which beset the loud speaker, are the two weakest links in the chain of tone quality.

In these circumstances it is only too obvious that the accurate reproduction of a distant program is a problem requiring a maximum of technical skill and integrity, and that, failing such skill, terrible mutilations and distortions are inevitable. The ordinary radio merchant has no more knowledge of the forces and delicate relationships with which he so blithely deals th he has of the theorems of Cartesi geometry.

HAVE you bought radio in terms the technical outline set for above? We profoundly doubt it. Th imply too many reasons for cautio they do not lead to the quick consu mation of a sale. Radio merchandisi is not based on the facts of the tec nically accurate reproduction of sou but upon the shrewdly developed a sumption that *the set or the lo speaker are themselves creators sound.* Sheer magic, but good sale manship. If the matter were discuss in terms of *energy amplification a faithfulness of acoustic reproduction received electrical energy,* involvi comparative measurement of all esse tials, magic would flee, and the selli talk, alas! be forced to descend fr the realm of the fairies to the real of the scientist. It can be so discuss whenever enough consumers want and very simply. The basic facto governing a reliable purchase for yo money can be shown in the form a simple curve upon a diagram not ov two inches square—a curve which w tell practically everything that y need to know. Any bright high scho boy could be taught the significance the diagram in five minutes of instru tion.

Early in 1927 a set of inferior to quality equipped with a small ho speaker was widely advertised by o of the largest manufacturers. T copy carried a testimonial from a gre musician as to its marvelous perfor ance and superb tone. Yet, as a matt of science, the set could not decentl reproduce over one-third of the ton to be found on the keyboard of th testimonial writer's own piano. Ev relatively good sets fail faithfully t reproduce notes much below middle C and begin to fail again three octave above middle C. The new "AC" ele tric sets are particularly poor as t reproducing the lower frequencies. A the same time, there are zones *withi* this range where the sound outpu practically disappears, due to disto tions in the speaker.

The reason that even the best o radio reproduction does not sound per fectly ghastly is that the human ea has habituated itself to fill in enormou deficiencies in the sound waves it re ceives—just as it readily recognizes friend's voice through the fearful dis

tions of the ordinary telephone. Nay re, we hear subjectively, as careful ts show, the deep harmonies of the gan and the piano when only the her harmonics or overtones of the ndamental tone come through our phophone or radio speaker. We omatically bridge wide tonal gaps h our aural imagination—but in do- so we lose much of the æsthetic lity of the music.

But in the case cited a musician's ear ld not have bridged the gap. The at artist was either tone deaf or dly in need of money. One radio pert gave it as his opinion that to ar even an approximation to natural production coming out of the small rn of that particular loud speaker s as likely as that the sun should ne up out of the west. To radiate fundamental tone in the region of second C below middle C on the no the mouth of the horn would have be approximately four feet square d its length about thirteen feet!

One remembers the advertisement of e of the haughtiest of New York de- rtment stores, calling attention to a ud-speaker horn "shaped like the hu- n throat." This is what the anthro- logists call sympathetic magic. In the st place, only part of the sounds ich come over the ether issue from man throats—nor are all throats aped the same. Saxophones, pianos, gans, violins, even steam calliopes, ntribute their very considerable ota. In the second place, the tech- cal art of reproduction does not de- nd upon a parallel shape between ud speaker and the instrument, hu- an or otherwise, making noises in ont of the microphone. The connec- n is purely a magical one, unknown science.

Technically, a speaker should be de- gned to have no natural resonant fre- ency of its own. Probably the best rm devised to date is the "electrody- mic" cone speaker now very common England—and just becoming well nown to consumers here. Beware of y loud speaker whose dimensions are all, or which is not associated with large baffle or wall area. Horn speak- s of moderate size and sets compris- g a self-contained speaker are now solete for those who like their music raight. Curiously enough, with many the current sets a good loud speaker a liability rather than an asset. The ts are so poor in themselves that they eed a certain amount of deficiency in the speaker to balance their own de- formities and get the best—or the least awful—out of them.

Let us consider some samples from the mine run of advertising copy. Here is a sales appeal claiming ampli- fication so great that one is ready to believe that with this set he could hear the ethereal disturbances produced every time a postman in Berlin rings a burgher's doorbell. Yet intelligent buy- ing calls for a heavy discount upon all claims for distant reception. Distance can be secured under favorable condi- tions, and where one does not greatly care what the result sounds like or whether the music or the crashes pre- dominate. But the inevitable distor- tions and mutilations of the wave com- ing from a long distance, and the load of "parasitic noises" that accompany it, and are added to in the set by the use of amplifying tubes and other apparatus, cannot be removed by any action of the set. Absurdly high ampli- fying power makes appealing adver- tising copy, but is useless or worse except for stunt purposes and the re- production of cosmic firecrackers. The dependable and pleasing reproduction of music from distances above fifty to one hundred miles is simply not pos- sible. From longer distances the sig- nal is always liable to arrive decorated with sputters, squeals, crackles, and "selective fading." No elaboration in in improving this fundamental difficulty. The only thing that can improve it is the antenna system, and here, alas! the profit margins are too small to call forth the needed sales effort.

Here is a picture (June, 1926) of a pair of lovers crooning over a new set: "Not for just a year, but always . . . complete and lasting satisfaction." This particular combination is long since obsolete. In effect, it was thrown into the discard by its own maker six months later. In November, 1926, the same company announced, in the same journal that carried the young love advertisement, a sensational new re- producer which completely outmoded everything that had gone before and which promised: "Every sound of voice and instrument with full clear natural tone, . . . perfect reproduction of every sound between 20 and 9,500 vibrations per second." Meanwhile such perfection of reproduction is as flatly impossible today as it was in 1926. Such perfection will probably always remain impossible, except to the elaborate and prohibitively ex- pensive equipment of the laboratory scientist—including perhaps a horn fifty feet long and sixteen feet in diameter at mouth.

"Eight tube one dial Horrific . . . magnificent tone . . . super-selective . . . powerful distance getter. All- electric, or battery, 6 tube super for

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All the Loud Speakers on Cortland Street, New York City, Are Fed from the Same Station

The World This Week

Byrd's Party Sails

It is not too much to say that Commander Byrd's expedition to the Antarctic is planned on the most extensive scope of any proposed exploration in our time. Before this is read its first unit, the supply steamer Samson, will probably be under way. Its new name is to be the City of New York, in honor of New Yorkers who have been and are "the friendly hosts of all pioneers of the air."

Following the vanguard there will sail a quite notable group of scientists, airmen to assist Byrd and Balchen in their many flights from the established headquarters, and a really amazing equipment of everything that can aid thorough exploration and the recording of data geographic, meteorogical, geological, and otherwise.

Despite what has been gleaned by Mawson, Shackleton, Scott, and Amundsen, a large body of new information of positive value is almost certainly obtainable in this last unexplored continent.

At a dinner in New York Commander Byrd, modestly and with glowing tribute to his predecessors in the South Pole region, pointed out the difference between the old and the new possibilities of exploration. "When we reach our base," he said, "we will be on the very edge of a region never looked upon before, so far as we know, by the human eye, unless it was before the ice age took hold of that country. The very moment we get into the air in our planes, with our automatic mapping camera, we can map unknown areas and put on the charts for all time a description of those areas. The old dog team method of exploration was eleven miles a day, whereas we will be exploring and mapping at the astonishing rate of a mile and a half a minute."

The base of operation is the Bay of Whales, 2,300 miles from New Zealand. Cabins will be erected on the vast Ross Ice Barrier. A wireless mast will keep the expedition in touch with civilization —messages may be sent 10,000 miles or so to America. Airplanes and dog-teams will help in laying down advance bases and even so the final air flights will be a thousand miles. Commander Byrd ended his vivid description by saying: "And through it all the spirit of Floyd Bennett, that gallant gentleman of the air, will go with us."

In this kind of work at least two years will be expended. In all human likelihood the result will be not merely an exciting narrative of adventure but a solid contribution to human knowledge.

Unclaimed Cohen

Against Hyman Cohen stand six recommendations of London magistrates for deportation but they cannot find a place to which he may be deported. He is not a British subject; he grins and refuses to claim citizenship anywhere, and no country can be found willing to admit him.

Cohen is believed to be a Russian; but Russia denies it, and will not have him at any price. (He has just finished a term in jail for theft.) No other country will even talk about admitting Cohen until he signs papers claiming residence, and he contumaciously declines to sign anything. In old times he would have been forced by physical severity to consent to be a Frenchman, Pole, or Russian but, as Gilbert would say, he still remains an Englishman—at least as far as residence goes.

All the magistrates can do is to shake their heads solemnly and agree that England seems to be a center for persons who ought to be deported. The Home Secretary has admitted in the House of Commons that there are in England a number of aliens of Russian origin, most undesirable to keep but, like Cohen, impossible to deport.

Philippine Advisers

Friendly cooperation between the Philippine Legislature and the Governor-General of the Philippines seems to have already been established by Governor-General Stimson. The best sign of this is the passage of an act by the Legislature providing for the payment of salaries to assistants of the Governor-General—an act which has met with Mr. Stimson's approval. This promises a real advance toward better government in the Islands.

Because the Governor-General is answerable to the President of the United States, the Philippine Legislature has attempted to curtail his power. There was friction betwe the Legislature and the Governor-Ge eral throughout General Wood's ter Since the Governor-General cannot in several places at once he has neede a corps of assistants to carry on t work of inspection and thus to kee local administrators up to the mar The Legislature would appropriate money for such assistants. Gener Wood had to call in the help of Arm officers and therefore was laid open the charge of carrying on "khaki go ernment."

The new assistant to the Governo General will consist not only of i spectors but of specialists as advise in various departments, such as finan and agriculture.

There would have been a certa advantage in having the money appr priated by the United States; b evidently Governor-General Stimso believes that these advantages are ou weighed by the spirit in which t Legislature has acted. In his messag approving the appropriation Mr. Stim son says: "In the last instance goo government depends even more upo the spirit which pervades it than upo its form, and I regard this action as most encouraging augury for t future."

He does not intend to appoint corps of permanent advisers. Inste he will use the appropriation for e gaging such advisers as are neede from time to time for as long as the services are required.

The amount appropriated, $125,00 is likely to be continued. In the eve of any future failing to make the a propriation, the appropriation of t year before, under the organic act the Philippines, is renewed.

This settlement of an old controver apparently has met with the approv of Americans in the Philippines as we as the Filipinos themselves.

On Hiring a Hall

The Rev. Dr. John Roach Strat mounted the resounding pulpit in Ca vary Baptist Church, Manhattan. had been reading William All White's charges against Gover Smith and of their subsequent parti withdrawal. Said the eminent Fund mentalist, in a breathless sentence:

"However clean personally the Democratic candidate may be, and however innocent he may have been of any deliberate intention to give aid and comfort to the forces of vice, lawlessness and drunkenness, nevertheless, because he is the type of politician he happens to be and because his sympathies and the judgments of his heart are with the liquor crowd, the forces of prostitution and gambling have, for the sake of truth, to be included with them, therefore it must be said that as a public man he is the deadliest foe in America to-day of the forces of moral progress and true political wisdom."

Dr. Straton promptly got a letter from Albany.

"I do not know why you should make such a statement," wrote Governor Smith, "but I do know that I will never permit it to go unchallenged. . . I therefore ask you in a spirit of American fair play to invite me to your church . . . and I ask you to make the same statement in my presence with such proof of its truth as you may be able to advance. I will be ready to answer any question you may put to me which, in your opinion, will in any degree tend to justify your remarks."

When the letter came Dr. Straton was thinking of ways to get Henry Fairfield Osborne into a joint debate about evolution and the Biblical story of creation. He put that scheme away for the moment.

"I thought the Governor would act just as he did," he told the ubiquitous reporters.

Then he replied to Governor Smith, definitely accepting the challenge. But as to Calvary Baptist Church—its pews would never hold the crowd.

"Let the meeting be held, therefore, in Madison Square Garden, or other suitable, very large hall, with a division of the sittings—say, 3,000 for our Calvary members and friends, and the same number for, say, the St. Patrick's Cathedral congregation and your friends—the other 20,000 sittings to be equally divided between Democratic and Republican headquarters for distribution."

Another good idea, Dr. Straton thought, would be a joint debating tour of the South.

Governor Smith vetoed the tour and the hiring of a hall. Friends said he was not minded to turn the debate "into a circus." He knows, and so does his opponent, that whatever they say, wherever they say it, will receive adequate publicity.

▸▸ *Straton and Marse Henry's Papers*

The Courier-Journal of Louisville used to be quoted on every sort of subject because of the name of its editor-in-chief, Henry Watterson. Recently, it has been infrequently quoted, though the man who writes most of its editorials now wrote most of them when Mr. Watterson was alive. That the old fire still flashes at times is proved by a recent editorial on the Rev. John Roach Straton's vilification of Governor Smith and the Governor's desire to reply. Said the Courier-Journal:

"Governor Smith makes a mistake in challenging the Rev. John Roach Straton to debate the slanders regarding the Governor which the minister delights to voice from his pulpit. For the Governor thus to dignify a characteristic performance of Straton is to give it attention and advertisement transcendently beyond its deserts. In fact, it has no deserts. Straton is a sensational pulpiteer who glories in notoriety. Nothing would make him happier than an opportunity to debate his pulpit vituperation with a candidate for the Presidency. . . . Everyone who knows Smith's public record knows how baseless those charges are, while proof of their baselessness would have no effect on those of the minister's congregation who unquestioningly accept his leadership. . . . There are scores of preachers throughout the country who are uttering just as wild slanders against him as those of Dr. Straton. Many of these preachers are just as intelligent, just as influential . . . just as much worthy of notice by the object of their attacks as the New York preacher is. . . . He would much better go his way in silence, letting the preachers go theirs in sound."

That from an influential newspaper in the "Baptist belt"—a paper which in this campaign is non-partisan and trying to hold the scales evenly between Smith and Hoover—does not tend to strengthen the impression that the election of a President is to be much influenced from a church in Fifty-seventh Street, New York City. By inference, the Courier-Journal says what many people over the country are thinking—that the Smith management is magnifying the importance of everything pertaining to New York.

▸▸ *Mr. Hoover Accepts*

Prosperity is the key in which Mr. Hoover sets the opening of his Speech of Acceptance. The material progress of the country during the past eight years he attributes largely to the "leadership and constructive action" of the Republican Party. By this prosperity he would have the party's record tested. But this prosperity he does not conceive merely as an accumulation

Acme

THE COURTNEY CREW ARRIVE IN NEW YORK
After Their Disabled Plane Was Picked Up in Mid-ocean

of material things. "Our Nation," he says, "is not an agglomeration of railroads, of ships, of factories, of dynamos, of statistics. It is a nation of homes, a nation of men, of women, of children."

For the continuance of this prosperity he sets up a goal of this ideal: "One of the oldest and perhaps the noblest of human aspirations has been the abolition of poverty. . . . We have not yet reached the goal but given a chance to go forward with the policies of the last eight years, and we shall soon with the help of God be in sight of the day when poverty will be banished from this nation."

To farm relief he gives more space than to any other subject. "In my mind," he says, "most agricultural discussions go wrong because of two false premises. The first is that agriculture is one industry. It is a dozen distinct industries incapable of the same organization. The second false premise is that rehabilitation will be complete when it has reached a point comparable with pre-war. Agriculture was not upon a satisfactory basis before the War."

He is emphatically against trying to remedy conditions by increasing the size of farm units.

"The farm is more than a business; it is a state of living. We do not wish it converted into a mass production machine." Improvement, therefore, he believes, must come in the field of distribution. To this end he proposes three things: adequate farm tariffs, modernized waterways, and a Farm Board. To the Board he would entrust the expenditure of Federal money especially for farmer-owned and farmer-controlled stabilization corporations. With the objection that this would be expensive he has little patience."

"A nation," he asserts, "which is spending ninety billions a year can well afford an expenditure of a few hundred millions for a workable program that will give to one-third of its population their fair share of the nation's prosperity." Mr. Hoover is evidently a spender when he sees returns for expenditure.

On giant power and utilities he builds up a design of vast projects coordinating water transportation, irrigation, reclamation, water supply, hydroelectric power, and flood control. He omits all reference to power control, but he may have that important issue in mind when he promises later discussion of the relation of our Government to public utilities.

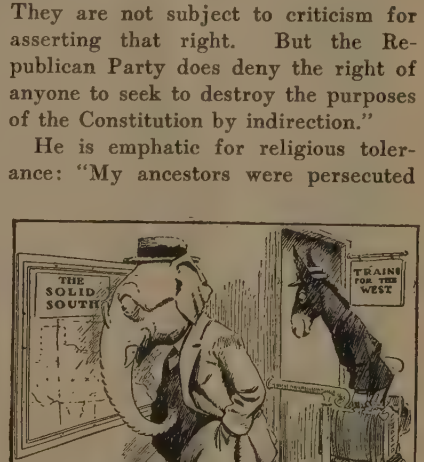
Nott in the Dallas News

May Be No Mud Slinging But Bricks Are Not Barred

On prohibition he repeats his statement of opposition to the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment and adds: "Common sense compels us to realize that grave abuses have occurred—abuses which must be remedied. An organized searching investigation of fact and causes can alone determine the wise method of correcting them. . . . There are those who do not believe in the purposes of several provisions of the Constitution. No one denies their right to seek to amend it. They are not subject to criticism for asserting that right. But the Republican Party does deny the right of anyone to seek to destroy the purposes of the Constitution by indirection."

He is emphatic for religious tolerance: "My ancestors were persecuted for their beliefs. . . . By blood and conviction I stand for religious tolerance both in act and in spirit. The glory of our American ideals is the right of every man to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience."

These are the outstanding points in Mr. Hoover's Speech of acceptance as The Outlook sees them.



Marcus in the New York Times

Visiting Strange Countries is Very Popular with Summer Tourists

▸▸ *Mid-West Speculations*

The farm revolt from Republicanism in the Middle West grows, though how just how much cannot yet be determined. Half a score or more of farm organization leaders, heretofore Republican, have joined George N. Peek in announcing support of Governor Smith. This despite the Democratic candidate's declaration that he does not favor the equalization fee. Among these new adherents of the Democratic candidate are men from Minnesota, Indiana, Ohio.

For some time past, the hotbed of the agrarian revolt has been in Minnesota, one of the most important of the wheat States. Minnesota, too, is credited with somewhat wet inclinations. A Smith victory in that State would not, to many observers, seem surprising despite its usual large Republican majority.

In Indiana, the situation is different. Indiana is unquestionably dry. It is not a one-crop State or purely an agricultural State of diversified crops. Yet word has been coming out of Indiana during the past few weeks that Smith has better than an even chance to carry the State.

When one stops to think, astonishment over this tends to disappear. Indiana has had a terribly corrupt mess during the past few years under Republican rule. Indiana Republicanism was allied with the Ku Klux Klan, and the Ku Klux Klan was allied with the dry cause. The people of Indiana, taking the three steps backward—or forward—may well have revolted. Then, too, rural disaffection toward Hoover has always been fairly strong there. Perhaps most important of all, just about half of the people of Indiana are by doctrine Democrats. Many of these, for practical reasons, have been sojourning in the Republican tent.

▸▸ *Italy's F-14*

On the morning of August 6, during naval maneuvers in the upper Adriatic, the Italian submarine, F-14, was sunk in a collision. Thirty-four hours later

he was brought to the surface, the escue work having been carried on vith skill as well as desperation. But t was too late; the twenty-seven mem- ers of the crew had perished from hlorine gas generated by the seepage f salt water on the sulphuric acid of he storage batteries.

The people of America, reading of he tragedy, could sympathize to the ullest degree with Italy's sorrow. And here was more, perhaps, than the usual erfunctory regret in the messages sent y this government to Premier Musso- ini and the Italian naval authorities. For it is less than a year since the S-4 f the United States Navy went to the ottom off Provincetown with forty nen on board. They, too, were dead efore help came.

The speed with which the Italian xperts raised the F-14 has necessarily rought back memories of the agonizing delays which surrounded the salvage f the S-4. If the Italian navy did the work in thirty-four hours why was it three months before the S-4 was floated? Examination of the facts sur- rounding the two accidents offers at least a partial answer. In the first place, the Italian submersible sank during maneuvers with many vessels in the vicinity. The S-4 was quite alone, on a practice cruise. The F-14, more- over, was but one-third as large as the S-4. Thirdly, it sank in such a manner that chains were easily placed around the hull. The S-4 was buried in the mud.

And yet one fact stands out; the Italian Navy had salvage equipment and we did not. The Falcon was the only ship available on the Atlantic Coast. Secretary of the Navy Wilbur, at first insisting that no possible blame could rest on the Navy Department, has apparently since decided that addi- tional rescue vessels are needed. It was announced last May that five such are being equipped. Meanwhile a board of experts is conducting a study of submarine safety devices. It is to be hoped that, in building the vessels and making the study, speed is being considered. Another submarine may sink any day.

▸▸ *Missouri Primaries*

THE Missouri primaries did not strengthen the contention that the country, on a straight wet and dry showdown, would prove itself wet. Missouri is one of the States that has been confidently claimed as wet. Per- haps only New York, New Jersey and Maryland have been asserted to be wetter. Yet, in both the Democratic and the Republican primaries, the drys had all the best of the voting.

In the contest for the Democratic nomination for United States Senator, Charles M. Hay, dry, defeated James A. Collett, wet. The majority was small, but it was a clear gain for the drys. Six years ago, the wets had a majority among Missouri Democrats and nominated James A. Reed. In the contest just ended, Senator Reed used all of his influence and persuasive powers in support of the wet candi- date, Mr. Collett. Undoubtedly, Col- lett's vote was larger than it would have been without Reed's support. But Reed's popularity in his own State is now so far short of what it was six years ago that his influence in behalf of Collett was probably not as potent as it was commonly supposed to be.

In the Republican race for the sena- torial nomination, Roscoe C. Patterson, dry, defeated Nathan Frank, dripping wet, and David M. Proctor, not so wet, by a very substantial majority. The drys have for some time had a majority among Missouri Republicans. The dripping wet candidate this time re- ceived about the same number of votes that the dripping wet candidate re- ceived in 1922, the last race in which there was a clear showdown on the issue.

"On the face of the returns," it ap- pears that the Republican party in Missouri has not absorbed any moisture and that the Democratic party there has been considerably dehydrated dur- ing the past six years.

The wet and dry issue was not so clear cut in the Gubernatorial races but there appears to be nothing in the re- sults particularly comforting to the wets.

▸▸ *Are New England's Textile Mills Doomed?*

A SIGNIFICANT fact in the strike in the fine-cotton textile mills at New Bed- ford and the agitation and unrest at Fall River is that there is division and ill feeling between the local unions and the radical (or Red) labor leaders from outside. Thus the "Springfield Re- publican," quoting President Green of the Federation of Labor as saying that "the Communists are helping the textile workers of New Bedford," comments editorially that this has led to denounce- ment of the strike as "a Red menace" and adds: "As a matter of fact, it is an old-fashioned Yankee mill strike against a cut in wages initiated by conservative, skilled operatives who are American to the bone."

This double aspect of the strike led to varying testimony before the State Board of Conciliation and Arbitration, which took up inquiry into the strike at New Bedford under a State law which gives it that power when a strike exists and the parties to it cannot themselves agree on settlement or arbitration. One communist leader from New Jersey ap- parently ignored the economic situation and charged that "unemployment, low pay, night work, child labor, spying by hired detectives on employees and general bad conditions existed before the strike." Many non-partisan citizens resent this agitation from outside and believe that the mill-workers and em- ployers should be left to settle their own affairs.

One proposal made by the mill- owners at this hearing was that the em- ployees should accept lower wages but

Acme

THE F-14

Italian submarine sunk with all hands in the Adriatic.

work longer time, or, at least, produce a greater amount, so that the week's wages would remain as they were before the cut. This was coldly received by the workers.

The importance of this labor war may be judged from the fact that 28,000 operatives are involved, and that at Fall River, where a cut in wages was accepted, there have since been turbulent scenes and fights between police and workers, led or instigated by the Communist element.

One representative of the mill-owners before the State Board was sceptical as to compromise of any sort, and declared that if the ten per cent wage cut was not accepted, the mills would have to leave New England because of inability to make a profit—presumably to be reestablished in the South.

Both parties in this controversy talk about its being "a fight to the finish." Other people hope that the State Board of Arbitration will point the way to a fair settlement.

Police as Insurance

More and more police are needed, a sub-commission of the New York Crime Commission urges, to stand between the criminal and the community.

Crime now costs the country about $13,000,000,000 a year. This includes not only loss of stolen goods but the cost of jails, courts, and police, and all activities connected with crime. There are better ways of spending $13,000,000,000 the sub-commission believes. For every one chance of being held up and robbed in London there are thirty-six chances in New York and one hundred chances in Chicago. In all England and Wales during 1918 the homicides, murders and cases of manslaughter were 154, while in New York City alone they amounted to 221. We should go about stamping out crime as we go about stamping out disease. We need not only more police but better police, and they can be made better by training. There should be two policemen for every thousand inhabitants and there should be police training schools under the direction of the State. Promotion should be made only after the candidate meets standards to be set by the Board of Regents. A part of the duty of the police should be to lead and educate the public to a better understanding of the prevention of crime. Other features in the training of policemen should be to learn how to be a witness, how trials are conducted, health laws, first aid, traffic laws, and how to safeguard evidence.

Much of the work of the police is for the service of the law-abiding citizen and for that too the policeman needs training.

Keystone

THE AMERICAN OLYMPIC TEAM

Marching Around the Stadium at Amsterdam Before the Games

"Nordic Supremacy"

A brown-skinned Algerian led the marathon pack at Amsterdam; behind him loped a dark-skinned Chilean; then a Nordic crossed the line; then two yellow-skinned Japanese; then Joie Ray, another Nordic and favored to win.

About the same time, at the Williamstown Institute, Prof. Robert D. McKenzie, of the University of Washington, was saying:

"The general assumption that peoples with superior technical culture are superior to peoples without has no scientific validity. The concept that the Nordic is superior to the Oriental because he has more and larger industries has no basis in science. The Nordic happened to be the first to use mechanical energy and just happened to have the resources of energy and he then got the lead over the rest of the world in the nineteenth century that has given him the "big head." Now he tries to explain this on the basis of race.

Furthermore, all scientific efforts to study mental differences between peoples of the West and Oriental peoples show there is no biological superiority of the white man. It is very evident that Orientals, once they get the scientific spirit that dominates the West, will equal the white man in any kind of effort, whether cultural, commercial or scientific. The white man's advantage rests merely in the fact that he got the start.

"There is much confusion between race and nationality anyway. Peoples develop certain cultures, and because these cultures differ, the assumption is that this is due to racial differences. The rapid spread of technical culture, especially in Japan, is dissipating that fallacy."

Perhaps the most convincing argument against Nordic supremacy has been its chief exponent—the disappearing Ku Klux Klan.

Labor and the Candidates

The great voice of organized labor, the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor, will not speak its mind about the presidential candidates; not, at any rate, before the candidates themselves have spoken.

Within the ranks, however, lesser voices have been heard. Daniel J. Tobin, president of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, worked himself into a rage in an attempt to commit the Federation to Governor Smith; failing he presented his resignation as

easurer and added that there would e no neutrality among the teamsters.

Similarly, the General Executive ouncil of the International Associaion of Bridge, Structural, and Ornaental Iron Workers authorized their resident to recommend Smith to members, and placed at the disposal of the Democratic forces their forty travelling rganizers.

The official pronouncement of the ederation says as to the candidates:

"We firmly expect each of them will nake declarations of great significance o labor. We anticipate they will exress their opinions regarding injuncion relief legislation and will amplify he declarations of the platforms relatng to labor and labor questions. We vill await . . . a final decision regardng our future policy during the reainder of the campaign."

The Federation is not satisfied with he injunction plank of either party.

▸▸ *Variation on A Theme*

The troupers are worried. Along came the movie and the curtain fell forever on a certain type of road show. Along comes another invention and there is immediate talk of substituting talking movies for the road companies of Broadway successes. Prophets foresee the day when only the biggest cities will see the troupers in the flesh.

Three important producers — Al Woods, the Shuberts, and W. A. Brady —have gone beyond the stage of talking about it. They have purchased their own reproducing process and announced several of their early productions. They do not, moreover, mean to limit themselves to their own plays.

Maybe the troupers should be worried.

▸▸ *Crusade Falters*

It begins to appear that His Imperial Majesty, George the Fifth of England, will claim Chicago for the Empire after all. The defenders of "America First," the very leaders of the crusade, are being laid by the heels by the royal minions.

There is Mr. Michael Go Get 'Em Hughes, police commissioner; he is that no longer. There are the Ellers, father and son; one the captain of that spawning bed of patriotism, the "Bloody Twentieth," the other His Honor Emanuel Eller, of the Superior Court. Both afoul of the law, along with twenty other valiants. Even the commander, His Honor the Mayor, is not well these days; sick, it may be, of ingratitude.

Mr. Go Get 'Em Hughes is that scourge of malefactors who was to rid the city of evil just so soon as Big Bill the Builder became mayor and four-star general of the American forces. Ninety days was time enongh for Go Get 'Em Hughes, said the Builder, in his pre-election bulletins.

A year and more has been added to criminal history since His Imperial Majesty and His Honor the Mayor joined battle. The record of 1926 shows 1,438 violent deaths in Chicago and Cook County. There were 760 deaths which could be classed as murder. More than a third of these latter cases were entered as unsolved mysteries. Convictions were obtained in about twenty-two per cent of the others, mostly as a result of pleas of guilty to lesser crimes. For 760 murders there were ten hangings.

Included in the total of violent deaths were 130 gang murders. Not a man has been punished for any of these, not one conviction obtained.

"The only thing a Chicago gunman has to fear is another Chicago gunman," says a historian of the campaign.

So Mr. Go Get 'Em Hughes has laid down his task, finding his health unequal to it. The Ellers and twenty others are under indictment, as a result of an investigation of frauds, kidnappings, sluggings, and a murder in the "Bloody Twentieth" on primary day.

A special Grand Jury, supported by public contributions, seems to be directly responsible for the setback to the great crusade.

Acme

THE INSTIGATOR OF THE OBREGON ASSASSINATION

The Abbess Maria Acevedo de la Llata, Who Suggested to Toral That the Death of Obregon and Calles Would Remedy Mexico's Religious Troubles

▸▸ *The New Ben Franklin*

Some weeks ago a note was published in these columns concerning a plan of some scientist-engineers of a large electrical company to make experiments with actual lightning in Tennessee. Experiments of a similar nature made in the Alleghenies of Pennsylvania have just been described by Dr. F. W. Peek, Jr., of the General Electric Company, noted authority on artificial lightning and electricity at high voltages. A flash of lightning exerts a serious and often damaging influence on high tension power transmission lines, but electrical engineers have remained largely in the dark concerning the proper methods of protecting them. This was largely because they did not know what actually happened when the lightning struck.

We are accustomed to think of electricity as flowing along a conductor at a relatively steady uniform rate much as water flows in a pipe. However, when high tension transmission lines

are struck by lightning, the electricity in them actually surges violently back and forth from end to end, like water in a bathtub, and with great violence. It is the degree of this violence that the experimenters have just measured. They find the surge of voltage or electric pressure on a 220,000 volt line runs up to as high as 2,500,000 volts. No wonder great damage is done. They also find by means of a delightfully simple physics laboratory apparatus known as the cathode ray oscillograph that these surges do all their damage in only forty millionths of a second. The tell-tale pointer in the oscillograph actually moves enough during that infinitesimal fraction of an instant to make an interpretable wavy record on a photographic plate. Of course no mechanical pointer could move that quickly, but the pointer of the cathode ray oscillograph is nothing but a tiny beam of rapidly flying electrons briefly swerved aside by the electric-magnetic forces of the lightning stroke. It is possible to shift such a pointer across a plate in a hundred millionth of a single second. To such an apparatus a second would be a geologic era.

▸▸ *Uncle Sam Acquires a Geyser*

A SCIENTIST might be led to wonder if the new geyser at Yellowstone Park did not burst forth in honor of the presence in the park of Dr. Arthur L. Day, Director of the Geophysical Laboratory of the Carnegie Institution, an authority on geysers and cognate subterranean manifestations. At any rate the Park now has a brand-new, A-number-one geyser with a crater one hundred feet wide and eight feet deep, and it indulges in three hours of play twice each day.

This is the largest, most frolicsome geyser in the world and the best kind of a publicity stunt for Yellowstone Park. Whether it will long endure or soon pass into history is a question no one can answer.

It takes peculiar conditions to make possible a geyser. There must be an open crack or passage in the rock leading down to hot rocks; also a constant supply of ground water. The action depends on a simple law of nature: water turns to steam at different temperatures with different pressures—in a teapot at atmospheric pressure at 212 degrees; in a vacuum at about 80 degrees; in a high-pressure locomotive boiler only at about 500 degrees. As the water in the quiescent geyser tube is heated to the point where it is just ready to turn to steam a little water is spilled off the top. The loss of water lowers the pressure only a trifle, but only a trifle is needed, so critical is the balance. Suddenly all the water near the bottom of the deep passage turns to steam, expanding as it does so nearly 2,000 times in volume. This blows out the rest of the water, leaving the passage quite empty. The process is repeated only when the passage fills again with water and when the latter becomes sufficiently heated.

With a few tubes and a fire it is easy to construct an artificial geyser in one's back yard.

▸▸ *Solomon the Horse Trader*

Perhaps some of King Solomon's wisdom grew out of his extensive experience as a horse dealer. Some of his stables have just been excavated; these are found to be extensive, well-arranged, with massive stone hitching posts.

Curiously enough, these stables were uncovered in the exploration work which has been going on at Armageddon, whose Canaanite kings were vassals of ancient Egypt, while Solomon's horse business partly grew out of his marriage to the daughter of a Pharaoh at the time when Egypt bred the finest horses in the world.

No one knows much about the great battle at Armageddon which led to the use in "Revelations" of the name to symbolize mystically the final battle t be fought on the Day of Judgment But there is no question that Megidd is the Hebrew form of Armageddon Now Megiddo is one of Solomon's "chariot cities" where Solomon be stowed horses and here (it seems cer tain) he sold some of the fine-bre horses he got from Egypt.

This interesting discovery has lately been described by Dr. James H Breasted, who has been for several years directing operations under the auspices of the University of Chicago and the Rockefellers. Dr Breasted remarks: "Few people are aware that Solomon, true to the instincts of his race, was not only an Oriental sovereign but likewise a successful merchant whose dealings extended into the neighboring kingdoms about Palestine. Not least of his about Palestine. Not least of his activities was his enterprise as a horse dealer."

Acme

PIERRE S. DUPONT
who will support Smith for the Presidency while on leave of absence from General Motors

▸▸ *Romantic Projects in Africa*

AFRICA is two continents; her northern littoral belongs climatically as well as politically with Europe. A plan has been announced which would extend the Europe of this assumption by some 10,000 added square miles flooding permanently that much of inner Algeria lying about 100 miles south of the site of ancient Carthage. The French Government is said to be interested in the proposal, not merely because it would provide an inland sea in the Sahara but because of the promised effect on the climate of that section of Algeria. The plan, of course, is not new; it has been suggested in one form or another many times. A similar plan to flood an area of the Libyan Desert was described in these columns last June, while a third plan has aroused a bitter controversy in recent years in South Africa, where the great Kalihari Desert occupies an immense area. Professor E. H. L. Schwarz, of the Cape of Good Hope, believes a diversion of the waters of two tributaries of the Zambesi River to form a large inland sea in the Kalihari would increase very largely the rainfall over a wide area and moisten the climate of a great part of the Union of South Africa. It is not difficult to point to several arms of the sea already juxtaposed to deserts which do modify their climates, and since Africa is the next continent scheduled for exploitation it is not unlikely that efforts to modify the climate will be made before many years.

Editorials

Russia and the Outlawry of War

WHETHER Soviet Russia should be invited with the other Powers to Paris to sign the treaty renouncing war has suddenly become a matter of excited discussion. Consistently, the past three Administrations at Washington have held that, before there can be any question of "recognizing" Soviet Russia, the Soviet Government must recognize Russian debts to the United States and its citizens, must either restore the private property of Americans confiscated in the Bolshevik revolution or make compensation for it, and must cease to countenance or support the Third Communist International and its campaign against other existing governments. In other words, the Soviet Commissars must take action which would create the confidence in their good faith and intentions that the United States now lacks. For the rest, as Secretary Kellogg has said, Soviet Russia is not only free to sign the treaty against war, but would be welcome in doing so. There the matter stands.

SOME of the European Powers have evinced a certain uneasiness about Soviet Russia and an anxiety to have her invited. They are closer to her; she can more readily cause them embarrassment; and with probably no more trust in her good will and honesty than Washington has, they have been inclined to try the doubtful game of conciliating her on the chance of gaining some advantage.

In refusing to recognize the Soviet government we are not attempting to dictate to Russia how she shall manage her internal institutions. If she wishes to do away with the institution of private property that is her affair. We are not even suggesting that she restore to Russians the right of property. Much less are we suggesting that she allow freedom of speech or press, or substitute our ideas of law. We have nothing whatever to do with her internal régime.

Nor are we attempting to force on behalf of Americans a rule of property which is denied to Russians. If Russia wants to keep foreigners from acquiring property in her territory, that, too, is her affair.

Nor, yet, are we assuming a moral attitude. There is no assumption of superior virtue on our part. We are not pretending to be a judge.

All that we insist on is that she fulfill the obligations that Russia as a state among other states has accepted. If she wishes to refuse to recognize those obligations, she has no right to complain if we refuse to have official dealings with her. The price of isolation is isolation.

Critics of Secretary Kellogg argue that he is making a mistake in ignoring the largest nation in Europe while inviting other nations to renounce war, and that it is a stupid mistake because the Soviet Government wants an invitation.

WHAT are the facts? After delicate negotiations to draft a treaty acceptable to all the fifteen nations first invited, and also to that most uncertain body—the United States Senate—the Soviet Government shows an interest in the proposed agreement and a readiness to sign it. At the same time, the Moscow Commissariat for Foreign Affairs indicates that changes in the treaty would be desirable. It would mean delay to submit these changes to all the governments which have accepted the treaty as it stands, and risk of endangering everything that has been achieved. On this count alone, the Russian request has no standing.

But it is ridiculous and silly, the critics continue, to refuse recognition of the Soviet Government at least to the extent of inviting its representative to sign the treaty without suggesting changes. It implies a senseless refusal to admit that the Soviet Government exists. This, of course, is meaningless. The trouble comes from the use of the word "recognition." Naturally, everyone admits the existence of the Soviet and recognizes that it is in charge of Russia. In practical diplomacy, however, "recognition" means relations. And in quite simple language, several Secretaries of State—Democratic and Republican—have said that the United States does not wish to have relations with the Soviet Government unless it changes its stand on certain points.

Mr. Hoover and the Issues

MANY people will get their impressions of Mr. Hoover's speech of acceptance at second hand. They will read the headlines, or some abstract of the address, or some editorial comment upon it. If they are content with doing that, then, when they come to vote they will be registering not their own opinions, but the opinions of other people. In the opinion of The Outlook, however, every self-respecting voter should read this speech himself and make his own decision. For Mr. Hoover says many incontrovertible things. The country is prosperous as never before. The National debt has been reduced. Savings deposits have increased. The hours of labor have been shortened. Dishonesty in government is wrong. So is religious intolerance. The countryside has been knit together with beautiful roads. The cities are erecting magnificent new buildings. We have seven million radios in our homes. The home is the sanctuary of our loftiest ideals.

Unquestionably. And yet, these are truisms and the party man's conventional claims for his party. In the campaign, so far, there are three salient issues—farm relief so called, prohibition, and power control. Mr. Hoover approaches the first with the declaration that farming is not a business; it is a way of life. Its ills are not to be cured by the application of mergers and mass production. If he refers the ultimate answer to a future Federal Farm Board; if his own solution is not complete; then so is the farm problem incompletely understood. What Mr. Hoover has to say about it, in the meantime, is interesting and important.

On the second issue: Prohibition, Mr. Hoover repeats, is a "great social and economic experiment, noble in motive and far-reaching in purpose." He is as definitely dry as Governor Smith is definitely wet.

On the third, Mr. Hoover, the engineer, shows his grasp of the problems of water supply, hydro-electric power, irrigation, flood control and transportation. He sees their interrelation and the vastly important possibilities of their coordination. But in this first address to the country, he does not mention power control—whether the source of power should be vested with the people or with public utilities. He gives only a promise to deal with "the relation of our government to public utilities" in a later speech.

We recommend that every voter read this first document from Mr. Hoover—and clear his mind for discussion.

From Overseas

By MALCOLM W. DAVIS

EUROPE, so far as I can observe, thinks that there is only one critical question in the elections in the United States—prohibition.

In Great Britain, France, and Germany, most attention has been paid to the differences in the stands of the two candidates on this subject. Now, from so far away as Czechoslovakia, comes comment from the semi-official "Central European Observer" of Prague, on the American campaign which, the editor says, "is going to be, we are told, a giants' battle":

"Mr. Hoover, in spite of his great popularity, may find it not an easy task to beat Governor Smith. To millions of Americans Governor Smith will appeal as the champion of popular liberties, as tribune of the people. . . . While Mr. Hoover will extol the blessings of the Republican régime, Mr. Smith is determined, if chosen as President, to fight for such changes in the National Prohibition Act as will constitute a safe and sensible solution of a condition which he is entirely convinced is unsatisfactory to the great mass of American people. And this, in our judgment, seems to be the issue."

Obviously—since it has become evident that neither party would make any great change in the protective tariff—prohibition is the matter that most interests Europeans, since modification of the present law might lead to a revival of their formerly profitable trade in wines, ale, and beer.

EVIDENTLY the conflict between the Catholic Church and the present Government in Mexico is far from any hope of adjustment. Whatever might have been the prospects under President-elect Obregon, his assassination and the charge of President Calles that Catholics were responsible for it have greatly intensified bad feeling—so much so that the semi-official organ of the Vatican in Rome, the "Osservatore Romano," has come out with a counter-implication that President Calles, or men and organizations close to him, planned the crime.

In two leading articles, this authoritative paper has reviewed the evidence regarding the plot, and interpreted it to mean that members of the Labor party—Trejo and Castros, by name—were intrusted with the mission to stir up the assassin, Toral, to supply him with his revolver, and to introduce him into the banquet hall where he shot Obregon. But, says the "Osservatore," more bullets than Toral fired pierced Obregon, and it hints that a certain Juan Escapulario—the name at first given out as a false name assumed by Toral—was in fact an army officer, who was among the first arrested but was released on the intervention of the Minister of War. Since that time, the paper continues, nothing more has been heard of him; official blame has been thrown on Catholics by endeavors to show that Toral's visits to a fanatical Mother Superior of a convent and to members of the clergy roused him to his act.

The "Osservatore" then goes on to assert that Calles tried to interfere with the regular course of justice, which has begun to discredit his accusations against the Catholics, and ends by suggesting that he was also "guilty of a similar crime against humanity, truth, and justice in November"—the bomb attempt to kill Obregon, which failed.

Since President Calles has established himself more and more firmly as the strongest man in Mexico in her emergency, it would seem that the strategists of the Holy See have abandoned for the present at least any idea of re-establishment of the Catholic Church in Mexico. But charges like this—especially against the head of a state—demand more than statement; they demand proof.

PUBLIC OPINION is more and more asserting itself in Japan. While the Japanese Government is opposing a reunion of Manchuria with Nationalist China, it is under a fire of criticism from several papers in its own country, showing that business circles are awake to the harm which a policy still further exciting Chinese feeling against Japan may do to Japanese enterprises and trade.

At the same time, the Japanese press has begun to speculate upon the effect of the signature by the United States of a new tariff treaty with China. The Tokyo "Asahi," a liberal independent paper, says that the American action saves the Nanking Government from embarrasment over its abrogation of the Chinese-Japanese commercial treaty, and gives it a chance to pursue the old Chinese policy of setting one foreign country against another. Japan will certainly be embarrassed by the move, it continues, but Premier Tanaka's policy is to blame for Japan's awkward position. The "Jiji Shimpo," an independent conservative paper of large circulation, influential in business and political circles, remarks:

"America's act is only a gesture, yet it succeeds because it gives to America the leadership, though it is devoid of real value."

The "Hochi Shimbun," an organ of the opposition party, considers it a mean trick of America, the nation which promoted the Washington Conference and signed the nine-power treaty regarding China, to try to alter the tariff situation regardless of other nations. Japanese-owned newspapers in northern China are bitter in their expressions of opinion. They assert that the United States has committed an almost unfriendly act, tending to capitalize Chinese good will into commercial profits at the expense of the Japanese. Chinese papers, naturally, have greeted the American act with satisfaction.

THE "Green International" represents in Europe the farm problem which the old continent shares with America. It is an interesting organization, with possibilities of significance, a loose association of farmers of a number of European countries intended to promote unified action so far as possible in policies affecting agrarian interests. Conservative and independent, it tends like most bodies of farmers to be suspicious of organizations in other fields. But recently it has taken a step in advance by voting to co-operate with the International Labor Bureau under the League of Nations at Geneva in matters concerning farm workers and social policies. This action at a conference in Austria indicates an increase of strength and self-confidence that may begin to make the farmers' International more of a force in European affairs.

What the Country Is Thinking

A Review of Editorial Opinion

By ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT

MR TUNNEY and Mr. Tilden — especially Mr. Tunney—have come close to sharing lately with the Secretary of Commerce and the Governor of New York the glare of the Kleig lights that editorial writers cast on contemporary figures. Of course the Governor and the Secretary will remain after the philosophic pugilist and the temperamental tennis player have been engulfed in the shadows of public inattention. But neither athletics—whether professional or (save the mark!) amateur—nor politics has been occupying first place as a subject of general serious discussion, but rather—it may surprise you—foreign affairs. At least if foreign affairs have not been in the first place, the writers of editorials in the American press have guessed wrong. There have been more references perhaps to National politics, and what discussion of the Presidential campaign there has been have shown more flashes of heat; but the impression I get from reading over editorial pages in all sections of the country is that by common impulse the mind of America has been recently turned with sustained attention more to the affairs of other countries than to those that are strictly its own.

In the face of this fact to say that America seeks isolation seems to me absurd. We are not in the League of Nations, but we are as never before in the current of world thought.

AND we are thinking of other nations, apparently, without suspicion of their motives or intentions. Nowhere do I find a trace of that old sport of twisting the lion's tail. If a demagogue like Big Bill Thompson has the idea that there is political advantage in that naive form of entertainment—and after his late experience he probably has not now—the press of the country does not share it. American editors, and presumably Americans generally, breathe good will. We may be complacent. We are, on the whole, prosperous and therefore free from the temptation of envy. I do not say that our good will is essentially virtuous. But, at any rate, we are not looking for trouble.

Kellogg's multilateral treaty for renouncing war as an instrument of National policy has therefore made a great impression on the country. It seems to have been welcomed as a means of insuring good relations without inviting foreign entanglements. There is no partisanship in this. In fact, the severest criticism I have seen of the treaty is in an organ of Kellogg's own party—the New York "Tribune." Other newspapers—the Kansas City "Star," for instance—have issued mild warnings that a treaty of this sort cannot of itself take the place of measures for self-defense in case of emergency. Some papers have taken the occasion to have their fling at the so-called "isolationists" and stirred up memories of the campaign for American membership in the League of Nations. But both Leaguites and Anti-Leaguites of former days unite in the chorus of approval.

At the same time there are few if any signs of illusion about it. Nobody seems to think that it is anything like a final solution of the war problem. What is liked about it is that it seems to be a practical measure for strengthening the will of peace. It helps to put war further into the background of the international mind.

Lord Frederic Hamilton, in his chatty book, "The Vanished Pomps of Yesterday," tells of a Councillor of the Austrian Embassy who, being very deaf, "habitually shouted in a quarter-deck voice." One day when at work in the British Chancery, Lord Frederic heard the stentorian tones of the deaf count dictating this cipher telegram in the Austrian Chancery next door: "The Imperial Chancellor told me that under no circumstances whatever would Germany consent to this arrangement. If the proposal is pressed, Germany will resist it to the uttermost, if necessary by force of arms. The Chancellor in giving me this information," went on the strident voice, "impresses upon me how absolutely secret the matter must be kept. I need hardly inform your Excellency that this telegram is confidential to the highest degree."

THAT illustrates what is meant by war as an instrument of policy. "Each diplomat," as the "Morning Oregonian" of Portland, Oregon, says, "had in mind as a final argument the armed forces of his country in comparison with those of his opponent and, as he estimated his country's chance of success in war, he stood firm or yielded on the matter under negotiation. All signatories of the treaty will renounce that argument of force, that reliance on big battalions." This treaty, says the "Oregonian"—and other papers agree—means that and nothing more. It does not mean entanglements. It does not mean that we are trying to get something that other countries will give us only at a price—like for instance concessions in armaments. It does not mean, as the Chicago "Tribune" fears it may mean, going into the League of Nations by the back door. If it meant any of these things, as the St. Paul "Pioneer Press" smilingly notes, Borah would not be for it. No, it means simply the putting away of a threatening idea. Some call it a fine gesture. Even a courteous gesture promotes good relations.

Since European opinion seems to be that this treaty supersedes as a preventive of war even the League of Nations and the Locarno agreement, and that it makes in a sense America a dictator of peace, some fear is expressed in America that European nations will now ask for a settlement of debts and other favors as guarantees of our sincerity. Such fear is needless—that at least is the prevailing view in this country. The debts and other questions have nothing to do with a promise to put war as a national policy out of mind. Our Secretary of State should, he is counselled, keep to the single purpose that the treaty avows. The United States guarantees nothing. It simply joins with other nations in a common promise not to rattle the saber.

In this the United States, though the most powerful influence in successful negotiation, did not take the initiative. The anti-war agreement was first proposed by France. What the United States did was to make it an agreement not between two nations alone—as Briand, the French Foreign Minister, suggested—but among all nations that would join. There is another treaty, however, just signed which in its way is quite as significant,

has called forth almost as much comment, and is the result of American initiative. This is the new treaty which our State Department has made with China.

For America's proposal to the newly established Chinese government I have been able to find nothing but praise. The New York "World," which not long ago was calling our Secretary of State, Nervous Nellie, congratulates Mr. Kellogg and calls his note proposing the treaty a "splendid job."

This is a treaty with the Nationalist government of China wiping out so far as the United States is concerned all former tariff limitations upon China and leaving her free to frame her own tariffs. It even apparently withdraws our gunboats from Chinese rivers. It, in fact, treats China as an independent nation capable of self-direction. It has, however, the common provision that the United States shall enjoy the benefits of the most favored nation. Consequently, until other nations agree to China's tariff autonomy China will not levy against our goods tariffs higher than those levied against the goods of other nations.

We have for many years had a sentimental as well as practical interest in China. Our policy of the "Open Door" even at the beginning was, of course, to our interest, but it was to the interest of the Chinese, too, and we took more satisfaction in contributing something to the maintenance of Chinese integrity than we did to our comparatively small trade—as it then was—with the Celestial Empire. We were building a continental empire of our own. Even when we rather harshly, but wisely, excluded the Chinese as immigrants to the United States, we thought benevolently, if rather condescendingly, of the Chinese in China. We returned our share of the Boxer indemnity as a pure act of friendship, and, since the funds thus relinquished were used for educating Chinese in this country, we had a good deal to do with molding the ideas of those who later became leaders in the new China. Then when the Republic so-called was formed we hailed it optimistically. We helped China get back Shantung and got nothing for doing so except such gratitude as nations give. More recently we have stood against intervention in China and blundered through the critical period of China's Nationalist uprising not always with the highest wisdom, but with the best of will. Other powers which have had more material interests at stake there than we have were provoked with us at on each of these occasions—some more, some less; for our policy has somewhat obstructed various plans for exploiting China at Chinese expense.

Public sentiment in America was therefore bound to give strong approval to this new move of American friendship for the Chinese. The only qualification in this approval that I have noted is a reference in the following comment of the Springfield (Massachusetts) "Republican":

"In a year of presidential elections it is inevitable that every praiseworthy act of an American administration should be ascribed to politics and the new Chinese policy of Secretary Kellogg, like his anti-war treaty, is being treated by the cynical as merely campaign material. But reform is reform even when it is inspired by desire to make a good record for an administration, and no partisan issue is involved either in the treaty renouncing war or in this new move to aid China in setting up a stable and sovereign government. The principles underlying both command general approval."

Whether this treaty frees China from her disabilities is not the point. It cannot do so by itself. What American opinion finds satisfactory in it is its evidence of American leadership. By this treaty America is the first to recognize formally as the real power in China the new government of the Nationalists. By it, also, America is the first to bring pressure upon the Western world to give China her freedom from the shackles of treaty tariffs. In recognizing the Nationalists America strengthens the hands of the Chinese moderates. In bringing pressure upon the Powers to renounce control over Chinese tariffs and other fiscal matters, America does her part in moving to carry out the promises made at the Washington Armament Conference.

If Japan thinks that this treaty is not quite friendly to her, she is mistaken. Because of what these Nationalists of China may try to do in Manchuria (where Japan has vital interests on account of her dependence on raw materials to be found there), Japan may not like our sudden locking of arms with those same Nationalists, but we really do not mean any offense. It is simply our way—rather impulsive it may seem to an Oriental, but meant well all around. Join us, we say in effect, and you will feel better. Nothing succeeds in business like friendliness; try it. As for possible trouble or even embarrassment—we reject the thought. That may not be the view of the State Department, but it is in substance the view of America as reflected in the press.

It is not to be supposed that there is no discussion of our Presidential campaign. But it is clear that it is all so far preliminary. There are the expected tributes to Hoover as a great Secretary of Commerce, as humanitarian, as scholar (joint translator with Mrs. Hoover of "De Re Metallica" by Georgius Agricola), as a schizoid (in contrast to Governor Smith as a syntonic), and as an exponent of the open official door. There are the denunciations and defenses of Tammany. There are the discussions pro and con of Raskob (who is evidently now next to the candidates as a figure of public interest). There are the usual arguments about prohibition without one single practical suggestion of a way out, if a way out is wanted. There are comments on Roy West, the new Secretary of the Interior, for whose appointment I have seen no defense. There are meditations and speculations about the South. There are some serious but not very illuminating discussions of the farm question. There are beatings about the tariff bush. And there are many comments on what might be called campaign amenities—the relative merits of the gray fedora and the brown derby, the uselessness of baby-kissing, the votes of the Smiths as compared with the votes of the Hoovers, the appropriateness or inappropriateness of having Hoover's portrait hung in the kitchen. It has been the season of political doldrums. There have been flurries here, and squalls there; but the gales have been waiting on the candidates' speeches.

One subject on which opinion seems to be crystallizing into unanimity is that the lawyers had better get busy reforming themselves and the law.

Another is that Mr. Tilden is no more an amateur than any one else who devotes all his time to a sport.

And finally and emphatically that Mr. Rickard needs no sympathy and that Mr. Tunney is well out of the prize ring.

And so we return to where we began.

The Menace in Doubles

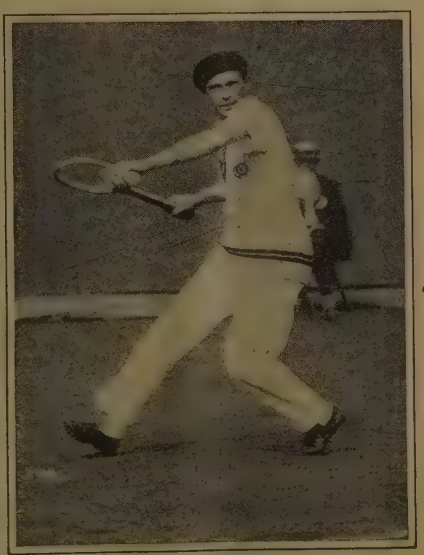
By HERBERT REED
(Right Wing)

ONLY spasmodically has the United States been strong in doubles in international competi-on, and this dates away back to the ays when the two Dohertys, "the big nd little Do," found little difficulty in efeating two American singles stars ho labored under the delusion that ey were an effective doubles team. It seldom indeed that the technique of oubles play appeals to the American emperament. It so happens that merica's aptitude in doubles will be ied out this week as severely as it ver has been. Richards and Williams topped the bid of the Australian stars t Longwood some years ago, but since hen Tilden and Hunter have succumbed to Patterson and Hawkes, and he American contingent will have to ace the same pair at Longwood that hey encountered at Wimbledon. Patterson and Hawkes are the natural inheritors of the great type of doubles lay put on by Norman Brookes and Anthony Wilding, and they seem to be uite as formidable. In addition to his the Americans will have to face a oung Australian pair, and a young English combination, while at the moment, if one excepts Lott and Hennessy, there is no American pair in action that has been long enough together to rank as a standard doubles eam.

WHETHER any of the English speaking teams will prove more formidable than the Frenchmen, with the possible exception of Patterson and Hawkes, is doubtful. There is a special reason for the French desire to win the American title. They have already successfully defended the Davis Cup, both in singles and doubles. Hitherto when Borotra and Brugnon, the probable French doubles team, has appeared at Longwood, it has taken the doubles matches practically in the stride of preparation for the Davis Cup competition. This time the Frenchmen may well go "all out" for the title, since it will be this time the climax of a remarkable season on the courts. The French, incidentally, in addition to personal skill, have developed the theory of the doubles game to a high degree, and there is practically no flaw in their game, especially when Borotra is at his best. The lively Basque is a natural doubles player, and one of the best theorists on the courts. He is a master of next to impossible "gets," and is generally on the spot when a scoring ace is demanded.

The Australian veterans are especially equipped for doubles, and are able to put on a distinctive form of generalship since Hawkes is left-handed, and his net play is in consequence all his own. His left-handed cross-courts strokes are peculiarly devastating, since he sends them over at an acute angle, forcing the opposing net defense frequently to his own tactics in order to meet him. When Patterson is serving Hawkes is quite apt to be found well out of the orthodox position, on the same side of the court as the server, and all but on top of the net. This often forces a deep return to Patterson, who then has the carefully played-for chance for one of his famous kills off the forehand. Patterson is still rather awkward with his backhand, but off the forehand or overhead he remains one of the hardest men in the game to match. Both men will make their share of service aces, and are more than apt to come through handsomely unless met with practically their own generalship.

Our own Bill Tilden has never been a master of the doubles game, although he has won his share of victories from time to time when paired with one of his young pupils. The trouble with the veteran American star, however, is fundamental. He is far too apt to poach on the territory of his partner, which is one of the reasons he and Richards, when the latter was still an amateur, parted company in the doubles game.



Underwood

JEAN BOROTRA

SINCE the Davis Cup matches at Auteuil there has been some criticism of Tilden, and of president Collom and Joseph Wear for failure to send against the Frenchmen the younger doubles team of Hennessy and Lott. As Fred Alexander, one of the old time masters of doubles play, used to say, "The way to learn doubles is to play doubles, to think, eat and sleep doubles, and to want to win in doubles at any possible personal sacrifice." In the old days the Wrenns won many a doubles match when paired against players of possibly superior personal skill. The famous combination of Teddy Pell, the master of the backhand so far as form, power and accuracy were concerned, and the rather temperamental but always lively Karl Behr, won many a big match through practically perfect coordination, even though neither man went as far in the singles as he might have done had he confined himself to singles play in every tournament. But to-day there seems to be no American in sight especially adapted to or especially interested in the doubles affair. In my opinion the combination of Dick Williams and Vinnie Richards was one of the best that ever stepped on the courts. I have referred to these two in a previous article, but nothing has happened since to make me feel that I ought to change my opinion. Williams had the flair for killing cross-court strokes at the net, while Richards was a marvel in handling a deep ball.

While of course the doubles game is played both at Wimbledon and on the French courts in the course of the regular championships and the Davis Cup matches, the title to be won at Longwood practically amounts to the world's championship. Most foreign teams would care more about a Longwood victory than about a doubles triumph in any other country. It carries a prestige that never has been dimmed by competition in any other land.

From the Life

The Philadelphia Cat

By IBBY HALL

SIXTEEN years ago there lived in Philadelphia a self-sufficient cat. Nature had never been indulgent to him, and the only gentleness he had ever known of life—his mother's lean and scrawny breast—had been early snatched from him by the City.

So it was that his cat-nature had been wakened early. As a tiny kitten he had learned to lie still or to leap on the moment. He had learned to prowl and hunt for food in a jungle of stone and sound; through tangled mazes of traffic; down the black trails of midnight alleys; up precarious heights of fence and wall and chimney. He had learned danger and escape from larger animals, lurking to pounce upon and strangle him, and from relentless turning wheels alike. By the time he was a full-grown cat he had taught himself how to keep alive. He knew the uses of eyes and claws, of swiftness and softness. He had conquered the city.

But to conquer in order to live is not enough. Even love and companionship, fraught with delicious hazard, are limited by the very nature of city life, and grow profitless and stale. A cat who has overcome civilization and his own kind is haunted still by instincts that are centuries old. This cat of Philadelphia had struggled for security. Now he set out upon adventure.

ONCE the Philadelphia cat gave rein to his curiosity he found it to be an endless source of delight. First he exhausted the housetops of the city. The moon, with its pale stars, the fire of sun and lightning soon became old stories to him, along with chimney smoke and rain. He developed a passion for back yards, for straggling trees and refuse cans, for gutters.

His next venture was into the cellars of the spreading town. Here he preyed on rats and observed the habits of spiders, he investigated coal bins and empty barrels and watched the feet of furnace men. At first each cellar was a new country. But after exploring a few hundred of these mysterious caverns, he found them touched with a curious sameness. They led nowhere but into the light of day again. The servant girls that started and screamed, the stubbly brooms that jabbed viciously at his slithering escape, the noisy shovels clattering on his footsteps, were finally all one; a monotonous accompaniment to his return into the sunlight.

The vagueness of unrest was beginning once more to touch him when he discovered the subway. Those beings who observed him here were indifferent or else respectful—as though they recognized his prior right to this underground world. This at last was the great adventure. Life was endless! How many layers deep might existence fathom? Like a dark shadow he sped through these new tunnels, urged on by ancient ruins and unremembered catacombs that whispered in his blood. Somewhere in these endless depths he would find the answer to all his fevers and curiosities.

The Philadelphia cat spent most of his existence these days underground. He fed himself hastily and absent-mindedly along the familiar thoroughfares of the city, but for the rest of the time he roamed and slept beneath the City Streets. There was hunting to be found here—there was surprise and all the novelty of solitude.

HE found one day his ideal bed and hiding place. It was at a spot where the tunnel of the subway pressed unexpectedly upon the noise and excitement of the outside world. For at this particular block the City was digging down, down, down into untouched depths of earth and stone and water as though it would rival the cat in curiosity. It was evident that an enormous undertaking was at hand, one that would require watching and speculation. Day after-day the cat would creep into his hiding place—out of sight, in a hollow partition dividing the subway from the great cranes and shovels, from the grinding and shrieking that ploughed into the bowels of the earth.

In this retreat he would lie as moveless in his stealthy observing as though made of stone. His unflickering green eyes stared fixedly at those great arms of iron, reaching from blue sky into the depths of a pit. The clang of giant hammers and the flare and burst of sudden fires, had no power to startle his experienced nerves. These things that he had conquered were now become his entertainment. The terrors and excitements of life were but so many mice running past for his enjoyment. At times, relaxed in his hidden bed and cradled by a shrieking music, the Philadelphia cat would drowse and sleep and dream.

The great excavation went on. Here was to stand the City's most luxurious hotel. Three floors below street level the plunging shovels swept and swung. The day came at last when the gaping hole was ready to be lined with cement.

SIXTEEN years later, and only the other day, a pipefitter was sent to a Philadelphia subway to repair a water main beneath the foundations of the Ritz-Carlton Hotel. In a hollow partition, closed off long ago from air by the cement of the hotel's foundations, he came face to face with a baleful figure. The pipefitter confronted the dreadful stare of a strange and terrifying animal. With fixed eyes and contorted body, the creature met the rush of air and stab of light with never a flinch. The fur upon its body, left only in sparse patches, stood rigid in every hair; its whiskers traced the air in frozen curves; its writhen shape was an unmoved menace to what it faced.

The pipefitter reached out a cautious hand, and still the animal never stirred a breath, but continued its gaze as steadily as rock. Was this a living thing, or the embodiment of terror upon a dead atmosphere? Was it an hallucination that would vanish at a touch?

The cautious hand came nearer—it closed upon the creature's rearing neck—it closed upon cold stone.

THE Philadelphia Cat had known his last curiosity and made his greatest discovery. Far underground the jungle of stone had tracked him down and shown him the end. But even in his agony he had stared at it with trained and riveted eyes, until the throes of horror had become fixed in stone. Hardened into eternity and destined for museums, he stares at it still.

The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

"The Mysterious Lady"

THE Superlative She is on the screen again in what we thought was an unusually good picture.

But don't take our word for it, we beg of you; because we can't write reviews of Greta Garbo pictures—she gets us too upset. Take this newest one, for example: "The Mysterious Lady." We can tell you that it was directed by the rightfully eminent Fred Niblo; that it has Conrad Nagel in the leading male part; that the story is well handled and the pace perfect.

But ask us what kind of entertainment it would be for people who aren't given to biting their nails off at sight of Greta Garbo: we wouldn't just know.

We can go even further in our attempt to be informative—we can tell you that "The Mysterious Lady" is a drama of love and political intrigue in eastern Europe. The piece bristles with movable statues beneath which documents and keys are concealed; it contains bearded minions who trail the principal characters to their clandestine rendezvous and sneak back to report on what went on; for at least some of the time the hero, Captain von Raden, is disguised as a musician. This will give you an idea. Or will it?

Some day, maybe, a William Winter or a James Huneker will arise and tell the world that Greta Garbo has contributed to the art of pantomime. Perhaps Jim Tully will do it and, perhaps, God willing, he won't. It may even be that a machine will be invented to record composite emotion. . . By such a device might the legend of Greta Garbo be handed down, in the heartbeats of a million fans.

"Powder My Back"

A farce which succeeds in being French but not naughty is "Powder My Back," with Irene Rich, Andre Beranger, Anders Randolf and some others. There is nothing French in it, to be sure, except the method, the plot being all about a candidate for mayor in an American town and the actress with whom his son and himself become separately embroiled. Everything is on a high moral plane, we assure you.

Miss Rich is not at her best in comedy work, but her best is so good that she can fall considerably below it and still satisfy. She is always interesting to watch and has the faculty of lining you up on her side, whatever she may be doing.

Anders Randolf, as the candidate for office, resembles Mr. Hoover so strongly that the thing must be deliberate. He wears the same kind of collar, and everything. Andre Beranger is amusing, in his own individual way, and there is an unexpectedness about the whole picture which makes it worth taking in.

"Forgotten Faces"

"Heliotrope Harry" was a crook, and no mistake; his wife, Lily, was beautiful and no-account from the heels up. They had a baby girl, and Lily had a lover.

Coming home one night (with somebody's necklace tucked away in his evening clothes), Harry found his adored daughter crying, unnoticed, in her crib; investigating further he found his wife and her lover, the latter of whom he instantly shot, dead.

Next he gave his wife, in a few short sentences, his precise opinion of her and left the cozy flat, taking the baby with him. To the furnished room of a friend named Froggy the father and child went, and Froggy was told what Harry proposed to do. He would leave the child on a prosperous doorstep and Froggy was to watch her from afar as she grew up and report her progress to her father. He, the father, was all set for a surrender to the police and a stretch up the river, for second-degree murder. Froggy's chiefest duty was to see that the girl's mother should never know her whereabouts and for seventeen years she did not.

Then, by a device, she found out and Heliotrope Harry raged in his cell and struck his graying head against the walls at the thought of what would happen. Just in time he was paroled, under very unusual circumstances; having first given his promise to the warden that he would not lift his hand against his worthless wife.

He did not. And yet, he so terrorized and outwitted her that she died, accidentally, you might *almost* say, without ever revealing herself to her daughter, or to her daughter's foster-father.

See this fine picture, with Clive Brook giving a magnificent performance; William Powell giving another; and Baclanova, Harry Morey, Fred Kobler and Mary Brian helping out.

Three in a Row

"Forgotten Faces" described above, had just started when we found our seat. We didn't know until it was all over that the adaptation was by O. H. P. Garrett, from a story by Richard Washburn Child.

This makes three straight swash bits for this Garrett person—the first being "The Drag Net" and the second, "Ladies of the Mob."

Now, we have never even seen Mr. Garrett. We wouldn't know him if he came up and bit us in the ankle, but we're deeply interested in the guy. An ex-New York reporter and a newcomer to Hollywood, he has accomplished what no one has ever done there before: He has been hard-boiled about the way his stories must be screened—and he has made it stick.

No old fashioned Garrett, this, filled with bats and dusty keepsakes. It's a highly modern Garrett, fitted up as a workshop.

CLIVE BROOK

The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

BROADWAY witnessed last week at least two shows for which it has been waiting with considerable expectancy for a long time—Earl Carroll's "Vanities" and Patrick Kearney's version of Sinclair Lewis's "Elmer Gantry." Were they worth the hushed expectancy? Well, in the case of "Elmer Gantry," we should say, "no." To be perfectly frank about it, considered solely as a play, Patrick Kearney's "Elmer Gantry" is absurd. Not only that, it is utterly devoid of artistic taste, and, to our mind, is as spurious and amateurish a burlesque as we've ever witnessed.

Whatever Mr. Lewis's merits as a satirist—and according to his followers they are considerable—he is unfortunate in having Mr. Kearney put his "Elmer Gantry" on the stage. This is the fairest and most complimentary way in which we can put it. Because next to "The Ladder," we thought "Elmer Gantry" about the poorest show yet. In fact, we even think "The Ladder" has the edge on it. The quality of imagination in some of the scenes in "The Ladder" comes closer to human emotional truth than does anything in "Elmer Gantry."

IT is inevitable, perhaps, that anything by Sinclair Lewis would show up at its worst on the stage. No one can reproduce his photographic realism behind the footlights. The only thing which gets across is human character. And, in the case of "Elmer Gantry," this human character is a caricature.

On the stage, as in the book, he is a one-dimensional person. The play through which he moves, considered as art, is not quite half of one per cent. Considered as propaganda, we know no moron so low that he would be convinced by it. And just what he would be convinced of, isn't clear either. "Elmer Gantry" is so transparent a villain that he doesn't even need the old-fashioned black mustache. Drawn with extraordinary crudity, the audience is "on" to him from the first minute. The fact that the people on the stage aren't, reduces them to such a low order of simpleton that one can only yawn.

So far as the story is concerned, Mr. Kearney has portrayed three instances in Mr. Gantry's life, each one being an erotic episode with a woman. Each episode is characterized by the same crudity and the same lack of artistry, and the three together are supposed to show how a young man with a whisky flask in his pocket, a cigarette in his hand, and a cynical mask of hypocrisy follows the life of a revivalist preacher and suceeds so well that he ends up as a famous minister driving vice from his city.

INTERSPERSED in this general frame-work are portraits presumably of Aimee Semple McPherson, of a sincere clergyman, of a devout church deacon, some Kansas low-brows who believe in shot-gun weddings, a group of lady evangelists, choristers, and two frame-up crooks.

Every now and then comes a remark which purports to show that the crooks are on to themselves, but that all the people who have turned to religion are surcharged with sex and find emotional idealism the best outlet for ego. All this may be so—but the play is too crude. It doesn't show anywhere that Mr. Kearney knows what he's talking about.

It's too bad, but you can't believe it. There remains only to be grateful for the scene in the revival meeting where Edward Pawley, as Gantry, puts across an excellent revivalist speech; the fire scene in the Atlantic City Tabernacle (produced, we are assured, without the use of any combustible material of any kind); and the clicking vaudeville act which closes the show, written, we believe, by Thompson Buchannan, and so terrible that it ought to be in a new kind of "Follies."

How anybody can call this a pretty good play is beyond us.

CONSIDERABLY more can be said for Earl Carroll's "Vanities." A man who has been absent from Broadway for many months, and who has probably had opportunity to think out his dreams of beauty in unpleasant surroundings, may be pardoned if he overdoes the thing a bit when he comes to make these dreams into a reality on the stage. "The Vanities" is overdone—but it is beautiful. It has beauty of color and beauty of line, human and otherwise. It often delights the eye. Where it falls down, so far as we are concerned, is in its lack of beauty of imagination or beauty of idea.

Where ideas are concerned, the best it can do is a series of playlets by W. C. Fields. Fields is one of our favorites, and when he appears our mouth is almost half open ready to laugh. But we didn't laugh very much this time. Most of his playlets are off color stories we've heard before, turned into "Vanity" acts and not very good ones at that. By far the best one was "The Stolen Bonds," with its scene laid in The Snavely Cabin on a Cold Night in the Far Northwestern Woods. "It ain't a fit night for man or beast." In this sort of stuff, W. C. Fields shines best. And he is no disappointment in this particular act.

As for the rest, there isn't a genuine romantic song, there isn't a good, clever idea, much of the scenery is too much like a German valentine to be genuinely beautiful, and the novelties are few and far between. Even the much discussed Machinery Ballet tired us as soon as its novelty wore of. To our mind Earl Carroll, despite his undeniable talent as a producer, needs a partner who appreciates the things which apparently he himself doesn't see. "The Vanities" needs variety. Even "Frisco Joe" doing a very funny imitation of Helen Morgan in "Show Boat" isn't enough.

W. C. FIELDS

An Opera House with a Past

Brussels.

NOT to be out of the running in these days of Strauss festivals which seem to be taking place over the continent of Europe, the heatre De La Monnaie of Brussels lowed up its very beautiful produc- n of "Der Rosenkavalier" with an ually interesting revival—that of alomé."

This opera, which is now over twenty ars old, is still a superb piece of ork. If parts of it have become banal om being heard about too much, other rts can still more than make up for em. What a pity that the self-ad- rtised purity of a few influential embers of the New York *bourgeoisie* d their satellites back in 1907 was ble to banish this opera from our rincipal opera house!

In the light of all that has since trans- ired, how utterly silly all those gilded orthies now appear. Yet, as a matter f fact, they succeeded in giving the pera of "Salomé" a glamour unpos- ssed by that masterpiece in any other ountry. Let this work be billed almost nywhere in Europe and it rouses no ore interest or excitement than would, t us say, a fine performance of Lohen- rin or Don Giovanni. But let even ne report get about in the city of otham that there's a possibility of Salomé" being done next season at he Metropolitan and lovely shivers ourse deliciously up and down our ree-white-and-twenty-one spines!

As a matter of fact any board of lirectors that can stomach "Zaza," hat can sit serene and smiling through he titivating indecencies of "Madonna mperia," and that is going to hand ut for our delectation this coming sea- on the Black-and-White philanderings f Herr Krenek's "Johnny Spielt Auf," hould not object to poor little Salomé aving a nip at her decapitated prophet.

Not that we are trying to whitewash the daughter of Herodias, laws-a- mussy no, but when it comes to operatic morals, there's not so much to choose between Salomé's lamentable tastes, and Sieglinde and Brother Siegmund eloping with prolonged whoops of joy at the end of the first act of "Die Walküre," fully aware of what they are up to and caring divil a bit.

The role of Salomé here at La Monnaie was extremely well sung and

By EUGENE BONNER

most realistically acted by Mme. Nyza Bladel, who wore some jewels, a long train and absolutely nothing else. Mme. Andry as Herodias was a delight, laying down the law and bullying her rickety old consort in truly royal manner. M. Verteneuil was excellent as the henpecked Tetrach, while our own John Charles Thomas, who has been a member of this company for the last three years, sang the music of Jochanaan superbly, but was a long way from realizing the splendid dramatic possibilities of the role, which, as anyone who saw Hector Dufranne in the part will agree, is one of the most dramatic in any modern opera.

The opera, which was none too well conducted by Leon Molle, was followed by a charming performance of the Stravinsky ballet "L'Oiseau de Feu" which made a most suitable pendant to the Strauss work.

PERHAPS it is not altogether amiss just at this time when many of the die-hards among the stockholders and subscribers of the Metropolitan Opera House are opposing moving into new quarters on the grounds of the age and traditions of the present opera house, to give a little sketch of an operatic institution that really is old and has genuine traditions. . . .

During the sixteenth century there existed, facing the Rue des Chevaliers (now Rue des Fripiers) the Hotel of the Ostrevant family, whose members were descendants of the Counts of Hainaut and of Holland. About 1531 this building, which for quite a while had been used as an *atelier monetaire* or mint, was demolished and the ground on which it stood cleared and leveled. A large pond formed by the city moat which was just back of the old palace was filled in and the open space thus created was called the Place De La Monnaie.

It was on this square that were constructed successively the three great theatres that have constituted for well over two hundred years "Le Theatre De La Monnaie."

The beginnings of opera as such in Brussels can be fixed towards the end of the seventeenth century. At that period the Court, jealous of all that was being done in the way of scenic and musical spectacles in other countries, particularly France, where they had been having operatic performances since 1645, wished to equal if not rival the representations then being given at Paris.

Matters went forward to such an extent that there was soon no need to envy any longer the French capital. The spectacles given in Brussels came to combine everything in the way of music and dances then being written, while lavish costumes and décors together with elaborate machinery soon brought these performances to the level of those being given in the city on the Seine.

The *répresentations musicales* given in the theatre at the Court soon began to awaken the curiosity of the public which at that period had not the privilege of assisting at these performances. Finally in the year 1700, after several unsuccessful attempts to establish a public opera house, the Elector of Bavaria (Governor-General of the Spanish Netherlands at that time) had a theatre built on the Place de La Monnaie.

For over a hundred years this theatre was one of the most important in Europe and it was not until the year 1819 that it was replaced by a more up-to-date house which as far as the exterior is concerned is the theatre we see today.

It was in this opera house "Le Theatre Royal de La Monnaie" that the famous revolution of 1830 started. The opera was "La Muette de Portici," forbidden shortly before by the King of Holland (Belgium at that time being under Dutch rule) on account of what was considered its seditionary character, but again allowed to be performed.

It was the twenty-fourth of August and the theatre was packed, hundreds who were unable to get in filling the square in front of the house. The duet "Amour sacré de La Patrie" had to be repeated and when in the third act Lafeuillade as Masaniello cried "Aux armes!" the entire house responded with frenzied hurrahs. The opera was not allowed to finish as the entire audience precipitated itself into the Place de La Monnaie and the revolution that freed Belgium forever from the Dutch yoke was on.

Ivory, Apes and Peacocks

By W. R. BROOKS

AT last we have persuaded the editor to allow us to use pictures in this department. It had to be done rather diplomatically, of course. We took him to a nice place to lunch and bought him a cigar and even allowed him to pay for his own lunch when he suggested it, feeling that it was better to give way in small things in order to gain our real purpose. Then we said that we thought a nice picture now and then might brighten up our page. He said yes, something ought to be done. We said we thought that an occasional picture showing new ideas in house furnishing, new decorative schemes, modernistic furniture, silver, glass and so on, would be interesting, and then we brought out a sketch we had dashed off that morning of our idea of how a modern apartment living room should look. He looked at it and said: "Oh, yes, modern apartment living-room. Just so. But why are they all crawling around on all fours? And why is there a baby hippopotamus in the room?" "There's nobody crawling around on all fours," we replied testily. "Those are chairs and tables. And that's a davenport, not a hippo. Don't you like it?" He looked at it steadily for a while and then said: "Oh." Then he lit our cigar and said: "That's a nice black pencil you used." Then he put out the cigar and lit one of his own and said: "On the whole, I guess perhaps we'd better use photographs instead of drawings."

So we're going to use photographs. Our drawings, however, we shall continue to execute, and when we have enough of them we shall make them into a book. There won't be any captions under the pictures, and you will have to guess what they represent, and if you guess them all we will refund you the five dollars that we expect to charge for the volume. Meanwhile we offer you this week a picture of two stick-willow chairs, designed in the modern style by Paul T. Frankl, whose book on modern decoration we recently reviewed. The screen back of the chairs is of bath-toweling, painted.

From "New Dimensions," by Paul T. Frankl, published by Payson & Clarke, Ltd.

TWO STICK-WILLOW CHAIRS
Designed by P. T. Frankl

WE told you some time ago of the automatic cigarette vender which groans a sepulchral "Thank you" when you buy its wares. The other day we entered an automatic soft drink parlor and risked ten cents on a pineapple drink. We lost, as the sequel will show you, and we publish our experience in order that you may profit by it. We put in the dime. A light appeared, and then a paper cup, which seated itself in a metal container. It made us think somehow of the legends of the Grail. Then a stream of pale—possibly pineapple—liquid shot into the cup, and when the latter was full to the brim a little glass door opened and the prize was ours.

It is not the first time that opportunity has knocked and found us unready. Somehow we were so dazed, stricken with admiration, that we hesitated too long to seize the miraculous draught, and with a decisive click the door closed and left us, our tongue hanging out with thirst, our nose pressed to the unresponsive glass. To have it snatched away in the moment of fulfillment was too much. Almost without thinking we fumbled for a second dime, inserted it, and watched eagerly. Again the light, again the cup — but something had gone wrong. We had disturbed the orderly procedure. The cup settled uncertainly in our former drink, and the stream of fruit juice missed its mark entirely and slopped about messily behind the door. We didn't wait for any more. We went around the corner to a drug store and were served a pineapple drink by a human being. After all, we think we like the personal touch. Better the waiter's thumb in the soup than the cold inhumanity of the automaton.

THERE'S an organization in New York that sells aluminum cooking utensils by house to house canvass. It has recently started a new policy of selling. If you want to give a luncheon, this firm will give it for you. It will prepare the menu, buy the food, cook and serve it. It will even furnish a speaker who will lecture on the merits of this particular brand of cooking utensil, on dietetics and waterless cooking.

Aren't there a number of people you'd like to invite to be lectured to on dietetics and the proper way to prepare food? If the speaker got in hits on the foibles of the various guests, we think it would be an awfully jolly luncheon party.

Mr. Wells and the Bankers

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

MONTAGUE GLASS lost his awe of what is considered intellectual authority when he read in e of the apparently omniscient weeks that something or other was "as olonged as a Puccini overture." Mr. ass had heard Puccini operas and he ew that their overtures consisted of ly a few notes. If this weekly is so mpletely wrong about a Puccini overre, he reasoned, perhaps it is equally istaken in many of its equally posive statements. And perhaps other vered oracles are untrustworthy.

If Mr. Glass knows as much about nking as he does about Puccini overres he might lose even more of his ve of the intelligentsia by reading Has the Money-Credit System a Find?", an article contributed to "The anker," a London magazine, by H. . Wells, in which he tells the bankers hat is wrong with their point of view nd gives them three great tasks to hich they should apply themselves ith greater energy.

The article is not iconoclastic. Mr. Vells understands fairly well the funcions of bankers and believes that the remendous power they wield is safer n their hands than in the politicians'. He insists, though, that bankers are naware of their responsibility and the cope of their duties. In his words, 'the banking, financial community is ust working uncritically like a born art-horse in a cart."

THAT is simply not so. Any banker today realizes that his most important function in society is to extend credit and knows well the tremendous power inherent in that function. His decision to grant credit to or withhold credit from an individual, an enterprise or a nation may determine whether that individual, enterprise or nation shall maintain its position in the world, improve it or lose it altogether. Certainly no one with even a casual knowledge of the New York or London financial centres can be unaware of the fact that bankers, even the most selfish of them, feel this responsibility keenly. Mr. Wells apparently thinks of the banker as merely placing the funds entrusted to him and the credit he is privileged to create wherever these resources can, with safety, earn the largest return. If this view were correct, many of the loans made to European nations since the war and much of the tremendous financial assistance of other kinds that went with those loans would never have been granted. If this view were correct, many of the life-lines which bankers threw to drowning American businesses in the crisis of 1920-21 would have been left coiled on the deck.

Perhaps selfishness is the fundamental motive for such actions as these which override considerations of immediate profit. But, if the financial community does see a selfish interest in restoring health to Europe and to American industry, clearly it is aware "of what as a constituent organ of society it is up to."

Now for the "three main things the world requires from its money-credit organizations."

The first is the stable currency for which Professor Irving Fisher of Yale has pleaded so eloquently, a currency whose units always will represent just so many loaves of bread, so many subway rides, so many silk stockings and the rent of a certain apartment for a certain length of time. Evidently Mr. Wells, who criticizes the scarcity of financial literature, has not read any of the many answers to Professor Fisher's plea. These replies have pointed out that the practical difficulties blocking the creation of such currencies are insuperable. Who on earth could say, for instance, what relative weight should be given, in determining the dollar's size, i. e., its gold content, to the price of bread and what to the cost of an automobile and its upkeep? Twenty years ago, the price of automobiles and gasoline would have been omitted entirely from the indices which would have been used in fixing the gold content of the dollar. Yet today the cost of automobiles and their upkeep is certainly of more moment to the majority of American families than the price of bread.

The second problem on which the bankers are asked to concentrate more earnestly is the elimination of the so-called business cycle in which commerce and industry swing steadily back and forth between feverish activity and stagnancy.

"You ought," Mr. Wells tells the bankers, "to have a diagnosis of this periodic fever and exhaustion and a scheme of remedies. You ought to be telling the world what it ought to do or ought not to do, to change that disagreeable and demoralizing rhythm."

"My dear Mr. Wells," the bankers might reply, "we have been doing what we can and we are not entirely displeased with our attempts to limit these irritating and expensive swings. Our leaders have suggested many valuable corrective measures to the governments. Our statisticians have been studying the problem from every conceivable angle. So have the various economic bureaux and the business schools of our leading universities. We cooperate wherever we can with their investigations. The Federal Reserve Banks of the United States have used their influence over the credit market to minimize trade fluctuations. The stability of business in the United States during the last eight years is an indication, if not a proof, that they have not been entirely unsuccessful."

"The third point which I think we common people may reasonably require of our world-credit system and those in control of it, is that it should work as a restraint upon war," Mr. Wells writes.

HERE is it difficult not to become impatient with the great Mr. Wells. He ought to know that nine out of ten bankers always will do whatever they can to maintain peace. Leaving humanitarian considerations aside, war hurts a banker's business. It threatens the security of loans and disrupts the economic world. Fishing in troubled waters has been profitable for some financiers but the great majority prefer calm. Anti-war movements can regularly count on the sympathy of both Wall and Lombard Streets and usually on their active cooperation.

A banker might well look on Mr. Wells's article as an endorsement.

"Your description of what our point of view should be," he might say, "is a fairly accurate description of what it is. You set us three main tasks. One, you would agree after a thorough investigation, is impossible. At the other two we are working away for dear life."

Speaking of Books

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

To India's Rescue

By MILTON BYRON

"An India Journey," By Waldemar Bonsels. Albert and Charles Boni

HERE is the real India; exotic, bizarre, romantic, and mysterious! Herr Bonsels has gotten under the skin of India; he has lived with the natives, he has assimilated the spirit of that much maligned country, and, in "An Indian Journey," he presents his observations in a thoroughly charming and informative manner. This book comes at a time when it is sorely needed, being a welcome antidote for the impressions of squalor and depravity that have recently been fostered on the American public.

This book is the selection of the Literary Guild for July and is, in the opinion of this reviewer, the most worthwhile book that they have sponsored to date. Not the least of the charm of this book is its format. The end papers are in the form of a colored map of the country over which Herr Bonsels roamed, and there are several exceptionally fine full page illustrations and head and tail pieces by Harry Brown.

The story is written in loose, informal diary form. Not a daily record written as such, but a chronological report of the author's odyssey through parts of India that few white men have ever visited. The book opens with his arrival in the country and his bargaining for a house. One is immediately charmed by his style, and his attitude toward his future landlord proves at once that this man will get to know India and that he will tell the reader about it in an interesting way. And one is not disappointed!

Herr Bonsels is not only a wanderer—he is a philosopher. Two of the most charming bits of this book, in our opinion, are his discussion of life and the difference between animals and human beings with "Huo," his pet monkey, and his description of his feelings and thoughts when he dreamt that he was dead. And he is not without a sense of humor. There are descriptions of incidents that might be construed as malicious or underhanded which, seen through the eyes of the author, reveal not only an *entente cordiale* with these little-understood people, but a very delightful sense of humor.

It was not Herr Bonsels' desire to be a great "Sahib" travelling in India—that mode of living would not have afforded him what he wanted. He wanted simply to be accepted as one of the natives and, for this reason, he was the despair of his boy-servant, Panya, who wished to serve a real master. It was difficult for him to accustom himself to acting as his master's equal, but he was willing to share his confidences in a childlike, naive way. It was largely through Panya that Herr Bonsels was able to obtain such a comprehensive knowledge and understanding of the Indian people. And later, he was fortunate in forming an intimate friendship with one Mangeshe Rao, high caste Indian with an Oxford education, that allowed him to formulate an accurate opinion as to the calibre characteristics, and habits of the upper classes.

But the author's sojourn in India was not primarily for the purpose of studying the people. He gives the impression that he was travelling solely for his own enjoyment. Being a philosopher, he must needs get at the heart of the country, and being an artist, he has absorbed all the exotic beauty of the physical aspects of the country.

This is a book for all lovers of travel, all lovers of philosophy, all lovers of fine writing, and all those who have had their illusions of India shattered by authors who, knowing nothing of the spirit of the country, have enlarged upon its grossness, its perversions, and its evils. Herr Bonsels has seen none of these. Or rather, he has seen them through the eyes of a philosopher and an artist. There is nothing but beauty in this book, but it is the beauty that transcends mere reality.

The Most Discussed Books

THIS list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by the following book-shops each week:

New York—Brentano's;
Rochester—Scrantoms Inc.;
Cleveland—Korner & Wood;
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort, & Barney;
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Company;
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company;
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.;
Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company;
Kansas City—Emery Bird Thayer;
Atlanta—Miller's Book Store;
Los Angeles—Bullock's;
Chicago—Marshall Field & Co.;
Cincinnati—Stewart Kidd
Portland, Oregon—J. K. Gill Company

Fiction

"Swan Song," by John Galsworthy. Charles Scribner's Sons. Read either as the last book of the "Forsyte Saga" or as an independent story, this masterly novel should please all readers. Reviewed August 1.

"The Bridge of San Luis Rey," by Thornton Wilder. Albert & Charles Boni. Those who have not yet read this beautifully written story have a delight in store.

"Brook Evans," by Susan Glaspell. The F. A. Stokes Company. This love story of three generations will touch and please any adult reader. It is tragic, truthful, and beautifully written. Reviewed July 25.

"Bambi," by Felix Salten. Simon & Schuster. The story of the life of a deer in the woods written with much charm and delicacy.

"With Malice Toward None," by Honore Willsie Morrow. William Morrow & Company. The struggle over reconstruction policy between Lincoln and Sumner, fictionized somewhat sentimentally.

Non-Fiction

"Disraeli," by Andre Maurois, translated by Hamish Miles. D. Appleton & Co. You will enjoy this charming and vivid biography.

"The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism," by George Bernard Shaw. Brentano's. Almost every one will agree with G. B. S. this time; and any one with the patience to read his long book through will find it marked by his usual wit and wide interests. Reviewed July 4.

"Jesus, the Son of Man," by Emil Ludwig. Boni & Liveright. Readers of Ludwig's great biographies will be interested in this, if only to see how badly the biographer of Napoleon and Bismarck can fail. Reviewed July 25.

"Strange Interlude," by Eugene O'Neill. Boni & Liveright. This play, in which the dramatist steals some of the novelist's best psychological thunder, is as good to read as to see.

"Poems in Praise of Practically Nothing," by Samuel Hoffenstein. Boni & Liveright. If you enjoy light verse, this is the very best.

Join the Ladies

By MARY SHIRLEY

"Farewell To Youth," By Storm Jameson. Knopf.
"The Wood," By Naomi Royde-Smith. Harpers.
"Armed With Madness," By Mary Butts.

IN a group of new novels by three young Englishwomen we find the Great War remaining the overwhelming influence in English life and thought—an influence discernable particularly in the work of women, for reasons not difficult to deduce. In American fiction, on the other hand, the war seems to be no longer an important factor.

In Farewell to Youth (Knopf), Storm Jameson displays the fine qualities that have hitherto distinguished her work. There is the emotional power of The Pitiful Wife and The Lovely Ship, deftness and originality of characterization and a style that is both vigorous and colorful. Her war-shocked hero is very lifelike. So are his faithless war-bride and the devoted wife who finally nurses him back to relative normality. We could wish that Miss Jameson cared less for masochistic

ypes. Her chief characters seem to ovet martyrdom—not an idiosyncrasy ypical of the post-war period! In 'arewell to Youth there are some clever close-ups" of those in high places, ost of which are easily recognizable. 'or example, does the following para- raph leave any doubt of indentity?

"An immense vitality and a self-con- idence as colossal as it was humorless— he was indeed a brazen image of her- elf. She was also her own high priest nd one of her chief worshippers—She ad been a figure in politics so long hat she could hardly credit her dis- ppearance—from a world which she ad ruled with the tongue of a shrew. But she had courage and she was lready preparing to conquer another orld, with her pen this time. Brass, hey say in her husband's county, talks. Brass shall write, said she, and wrote he story of her creation."

In The Wood (Harpers) by Naomi Royde-Smith, is an exquisitely written study of mental abnormality—a sub- ject never anything but painful to this reviewer. Cilia is the victim of a neurosis common enough among chil- dren, but overcome by all sane adults; she has an imaginary playmate who becomes so real to her as to embarrass her family and cause real difficulty for herself as a school-girl. Later on, Cilia's mysterious absences, during which she is supposed to be with "the other one," distress her young husband, just home from the war, but Cilia's delusions end only with her death, occurring simultaneously with that of the "other". The Great War runs like a dominant chord through the harmonies of the author's musical prose, but whether the war was responsible for the heroine's psychopathic condition we are not informed. In the end of the book there is some indication of reality in Cilia's obsession—a sugges- tion of belief in a being like the German "Doppelganger". Those who enjoy fantastic tales, beautifully told, will find much to admire in a book that reminds one of Walter de la Mare's "Memoirs of a Midget."

Again, in Mary Butts' "Armed With Madness", we see the devastating effects of the war on the youth of Eng- land. All Miss Butts' characters are a little mad and one of them even attemps to murder the bewitching Drusilla in a genuine attack of emo- tional insanity. Crazy as they are, Miss Butts' young people are a fascinating "bunch". The book is a brilliant and subtle, if rather chaotic expression of this Age of Jazz. Curiously enough, Miss Butts ties her tale of modernity to a legend out of the Middle Ages. In an ancient corner of England, one of the characters fishes an antique chalice from a well. There is much discussion of its origin, references to the Holy Grail and the Spear, with their related symbols from the empor- ium of Herr Professor Freud. Miss Butts' young people are greatly per- turbed over their discovery which sets the whole works going as it were. Henry James did something of the kind in his own best manner—"James the First"—when he wrote The Last of the Valerii, a short story in which a young Roman noble of amiable nature and exemplary habits, a devout Cath- olic to boot, turns up a Roman goddess from the Earth of his own garden. And Trouble begins! Miss Butts' novel might be described as Henry James in the idiom of 1928.

Loud Speakers

(Continued from page 655)

$36.75. . . . Works equally fine with the set or apparatus closely associated with the set can have the slightest value A. C. electric house current or with batteries."

But the copy fails to state that socket power operation demands a number of expensive accessories which cost more than the set itself, and that the word "super" does not mean super- heterodyne, as the fan, of course, sup- poses. "Whirltenna with static reducer —the aerial wonder—reduces inter- ference to a minimum. Improves tone quality—provides sharper tuning, and separates the stations. Positively all- directional." Mostly nonsense, except for the last phrase, which is perfectly true. But it would be equally true of a piece of gas pipe set up on your roof.

"At last, perfect radio tone qualities, through an entirely new principle in acoustics. Reproduces 100%." This paragon, furthermore, was highly praised by a director of the Chicago Opera Company, to the effect that it reproduced "the individual character- istics of each instrument of an orches- tra with such fidelity that the keen musical ear is delighted." The instru- ment is now completely off the market, so far as current advertising indicates, and its makers in receivership.

INDEED, the only science which the overwhelming majority of radio ad- vertisements contribute to is the science of philology.

At the present time it is a common practice for radio magazines and sup- plements to carry concealed advertis- ing in the form of what appear to be straight news articles. These articles are often inspired, or prepared, and paid for by manufacturers of radio equipment. They are analogous to the sort of "news" the patent-medicine brethren used to plant in newspapers, with a consideration. One will find a piece in a radio magazine, complete with diagrams and pictures, telling one how to make the "marvelous new ultra- selective, all-electric sonotonic Muffle- tone Six." The facts behind this scientific sounding hocus-pocus are these: The Muffletone Company is a manufacturer of transformers. Its transformers are urged upon the fan throughout the article, together with a list of other component parts. The listing of these parts is subsequent to a businesslike arrangement concluded be- tween the Muffletone Company and brother manufacturers who fabricate them. To make everything shipshape, straight advertisements for the com- modities named in the article are placed handy to the readers' eye, in the same issue.

We find in the news columns of a great New York daily such a statement as this: "The Blarson engineers have designed a device known as an output transformer which connects across the output of the receiver to cut off the direct plate current from the delicate speaker." As news this is at once silly and misleading, for the Blarson is but one among many makers who have done the same thing; in fact, an output transformer has been a recognized practice in receiving-set design for years.

All sorts of devices are insinuated into the fan's consciousness by this con- cealed advertising method—"wave traps," "heptomonic tuners," "grid suppressors," what not. Some of them are doubtless good. Many of them merely waste space, time, money, and electrical energy.

"Radio," a magazine published in San Francisco, recently (March, 1928) gave the whole procedure away by con- fessing its own past sins, together with a promise to reform:

> The reading pages of most of the radio magazines are filled with pub- licity for radio manufacturers. . . .

(Please turn to continuation page 676)

Frank's
7th Annual
Cruise De Luxe
TO THE
Mediterranean
67 Glorious Days ... mysterious Egypt...sacred Palestine...ancient Greece ... gorgeous Italy ... romantic Spain ... enchanting North Africa...primitive Dalmatian Coast...bewitching Turkey...and the most comprehensive itinerary of strange cities bordering this historic sea. ¶The romance...the charming social life...dances...gay carnivals...smart country club atmosphere and comfort on a ship built for cruising...far-famed cuisine...service par excellence...a most efficient staff to entertain and guide you...53 years' experience...all combine to make this a most attractive and thrilling adventure.
Exclusively Chartered Palatial S. S. "SCYTHIA"
Cunard Line's finest first-class cuisine and service
Membership limited to 390 guests — half capacity
SAILING FROM NEW YORK JAN. 29
Free stop-over in Europe, including return via S.S. "Berengaria" or any Cunard Steamer. The best of everything on ship and shore.
Rates from $950, including shore excursions. Full particulars on request
FRANK TOURIST CO.
542 Fifth Avenue (Est. 1875) New York
Philadelphia—1529 Locust Street
Chicago, 175 No. Michigan Ave. ~ Boston, 33 Devonshire St
San Francisco, 29 Geary St. ~ Los Angeles, 756 So. Broadway

The Mind and Art of Nathaniel Hawthorne

(Continued from page 652)

"Amid the seeming confusion of our mysterious world," he once wrote, "individuals are so nicely adjusted to a system, and systems to one another and to a whole, that, by stepping aside for a moment, a man exposes himself to a fearful risk of losing his place forever." Hawthorne took that risk and suffered that result. In a worldly sense his career was thwarted by his obstinate detachment, and his work began to decline at the moment when it seemed to be taking its first steps toward higher levels. If he became realist occasionally, the attainment was incidental. The truth of "The Scarlet Letter," for its author at least, lay not so much in Hester's suffering as in the mystic significance of a letter suddenly wrought in fire against dark clouds.

What, then, is the ultimate significance of Hawthorne's work and what is its relative importance to American literature? His own answer to these questions was that, in "The House of the Seven Gables," he gave form and voice to the spirit of moral truth which dominated his life. Without preaching, he expressed in art what he believed to be the truth of life. In this book he was most faithful to his own esthetic creed, and a generous measure of success in these terms was his. In none of his other works is his purpose as clear and sure, although he never ceased to strive for the same objective.

The validity of this purpose depends upon the inclusion of allegory within the borders of art. The medieval mind thought almost exclusively in these terms and the medieval inheritance was strong in the Puritan Hawthorne. The modern mind tends to exclude allegory or to reduce it to a position of relative unimportance, and in so doing would lessen the value of that part of Hawthorne which he himself strove most ardently to develop and to express. Opinion as to the ultimate importance of much of his work depends upon the answer to this problem.

On the other hand, a survey of his work from the vantage point of the

(Please turn to continuation page 678)

Loud Speakers

(Continued from page 675)

[We ourselves] have printed publicity that masqueraded as editorial matter. This was done because it was feared that the advertising which makes it possible to deliver a magazine to the subscriber could not be secured without some editorial tie in . . . The time for unmasking has come. Things are to be what they seem, and skimmed milk is not to masquerade as cream. In this, its eleventh year of publication, "Radio" is resolved to be worthy of the confidence which readers have in it, and not to be guilty of any intentional deception.

One reason for the dubious character of much of our radio equipment, and the even more dubious methods by which it is sold, is the patent situation. It is impossible for a manufacturer to build a useful radio set without employing at least half a dozen patented circuits and devices. The Radio Corporation of America controls the bulk of patents in the industry. These patents, according to recent information, are not licensed short of a royalty payment of $100,000 a year. Thus the manufacturer begins operations with very heavy fixed charges in the shape of royalties. In order to surmount this burden, he must go into mass production with a minimum of research and experimentation, and blast open markets for wide and intensive distribution. To go into production on the basis of a few thousand sets a year made under craftsmanship conditions with care, precision, detail testing, and with a small force of permanent, painstaking workmen is utterly out of the question. He might as well sign a petition in bankruptcy. No. The only chance of survival with such an initial overhead calls for a great factory, a belt assembly system, a large force of necessarily untrained and floating workmen, and the production of tens and hundreds of thousands of sets a year. And to launch those sets upon the market calls for all the arts of high-pressure salesmanship, including whatever potions of magic may be necessary to move the goods.

An extraordinary economic fact is to be noted in this connection. The situation being what it is, an expert radio enthusiast *can assemble a better set himself* than, without first-rate engineering guidance, he can buy in any radio store, at a cost, after making due

Picked at Random

By WALTER R. BROOKS

Rudolph Fisher's The Walls of Jericho Knopf

The walls of Negro Harlem come tumbling down when Dr. Fisher starts to ite, and reveal to us the life of its mes, pool parlors and dance halls. his is the romance of a piano mover d a K.M., its racy and amusing alogue in the idiom of contemporary arlem. Well worth an evening, and glossary of Harlemese should large your slang vocabulary.

Shaw Desmond's Echo Appleton

Bloody battles of an Irish gladiator in the days of Nero, slowed up occasionly by the hero doing some rather unecessary moralizing, but nevertheless aintaining a pretty swift and blood sprinkled pace through fight after ght, in the arena, the palace and the alley, until that final duel with Clists, who shook a wicked trident. Then here's the Lady Deeshie, protegée of ero, and handy with the dagger. And e liked the chorus of harpists who truck a chord whenever Nero got off good one. But it seemed unnecessary have the story told as a memory by reincarnated hero.

H. R. Wakefield's They Return at Evening Appleton

Old-fashioned ghost stories with slimy green corpses that climb up out of ivers and chase little children, and hostly dogs that tear out the throats f their former masters' enemies. The ort of thing M. R. James does so well —done not so well.

Owen Rutter's Golden Rain Longmans

Pangeran Jeludin bin Pangeran di Gadong Yusuf Ali is the hero of this tory of the Borneo jungle. He fights the encroachments of the white men, then reluctantly becomes their ally, then turns on them again. The story of the final overthrow of Jeludin and his followers, of the capture of Max and the chivalrous treatment which he and the sister, who goes to rescue him, receive at the hands of the Malay chief, is interesting, chiefly because of the setting. What does it all prove? Oh, probably that Pangeran Jeludin and President Coolidge are brothers under the skin.

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John J. Raskob

(Continued from page 649)

ing, of wealth and refinement. At the Raskob household, I am told, there are few restrictions. The father has never played the part of the stern parent. He is not a drinking man, and yet wines were often on the table at dinner. He does not smoke and prefers that his sons shall not cultivate the habit. But he has never told them that they must not do so.

As a high official of a company which employs 300,000 men, Raskob must face, of course, comment on his attitude toward labor. There are already mutterings that he is anti-union and opposed to collective bargaining, and that the policy of General Motors is one of benevolent paternalism. No doubt there is an element of truth in this. Yet Raskob has demonstrated many times that he is a person of understanding and of sympathy. Another argument against prohibition, he once said, is that it permits the wealthy man to drink without danger while the poor man must get along on nothing or risk poisoning. Not long ago he expressed impatience with those who criticize the working girl because she wears silk stockings and lives in a cheap room.

"You or I might say that she is a damned fool," he exploded, making it clear that he would say nothing of the sort. "But there is such a thing as temperament and she is the best judge of what her temperament needs."

Like Owen Young (and like Herbert Hoover), Raskob finds that there are many evils in the present social order, and one of these is the abuse of labor. He does not believe, though, that the conflict is between capital and labor but between "management and labor." He feels that executives in industry must be given the status of ownership and that this will give them a feeling of responsibility for the welfare of the men in the ranks. It was partly for this reason that so many officials of General Motors were encouraged to buy stock. The wage earner, he thinks, is entitled to more than merely adequate wages, and he offers the theory that labor should share in the benefits of increased productivity. The employees of General Motors are therefore assisted in purchasing common stock of the company. Finally, again like Hoover, Raskob looks hopefully forward to a day when men will have more leisure, more happiness, mo time in which to do those things whi make life bearable. He has said th the five-day week must come in the n too distant future.

As chairman of the Democratic N tional Committee Raskob plays, course, a part quite subordinate to Go ernor Smith. The Democratic cand date is without question the directi mentality of the campaign. B Raskob has given the party new r spectability, and he will have built u long before Election Day, an organiza tion which is smooth, orderly and eff cient. Raskob has a mind whic swiftly grasps new ideas, and day b day he grows more familiar with th important issues and with the mysteri of politics. Day by day he become better qualified for his duties. At conference with the political corre pondents recently one of the writer pointed out that the Republican Part had announced it would seek $4,000,00 instead of $3,000,000 for its campaig fund. Would the Democrats also rais the bid?

"They need," said Raskob, neatl evading the question, "about twice a much money as we do. They've g twice as hard a selling job."

The correspondents grinned. "A Mr. Raskob," murmured one, "you' learning fast, very fast!"

The Mind and Art of Nathani Hawthorne

(Continued from page 653)

present discloses two values of whic Hawthorne was at best only partiall and sub-consciously aware. The mod ern short story form evolved fro those concentrated studies in motiva tion which he and Poe developed i America. Further, the interest whic he felt in the processes of the huma mind has proceeded from his begin nings, even though it has followe scientific rather than moral or theo logical channels. In many of his shor stories and in the longer "Scarlet Let ter," Hawthorne pushed on by a trai which was later to become a highway On the road of psychological fiction which has since his time grown firme and broader, he was a lonely travele proceeding for a time by a sense o direction of which he was little aware in the firm belief that it led throug his moonlit woodland of allegory an "high" truth. Hester and not Hep zibah speaks for him to the future; y Hepzibah is more truly his own.

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GENTLEWOMAN—desires position, companion or hostess—create smart, homelike atmosphere, superior references. 8,649 Outlook.

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Loud Speaker

(Continued from page 676)

allowance for his time, far below the best factory-built article. All the arts of mass production have not yet achieved in the radio field what one painstaking amateur can achieve unaided by assembly belts, time-clocks, conferences, and no-par-value stock. By way of contrast, imagine trying to beat mass production by assembling one's own automobile!

FINALLY, a very serious situation develops by virtue of the overcrowded ether. This congestion is not only reducing the consumer's pleasure, but costing him an unconscionable amount of money. There are upwards of 700 stations broadcasting in the United States at the present time, forever spilling over one another's channels. Competent engineers have decreed that for good reception, not over three hundred should be operating. It is estimated that this aerial jam puts a tax of fifty per cent upon both the first cost and the operating costs of sets, as well as forcing set design in the direction of an unreasonable accent on selectivity rather than upon tone quality. Three otherwise useless tubes are needed when the ether channels are crowded, more battery power is required, as well as more complicated and expensive mechanisms. Thus the emphasis has been shifted from getting more faithful reproduction of broadcast sounds, to getting and holding any sort of tolerable reproduction at all.

A year or two ago one of the large manufacturers produced a set of really superior tone quality. What happened? High-pitched heterodyne whistles due to interference of the close-packed carrier waves, and audible though adequate reception of both low and high frequencies, ruined its performance. (Too many stations provide possibly the greatest single factor of disturbances.) The more perfect the set, the more sound frequencies it reproduces. The purchasers of these really good sets were dissatisfied, and returned them in great numbers. Whereupon the manufacturer *mutilated* the whole output; made its tone quality deliberately worse. After which the sets stayed sold! The tone quality came down to the normal performance of the Jones's set, with much less of the essential frequency range that lends depth and timbre to music. The Joneses have received their tonal education from the thin and colorless reproduction of the average phonograph.

THE margin for improvement in the field of radio reception is very great. A considerable fraction of that improvement hangs on the elimination of over half the broadcasting stations now on the air and a suitable spacing of those that remain. But the greatest evil in the industry at the present time is the side-show method of salesmanship and the jerry-building which it engenders. All the less desirable tactics of advertising and merchandising are in full possession of the scene—overstatement, blue sky claims, the playing up of minor virtues to cover defects in major ones, quack devices, "selling the package" (*i. e.*, the cabinet work), annual models, paid propaganda masquerading as news in nearly every radio paper, fake certifications by laboratories, fantastic word pictures, pseudo-science, and a generous measure of unvarnished fraud and down-right lying.

Meanwhile consumers, except the few who know their way about, do not secure nearly as good equipment as the technical art is capable of affording, and for the inferior product they have to pay an enormous load of overhead costs working out to a sale price which is probably five to ten times the cost of manufacture. Faithful reproduction —the quality that should have the pr ponderant appeal to persons of tas and musical discrimination—is sacr ficed for selectivity, and for vario knobs, gadgets, stunts, and tricks design.

We must remember, of course, th much of this is due to the growi pains of an infant industry. With m turity one can only hope for hone laboratories and information statio that will connect the consumer direct with the radio scientist; that will repo tangible measurements of performanc and so provide the buyer with the ac credited knowledge to liquidate th charms of the sorcerers.

The soundest advice now to be ha by the newcomer into the radio field i that given by a good amateur who ha read widely in the scientific publica tions, has built a few sets of his own and has, by trial and error, learne caution and discrimination. Suc scientific amateurs are not living o every street, but if you can find one he knows more, and can tell you more than any dealer or any manufacturer Furthermore, between such amateur flows an underground stream of rea sonably reliable and up-to-date in formation concerning the whole art For the present, you cannot do bette than to tap that stream.

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120 East 16th Street, New York City.

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PROTESTANT ministers, and Protestants everywhere, will be interested in the spirited protest in this issue by George W. Hinman, Jr.—himself a Protestant—against what he terms the "outspoken usurpation of secular authority by self-appointed clerical leaders, which is going on in this country."

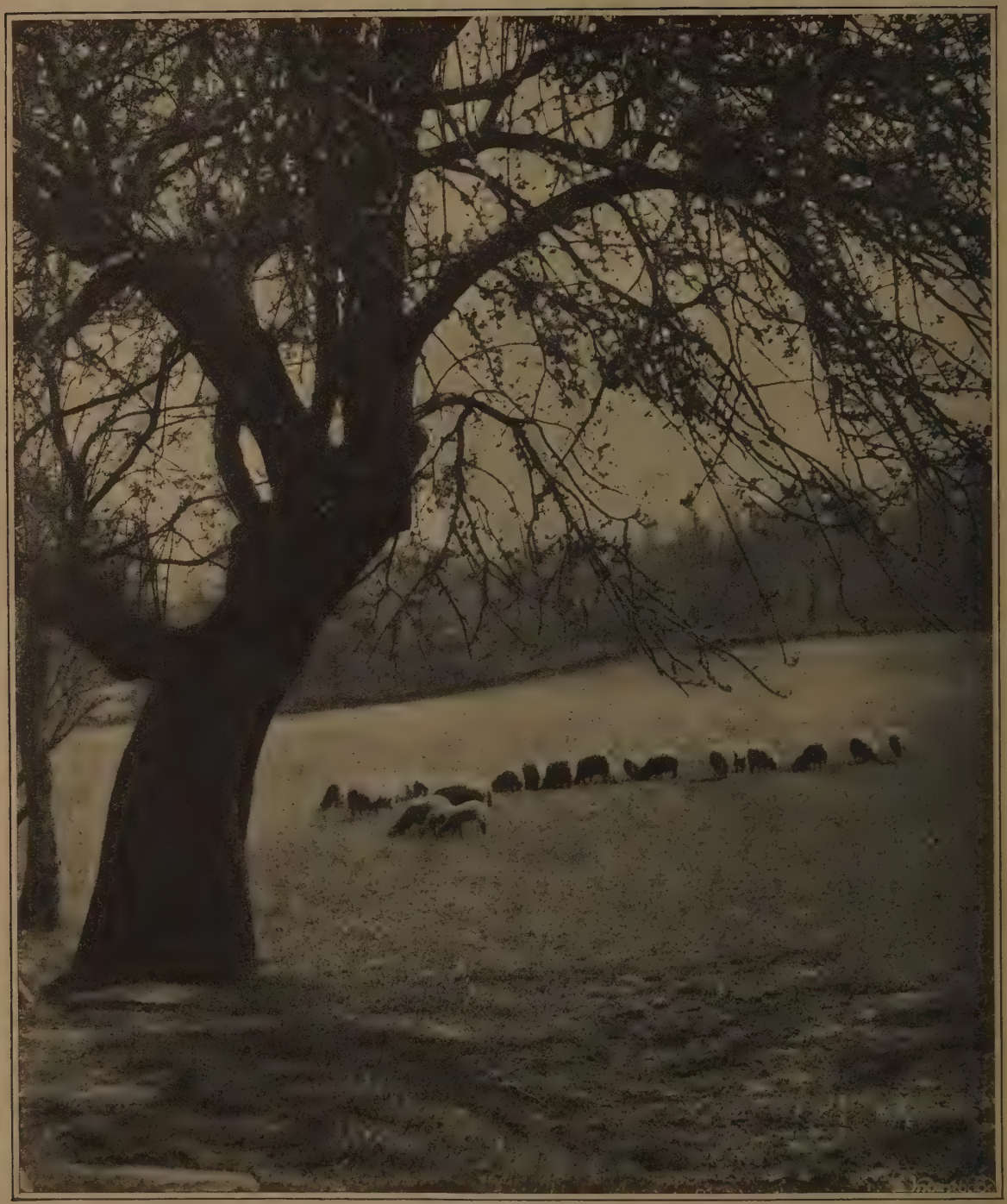
ADMITTEDLY, the question how far a minister shall interest himself in politics is a difficult one. Religion is not wholly a matter of the next world. Churchmen, like other leaders, have a duty to society. To deny them a right to participate in society's efforts to solve its problems would be absurd.

AND yet, the temptation to use the authority of the church, the tendency to range God on the side of one's own opinions (unless our memory fails us, we were informed during the late war that God was on the side of the Kaiser) constitutes a grave danger both to any established church and to society itself. So distinct a menace has it been in the past, that the necessity for the separation of church and state in this country is specifically recognized in the Constitution.

CERTAINLY, wholly to substitute legislation and political activity for personal religious work is no gain for the ordinary mortal so far as the church is concerned. So far as the minister, himself, is involved, it tends to lead men away from themselves and from their own necessity of spiritual improvement—in the direction of criticizing and legislating for others. Where the state is in question, it undoubtedly constitutes a menace which Protestants are quick to discern in other sects, but inclined to disregard in their own case.

UNLESS the Protestant churches are to be brought into disrepute the better class of Protestant clergyman ought soon to take hold of the problem.

THE main value of religion, we think most people will agree, lies in its power to bring men back to their best selves, to lead them to face their own consciences and truth. The best man of God has always been he who set a God-like example, who followed the creed of Christ, who gave aid to the suffering and was a helper in time of spiritual and mental trouble.



THE PASTURE

The Outlook
August 29, 1928

Protestantism in Politics

By GEORGE W. HINMAN, Jr.

Four Southern Methodist bishops recently declared that they would put their Church into politics as a churchly duty. The writer of this spirited protest declares that the minister's lust for temporal power is the moving cause. He regards such developments as 'the real menace to the spiritual dominion of the Protestant Church in America to-day, even as it was in earlier days to the Church of Rome'.

THERE may be some argument as to whether the people of the United States of America are headed for heaven in the world to come; but there is no doubt as to the growing invasion of secular sovereignty by organized groups presuming to speak for the non-Catholic churches. The American people may view with pained astonishment the savage violence attending Mexico's avowed effort to win political freedom from the influence of the Roman Catholic Church; but they are tolerating in their own country an outspoken usurpation of secular authority by self-appointed clerical leaders that completely eclipses anything of its kind in modern history.

We all are accustomed to hearing indignant allegations that the Pope at Rome is a menace to American political institutions. The raising of the so-called religious issue in domestic politics is a common occurrence. It has disrupted great political gatherings and ruined many a political ambition. The Roman Catholic Church, clergy and laymen, is a frequent target for the accusation that it is attempting to exercise undue influence over the temporal affairs of the American people; and it is ever ready with emphatic denials of any such aspiration.

Yet all the while that the Church of Rome is entering its denials we of the Protestant faith look on more or less complacently as the non-Catholic religious groups through well-financed organizations avow openly their determination to compel the secular authority "to choose Christian ends." These self-appointed spokesmen for our faith never hesitate to voice their demands in our name in the public prints and to boast of their achievements in influencing public officials on purely secular matters.

WHATEVER the merits of the prohibition controversy, there is no doubt that the Protestant clergy's first real taste of the apple of temporal dominion came in the campaign to prevent the consumption of alcoholic beverages by the American people. In that battle the Anti-Saloon League reared its brazen head on high as "specifically the authorized interdenominational agency of numerous church bodies" to take charge of the enactment and enforcement of national prohibition. Other Protestant church groups, through committees, conferences, and general sessions, joined in the campaign. Today we take it for granted that the self-styled spokesmen for Protestantism and their hirelings—some of them members of Congress paid by the Anti-Saloon League—will presume to speak for Christianity on all matters affecting prohibition enforcement.

Their appetite for temporal sway whetted by conquests in prohibition, these worldly church groups lust for still wider dominion. Politicians great and small have cringed before them, bartering honor for political support. Let them continue to cringe. President and peon, Senator and stool-pigeon, have enlisted in the army of their worldly empire. Let them continue to serve. Simultaneously with the climax in the fight to achieve national prohibition, there stepped into the political foreground a new church agency, the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, with an avowed program for compelling the state "to choose Christian ends." Recognizing, to use its own words, the "conflict between loyalty to Christ and loyalty to State," this non-Catholic alliance demands of the Christian that he "bear his witness for the truth as he has found it in Christ," and then proceeds to tell him in terms of political dictation what that truth is. The heads of the alliance set themselves up as arbiters of temporal policy, and, presuming to speak in the name of 45,000,000 Protestant Christians, demand the acceptance of their worldly views by the secular authority of the nation.

Back in 1919, the Federal Council of Churches, claiming to "represent practically all the Protestant bodies in America," expressed "gratitude for the establishment of the League of Nations as agreed upon by the Paris Peace Conference" and pledged "support in securing its ratification by the Senate." Other Protestant groups joined raucously in the campaign. Yet the United States Senate, overwhelmingly Protestant, rejected the Covenant of the League, and the Protestant voters of the nation joined in rejecting the Presidential candidate, an Episcopalian, who stood for the League and its Presbyterian sponsor. These same Protestant voters helped elect to the Presidency a Baptist who, despite the temporal dictum of his Church through its clergy, denied the League. Yet, in the face of this repudiation of church dictation, we today find the self-anointed spokesmen of Protestant Christianity still proclaiming that "the time has come for America to become a full member of the League of Na-

tions." Admitting that the time came in 1919, we are quite able to appreciate why the sincere foe of the League in the United States feels resentful that these self-created leaders seek to misuse the religious bond for purely political ends.

THIS instance of church effort to dictate the conduct of the nation's foreign affairs in the name of Christianity is not an isolated one, but is merely a typical case showing the practical application of the avowed determination that "the kingdom of God in the relations of nations must be established." In a tentative syllabus of topics to be discussed at a general interdenominational conference held under the auspices of the worldly church oligarchy—the circular itself, significantly enough, bearing the label, "For private circulation"—we find listed for consideration such international problems as these:

The virtual annexation of the little countries of the Caribbean under the ægis of the "Monroe Doctrine."

The proposal to remit in whole or in part the war debts of the Allies to the United States.

What duty, if any, have the churches of America regarding China's demands for tariff autonomy and the abolition of "unequal" treaties and "extra-territoriality"?

Have the churches of America any duty regarding the essential injustices of the Versailles Treaty, the alleged "sole guilt" of Germany for the war, and the "recognition" of Russia.

This same interdenominational conference proclaimed its temporal conclusion that "the United States should examine its historic policy known as the Monroe Doctrine, and seek, in cooperation with other American peoples, such a restatement of this policy as will make it a ground of good will between the United States and Latin America."

BISHOP MOUZON

Another set of topics listed for church consideration and action in this tentative syllabus "for private circulation" included:

The proposal to make Hawaii the most powerful naval base in the world.

The proposal to build great naval bases at San Diego, San Francisco, and Puget Sound.

The proposal of the Army to increase by 10,000 the number of trained soldiers regularly located in the Hawaiian Islands.

The activities of the Army and Navy in training the students of our colleges, universities, and high schools by means of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps and the Citizens' Military Training Camps.

Having considered these topics, the church conference in its worldly wisdom concluded that "plans for military expansion and increased expenditures in the Pacific are needless." The President, the Congress, the Army, and the Navy apparently were to be taken in hand by the church and compelled to accept its "Christian guidance" in the technicalities of national defense.

The Protestant church groups openly fought the cruise of the United States Fleet to Australia, and followed that up with systematic opposition to naval building programs. They voiced their opposition to the Universal Draft Bill, sending representatives to place their views before the Senatorial committee considering the measure already approved by the military authorities and the American Legion. One interdenominational agency, meeting under the auspices of the Protestant oligarchy, saw fit to "deplore and regard as unnecessary the proposed organization of industry under the Government in preparation for possible war." In brief, the Church would dictate the manner in which the man-power and industrial resources of the Republic should be prepared to meet the urgent demands of a great national emergency.

NOT only would the church oligarchy dominate our program for defense against foreign aggression, but it even would deny to the secular authorities

BISHOP JAMES CANNON

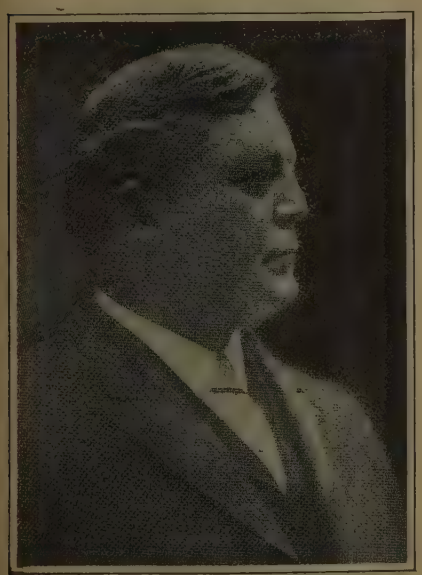
the right to protect us from those whom we do not desire as residents of our country. Immigration is essentially a worldly problem, peculiar to the United States and the other American republics. Yet when the United States Congress sought to exclude from the country "aliens ineligible for citizenship," the Federal Councils of Churches —remember, it presumes to speak for 45,000,000 Protestant churchmen— demanded that the Senate and the House of Representatives recant. Even after the Congress, with the aid of its Protestant membership, had defied this attempted dictation, the Church persisted in its policy of interference. A spokesman for the Federal Council publicly pledged a foreign ambassador its influence "to alter this situation," and expressed to the ambassador the apologetic belief "that the delicate question would not have eventuated as it did if there had been more time for the churches to influence public opinion." In other words, this self-anointed temporal spokesman for Protestantism took it upon himself to apologize for his country to the official emissary of a foreign government.

These are some of the aspects of the Protestant Church campaign to "Christianize the state;" but there are other and just as significant aspects in the social, industrial, and educational fields. The Northern Baptist Convention urged the churches to interest themselves in "movements seeking to improve the standard of labor." Trans-

lating the Christian ideal "into industry and economic relationship," the Commission on Social Service of the Congregational churches recognizes that "the unlimited right to private ownership is unchristian," insists upon "a frank abandonment of all efforts to secure unearned income," and demands "recognition of the right of labor to a fair share in management."

Other Congregational ideas are "the supremacy of service rather than a profit motive in the acquisition and use of property" and "adequate accident, sickness, and unemployment insurance, together with suitable provision for old age." A twelve-page Congregational pamphlet entitled "The Church in Social Action" lists for especial attention such matters as "the status of the farmer, hours and conditions of women's work, anti-syndicalism laws, open-shop drives, the co-operative movement," and "union recognition and collective bargaining."

It goes without saying that the Federal Council of Churches, that superagency of Protestant temporalism, has much to say and to do with reference to social, industrial, and educational matters. It found "what is wrong with the coal industry." It studied "the ethical aspects of the controversy between the Western Maryland Railroad and its striking employees." It takes advantage of each and every opening. Proclaiming that "the technique of co-operation should be developed and applied increasingly to the immediate problems of industry and to far-reaching re-constructions of the social order," the Council is determined that the Church shall bring to pass "the reign of human equity and brotherhood in industry." One essential question is, "What reorganization of industry is desirable in order to give to young people those ideas of responsibility, good will, and co-operative service which make for international peace"? Such matters as "investments in backward countries" and "monopolistic control of raw materials essential to modern industry and economic welfare" are noted particularly for church consideration.



BISHOP H. M. DU BOSE

WHITHER do these worldly aspirations of the Protestant Church oligarchy inevitably lead? One answer is found right here in connection with the Church's industrial overlordship. We hear the President of the American Federation of Labor in one breath rejoicing in the "greater degree of confidence and understanding between the Church and Labor," and in the next asserting "that there must be questions of policy and matters of principle upon which the organized labor movement and the Church may conscientiously and honestly disagree."

Why? In God's name, why? Why should the Church and Labor "conscientiously and honestly disagree" upon any question of policy or matter of principle? What controversial issues are theirs legitimately in common? Not one—not a single one. The Church has no more right to interfere in the controversy between the Western Maryland Railroad and its striking employees than the American Federation of Labor has to rewrite the Lord's Prayer. The Church has no more right to oppose "open-shop drives" than the United States Steel Corporation has to denounce the Apostles' Creed.

The whole program of temporal domination by the Protestant Church is utterly preposterous. Is a layman's Christianity to be challenged because he defies the dictation of his clergyman in secular matters? Is there not a marked distinction between the pastor who prays that the secular authority may be granted divine guidance and the pastor who presumes to give that guidance in the name of the Church? Has God chosen the Protestant clergy as the burning bush out of which to speak to his people on matters temporal?

The political spokesmen of Methodism, for example, opposed a certain Methodist layman who was running for the United States Senate. He beat them to a frazzle. Was he any worse a Methodist because of his Church's political opposition? Were the thousands of his fellow-Methodists who marked their ballots for him any worse Christians by reason of defying the temporal demands of self-appointed clerical spokesmen? Such instances may be cited without number. They cover the fields of prohibition, international relations, national defense, immigration, industry, social welfare, education. They combine to demonstrate conclusively that the laity of the Protestant Church are unwilling to accept the dictation of a clerical oligarchy in temporal matters. He who would remain a man of God can not play the role of a political agitator.

When the people of the United States resolved "to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty" to themselves and to us, their posterity, they did not set up a Church. No, they ordained and established a "Constitution for the United States of America," and that Constitution provided a secular government, the oldest of its kind in the civilized world today.

The articles of the Constitution are concerned with the Legislative, the Executive, and the Judicial branches of the Government. There is no mention

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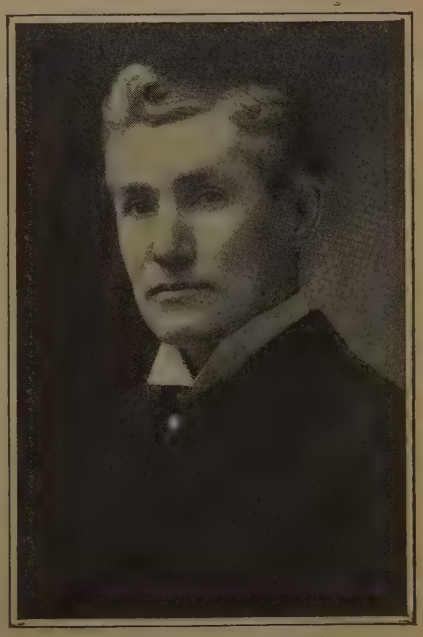

BISHOP J. M. MOORE

Birth Control and the Law

By HELENA HUNTINGTON SMITH

A curious state of affairs is revealed in this article. Birth control is not accepted in theory in this country, whatever the practice, yet twenty-seven states and the District of Columbia do not mention prevention of conception in their statutes, and only six or seven states have legislation that keeps a physician from giving contraceptive advice as freely as his judgment dictates. Miss Smith considers the obvious contradiction.

VISITORS to New York are sometimes shocked at seeing a middle-aged female standing on a street corner and peddling a magazine brazenly labelled "Birth Control Review." The simpler sightseer, shuddering at this tangible evidence of wickedness in the big city, looks to see the police officer directing traffic at the nearest corner rush over and take her into custody. The more sophisticated one merely reflects that the magazine has probably been barred from the mails.

They are both wrong. The "Birth Control Review" is not only harmless; it is within the law of both state and nation, and the reason it is hawked about the streets in New York is that the news stands refuse to handle it. The large news companies are terribly sensitive about the appearance of what somebody might think is evil; the small dealers are not sensitive, but have been bluffed by threats of prosecution from Roman Catholic devotees. So this innocuous journal, which is full of appeals, statistics and little poems about motherhood, suffers all the discomforts of pariahdom, without being illegal at all.

The affair is quite typical of the hush-hush and the superstitious fears which befog the whole question of birth control. When people have been practising family limitation for two generations, as we all know they have, why is it so difficult for them to go one step farther and frankly accept the fact? And why are not physicians giving contraceptive information openly to married persons, as well as secretly, and why are they not giving it to the poor as well as to the rich? The answer of ninety-nine persons out of a hundred would be that of course such a procedure would be flying in the face of the law; and beside that they seem to feel it is fraught with strange terrors which make it dangerous even to discuss.

Psycho-analyzing this curious state of mind is a tempting pastime, but it has no place in this article, which is concerned with the question of legality. The fact of the matter is that twenty-seven states and the District of Columbia do not even mention prevention of conception on their statute books. And only six or seven states out of the forty-eight have legislation that keeps a physician from giving contraceptive advice to patients as freely as his judgment dictates.

This is hard enough to believe, but it is less than half the story which a little investigation reveals. Here and there, in different parts of the country, birth control clinics are quietly appearing. They seldom invite trouble by giving themselves that name. They do not broadcast their existence anyway, a fact which is dictated partly by discretion and partly by law, as I shall later explain. But they do give advice to married women from all walks of life, on grounds of health or economic limitations. The hospitals and public health authorities seldom have anything to do with these clinics. They are organized, sometimes by physicians, sometimes by lay groups, but always with medical men in charge, and always with a large percentage of their service rendered free.

That being the case, one wonders all the more why there is so much fuss and fever about birth control. Why isn't it simply a matter of course in all states except the few which prohibit it, and why do not Mrs. Sanger and her fellow propagandists confine their efforts to those states? For the ultimate solution, as I have already hinted, one must delve into the mysteries of mob psychology. But at least there are two definite fixation points for the terror of the crowd. The first is the federal law barring contraceptive information and material from the mails, which throws a cloud of opprobrium over the issue even in states which have no laws of their own against it.

This statute is a monument to the late Anthony Comstock, whose diligence put it over in 1873, and whose ideas of morality it still imposes on the nation. For poisonous efficiency it is a pattern to all blue-law makers; it does all but make the word "contraception" contraband. It declares that "every article or thing designed, adapted, or intended for preventing conception—and every article, instrument, substance, drug, medicine, or thing *which is advertised or described in a manner calculated to lead another* to use or apply it for preventing conception" is non-mailable—the italics are mine. And it reinforces this with the provision that "every written or printed card, letter, circular, book, pamphlet, *or notice of any kind* giving information *directly or indirectly*" how such articles may be obtained or conception prevented is likewise proscribed with a possible penalty of $5000 fine or five years in jail or both.

Mr. Comstock admitted of no exceptions. His law applies to standard medical works and periodicals, as well as to pornographic advertising, although I am told that in practice the postmaster general and the attorney general use a certain amount of discretion. It even deters one doctor from answering the questions of another doctor by mail. A later law extends the taboo to imports and interstate commerce, specifying deposit of the contraband goods with "any express company or other common carrier." Not content with which, latter-day Comstocks are already bestirring themselves in Washington trying to get airplanes included by name.

Beyond the influence of the federal statute, one discerns a second reason for the coolness toward the birth control movement and this is the absence or ambiguity of judicial precedent regarding it. For example, the American Birth Control League a short time ago was thinking of starting one of its clinics in a city of northern New Jersey. This state has a peculiar law which prohibits the supplying of contraceptives *"without just cause."* An emissary of the Birth Control League went

in turn to two lawyers to ask if this didn't authorize them to advise women in poor health, and women who couldn't afford more children.

The first lawyer said, "Go right ahead. Under that law they can't stop you." The second, an older man, shook his head solemnly. "If you try it you'll land in jail," he said. "If you committed a murder in this county I could get you off, but I doubt if I could do it if you opened a birth control clinic." The reason he gave was that the county judiciary was Roman Catholic, and so was the prevailing make-up of the juries.

The clinic has been open some weeks, however, and its sponsors are still waiting to be arrested.

In the states where prevention of conception is mentioned at all in the penal code, with a few exceptions it comes under the obscenity law, where it is lumped with indecent postcards and "obscene, lewd, lascivious, or filthy" books. This is also true of the federal statute, which I quoted only in fragments. Even to the die-hard opponents of birth control, it must be apparent that only a few of these enactments were framed in anticipation of medical advice soberly given to respectable married persons by honest physicians. Judicial decisions with any bearing on such cases, therefore, are few and inconclusive.

As a practical matter it has proved very difficult for any organization like the American Birth Control League to survey the whole forty-eight states and dig out all these decisions. They have not had the means and the equipment, and no one else has had the interest. But of course it is perfectly possible to tabulate the legislative enactments of the various states; bearing in mind, however, that one cannot always guess what a statute means, lacking judicial interpretation. But the following is, approximately, the situation:

Four states, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Kansas and Mississippi, absolutely prohibit the distribution of contraceptive articles and the publication of information. This, in legal theory, keeps physicians from prescribing contraceptive measures for their patients.

Five states express themselves just as severely, but give a blanket exemption to practitioners of medicine. They are Colorado, Wyoming, Ohio, Iowa and Missouri.

New York and Minnesota are more guarded; they allow physicians to prescribe contraceptive measures, but only for therapeutic reasons.

Seven states, Arizona, Washington, Montana, Idaho, California, Michigan and Maine, prohibit the publishing or advertising of contraceptive information, but stop there. Such laws were obviously aimed at a certain type of indecent circular and advertisement, and do not hinder a physician from giving any advice which suits his conscience, so long as he does not proclaim the fact in print.

Connecticut has rather a naïve law which enjoins the *use* of contraceptives, and is difficult of enforcement. New Jersey I have already referred to.

The rest don't mention the subject at all.

Still, birth control has anything but plain sailing even in these states. In Illinois, which is one of them, the local Malthusians had to resort to court action before they could open a clinic at all. Mayor Dever and his health commissioner refused to license it, on the ground that it was against public policy and tended to corrupt morals. The courts overruled them, however; the clinic was opened about 1923, and has been followed by six more in the same city. I take pains not to mention the name of the city, much less the address of these or any of the other clinics of which I shall speak in the course of this discussion, because to do so might land me and the editors of The Outlook in jail. Defining the location of clinics can be interpreted as giving information "indirectly" how conception may be prevented, which is contrary to the federal law.

Whether or not birth control would be so easily vindicated elsewhere as it was in Illinois is a matter of conjecture. Twenty-eight states may neglect to specify it in their penal codes, but all but two have obscenity laws of one sort or another. And no one can say in advance when a judge is going to see corruption of public morals in such a clinic. Even in North Carolina and New Mexico, which get along without benefit of obscenity statutes, a judge who felt so inclined might suppress contraceptive information as a public nuisance, under the federal precedent.

All of which has not prevented groups of citizens from making the attempt, in no less than six states to date. So far, except for Mrs. Sanger and some of her associates who were jailed in New York in 1916, they have all kept out of the workhouse; a point which is not without its significance.

As for the clinics themselves, besides those in New Jersey and Illinois, there is one in Maryland where there is no birth control law. It is run by a group of Johns Hopkins physicians, although it has no connection with that institution. Michigan has one run by a Jewish social welfare society; Ohio has one which is also run by a lay group, and two or three cities in California have them. One of these is actually operated by the county health authorities, although it sticks rather closely to therapeutic indications. Most of the other clinics of course give information freely to married women, especially in cases where poverty makes large families most undesirable.

New York State is a story in itself. For years it had a very rigid law, which Mrs. Sanger flouted in 1916 by opening a clinic. For this she served thirty days in the workhouse, but then she appealed, and two years later the Court of Appeals upheld the right of physicians to give birth control advice to married persons "for the cure or prevention of disease."

Following this decision, which was later incorporated in the statute, several things happened. One was that Mrs. Sanger and her cohorts, now officially the American Birth Control League, again opened a clinic, or rather a "clinical research department,"—a euphemism required by a local licensing difficulty. Another result was that a group of physicians banded together to study problems of birth control, fertility and sterility, which interests they veiled behind the disarming title of the Committee on Maternal Health. Largely through their efforts, a few hospital clinics have been induced to give contraceptive information, after a fashion. That is, they will vouchsafe the necessary particulars to a woman who is in such a physical condition that another pregnancy will kill her.

The Birth Control Leaguers, however, in their "clinical research department," interpret "for the cure or prevention of disease," more liberally. They give the advice when they meet with conditions of anaemia, undernourishment, gynecological troubles or other physical unfitness for the grave task of having a baby. As a result, the hospitals in five years have advised about two hundred women; the Birth Control League's clinic last year advised over 4500.

In Minnesota, too, a few hospital clinics give advice, under a law similar

(Continued on Page 718)

Our Stammering State Department

By JOHN CARTER

The responsive relationship of the Cabinet to the English Parliament is missing at Washington; a serious defect, most authorities agree, in our system of government. Least in touch with Congress and with public opinion, Mr. Carter declares, is the ranking division of our Cabinet.

THE State Department is today the most unpopular and most misunderstood Governmental agency in the United States. It is almost entirely out of touch with public opinion and almost entirely deprived of popular support. Hardly an event of international magnitude, scarcely a course of political action adopted by our Government in its foreign relations, but has brought down upon the Department of State an avalanche of hostile, captious, ignorant, and persistent criticism. Its policy on the Mexican land and mining legislation, its policy towards Nicaragua, its policy at the tripartite Naval Conference at Geneva —to mention only three instances— has, in every case, been subjected to a storm of objection and reproof.

For this condition the Department of State is, in large part, itself responsible. Not entirely so, because alone of Governmental bureaus it is charged with the delicate task of negotiation. Even with the greatest good will in the world for open diplomacy, it could not in honor or good faith to other nations expose every stage in a protracted and important controversy or adjustment of interests. Pitiless publicity is an excellent slogan, but until it is adopted in private business and industrial negotiation it little becomes the public to insist upon it in foreign relations.

The State Department is, then, not entirely responsible for its secretiveness. It is, however, largely to blame for the manner in which it keeps its own and others' secrets. Sweet are the uses of publicity, but the Department is seemingly unaware of them. When called upon for information, explanation, or exposition on any of its policies, it stutters and stammers and generally ends by drawing a spurious veil of "incompatibility with the public interest" over its peculiar affairs.

The result is that the Department of State is consistently misrepresented and maligned. No crueler misconception, for example, has ever been current than the backwoods belief that the diplomatic service is the last refuge for Harvard sissies and rich incompetents. It is cruel, because there is a sting of truth in it. The type of wealthy young man who feels the need for a social distinction which his money alone cannot confer among decent people does tend to seek it in the Service. There *is* a small social clique in the Department who play favorites, lick boots and curry preferment on the strength of their family and educational ties. But it is a misconception, because the Congress which persistently refuses to pay decent salaries to diplomats has left little option to poor and able men save to keep out of the service, and because the vast bulk of the State Department personnel conducts our foreign relations without reference to the Social Register or Bradstreet.

The real difficulty is the inadequacy of the present system of contacts between the Department and the American people. There are three avenues in which intimate relations should exist: towards the press, towards Congress, and towards the general public. In only one of these is there any effort made to secure publicity.

THE attitude of the Department towards the Senate and House Foreign Relations Committees is one of suspicion and superiority. It plumes itself on the fact that, alone of executive departments, it submits no report to Congress. But from John Hay down —to go no farther back in history—it has actively resented the Senate's consultative and deliberative rôle in foreign affairs and its open contempt for Congressmen has militated against its efforts to obtain adequate appropriations. Assistant Secretary Wilbur J. Carr today serves as a sort of unofficial lobbyist and liaison officer between the Department and Congress, but his rôle is dependent on his own personality and does not solve the question of harmonious relations with Congress. Congress feels that the State Department is interested only in what it can get out of the legislative branch of the Government, and for any positive information on the Department's conduct of American foreign relations it is forced to call for documents and to summon officials to testify before committees, with the result that, being placed on the defensive, the Department discloses as little as it can.

Towards the people at large the Department's attitude is even more secretive. Thousands of letters pour in from all quarters of the country, requesting information on every conceivable branch of our foreign affairs. Many of these, obviously, cannot be freely answered, as the information they demand is held confidential. Towards many others, however, the Department is equally reserved. It contents itself with a bare acknowledgement which amounts to a snub wherever it detects or thinks it detects a particle of bias in the inquirer. That this is neither candid on the part of the officials nor wholesome with respect to public opinion is obvious.

Towards the press the Department is more hospitable, but here, too, it is open to strong criticism. The system of press conferences with the Secretary is maintained, but under Mr. Kellogg they are said to be almost a farce. To question after question the answer is, "I don't know," "I can't answer that question." or some similar evasion. The Division of Current Information is supposed to handle the run of routine departmental news, but for any matter of moment permission has to be received from an Assistant Secretary, which naturally detracts from the prestige and authority of the one division of the Department responsible for publicity. For the rest, any inquiry is buried under pages on pages of mimeographed sheets until the correspondent in search of the few pertinent facts is compelled to go direct to a division head or to the Secretary of State.

The result of this situation is that our foreign policies have few friends in Congress, little support from the press or public, and almost no sympathy abroad. And nothing is done about it, unless one excepts a few pathetic complaints by the President and in Congress regarding the necessity of our newspapers to support American policies or openly to avow their foreign connections. Now the State Department does not need propagandists; it does not need apologists; it does not

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Ten-Fingered Hobby

By GEORGE NEWELL
as told to
E. C. BOYKIN

Men sometimes find salvation, so to speak, in a pursuit far removed from the main means of livelihood. Some have found their real bent in a hobby; at the least it offers the occasional escape that psychology recognizes as a human necessity. Mr. Newell finds his release at the piano.

MEMORIES of "Millie, practice your piano lesson!" are still fresh to those of us of the mauve, or pre-mauve decade. The perennial meanderings of perfunctory fingers through the black and white mazes, have not lost their unsavory taste. A few of us were more fortunate in having a sympathetic teacher who by fortuitous accident or intention (I know not which) believed music to be a pleasure in itself; who was little concerned with the potential social value it possessed in the eyes of Millie's mother.

Throughout the tottering period of my early life was a sullen picture of my older sister cultivating this lady-like asset with much saccharine assistance from "The Lily of The Valley" Waltz and many dusty scales. And for years, aside from the brassy joy of an occasional circus band, this was my conception of music in general and piano playing in particular.

Then as I left the "London Bridge is Falling" age, graduating into the higher stratum of "one old cat," the horrors of these piano playing catacombs were visited upon me in person.

The benison of modern progressive education was, then, still but a feeble note. My protestations were blanched in the prophetic light of Mother's: "But it will mean so much to you some day. A boy who can play the piano is popular everywhere."

True, many of Montessori's and Pestalozzi's tasty ideas were current in child education circles. But they had not scaled the Chinese wall of "it must be done, so!" that encircled the realms of piano pedagogy. One did not begin by playing a piece in those days—indeed not!

Hence, resentment—hot and smoking—was my only reaction to my piano lessons. And still. I truly loved music,—in fact I actually grew up to be something of a composer. Fancy! and yet the first years at the hands of my piano teacher were as a bleak musical Labrador.

I have since met many men and women who share my hobby; to whom piano playing is a scarlet zest. And I find, in exchanging reminiscences, that the obtuseness of my boyhood piano teacher was not unique. How so many of us survived at all, speaks well for the hardihood of the art of piano playing.

I doubt though, if I had ever come to see any good in it, were it not for the propitious appearance, in town, of a new piano teacher. For at the time of his advent Miss R—— had grown to be a relentless ogre; an ogre to be avoided and thwarted at all costs.

A change to another teacher was therefore deemed wise, my mother making the necessary arrangements.

My first meeting with Mr. S—— was an astonishment.

His greeting lacked that oily unction with which I had come to associate all teachers. Too, he made no allusion to my being "a little man." Miss R—— had been in the frequent, quasi-diplomatic habit of using this phrase to preclude any particularly bitter assignment. And to the thorough bewilderment of my twelve year old self, he made scant reference to the actual subject of my visit. Instead, he became genuinely interested in the then popular hobbly of mine and my playmates.

I know his interest was authentic because it was a truly remarkable hobby: Collecting empty tobacco cans! I proudly told him how I had two of our best laundry tubs full and was even then negotiating for the exchange of three rare foreign tins (two English and one Swedish) for a further half-tub of domestic containers.

How shrewd must have been his discernment to conceive the transmutation of this boyish hobby into the manly one of playing the piano. And in the light of many countless hours of joyful comradeship that the latter has brought me, I am deeply grateful to this emissary of the keyboard.

I hardly know how it happened, so subtle were his methods. But my teens were only two years begun, when I found piano playing becoming a major pleasure in my life. And while some of the necessary drudgery bored, the end in view was always attractive. All former irritations of the practice hour were lost.

Now comes one of the colored milestones of my life. The Shakespearean Company of Sothern and Marlowe were performing at the local theatre. The attraction called for by my ticket was Romeo and Juliet. Up to this time my literary soul had fed on "Les Miserables" and the strident fiction of G. A. Henty. The reading of the first was strictly confined to the "action spots" of the story! So while much of the love interest in the Shakespearean play I dismissed with adolescent scorn, there was plenty of romance and color to intrigue me.

I returned from this performance living in a new and lovely cloud. And when I some days later discovered that I possessed sufficient reading technique to play some of the incidental music of Romeo and Juliet—albeit in a vague and limping manner—there was no compassing my elation.

The enthusiasm with which I broke the news to my mother must more than have repaid her for the valiant efforts she had made to give me this experience.

"Gee, Mom!" I exclaimed, "It's a hundred times more fun than just reading a book."

So it was. And so it still is. For me life holds no thrill comparable to the one of sightreading, for the first time, some new piece of music; granting of course, that the music contains my particular kind of a thrill.

There were more milestones to follow this, of course, music becoming an absorbing interest second only to the preparation for college and my profession.

I recall with poignancy the first lonesome days of my freshmanship at the University. The buildings and grounds which are today so friendly were then strange and forbidding things.

I had rented from the local music store a piano. It was an upright of ancient vintage but to me one of jewel like qualities. As a cat finds comfort in the strange, new house, by seeking the familiar lair under the stove, so did

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A Dionysian in Concord

By GORHAM B. MUNSON

THE most precious bequest of the nineteenth century to the twentieth is the Dionysian spirit which incarnated in a few of its great men. In Europe Friedrich Nietzsche was the last Dionysian of that century, and it was he who formulated most explicitly the rôle that Dionysus was to play in modern life. In America the greatest and purest Dionysian was Henry David Thoreau.

One may see from this coupling of names that the spirit of Dianysus manifests itself quite apart from genius, for Nietzsche had philosophic and esthetic genius and was both excessive and defective in that striking manner that characterizes genius, whereas Thoreau had no genius but throve by cultivating the rarely developed faculty of commonsense. Precisely because of his lack of genius in any given direction and because of his diligence in blending and using all his resources so as to make the most of them, Thoreau comes very close to those who seek an imitable practiser of the Good Life. Accident, as it does in the case of every genius, played so peculiar a hand in dealing out the ingredients and contents of Nietzsche's psychology that he is inimitable: he can only be cartooned as he has been by the majority of his disciples. But Nature and Society composed Thoreau in a more nearly normal mold, and the result is that one may fairly argue for him as a sound "working model for high education," despite the fact that Henry Adams, who scanned American literature for one, entirely missed seeing him.

The word, normal, has just been used, and yet one usually hears Thoreau spoken of as a great eccentric. This is as he appears to average sense, but average sense, which unreflectively strikes at an approximate mean between the hazy extremes of ordinary experience, is itself eccentric when related to the active quality of commonsense. Thoreau is a touchstone for revealing the average and the normal in mankind, and the two, when so tested, turn out to be completely opposed. It then appears that average human psychology is crazed and Thoreau himself, far from being an eccentric, glows with the inner light of sanity. No less an issue than the conflict here suggested is raised by his writings.

One may dramatize the issue as the Greek tragedians, according to Nietzsche's analysis, presented it. Average sense is enlisted in the service of Apollo, while Thoreau fought for the invading god, Dionysus. The Apollans of the nineteenth century stood for law, for social duty, for custom, for science, and for art: the Dionysians stood for liberty, for love, for experiment, for intuition, and for inspiration. "Thus," A. R. Orage, the English critic wrote, "Apollo stands for Form as against Dionysus for Life; for Matter as against Energy; for the Human as against the Superhuman." In a phrase, this is the struggle of form against formability, and one may make an ideal of either. The criticism that James Russell Lowell directed at Thoreau is Apollan. Lowell spoke of Thoreau's "intellectual selfishness," said that he was "not a strong thinker, but a sensitive feeler," that he had "not a healthy mind," and that "communion with nature had made him cynical." In fact, most of the criticism of Thoreau has been Apollan—or one-sided. Does one, once again, have to make much of the tendency to treat him solely as a naturalist or a romantic retriever of the "simple life" or an anarchist? To our grounds for praise, then! What is the attitude and the practise of the Dionysian life as given in the pages of Thoreau and in what measure did he succeed in achieving formability of his energies?

Thoreau addressed himself to readers who like to make application to themselves of such portions of text as seem to fit their cases. They are not numerous, these practical readers, but it is doubtful if Thoreau's thought will fully yield itself to any other kind. For example, Thoreau offers an extensive definite and very forceful criticism of the human race. This is matter for pondering, and pondering will lead us to the formulation of our own criticism of mankind. Dare we honestly—in the light of the criticisms of other people which we are always uttering, those criticisms that give point to gossip, substance to professional shop-talk, and reason to reform movements—dare we then to brush away casually the conclusions of Thoreau on the actual state of human beings?

These criticisms are more concentrated in the opening chapter of "Walden" than elsewhere, and the first one is conveyed in the amused remark that "I have traveled a good deal in Concord; and everywhere, in shops, and offices, and fields, the inhabitants have appeared to me to be doing penance in a thousand remarkable ways." It is curious that most of our resolutions, such as New Year's vows, are penitential in character. But why is it that we do not make resolutions to do things that we would really like to perform, but for one reason or another let ourselves be continually put off? But Thoreau cuts deeper than just an observation of a peculiar trait of our psychology. With a smile, he invites us to consider the possibility that there is actually something a little odd about the lives we lead.

What is the nature of this oddity? Thoreau's tone changes to seriousness. Men are the serfs of things, and he makes this charge memorable by means of an unusual figure. "How many a poor immortal soul have I met well-nigh crushed and smothered under its load, creeping down the road of life, pushing before it a barn seventy-five feet by forty, its Augean stables never cleansed, and one hundred acres of land, tillage, mowing, pasture, and wood-lot!" Attachment to the machinery of existence rather than devotion to the aim of living, subjection to the business of making a living rather than the advantageous use of our lives —that is our oddity and our penance on earth.

In fact, "men labor under a mistake" and "it is a fool's life, as they will find when they get to the end of it, if not before." Why? One reflects that indubitably man is on a journey from the womb to the tomb. Indubitably, he is ignorant of the situation in which he has been placed. Indubitably, he strives not to remove his ignorance but to accumulate corruptible treasures, those knick-knacks of learning, baubles of pleasure, accounts in banks that dissolve into insubstantiality before the contemplated fact of death. One invokes the testimony of aged people: their quavering reports that they have missed their road, that their lives have

been misspent, that they should have concerned themselves not with a phantasmagoria but with reality. "Men labor under a mistake," Thoreau said flatly and then rose to eloquent reproach. "It is very evident what mean and sneaking lives many of you live, for my sight has been whetted by experience."

There is no grandeur, one has to concede, about the mistakes of mankind, nor can we at least pretend to be the Merry Andrews of the cosmos. No, considering what things we are anxious about, what things we fear, and they are scored into our consciousness by Thoreau, we are too petty and squalid for the rôle even of a clown. The criticism of Thoreau denies dignity to men. "Talk of divinity in man! Look at the teamster on the highway, wending to market by day or night; does any divinity stir within him? His highest duty to fodder and water his horses! What is his destiny to him compared with the shipping interests? Does he not drive for Squire Make-a-Stir? How godlike, how immortal, is he? See how he cowers and sneaks, how vaguely all the day he fears, not being immortal or divine, but the slave and prisoner of his own opinion of himself, a fame won by his own deeds."

It may be objected that Thoreau's critique of the human species is obvious. But that is just the strength of it! Any one who can be induced to give attention to such a subject must agree that human beings as a collective swarm are odd in their waks—that they pay great heed to things and little heed to the soul—that they are mistaken in their dissipation of energies on all objects except the main object, the discovery of the aim and meaning of their existence—that they are cowardly and subservient in spirit—and that they are tyrannized over by social opinion in the first place and by their own vain self-opinion in the second. But Thoreau realized the obvious: he felt the emotions proper to a perception of the truism that the human race is defective: and it is that which marks him off from most men. His criticism has both the weight of truth and the force of true human feeling over the facts as found.

Men have differed over the cause for racial defectiveness. The philosophers are likely to trace it to stupidity, the religious-minded to sin, the biologists to the environment, and so on. These speak as specialists, but Thoreau writes as a generalized human being. On frosty days he had beheld snakes lying numb or partially numb in the roadway and on one occasion he saw a striped snake glide into Walden Pond and lie still on the bottom: "perhaps because he had not fairly come out of the torpid state. It appeared to me that for a like reason men remain in their present low and primitive condition." Torpor! That is the trouble with us. We are not awake.

Torpidity as the essence of an indictment of mankind is exceptionally interesting, for it shifts the emphasis from the gifts of man, such as his intellect, his feelings, his practical abilities, to what should be the mainspring for these resources, whatever their degree may be. That mainspring is the capacity which exists in all of us to make effort. The key to the distinction of Thoreau as a human being is not so much in the quality of his gifts as in his devotion to effort-making. Having realized that something was wrong with mankind, himself included, he set to work to make at least himself "a worthy."

Here one has to grasp two principles that governed Thoreau's maturity: the principle of economy and the principle of experiment.

We all know that our lives represent a sum of energy expended. Where the energy comes from and how it is renewed in periods of rest is another matter: the fact is, that it fills and runs those vessels, our bodies, and that it is constantly expended on the objects of the world that impinge on our being.

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HENRY DAVID THOREAU

Barring sudden fatal accident, there comes a day when all our psychological money, our energy, is spent and then we die. Nor can we be penurious about our expenditure. Willy-nilly, the world takes its daily toll of our life.

Thoreau saw that, saw, too, that there was no choice about spending energy. Spend we must, but wasn't there a question of how? There he thought one had a choice. "The cost of a thing," he said, "is the amount of what I will call life which is required to be exchanged for it, immediately or in the long run." So his decision was to measure things not in the customary terms of social prestige or wealth or self-gratification, but so far as he could in terms of the basic currency, life itself, and he therefore tried to spend his life on the most advantageous bargain possible for himself.

But what were the advantages he sought? They are subsumed in his doctrine of wakefulness to which we shall presently come. For simply to resolve to spend energy wisely for the sake of increased consciousness is utterly insufficient: there must be a method for learning how to live more vividly. A method Thoreau found when he compared "learning by experience" with learning by experiment, for he discovered what apparently few men do, namely, that actually we never learn much by experience. The following passage explains his revolutionary conclusion.

"Practically, the old have no very important advice to give the young, their own experience has been so partial, and their lives have been such miserable failures, for private reasons, as they must believe, and it may be that they have some faith left which belies that experience, and they are only less young than they were. I have lived some thirty years on this planet, and I have yet to hear the first syllable of valuable or even earnest advice from my seniors. They have told me nothing, and probably cannot tell me anything to the purpose. Here is life, an experiment to a great extent untried by me; but it does not avail me that they have tried it."

As a matter of fact, there does seem to be a circular character to our experience. Habit takes us round and round again: we fall into the same type of "scrape" year after year: we entertain the same hopes and receive the same disappointments, yet we go on hoping in the identical way. If any man ever systematically tried to learn from

Courtesy of N. Y. Public Library

THOREAU'S HOME IN CONCORD

experience by reflection on it ("accidental education," he called it), it was Henry Adams, and the record he left is one of repeated failures culminating into a sense of tragic futilitarianism. Accident, it would seem, is not adaptable to our needs for self-education. All this Thoreau either observed or surmised, and his conclusion was, Break the circle, do the non-habitual thing, experiment.

In the face of the modern deterministic trend of psychology one cannot picture Thoreau as a free moral agent. Like the rest of us, he followed his nose: that is, he was dictated to by circumstance and the natural bents of his personality. Yet behaviorism is now beginning to stress the plastic character of the human mechanism, to point out that man can be trained into a much more wonderful being than contemporary specimens would lead one to conjecture. Thoreau was immersed in the great source-literature of our civilization—the classics and the scriptures of antiquity: and these profoundly modified and stimulated his behavior. Whether they were written by men who can be completely enmeshed in the net of mechanistic psychology now being spread by Pavlov, Watson and their colleagues is still an open question. It is still an open question whether man is forever debarred from any attainment of Will, and this question must remain open until a norm for human psychology is clearly proved. In the broad sense, life as an experiment means a struggle for self-emancipation or the acquisition of Will.

Thus it was with this tough-minded, ardent and intensely practical New Englander, Henry David Thoreau. He may have been compelled to do as he did, but his care was to infect his actions with the logic of experimentation. A person may enter a gymnasium for the purpose of discovering, measuring and increasing his physical powers. He will not therefore confine himself to exercise upon a single piece of apparatus, but engage in running, leaping, weight-lifting, acrobatics, calisthenics, and basketball. Similarly a gymnast of life would vary his occupations, testing and developing himself, if he can, toward a state of many-sidedness or psychological health.

Thoreau was a spiritual gymnast. The famous story of his manufacturing pencils until he produced the best possible pencil and then quitting the trade at once is a perfect illustration of the experimental life. For a time he taught school, and he left so deep a mark upon that profession that today one of our advanced educational experiments is named the Walden School. His sojourn of slightly over two years on Walden Pond he expressly referred to as an experiment: among other objects he learned from it the minimum amount of labor requisite to maintaining the body in fit health. He had intervals of farming, surveying, carpentry and whitewashing. He lectured a little and he wrote much. He assigned himself the extremely difficult task of noting all the natural phenomena of his environment. For each of these he found an experimental basis and from each of them—consider their variety from coarse manual toil to acute scientific observation—he preserved a modicum of aloofness, so that one cannot think of Thoreau as a specialist.

But these were experiments on a considerable scale. He was equally fertile in the devising of experiments for the passing minutes—exercises in non-habitual thought.

These—the love of experimentation, the highest regard for energy, the austere critique of the follies of man—are Dionysian traits. But when we consider the end in view, we must marvel again at the sharp cleavage between average sense and normality. The Apollan aims for success in some already actualized and given form, and had Thoreau been Apollan, he might have made a specialized career out of any one of a half dozen enterprizes he conducted at one period or another. But the Dionysian contends with the insuperable or the all but insuperable. He is a perfectionist in life. Only by the way does he practise an art, since all the time he is mainly engaged in learning *the* art of living itself.

Toward what impossible state of the soul did Thoreau labor? "I long ago," he writes poetically, "lost a hound, a bay horse, and a turtle-dove and am still on their trail. Many are the travelers I have spoken concerning them, describing their tracks and what calls they answered to. I have met one or two who had heard the hound and the tramp of the horse, and even seen the dove disappear behind a cloud, and they seemed as anxious to recover them as if they had lost them themselves."

The tantivy—to use a favorite word of Thoreau—of this chase was, Awake! Awake! He conceived the higher life in terms of wakefulness. Just as now we sleep and wake up into our ordinary daytime consciousness, might it not be possible to change and intensify that ordinary waking consciousness to another degree of wide awakeness? More life was the aim: Thoreau had seen enough of himself and other people to disrespect the sluggish flow of our present lives: hence, "moral reform is the effort to throw off sleep."

It would of course succeed that every passing moment was precious. This

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The World This Week

Dr. Butler Dissents

A LETTER to the editor of the "New York Times," rightly transferred to the first page, discloses Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler in a mood to break a long record of party loyalty.

The president of Columbia University is also president of the Carnegie Endowment Foundation for Universal Peace. His opposition to prohibition goes to the extreme demand of repeal of the 18th Amendment. He regards preparedness and prohibition as two of the three most important questions before the American people; and he is so dissatisfied with Mr. Hoover's treatment of them that he dissociates himself "publicly, quickly, and completely" with the Republican candidate's position.

"Mr. Hoover," he says, "dismisses with a few perfunctory remarks the truly remarkable treaty just now to be signed by ourselves and all the great powers of the earth, pledging renunciation of war as an instrument of national policy, and chooses this moment to repeat that 'we must and shall maintain our naval defense . . . in the strength and efficiency which will yield to us at all times the primary assurance of liberty; that is of national safety.'

"Listen to this sentence: 'We must not only be just; we must be respected.' Is it not plain that the thought behind the word 'respected' would be more accurately expressed by the word 'feared'? What sort of mind and nature is it which can at this stage of the world's history deliberately find a basis for respect in force rather than in justice? Is not the just man, the just nation, respected? Are not Holland and Belgium, Switzerland and Denmark respected? Surely the repetition of this ancient and discarded doctrine will not be accepted by the masses of the Republican Party or the people."

Dr. Butler uses harsh words to describe the fate of Secretary Wilbur's program of naval construction. Public opinion rose and slew the "monster." It was "hacked to pieces" in the House of Representatives and thrown upon "the legislative garbage heap" by the Senate.

"That amazing proposal," he says, "was made in the interest of 'national security,' meaning thereby swagger, and it rested upon precisely the principle which Mr. Hoover now enunciates and accepts."

Coming to prohibition, Dr. Butler restates his belief that the 18th Amendment should be repealed because it is contradictory to the principles upon which our government rests and to the Constitution itself. He then examines Mr. Hoovers' definition of modification of the enforcement laws as nullification of the Constitution.

"As a matter of fact," he says, "the word 'nullification' should not be used to describe what is in Mr. Hoover's mind, for in American history it has a very precise and definite meaning as applied to the doctrine of Calhoun, which Andrew Jackson smashed with a heavy hand. The process and action which it is now fashionable to call nullification are the accepted and usual ways by which any free people, and particularly the American people, have gotten rid of laws that they did not like or that were offensive to their sense of justice and right. If it had not been for this treatment of the Fugitive Slave Law the Republican Party might never have been born.

"Any one who is opposed to the repeal of the 18th Amendment and who is also opposed to that process of statutory obsolescence that is now called nullification, must then be in favor of the only alternative, which is the continuance of the present reign of lawlessness, debauchery and Government-made crime. . . . The facts being what they are, to declare for law enforcement in respect to the 18th Amendment is to declare for continuous and organized assault, under official protection, upon the foundations of our government. It means what Mr. Justice Holmes . . . has properly called 'dirty business.'"

What he wishes to make plain, says Dr. Butler in conclusion, is that Mr. Hoover cannot commit him to any such doctrine or any such policies.

Dr. Butler's position seems so plain that, assuming satisfactory promises in Governor Smith's speech of acceptance, another important declaration may be expected from Morningside Heights.

Last of the Bosses

POLITICAL bossism as we have known it for something more than a generation ended with the death of George E. Brennan, the Democratic leader of Chicago. There remain alive two who have worn and deserved the title of boss—Vare, Republican, of Philadelphia, and Taggert, Democrat, of Indiana at large—but both are old and ill and both, before illness claimed them, had in large measure lost the power that so long was theirs.

At the end of the National Conventions this year, Brennan alone of all the bosses remained in apparently unimpaired vigor and power. Vare had got credit—much more than was due him—for turning a trick at Kansas City; but he was already discredited and, in the eyes of many, disgraced. Brennan, in what is reputed the wickedest of all our Sodoms, had kept his personal name reasonably clean. The only stigma upon it, so far as can now be recalled, was the acceptance of Insull money. Insull praying both "Good Lord" and "Good Devil," had contributed so much more largely to the campaign expenses of the Republican candidate, however, that his dole to Brennan was hardly noticed.

As bosses have gone, Brennan was, both in intelligence and character, well above the average of big city political chieftains. Not well educated, he was well enough educated that he had made an acceptable country school teacher. Even after he succeeded Roger Sullivan as Democratic boss of Chicago, he was still a student, eagerly trying to acquire those parts of a polite education which had been denied him in his youth. Thus bringing to bear upon the business of machine politics somewhat more of culture than was possessed by bosses such as Tweed and Croker and Murphy, he exceeded in some ways and fell short

in other ways of what bosses of the other type were able to accomplish.

As has been the case with all big city bosses, makers of small officials, the height of Brennan's ambition was to be a President maker. He did not bring about the nomination of Alfred E. Smith or in any big way contribute to it—no city boss has ever played a really important part in the making of any President—but he did carry into and through the Houston convention more, perhaps, of genuine influence than any other city boss has ever had in a national gathering of any party.

He was friend, admirer, fellow champion of a cause with Smith. It was to be his part of the task of electing Smith to do in the Middle West what Smith's own organization could be depended upon to do in the East. For the first time in the history of our parties, a man the product of city machine politics was nominated for the Presidency and the greatest of the living bosses was to play a big part in bringing about his election.

Just as no successor could be found for Murphy, none will be found for Brennan. The politics of American cities has outgrown that phase. The new form of leadership has not appeared—or, if it has, it is not yet a thing of which we may certainly be proud.

▸▸ *Picturing The Next War*

The dark sky above London was slashed and stabbed with rapiers of light. A great buzzing drowned the sound of traffic in the streets. Fleets of bombing planes zoomed out of obscurity, dropped their theoretical loads, banked and fled into the night from which they had come. Citizens watched with stiffening necks, feeling old fears. They could not see some of the engagements; "dog fights" three miles up, the gunners at work in oxygen helmets.

After five days the heart of the Empire was declared to be half destroyed. Fifty thousand tons of bombs had been dropped. Thousands had been killed by gas and high explosive.

Below, the press began to buzz. The Tory press declared: "It has been demonstrated that our present air force is inadequate for the defence of London. We must have a bigger air force, a large number of two-seated fighters and more and more fast bombers. We must have such a force that the enemy will think twice, because of the threat at his own nerve centers."

Sandusky, O. Star-Journal

THE BRIDE'S FIRST BISCUITS

"The Daily Herald," Labor paper, retorted: "Here in a new guise is the old argument upon which we outstripped Germany in building warships before 1914. France and Italy have more airplanes than this country, therefore let us expand our air force and subsidize commercial flying.

"The war has taught people who use this argument nothing. They still think in terms of competitive armaments. So far as they are concerned children of today are doomed to go through a worse hell than that of 1914 to 1918. Let those millions who gaze at planes zooming through night skies ask themselves whether they acquiesce in this suicidal policy."

Above the controversy is a picture of the next war, revealed as clearly as a plane in the path of a searchlight. The declaration of hostilities will release two great fleets of planes, each bound for the other's capitol.

The "New Statesman" puts it succinctly, brutally: "To save Westminster Abbey we must destroy Notre Dame."

Kirby in N. Y. World

"WHERE THE SILENCE 'UNG THAT 'EAVY YOU WAS 'ARF AFRAID TO SPEAK!"

Meanwhile, a Scotsman, Sir James Irvine, was telling American chemists, in effect, that the next war would be won by men of their profession.

"The whole machinery of war may be scrapped," he said. "Warships may be sunk, armies disbanded and fortresses demolished, but the chemical factory must remain and, so long as it exists, it is a potential war factory.

"An organic works designed for the large scale operations of compounds such as dyestuffs requires very little alteration in plant or personnel to be converted in a few hours into a place from which will pour materials far more deadly than those used in the late war.

"There is no need for heavy guns or the customary material of war, for the chemical factory can provide the poison shell fillings which the airplanes will distribute on their objectives—and I leave to your imagination what those objectives are likely to be.

"Gas poisoning has been used once and it will be used again. The futility of paper promises has been clearly demonstrated and so long as the chemical factory remains it can be used as a factory for gas poisons. While there is a general opinion against this method of warfare, we are swept along by a tide against which it is impossible to struggle."

Plainly, there will be no safe zones, no exemptions in the next war.

▸▸ *Explaining Mr. Hoover*

Wet Republicans have had a busy week, explaining to their readers and their constituencies that Mr. Hoover is far less arid than he sounds. The "New York Herald-Tribune" will have it that he is, in fact, the only hope of the modificationists, the one candidate who knows the way to the oasis. A reading of that paper is recommended, by the way, to one interested in seeing what an editorial writer can do when he is put to it.

Some one in Palo Alto discovered a letter that Mr. Hoover had written ten years ago, as Food Administrator. It would be unfortunate, he said then, to save food by closing the breweries; to do so would turn the nation toward hard liquor. The stores of whiskey were enormous, he observed. With evidence of satisfaction it was pointed out that

Mr. Hoover had said "it is mighty difficult to get drunk on 2.75 per cent beer."

It seems clear that Republican strategists are not satisfied with the endorsement of the Anti-Saloon League; they also want to make Mr. Hoover wet enough for the uncertain East. It also seems clear, as The Outlook declares editorially, that Mr. Hoover must speak again about prohibition and "use words to convey our meaning, not to hide it."

▸▸ *Mr. Coolidge and Mr. West*

Herbert Hoover is learning that a candidate for President of the United States cannot pick up his morning paper without facing at least one question he would prefer not to answer.

The latest question is put by Senator Burton K. Wheeler of Montana. Does the Republican nominee approve the appointment of Roy O. West as Secretary of the Interior? Is he not aware that Mr. West was counsel to Samuel Insull, the big Chicago power and utilities man? Has he forgotten that the Secretary of the Interior is an ex-officio member of the Federal Power Commission before which the Insull interests now have pending applications?

As this is being written Mr. Hoover has not replied. Nor will the answer be easy, for he is, as he has said many times, pledged to carry out the policies of Mr. Coolidge. Why, then, did the President name Mr. West as Secretary of the Interior? Inquiry at Washington by The Outlook affords a partial answer.

Mr. Coolidge, it is agreed in both administration and anti-administration circles, appointed West as a reward for political services. He has long been active in Illinois. He was Republican State Chairman for many years. He has been Secretary of the Republican National Committee since 1924. He was, therefore, an organization man entitled to reward and known to be safe.

Even the enemies of Coolidge make no claim that West has been appointed to favor Insull or any other power interests. The President, it is generally conceded, gave no thought to this angle. Nor will he, during the present criticism or in the event that the Senate declines to confirm the appointment, have anything more to say. He will attribute the opposition solely to partisan politics and feel that to recognize it would be beneath the dignity of the President of the United States.

Incidentally, although Mr. Hoover may be following the policies of Mr. Coolidge, few at Washington believe that he would include Roy West in his cabinet.

Acme

OFF FOR THE ANTARCTIC

The City of New York, which will Carry the Byrd Expedition to the South Polar Seas

▸▸ *Life and Luck*

The gambler propitiates it. The soldier recognizes it as one of the imponderables of battle. Most of us believe in it, except when we are writing our autobiographies. Dr. D. W. Swann, of the Franklin Institute, would have it accepted as an element of science.

"Science heretofore," he says, "has always felt that everything happened could be traced to some cause, which in turn always had a definite effect. But now we know that the results of many purely physical phenomena, such as the transmission of heat, depend upon what science inadequately calls the 'laws of probability,' which is just another name for chance or luck.

"It has long been known that some of the molecules of the air are electrically charged. Yet when we come right down to actual figuring only one in one hundred million is so charged. There is no apparent reason why one of these air molecules, rather than any other, should have this electrical charge —which makes possible lightning, rain, thunder and other happenings of the air. Science has been able to account for this in no other way than by explaining the phenomenon in terms of luck, which has now become a new type of scientific thought."

The life processes themselves, Dr. Swann suggests, may be the result of pure chance. In other words we may be alive by luck, though not always lucky to be alive.

▸▸ *Billboards In Kansas*

Kansas passed a statute removing all signs except official road markers on the right of way of any highway. The same statute prohibited the erection of any kind of advertising sign within 500 feet of a turn in the road, an intersection, or a railroad crossing. Now the Kansas Supreme Court has declared this statute to be valid and constitutional. This decision is a notable step forward in the fight against the billboard nuisance.

Struthers Burt in an excellent article in "Outdoor America" for September, points out two reasons why the billboard has out-lived its usefulness. He writes: "The American public no longer travels at five miles an hour in a buggy, it travels in a high powered car at a rate of between forty and fifty miles an hour; moreover, having traveled this way now for a good many years it has become educated. It no longer travels merely to travel, it travels to see something. Just as only the most striking and attractive road sign any longer makes any impression whatsoever on this traveling public, so only the neat countryside and the neat town, and the really good hotel, remain for any length of time in its memory, save when the countryside, the town, or the hotel, are so ugly and disordered that the determination is left never, if possible, to revisit them again.

"But if the road sign is so striking or attractive that it attracts the attention of the person driving a car, then it is dangerous as has often been proven, and if it is so attractive and striking as to attract the attention of the passengers in the car, in most cases it merely annoys them. They are out to see the countryside, not to discover what sort of cigarette to buy or what sort of shoes to wear."

Meanwhile Arthur Ruhl says in the "New York Tribune": "It has been said by some of the more hard-boiled advocates of laissez faire that if those who object to outdoor advertising are really serious, let them get together and agree to stop buying the products whose ad-

vertisements offend them. If there is any considerable number of boycotters the nuisance will stop soon enough."

That's about what happened in the Territory of Hawaii, and as a result the beautiful landscape of the Islands is totally free from outdoor advertising. There was no boycott of advertised products which could be reached by legal action. There was just a buyers' strike led by the ladies of the Outdoor Circle of Honolulu. The Honolulu plan is worth studying.

▶▶ *Budgeting*

President Coolidge's restraining hand on Government expenditure is going to be felt in the first year of his successor's term. Brigadier General H. M. Lord, Director of the Budget, has been going over the Budget estimates for 1929-1930 with the President and has come away with the President's approval. Those estimates have been kept down within the limit of $3,700,000,000 set by the President in his speech at the business gathering of the Government on June 11. Some changes were made during the conference at Brule, Wisconsin, but they did not affect the provisional total of any department.

The estimates amount to about a half a billion dollars more than those for the current year; but that does not mean that a half a billion more will be spent. It means, instead, that such unusual items as tax refunds that have not been included in the Budget heretofore are to be included next year. The estimates of expenditure as compared with revenue indicate a deficit of a hundred million; but that, it is explained, is a "paper deficit" and will be made up by later changes in the budget and by increased prosperity.

According to these estimates it will be possible in the year 1928-29 to reduce the debt by over half a billion dollars.

Although the Administration is pushing ahead with the effort to get all nations to renounce war as a national policy, it does not believe in the meantime in neglecting that prime purpose of the Government, the National defense; and for that purpose it provides $659,000,000. This sum does not include any items for the new cruisers which would be added by the bill now awaiting Senate action—which would cost $40,000,000 more in the first year.

Though the Post Office Department, it is estimated, will run short of paying for itself by some eighty million dollars, it has not yet been decided to urge the raising of postal rates. The postal service is a public service, and it is legitimate to charge a part of its cost to the public at large.

▶▶ *Making Wastes Pay*

While one group of chemists and other technologists are pushing forward with ways to exploit the stores of wealth hidden in coal, another group is hunting for ways to turn farm wastes—corn stalks, straw, cottonseed and other cheap plant products—into much more valuable things. The chemist sees these two raw materials—coal and plants—in the same category; both are essentially the same, in fact, since coal has a vegetable origin. They are carbohydrates, and in all the world they are the two great sources of the carbohydrate compounds which only living matter produces and which other living matter must have, especially if that living matter happens to take the form of an erect-walking primate which has recently taken a peculiar developmental trend labelled civilization, modern and mechanical. Chemists cast longing eyes at the wastes or near-wastes the farmer regards as a matter of course. Another form of wasted carbohydrate is what is known as "lignin"—one of the components of wood. This is thrown away in immense quantities by all paper mills, incidentally polluting streams and exterminating fish.

The farmer may be closer to a new order of things than he knows. Some morning he may awaken to discover the industrial world mysteriously anxious to buy up his plant wastes, and at figures which may cause him to look for the joker in the transaction.

▶▶ *Dental Note*

Gold teeth are no longer an indication of wealth, if they ever were, but even today the dentists of the United States hammer more than $15,000,000 worth of gold annually into the molars of their patients. This is twice the yearly production of Alaska.

This was revealed by Ernest E. Dalton in an address before the National Dental Laboratory Technicians in Chicago. Mr. Dalton estimated that about $10,000,000 in dental gold was annually buried in American graveyards. The 120,000,000 people in the country represent gold deposits of $480,000,000.

▶▶ *A Stand Is Modified*

A strictly vegetable diet seemed to agree with Mr. William Childs, "the nation's host from coast to coast." Why

Acme

AFTER THE BIG BLOW
Wreckage in the Wake of the Hurricane which Recently Swept Florida

Wide World

SEARCHLIGHTS IN SEATTLE

The Battle Fleet, Before Leaving for Autumn Practice, Draws Modernistic Light Pictures in the Sky

not extend the blessing to his patrons? That was eight years ago.

Pork chops and sirloin steaks went off the Childs' menu. In their stead came "meatless meat loaf," the "meatless club sandwich," and cole slaw—and calories and vitamines. Patrons grumbled; some went elsewhere.

Mr. Childs pointed to Leonardo da Vinci, to Voltaire, to George Bernard Shaw. He reminded the grumblers that the immortal ten thousand held the pass of Thermopylae on fresh fruit and vegetables. He spoke of the Roman legions. In many ingenious ways he praised the meatless menu. He hired a demonstrator to sell Battle Creek foods.

"Who's going to demonstrate a sirloin steak?" grumbled a customer. More went elsewhere.

Beef stew, lamb stew and the hot roast beef sandwich came back on the Childs' menu. Patrons smiled. Managers smiled.

"Meats for the meat eater," Mr. Childs advertised.

He had learned, as reformers do in time, that human nature is stronger than laws and edicts.

▸▸ *Venus' Waistline*

Those reckless newspaper potentates known as the headliners, whose special function it is to skim through each incoming item of news and apply to it a headline—often misleading—did not miss the chance to state that "Venus' waistline is plumper" when Professor Frank E. Ross of the University of Chicago recently measured the neighbor planet and found her slightly wider —150 miles—than astronomers had previously supposed.

From preliminary reports it would appear that the celestial lady had for once divested herself of the drapery of dense clouds that conceal her actual surface so efficiently and persistently; possibly she has just learned about some of the modern feminine styles on earth.

Though she is our closest neighbor, Venus has long been very much of a mystery. We have not even known whether she rotates or not, so dense are her clouds, which almost never permit a view of the actual surface. Some astronomers have said that she rotates once in about twenty-four hours, others once in 225 days. As no permanent markings could be seen, the length of her day was anybody's guess. Professor Ross now finds the period to be 30 days—about the same as our moon.

What about the possibility of life on Venus? This would depend largely on the temperature. When it was thought the day equalled 225 of our days, it seemed likely that the sunward face would become too hot for life; while the 24 hour day assumption, taken in connection with the dense shroud of clouds, suggested too great frigidity. The new observations give an intermediate length and may revive the question of the existence of life. If there were intelligent beings on Venus, they would be able to see the stars and planets so rarely that they might regard them as illusions, and their own world as the sum total of everything.

▸▸ *The Future of Coal*

Pittsburgh will see a remarkable gathering of technical men in November when technologists and scientists from Europe and America will meet to discuss the remarkable things they expect to do with coal. The "Second International Conference on Bituminous Coal" is a misleading title. This "conference," judging by the success of the first conference held in the same place two years ago, will be more like a large convention, perhaps predominately composed of chemists.

The coal men have one thing in common, they are horrified at the thought of burning coal to obtain energy from it when it is so much more valuable as a source of other things. There is, of course, the liquefaction process—or rather liquefaction processes, for the Frenchman Patart as well as the Germans Bergius and Fischer has a practicable process which like the others converts coal into what may be termed with fair accuracy "gasoline." There is also the process by which General Patart will make wood alcohol from coal. Modern industry uses so much wood alcohol that the more widely known consumption of it in the home is only a drop in the bucket. Then there is the German Professor Fritz Hofman, who is making synthetic rubber from coal, though not yet cheaply enough to compete with nature.

One interesting development is the piping of coke-oven gases obtained from coal from the Ruhr, clear across Germany to Berlin, foreshadowing perhaps a similar disposal of Pittsburgh coke-oven gas in New York and Chicago. To all appearances the technologists assembled in Pittsburgh will be exchanging opinions concerning something in which the public has little interest. Actually it is a substance—coal—on which the entire mechanical revolution hinged and without which the world would have to

return at once to a more primitive era. What the coal chemists envision now, however, is a greater age, even, than the present.

▶▶ *Coolidge to the Veterans*

Critics of the Kellogg treaty for renunciation of war have contended that it fails, by recognizing the right of war in self-defense, to put any real obstacle in the way of war—since any nation can always argue that it has acted in self-defense. But President Coolidge has made it plain that he regards the plan as anything but ineffective. In an address before the Wisconsin State Convention of the American Legion on August 15, he declared:

"Had an agreement of this kind been in existence in 1914, there is every reason to suppose that it would have saved the situation and delivered the world from all the misery which was inflicted by the great war."

He further said, partly in extenuation of a statement that national defense should not be weakened:

"It is in accordance with our determination to refrain from aggression and build up a sentiment among nations more favorable to peace that we . . . have secured the consent of fourteen important nations to the negotiation of a treaty condemning recourse to war, renouncing it as an instrument of national policy, and pledging each other to seek no solution of their disagreements except by pacific means. It is hoped other nations will join in this movement.

"By taking a leading position in securing this agreement . . . we have demonstrated that when we have said we maintained our armaments not for aggression, but purely for defense, we were making a candid statement. . . . While it would be too much to suppose that war has been entirely banished, yet a new and important barrier, reasonable and honorable, has been set up to prevent it. This agreement . . . holds a greater hope for peaceful relations than was ever before given to the world."

Admittedly, as skeptical realists contend, the treaty does not rule out the possibility of war. But by setting up an international declaration against aggression, it does much to destroy the atmosphere of suspicion in which plans of "defense" that were really offensive in intent were cynically matured. And its positive value lies in its provision that the nations accepting it shall use peaceful means to settle disputes. Courageously developed, this principle may mean more than the pledge against war and may prove to be the best American contribution to world peace.

▶▶ *Prohibition and the Clergy*

An important contribution to the pros and cons of prohibition comes from the Church Temperance Society of the Protestant Episcopal Church. A questionnaire was sent to 5,301 ministers. Replies were received from 2,980. By a substantial majority, the prohibition experiment is stamped as a failure in practice, wrong in principle, and contrary to Scripture.

The questions and answers follow: (1). Is prohibition a success in your community? Yes—501. No—1,304. (2). Have we had the law long enough for a fair trial? Yes—1,329. No—758. (3). Regardless of one's attitude toward the use of liquor, do you believe a prohibition law offers the best solution for the problem of intemperance? Yes—643. No—1,601. (4). Should the Volstead Act be modified? Yes—1,389. No—673. (5). Should the 18th Amendment be repealed? Yes—953. No—984. (6). Are you willing to cooperate . . . in a campaign for more practicable legislation in the interest of temperance and morality? Yes—1,521. No—502.

In addition hundreds of letters were received from clergymen in amplification of their views.

"An analysis of these," says the report, "reveals that the majority holds that prohibition is wrong in principle and contrary to the Scripture, and for that reason they contend that even if 100 per cent enforcement could be obtained prohibition would still be a fili failure.

▶▶ *Speeding the Mail*

The other day mail from France came by airplane for the last 450 miles. This may well mark the opening of a new era in air-mail service. Experiments have been made before; this was practical business.

The French liner Ile de France shot from a giant catapult and a runway on her deck a seaplane with three sacks of mail. Commander Demougeot, a veteran French aviator, was in command, with a mechanic and a wireless operator. Perhaps in other voyages a passenger or two in a hurrry may be carried—at a price, of course.

The mail was delivered in New York before the ship sighted land. The time saved in transit for the mail from ship to shore was three hours and seven minutes: fifteen hours was the actual time saved, but in general practice mail may in this way often be delivered in New York offices a whole day sooner

Keystone

AN AERO-MOTORBOAT

In Which the Russian Engineer, de Gasenko, Plans to Cross the Ocean at 40 Miles an Hour

Acme

SHIP-TO-SHORE MAIL PLANE

Which left the Ile de France at Sea and Cut a Day from Mail Delivery Time

than it otherwise would be because of the intervention of night-time.

The French officials propose to use this device at both ends of the voyage and hope for a future saving of two days in ocean mail time from Paris to New York.

▸▸ *George Otto Trevelyan*

To Americans the name of Sir George Otto Trevelyan, who has just died at the age of ninety, is best known as that of the author of what is regarded by competent American critics as the best history of the American Revolution. That an Englishman should produce a work so honored by Americans on the great struggle between his country and ours seems extraordinary.

This is accounted for in part by the fact that Trevelyan's great work was not controversial as between the two countries, nor was it mainly a military study. As to battles and campaigns the narrative is clear and vivid; to all but soldiers the more readable because it does not pile up details. But in the main Trevelyan's "History of the American Revolution" is a brilliant contribution to the story of the growth of all civil liberty, and therefore of English liberty. He was in profound sympathy with America, as were before him Lord Chatham, Charles Fox and Burke.

▸▸ *The Movies in the Home*

Seeing the movies by television, a feat recently accomplished in the Pittsburg laboratories of the Westinghouse Company, differs in few respects from seeing the object itself by the same means. Nevertheless it is easy to foresee that when radio-television for the home arrives, which ought to be quite soon, it will be likely to take advantage of motion picture entertainment; at least it might do so at first, just as the first year or two of radio broadcasting consisted of a few special features and a great deal of "canned" phonograph music.

There is no reason why radio-television, once it gets moving, should be a very expensive luxury. The apparatus involved is quite simple, the largest part being a device rapidly rotated by an electric motor similar to those of ordinary electric fans. The same man or youth who became a make-your-own-radio-set enthusiast not very far back when radio suddenly assumed impressive proportions will be able to construct the apparatus, and any person of average intelligence and handiness will be able to control it. Even now a fairly large number of former radio fans are experimenting with television, and it is safe to say that hundreds of thousands of them understand the fundamental principles of the several existing systems.

At the next heavyweight championship match Tex Rickard may have to look out more than the radio announcer; the television transmitter may also threaten to keep potential seat purchasers at home and cut his profits.

▸▸ *Regrets at Paris*

Sir Austen Chamberlain, the British Secretary for Foreign Affairs, is not to attend the conference in Paris for signature of Secretary Kellogg's treaty to renounce war. The reason given is illness. German officials are inclined to hint that Sir Austen's indisposition is entirely diplomatic, induced by a disinclination to be drawn into a possible discussion of the evacuation of the Rhineland which is desired by Dr. Gustav Stresemann, the German Foreign Minister. Consequently, it is rumored, Stresemann too may find that he has not sufficiently recovered his health after his recent attack of influenza to permit him to attend the gathering in the French capital.

Lord Cushendun, as Acting Secretary, will sign for Great Britain in place of Sir Austen; and it has not yet been determined whether Stresemann will go or who might go instead.

The British Government has asked the Secretary-General of the League of Nations to call the attention of the members of its Council and Assembly to the declarations made by the London Cabinet in its communications with Secretary Kellogg in Washington, to the effect that British acceptance of the treaty against war in no way affects the rights and obligations of Great Britain as a League member. As a result, discussion of the meaning of the Kellogg treaty will be part of the program for the meetings of the Council and Assembly in Geneva this month and next. This is expected to lead to a resolution urging all nations members of the League to adhere also to the agreement to outlaw war. The International Socialists—no slight force in European politics—have just advocated such a move in a resolution adopted by delegates from more than fifty nations at their annual congress in Brussels, Belgium.

▸▸ *Sensations of Falling*

A Professor Heim of Zurich has made an extended study of the sensations experienced by persons falling through space. These, it would seem, are al-

Wide world

THE GRANDEUR THAT WAS ROME
An Unknown Temple, Unearthed in the Heart of the Modern City, Under the Direction of Premier Mussolini

most wholly delightful. In a cable to the "New York Times" the professor is quoted as declaring that the supposedly unfortunate people "have no fear, no despair," but only a "serious calm, a profound resignation, an extreme intellectual lucidity and a rapid succession of ideas."

Best of all, there is often "marvelous music" and the sensation of passing through " a wonderful sky with rosy clouds." Professor Heim has questioned many Alpinists and guides who have fallen down precipices in obtaining his information. In addition, he has had personal experience, for he once fell off a cliff himself. There was no pain until hours afterwards although he heard his head striking the rocks as he landed. He, too, "heard delicious music."

He has not yet questioned parachute jumpers regarding this music of the spheres. Perhaps only accidental falls are thus made lovely.

▶▶ *Basest Ingratitude*

Richard Burdon Haldane, twice Lord Chancellor of Great Britain, died in Scotland on August 19. His great services to his country were most unjustly clouded by suspicion as to his attitude toward Germany during the war. He was sent to Germany in 1906 by Sir Edward Grey, then at the head of the English Foreign Office, to study the relations between the two countries and to do his best to harmonize them. Again in 1912, and again under Sir Edward Grey's direction, he visited Germany with the same general object and to pave the way if possible for a satisfactory understanding between Germany and England as to the race in naval armaments which Germany was then forcing energetically.

Naturally, after the outbreak of the war Lord Haldane looked at the international situation in a broad way. Quite without cause sensational journals and hot-headed individuals assumed that he was pro-German and cited the fact that he had once called Germany his "spiritual home."

Intelligent persons never believed that Lord Haldane was at any time or in any way anything but a sincere patriot. Lloyd George immediately after Lord Haldane's death, declared: "I always thought that he was very harshly treated, and in fact treated with the basest ingratitude."

That England at large learned to honor Viscount Haldane is shown by the fact that he for the second time held the office of Lord Chancellor, under the Labor Ministry, eight years after the war was over.

Lord Haldane has been aptly described as a statesman-scholar. He was also in a reasonable way an advocate of better education and of better treatment of labor in Great Britain.

▶▶ *Concerning Parades*

One of the Southern dry leaders recently said to a member of The Outlook staff: "Governor Smith has asked us to come to Albany so that he can parade us across the stage, we have to go."

Senator Glass, of Virginia, author of the enforcement plank in the Houston platform, went and paraded but refused to accept a speaking part. Josephus Daniels, of North Carolina, went and paraded and talked. He was quoted at the Asheville Conference as urging support of Smith and the election of a Congress that would oppose Smith. On his way to Albany, Mr. Daniels announced that he would support Smith and that he believed that the South would be safely Democratic.

Senator George of Georgia, most tenacious of the die hards at Houston, went. Senator Walsh, of Montana went and came away. His support of the nominee was all along undoubted. If the purpose of having the arid gentlemen in Albany was simply to parade them, there is room for two opinions as the wisdom of the move. They have added little to the Smith show. But the purpose was something more.

Governor Smith may be no surer now than he was before of the support of the gentlemen who visited him. But those gentlemen know more of the fiber of the Democratic candidate.

Acme

A VOLCANO IN THE DUTCH EAST INDIES
Whose Eruption, Followed by an Earthquake, Killed 1000 People

Editorials

Hoover and Prohibition

MR. HOOVER will have to speak more plainly and explicitly about prohibition than he spoke in his Address of Acceptance if he is to be understood. n farm relief his statement is as clear as such a statement a speech of acceptance can be expected to be. On foreign olicy he has made his position clear on the three points he entioned—keeping out of the League of Nations, the prootion of the settlement of international disputes by arbitraon, and the maintenance of a strong navy. On one other alient issue—the relation of Government to giant power nd public utility corporations—he has said that he will speak ater. But on prohibition he has made, so far as anything e has said indicates, the only statement that he intends to ake. And that statement is not adequate.

Concerning the Eighteenth Amendment itself his position s clear. He does not believe in the repeal of the Amendment. But his position is not clear concerning the Volstead Act.

Nobody expects to see the Eighteenth Amendment soon f ever repealed or even superseded by another amendment.

What change in the law or the methods of enforcement would constitute nullification is a matter of opinion.

Let us therefore dismiss as not pertinent now the question of either repealing or nullifying the Eighteenth Amendment.

There are three distinct forms of enactment of prohibition.

One consists of the Eighteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution prohibiting the importation, manufacture, sale, and transportation of intoxicating liquors as beverages and giving concurrent power of enforcement to both the nation and the States.

Another and distinct prohibition enactment consists of the Volstead Act, which is the Federal law defining, describing in detail, and penalizing the violations of prohibition. The Volstead Act is not in any sense a part of the Eighteenth Amendment. It simply purports to carry out the purpose of the Eighteenth Amendment and is subject to change by Congress.

The third form of prohibition enactment consists of the State laws on the subject, which of course apply only within the respective States and supplement for those States the Federal Act.

After his confession of faith in prohibition as a "great social and economic experiment," which "must be worked out constructively," the crucial sentences in Mr. Hoover's Acceptance Address are these three:

"Common sense compels us to realize that grave abuses have occurred—which must be remedied. An organized searching investigation of fact and causes can alone determine the wise method of correcting them. . . . Modification of the enforcement laws which would permit that which the Constitution forbids is nullification."

Does Mr. Hoover mean by this to propose an official and legally empowered commission to study the abuses that have grown up around prohibition, to report its findings and to make recommendations? If so, he should say so. If not, he should say what he does mean. Of course his words may be interpreted as meaning that he will let things drift and let the "organized searching investigation" take its chance with private initiative. If that is all he means, he has contributed nothing to the remedying of acknowledged abuses. If he means more than that, the people are entitled to know how much more.

What "abuses" does Mr. Hoover refer to in connection with prohibition? Does he mean by them the lawlessness engendered by disregard of the prohibition laws? Does he mean bribery and corruption? Does he have in mind any infringement upon the liberty of the individual or any invasion of the rights of privacy? Does Mr. Hoover think that any of those abuses are due, or even may be due, to the severity of the Volstead Act?

The Volstead Act avows a different object from that of the Eighteenth Amendment. The Eighteenth Amendment says nothing about the use of intoxicating liquors as beverages. Its purpose is distinctly stated to be the prevention of the importation, manufacture, sale, and transportation of them. The Volstead Act, on the other hand, distinctly says that its purpose shall be interpreted with a view to preventing the use of them.

If such an investigation as Mr. Hoover refers to should establish the fact that the Volstead Act goes beyond the intent of the Eighteenth Amendment or contains definitions or makes restrictions that are not necessary for the purpose of the Eighteenth Amendment, would Mr. Hoover use his influence to make the Volstead Act less extreme?

Some interpret his sentence about modification as implying that any modification toward less severity would amount to nullification. Others interpret that sentence to mean that only such modification as would permit what the Constitution forbids would be nullification. In either case he should amplify and clarify his statement. He should let the country know whether he thinks the bars of the Volstead Act could be let down at all without violating the spirit and purpose of the Amendment. If he thinks that the spirit and purpose of the Amendment can be furthered by letting down the bars he should say so plainly.

In declaring his purpose to enforce prohibition Mr. Hoover says nothing about the cost of enforcement. He took pains to state what he thought about the cost of farm relief. That is because he believes in farm relief and therefore believes that it is worth what it will cost. Does he believe in prohibition sufficiently to recommend the appropriation of enough money to make prohibition enforcement effective?

Nullification Mr. Hoover defines as "modification of the enforcement laws which would permit that which the Constitution forbids." Nullification as a party policy is, we think, indefensible. But what would constitute nullification is a question on which each candidate has a right to be heard and, we think, one on which he should speak clearly. As long as a candidate does not speak clearly, voters are likely to understand him to mean one thing when he really means something different. And that, too, like nullification, is indefensible.

The Editors

Foreign Opinion

By MALCOLM W. DAVIS

SECRETARY KELLOGG is finding that there are at least as many versions of the meaning of his international pledge to give up fighting as Hoover has encountered in the varied interpretations of his views on the national pledge to give up drinking. And in the endeavor to get his treaty through the Senate, after its signature by fifteen nations at Paris, Mr. Kellogg will encounter the same sort of public demand that he make clear exactly what the Department of State conceives it to mean and how it affects American foreign relations.

To say that it does not alter our foreign policies evidently is not enough. Eminent American authorities, at the Williamstown Institute of Politics and elsewhere, consider that it does. And one of them summed up one aspect of the argument in a neat phrase by saying that the treaty sets up for the first time a legal sanction for the only kind of war which any modern nation ever professes to wage—war in self-defense. They also assert that it both obligates the United States morally to take action regarding wars in other parts of the world and also modifies our foreign policies. That, obviously, is the way in which many other nations regard the treaty.

For instance, Costa Rica has asked the League of Nations for an interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine. American statesmen certainly would hold that there is just one place in which to seek for an authentic interpretation—namely, Washington. Yet the influential and well-informed "Journal de Geneve," at the capital of the League in Geneva, Switzerland, comments that the Kellogg treaty—if it means anything—means the death of the Monroe doctrine, and that its principles were so understood and intended by their original advocate, Senator Borah, Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Says this Swiss paper:

"The Monroe Doctrine was justifiable at the time when it was promulgated, when the independence of the American continents was menaced by European states. The doctrine is no longer justified, for if this independence is still threatened, it is only so threatened by the United States. North Americans feel this in a vague manner themselves. Those capable of thinking politically (*sic!*) believe the doctrine no longer necessary to their freedom of action—that their strength is sufficient to guard this, and that the doctrine remains but to obstruct their policies in many cases."

Abandonment of the Monroe Doctrine is the logical conclusion to be drawn from the text of the pact, contends the "Journal": "The Monroe Doctrine demands in its application, if not war, at least a menace of war. But the thing forbidden can not be used as a threat." The paper discusses in the same way the British reservations to the agreement against war, which have been called a Monroe Doctrine for the Empire.

If Mr. Kellogg and Senator Borah have any idea of renunciation of the Monroe Doctrine, they certainly have given the public no hint that it has understood of such an intent—and we shall be in for an endurance contest in Congressional oratory. But, of course, any American knows that a war over the Monroe Doctrine would be a defensive war; and so far as the treaty is concerned, that is probably that.

As for other points, the semi-official "Temps" of Paris takes occasion to welcome President Coolidge's statement that the Kellogg treaty does not justify radical limitation of armaments for self-defense. And it associates with him the First Lord of the British Admiralty, W. C. Bridgman. "In certain quarters in other countries," says the "Temps," "an effort is being made to produce illusions which may dangerously mislead public opinion. . . . The compact against war has no direct relation to questions of national defense. . . . It is plain that the American President considers the anti-war compact one thing and disarmament another. . . . We all know that in disarmament we can only advance by small steps, in the measure that effective guaranties are given for general security."

These are remarks directed across the frontiers to Germany and Italy and probably, to Hungary as well. But a few days later, the "Temps" took pains to greet the visit of the German Foreign Minister, Dr. Stresemann, to Paris to sign the treaty, observing: "It marks a new stage on the road of reconciliation and friendliness. In spite of all the difficulties which still are to be faced, in spite of all the problems which still must be settled, this visit demonstrates how greatly Europe has changed—how, little by little, since the month of August, 1924, when the Dawes Plan was accepted, the political atmosphere of the continent has altered for the better."

Only Soviet Russia—not invited to Paris to be one of the original signatories of the treaty and left to adhere later if she choose—is disgruntled over the whole affair. The official "Izvestia" of Moscow charges that this is an intentional move to delay Russian participation. Until the first fifteen signatories ratify the compact, it argues several years may elapse, and meanwhile "the nations will be divided into two categories—the clean and the unclean. The clean will be the participants in the compact and the unclean the non-participants—South America, Spain, Turkey, the Scandinavian countries, the Balkan countries, and Lithuania."

"Regarding the method of adhesion by the Soviet Union, Washington considered it necessary to make a special explanation. This aims to simplify beforehand the formalities involved in the Soviet Union's participation, not from the point of view of facilitating this step but from the point of view of avoiding a change in the existing relations of the Soviet Union and the United States. . . . The new conditions for joining the compact bring out still more obviously the desire of the participants not to admit the Soviet Union and disclose the anti-Soviet edge of the celebrated treaty to outlaw war."

What the Country Is Thinking

Mr. Hoover's Speech

By ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT

AS the curtain rose on the quadrennial play we call the esidential Campaign the central fig- e on the stage was Herbert Hoover. id his were the opening lines. If you ould try to form an idea of what he id by reading the press comment on it you would get something like is:

Mr. Hoover spoke as a representa- e American constructive genius, but practical genius there was in his eech not a sign. He came out as an owed partisan, but his words were t the glorification of party but the nouncement of a philosophy of pub- service. There was in his speech doubt, no evasion, no attempt to be utral; still, it should be added, on two chief issues it was elusive, gue, and anything but constructive. n farm relief he seemed to be rather oping but started in the right direc- on, at the same time he had surren- red to the organized agrarians. He id no plan for farm relief, but his rm plan was definite. He almost abbed Smith's prohibition plank, but ade it easy for Smith to appeal to the untry on the wet issue. His speech as a prohibition straddle, yet he did me out pretty strongly on the dry de; and on this subject was concise, sitive, unqualified; indeed, even those ho disagree with him in this must knowledge that he rose to fine heights nd was unequivocal and courageous. here was nothing in what he said that ad a trace of Jefferson, Lincoln, Wil- n, or Roosevelt; yet there was a hord of idealism in it that reminds one f some Wilson doctrines, and except or the Wilson State papers nothing of ne kind for a generation has been bet- r. In short, Mr. Hoover's Speech of cceptance was specific, uninspired, irect, trite, and forceful.

From these comments, which I quote lmost word for word, I infer that as rule Democrats are against the Re- ublican candidate, while Republicans re for him.

One Southern editor calls Mr. Hoover's pronouncement that of a high ressure salesman. If it was, there is ertainly in the editorial offices of the ountry a great deal of sales resistance.

Yet there are signs that political ales resistance is breaking down. Some ditors are actually saying that there is not much difference between the parties, that both Mr. Hoover and Mr. Smith are able, courageous, honest men, each worthy to be President, that bolts from the parties are wholesome signs, and that, in the words of the Chicago "Daily News," "This is a period of open minds in politics."

There are some words that seem to start editorial adrenal glands working. One of these is "prohibition." I do not refer alone to those who regard "prohibition" as something sacred and not to be questioned. I refer also to those who regard prohibition as something sacrilegious and not to be tolerated. If before this campaign ends the emotions subside, we may yet have a campaign of education. The very use of the terms "wet" and "dry" with their connotations is confusing. Why cannot a man be neither "wet" nor "dry" but simply concerned to get at the best and most practicable legal method of dealing with an ancient evil? But as I read over the editorials on the subject I seem to find only "wet" papers and "dry" papers. It is clear that the question is not settled. If it were it wouldn't be discussed so hotly. There is now, for instance, raging a discussion over "nullification." The New York "World," which is Democratic, declares that we have been nullifying the Constitution all through our history; and the Chicago "Tribune," which is Republican, declares that the American people believe in nullification. At the same time the St. Louis "Post-Dispatch," which is as "wet" as either, says, "So long as that Prohibition Amendment remains in the Federal Constitution, any effort to evade it, modify the enforcement laws by permitting the manufacture, sale, or transportation of more or less intoxicating liquor, or to nullify it by any sort of legislation, is a mere makeshift." And it calls on Governor Smith, since he is opposed to Federal prohibition, to come out unequivocally for the repeal or substantial change of the Eighteenth Amendment itself. That, it declares, will make the issue clear.

Similarly there is a demand in the newspapers of the country that the farm issue be clarified. Mr. Hoover is against the very principle of the equalization fee. Governor Smith is against the fee but apparently in favor of the principle. The Baltimore "Sun" says that Governor Smith is on dangerous ground. Before this is read Governor Smith will have discussed the farm problem; but it is this question which public opinion, as represented in the newspapers, will want answered.

There is one other question that is going to interest increasingly the people of the central and far West—and that is the waterway from the Lakes to the Atlantic. The "Rocky Mountain News," one of the liberally-minded newspapers in the Scripps-Howard chain, says that New York City and New York State are opposed to the St. Lawrence waterway "because they fear it might interfere with the traffic of the New York port." Mr. Hoover is committed to it. The West wants that water way—an international route. That is one of the issues that a part, at least, of the country is thinking about.

And it is thinking about Tammany.

I have found in the press no sympathy for Dr. Straton and his sort of attack on Governor Smith. The prospect of a debate between this famous fundamentalist and the forceful Governor of New York has been anticipated—I am afraid vainly—as another Tunney-Heeney fight, with the doctor in the rôle of Heeney. But Tammany has a bad name and yet has been praised by the Governor. Some newspapers—not supporting Smith—have explained that other city machines have at times been as bad as Tammany at its worst. Yet the doubt remains. There is no tendency, so far as I can see, to ascribe to Governor Smith the character that has been fastened on Tammany itself. William Allen White's charges got surprisingly little sympathetic attention in the press. His retraction, in fact, got more. But yet the country is thinking about Tammany; and the tiger figures in cartoons.

There seems as yet little interest in the big question of power control, and still less in what the New York "Telegram" calls the deadly dull but important issue of the tariff.

And so the country awaits what Governor Smith has to say.

From the Life

The Stolen Baby

By IBBY HALL

SEVERAL years ago, a little girl in a big city was adopted by a woman who had no children of her own. Perhaps, as she grew older, the child was haunted by a baby she could not remember—a little baby without parents. For by the time she was nine years old the little girl found herself very much troubled by her need for a baby.

When she was little, dolls had been all very well. A child of three, or five, or even seven, may be fooled into thinking that dolls are enough. But now that she was nine, she knew better. Dolls are a lie. You look at them and let yourself pretend. The way their little dresses fall about bare knees—the way their little round heads are bent and their arms are held out to you—hurts you somewhere, with joy. The little girl would close her eyes and swallow, for the hurt of looking at them.

But she knew better. They would never move at all. They would never look at her. Much worse—if she snatched them up wildly to hold as closely as she needed—they were hard and ungiving.

"I want a live meat baby," she would say desperately, and put them down.

For a long time she had hoped and trusted that the Power that managed such things would send her a sister. She watched the household narrowly. For years and years she had watched, but there was never a pleasant undercurrent of excitement such as she had noticed in other families, no silent language of looks, raised eyebrows and strangely shaken heads; no day of disorder and importance and wonder. Never a baby.

Now that she was nine, she would soon be grown up, and grown up people have different feelings. She knew. She had felt those feelings all around her, like waves. Or like emptiness. They acted busy and important over babies, or else they paid no attention to them.

She, herself, wanted to touch and hold a baby. She had never seen them trying not to cry from the curious tight happiness that squeezed your stomach when you pressed your cheek into a baby's neck. After nine, she would probably never feel this way again.

The child needed no companion when she went for her daily walks. The big city that lay around her was an old and well worn story. She never went very far from home, for she had no need to. The rest of the city was all alike.

It was on a summer's afternoon that the child of nine started her usual round. The stores first—though she knew them by heart. She walked slowly. The green grass and blue water would wait for her in the Park. She had plenty of time to see what might be new in the windows.

The windows held the same things they had always held. It made her feel tired and weary just to look at them. She wanted something that would make her feel as light as air—as though she could dance around the world on tiptoe. She wanted something alive to play with.

In front of one of the stores, she lifted her eyes and there in front of her was a baby. She stared at it quite steadily for a few moments without moving. It might have come right out of the air into that crowded street, in answer to her wish. It might be a miracle. The little girl shut her eyes and opened them again very quickly. Yes, she was still there, in front of Woolworth's five and ten cent store. She drew a great breath and looked again at the baby.

The baby was in a carriage and the carriage was standing close to the store window. It wasn't a very small baby, nor a big one. Not a year old yet, she was sure. It was turning its head about and crying softly.

The little girl bent over the baby, and the baby stopped crying and stared at her. Its eyes were full of tears but it stared right through them.

It was hers. It was hers for the taking. She felt sure of it. If she should push it a little way down the street, and no one spoke sharply to her—that would be proof.

She tried pushing the carriage, a few steps only; then she waited. But no one appeared. People jostled past the little girl with the baby carriage and never noticed her—the baby began to cry again, so she pushed it a little further. By the time she reached the crossing her knees were weak and shaking and she could hardly breathe. In no time at all she had reached the Park—she had found a tree—she was lifting the baby, her baby, out of its carriage.

She held the baby close to her, in the first still moment, and could have died of happiness. It was warm and living against her body, and pushed its little knees into her stomach.

The grass beneath the tree was soft and shaded. She slid down carefully and settled the baby on her lap. She knew it was a little girl; it was so gentle and pretty. They looked candidly into each other's eyes. They had a secret.

For a time, they played together with the leaf shadows that fell around them—with the sun on the water—with the great things on wheels that rolled past the Park. Then the baby began to cry.

It was all right at first. The little girl rocked her in her arms, she pointed out all the funny things, she sang all the songs she could remember. But the crying wouldn't stop—something dreadful must be the trouble.

It was when the sobbing was most dreadful that a motor-car drew up suddenly nearby. Two men and a woman stepped out of it and the woman began running as though she were crazy, while the men followed slowly. The child's heart choked her all at once, for they were coming straight to the tree.

Before the little girl knew what had happened, the woman had torn the baby from her arms. She was holding it even more tightly than the little girl had held it, and saying excited things over her shoulder to the two solemn men.

The car at the curbstone was a police car. The two men were detectives. The little girl knew her city well enough. But she held her ground in despair. She watched her baby, once again in its carriage, wheeled rapidly away from her. She stood up in front of the detectives and knew she would be arrested. But she refused to cry.

She tried to answer all their questions—she tried to tell them why she had done it.——When she finished, she thought her heart would break.

The detectives were quiet men. They didn't say very much. Instead they drove her home and left her there.

But what would she do now for a baby?

The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

T was only a question of time, of course. But the bitter, devastating elist, Mr. Hecht, has turned sentitalist, at last—assisted, temarily, by Mr. Charles MacArthur. nd yet who can blame either of e gentlemen?

rom time immemorial—or at least r since Fleet Street became famous he drama and romance of what used be called Journalism has gripped youthful soul of the aspiring writer. his heart of hearts, every reporter hoped some day to write the great el or play of newspaper life. Even fact that journalism has deerated into the humdrum newspaper iness has not dispersed the glamour ich surrounds the subject.

Wherefore it is not surprising that n Hecht and Charles MacArthur uld try their hands at it. The racle is that they have done it to the isfaction of nearly everybody who seen their effort to date; including, must suppose, Jed Harris, producer, d George Kaufman, director.

At this writing, their play "The ont Page" deserves the title of oadway hit.

WIFT, galloping action; breathless dialogue, with the zip and crudity real life; banter and drama and the rills of ten years of existence as dinarily lived in press rooms, all teleped into two and a half hours on the mes Square theatre stage—this is he Front Page."

Plot? Very tenuous; the reporter, scinated for years by the game, ally quitting his friendly enemy, the anaging Editor, in order to enter the vertising business and marry the rl of his choice—only to have one of e greatest stories of his career reak" right before him and drag him ck into the thick of it again. This the kernel of it.

The Press Room in the Municipal urts Building in Chicago is the scene and telephones, revolvers, escaped iminals, sheriffs, policemen, detecres, rival reporters, scrubwomen, ncees, and even a good imitation of ayor Thompson: all these are present. l the familiar counters of the newsper yarn, including the suspense alays engendered by hiding a man in a sk or a closet.

But there is a difference, this time; s, there is a considerable difference between this one and the others. Reality of dialogue, for one thing; marvellous stage direction for another (the tempo alone is enough to induce a flutter in most theatregoers) and, finally, a distinct presentation of the genuine conflict in a man between the rival fascinations of the woman he loves and the newspaper publisher who challenges his masculinity, who symbolizes his ego.

This conflict is presented superficially, of course; and in the mood of comedy. But it is there as a reality, and a very genuine one, always underneath the action of the play, and saving it from sheer speed and manufactured plot. Every man has felt it, at some time in his career, and to the audiences of "The Front Page" it is at once amusing and authentic.

"But, dear, don't you understand—"

No, they never can, of course. And the girl in this case doesn't either.

MOREOVER, between Lee Tracy, as the reporter, and Osgood Perkins, as the publisher, there exists that curious bond, half affection, half antagonism, which holds so many masculine friendships together, and which shows itself usually in a desire to get what is known as a "beat up" on the other fellow: a practical joke, variation of the affectionate insult.

Added to this feeling between them,

LEE TRACY

is the undoubted emotional attachment which many reporters feel for the game itself: the excitement of the competition involved, the chance for ambition, the whole "game for the game's sake." The fascination which the newspaper game holds for Lee Tracy, the reporter, is made exceedingly vivid; until finally there is presented the picture of the journalist so keen on securing the big story, so enthralled by his own "news sense" that he will spend all his money —money he had meant for his impending honeymoon—and plunge himself angrily into endless difficulties, even keep his girl waiting at the train rather than let this opportunity slip forever; even though he has left the newspaper business, and is about to be married and go to another city.

Such stuff is pure romance, of course. And the whole "Front Page" is generously colored with it. It is the young man's dream of what the fascination of journalism ought to be. It is Ben Hecht's and Charles MacArthur's romance of journalism as they would like to remember it; a sort of memory of youth. Meanwhile it is presented with such a wealth of reality in detail, in language, in stage direction, that one is forced to rub one's eyes, upon emerging from the theatre, and reflect on the press rooms of today—just as they are, tonight, for instance!

ONLY then does the effect produced by the vigor of its imaginative force abate sufficiently to allow commonsense to draw its own unfevered conclusions. Well, no, you see instantly—such a night in a press room never was, on sea or land. But what a gorgeous excitement, what a magnificent riot, what a set of good fellows, what times, what stories, what extraordinary characters, what *bon mots*—Why, of course, what days those good old days WERE! Never will be any like them again!

Meanwhile Tammany Young emerges —in the part of the Mayor—as a better actor than ever. Which to any one who remembers him as the shifty contractor in "Rope" or as the lawyer who conspired with Mrs. McMullin in "Bottled in Bond" is saying a good deal. He satisfied us, in this present instance, almost as well as Osgood Perkins did, and better than Lee Tracy.

▶▶ The Movies ◀◀

By A. M. SHERWOOD, JR.

TALK about improvement! You never saw such improvement in your life as "The Terror" shows over all previous attempts at talking pictures. It's heartening, stimulating, and really rather thrilling.

"The Terror," for the benefit of those who have been letting their reading fall behind during the hot wave, is Warner Brothers' second 100%, all-talking movie. There isn't a subtitle in it. Even the credit titles at the beginning of the film have been omitted and their place filled by a highly dramatic gentleman, in evening clothes and a black mask, who appears before a curtain and announces, Vitaphonically, the identity of the director, the players, the authors, cameramen and chief musicians.

"The Terror" is a mystery-comedy-melodrama of conventional cut, based on a play of the same name by Edgar Wallace, which is said to have run for two years in London. It was not, we thought, as good as some others of the same type, but never mind. There were several practically hair-raising situations in it and no small amount of fun.

This latter was chiefly supplied by Louise Fazenda, who is funny when she speaks in identically the same way as when she doesn't. This famous Mack Sennett graduate proves, in "The Terror," that she deserves to rank with the best comediennes of our time. Her accomplishment is the more notable in that she lacks any previous experience whatever in the spoken drama.

Edward Everett Horton, in another comedy part, brings to the talking picture a rich and varied knowledge of both stage and screen. Were it not that his part is badly written in spots, Mr. Horton would at this moment be supplying Broadway with just about its best current characterization. As it is, he is called upon to be too silly and it mars his effort. John Miljan's part is also overdrawn but the laughs extracted from it by this former heavy are numerous, and reflect much credit upon his method.

As for the others, May McAvoy looks pretty and speaks very badly. Alec Francis contributes a performance in which a sure-footed movie technique is accompanied by complete lack of conviction in the delivery of his lines; he seems to be waiting, on every speech, for someone to tell him what to say next. Matthew, Betz, Otto Hoffman, Holmes Herbert and Frank Austin were mostly good, in small parts.

THE TERROR

Concerning the direction, Roy Del Ruth has done a difficult job very successfully except, we should say, for one glaring defect; the pace at which the entire action is played is just about half fast enough. It is well known that the motions of movie actors are far slower than those of stage actors; and that a deliberate tempo for comedy scenes has been proven effective, as in, for example, "Two Arabian Knights." But when dialogue is introduced all this is changed, forthwith. The characters appear to be uncertain at times whether to say something or to resort to pantomime, as of old; the general effect of this phenomenon is to make the action drag badly. With this criticism all adverse comment on the actual movie and Vitaphone work in "The Terror" must end as far as this review is concerned.

Plot deficiencies there are, to be sure—and they are entirely beside the point. That same "improvement" to which we made allusion above is perhaps best conveyed by calling attention to the fact that our objection to the tempo is the only fair objection we could possibly make to the picture as a whole.

Stand by, ladies and gentlemen of the movie audience, for some startling developments in the mimic world and while you're doing so give a couple of hours some time to the foretaste of them as valorously served up in this pioneer picture. Go and see it, and leave your sales resistance at home.

▶▶ *"The Perfect Crime"*

The R.C.A. (Radio Corporation of America, in case you didn't know) also has a sound recording device, called the Photophone. This mechanism was used, rather ill-advisedly, to liven up certain sequences of a photoplay called "The Perfect Crime." Now, the Photophone is absolutely O.K.; smoother perhaps than the others. But unfortunately, they forgot to synchronize sight and sound in "The Perfect Crime."

Dr. Charles Benson, the world's greatest detective, retires from the sleuthing game. He plans a "perfect" crime and commits it himself, just to see what will happen. He is not suspected, but an innocent young husband and father is, and Benson has to give himself up, or see the y. h. and f. go to the gallows.

It is during the trial of the young scapegoat that the Photophone sound is off; the result is not impressive.

Verdi and Shakespeare

By EUGENE BONNER

HE recent revival at the Dresden Staatsoper of that rarely heard work of Verdi, "Macbeth," brings mind the somewhat curious fact that to the present date, it has remained a Latin, and not one of the Northern es, Saxon or Anglo-Saxon, to pro- e the best and most successful operas ed on the works of the great Eliza- han.

It seems strange that one of our rman musical brethren appear to ve been able to draw inspiration m some of those mighty dramas. Of rse there's that early work of chard Wagner, "Das Liebesverbot," nded on "Measure for Measure," oduced for one performance only at gdeburg in 1836 with Wagner him- f conducting. That opera was, wever, a dire failure, and the second rformance, although announced, ver took place.

There is also that very amusing and arming work of Goetz, "The Taming f The Shrew," which was done at the etropolitan Opera House in New rk in 1916 or '17, but the book so far parted from the original that it could arcely be called a Shakespearean era in any sense of the word, although yone who saw the delightful foolery Margarete Ober, Clarence White- ll and Johannes Sembach in the piece, ill remember what a breezy affair it as.

Of course several English composers, was to be expected, have had a hack at the Bard, but with the ex- ption of the late Sir Charles Stanford one of them succeeded in producing a ork of distinction. The "Much Ado bout Nothing" of this composer, not- withstanding the fact that it had a con- iderable success when given the two erformances allotted it at the time of s production in 1901 at Covent Gar- en, was not repeated and is practically nknown outside of England, and none oo well known there, which is a pity s it is immeasurably superior to a great eal of the trash which seems to find its ay so easily onto the Metropolitan nd Covent Garden stages.

Then there's the "Romeo et Juliet" f our old friend Gounod, who while he lidn't massacre the Shakespeare work o the same horrible extent that he did he "Faust" of Goethe, still didn't succeed in turning out anything better than a sentimental hash, agreeable enough when done by very great artists, but terrible otherwise.

It remained for Giuseppe Verdi, an Italian, to produce at the ripe age of eighty what must undoubtedly be considered the finest operatic setting of Shakespeare—"Falstaff," founded of course on "The Merry Wives Of Windsor."

From beginning to end the work is a delight and, what is rare in adaptations of the kind, keeps to the spirit of the original and never once jars or irritates. In fact it does just the reverse, as having once become accustomed to the operatic version of this play, the original always seems to be to a certain extent incomplete; no matter how well done. How the composer at the age of eighty could have so managed to catch the atmosphere and humor of Elizabethan England is one of those mysteries whose solution is only found in the one word—Genius.

In "Otello," which preceded this work, he was equally successful, but then that was more natural, as while the original was in English, we must not forget that he was handling an Italian subject and writing in Italian besides.

Of course for both these works he had an incomparable librettist in the poet-composer Boito, and a good librettist is, as anyone well knows, a very rare bird.

In "Macbeth" which has just been given such a sumptuous revival at the Dresden Staatsoper, we have quite a different affair altogether. This opera with a libretto by Francesco Piave and Andrea Maffei, was first given at the Pergola of Florence in 1847. It was never a great success owing perhaps to the fact that the leading male rôle was written for baritone instead of tenor, tenors apparently being as much the vogue at that date as they are now. The opera was subsequently entirely revised for its production in Paris in 1865 and it is that version which is now being used in Dresden.

The opera is of course in the early style of Verdi, arias, cavatinas, recitatives and choruses, but for all that it has plenty of backbone to it yet. Once one gets used to Macbeth and Lady Macbeth conversing in melodious couplets, roulades and so on, the real dramatic value of the piece begins to impress itself on the listener. Some of the choruses, notably that at the beginning of the last act where the exiled Scottish nobles, driven from their homes by Macbeth, bewail their misfortunes, are very fine and in the case of the scene referred to extremely moving. Lady Macbeth has some rather heroic coloratura passages to deliver herself of in her sleep-walking scene, but as done by Eugenie Burkhardt of the Dresden opera it was very interesting and, strange to say, not as grotesque as one might think.

The opera follows pretty closely the tragedy as written by Shakespeare. We see Macbeth and Banquo accosted by the witches who make their prophesy in the first scene just as in the play. Then the scene where Lady Macbeth receives the letter from her husband, her determination to let nothing interfere with the realization of the witches' prophesy, the arrival and reception of King Duncan and his murder, and the scene between the two, Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, where she persuades him to "remove" Banquo and his son as well. As the note on the program puts it "Die Lady triumphiert."

From then on till the end, the opera wends its own melodious and, curious as it may seem from a perusal of the score, dramatic way. Of course in an opera of this sort the manner of its production can either make or kill it. In the case of the Dresden production, the handling of the crowds, the costumes and above all the superb settings in the modern manner, make one forget completely that it is not a much more modern affair.

So unless some enterprising English or American composer is able to make the musical world listen with a certain degree of respect to a work based on some one of the great dramas attributed rightfully or wrongfully to the deer-poacher from Avon, the honor of having written the best opera (in this case operas) drawn from the works of Shakespeare must go without the slightest hesitation to an Italian—Giuseppe Verdi.

The Argentine Threat

By HERBERT REED
(Right Wing)

WHAT is probably the most serious assault on American polo supremacy will be launched by the flying horsemen from the Argentine on International Field at Meadow Brook, beginning September 8. While officially the games will be for the championship of the two Americas, unofficially the winners will be world champions for the year. There have been other expeditions from Buenos Aires, to be sure, but the team was compelled to enter for the Open Championship, and so far has never met an official American Big Four. On the occasion of the first expedition the visitors won the Open title, and then played three of the then extant Big Four, with James C. Cooley at No. 1, replacing L. E. Stoddard, who had been injured in one of the practice games. The Argentines were beaten by a narrow margin. Undoubtedly this was not potentially as strong a team from the Pampas as the present outfit. And then, too, the visitors undoubtedly asked a little too much of their mounts, good as they were. This time both players and mounts have been carefully nursed. While L. L. Lacey, the ten-goal back, had been playing in England, the others, Arthur Kenny, J. D. Nelson, John Miles and Manuel Andrada, the spare man, came straight to this country and have been quietly practicing without letting out many real links, and disregarding score, since the middle of July.

It is apparent that the real strength of the challengers will not be shown until the first international match. There have been flashes of superb play, coupled with periods when the visitors did not look so strong, and were quite obviously practising team play and passing. There is no doubt that some of this passing will be better than anything the new Big Four made up of W. Averell Harriman, Thomas Hitchcock Jr., Malcolm Stevenson, and Winston Guest, can produce, good as they are. There is no doubt, too, that the Americans will be hard put to it to match the horsemanship of the Argentines, that all but reinless riding that is the mark of a lifetime in the saddle, of in a word, "horsemastership" as distinguished from mere horsemanship. In saying this, there is no reflection on the American brand of horsemanship, simply that with rare exceptions our polo men do not get started quite so early in life, and are not in daily contact with the string that is to be played in international matches. The new Big Four has an advantage over some of its predecessors, however, in the fact that in the nature of its personnel it includes players who have made at least a hobby of raising and training their own strings.

Perhaps the greatest surprise in the selection of the new Big Four (and a pleasant one it is) is Averell Harriman's success in making the team. Nothing but extreme persistence has brought him through. Superbly mounted as he is he has always been able from time to time to slip the opposing back and get into the clear, but until just on the eve of the selection of the team his attempted scoring shots were faulty. Fed by Tommy Hitchcock, who hits the longest and most accurate ball in polo, Harriman had only to get out on the end of the drive and slip it through the posts. This he has at last learned to do, apparently having taken a long leave of that overanxiety that was wont to trouble him. There is little to be said about Hitchcock, the American captain, for gilding the lily is a waste of effort, and in his own position Mike Stevenson is right in his class. Here are two ten-go men, the highest rating in the gallo ing game. Both are uncanny fie generals and can pass easily a rapidly from attack to defense, or vi versa. With the addition of Winst Guest, 6 feet 4, and weighing arou 185 pounds, the selection committ came as close as it could to replacin the mighty Milburn.

Acme

F. W. C. GUEST

In backfield play the tradition in th country has been built upon hard ridin off of the opposing No. 1, terrific hi ting, and the ability to come up throug to the scoring positions. In a wor a big and husky player was needed, bu with the ability to fit into the flexibl generalship that has always marke America's brand of play. I should hav said North America's, for practicall the same flexibility is in evidence i the work of Nelson's team. The com bined handicaps of the new Big Fou run to 32 goals, which is a fair indica tion of its quality. The Argentin total handicap will run about the sam The international matches, however, ar always played on the flat, so the handi caps are interesting only as giving a idea of quality. The perfect tea would be a 40-goal aggregation. How ever, there have been times when 32 goal teams have played 40-goal polo The reason for this, of course, is tha the two teams are up on the best pol ponies in the world, and that makes vital difference.

The men from the Pampas are al well known to our own polo people, al though Arthur Kenny, the new No. 1 has never before been to this country But Hitchcock played against him f France and England in 1924. Needless to say, perhaps, that the Ameri cans who have studied his play have wholesome respect for his beautiful rid ing and expert goal hitting from al around his mount. Even the fact tha he wears glasses does not seem t bother him much. They are of the in destructible type, but of course, occa sionally do become fogged. Nelson i one of the best No. 2 men in the game and he and John Miles work out fascinating passing game designed t get either Kenny or Nelson into th open. They are not afraid to breal the traditions by passing directly acros the field, which is not recommended i the books on technique. This passing

Underwood
W. AVERELL HARRIMAN

or that very reason is most effective. Lewis L. Lacey at Back, needs no introduction to followers of the galloping game, for he has played here before both with Argentine and British international teams, being eligible for the latter because of his Canadian birth and service with the British in the world war. However, he is a resident of the Argentine, his father having moved there when he was three years old. He is one of the great masters of strokes now playing. His play fell off for a time due to an injury, and his handicap was lowered for the moment, but he is now back at ten goals due to his play in England this year.

Compared with our own players this is a comparatively light team. The mounts, however, are somewhat bigger than they were two years ago, and all these men can give a good account of themselves when riding off. Lacey himself, the field general of the four, will not weigh much more than 145 pounds, and where he stores away the power with which he makes his strokes is a puzzle. The Argentines are given to what is known as the "hanging" mallet. That is, instead of carrying the weapon upright when coming on the ball, they swing it to the thrumming of the horses' hoofs. Whether it helps much in the timing the Argentines themselves say they do not know. It is an unconscious habit with them. However that may be it adds to the grace of their stroke. For that matter every move they make is graceful to the last degree. The actual technique of riding and shot-making is so much a matter of second nature that they have plenty of time to think at the gallop about their relative positions on the field, and to work out the very highest form of combination play.

The date of the opening match, originally set for Labor Day, had to be changed, because of minor injuries to members of the visiting team, and because of the bad weather conditions that gave them fewer chances for practice than had been scheduled. They have not wanted to go out to win games, bringing the mounts to top form by easy stages, but up to this writing they certainly were short of work. But for that I should have no hesitation in feeling that they had at least an even chance for victory, with possibly just a little edge.

Because the teams play very close to the same style of generalship, and because both have scorers against whom there is no perfect defence, I look for fairly high scoring matches, with probably both sides going into double figures. There will be every possible attempt, from any part of the field to cut loose with Kenny and Lacey, with Harriman and Hitchcock, and at times making a path through the defense for Lacey and Guest to come through, both of whom will be dangerous anywhere within sixty yards of the goal.

Yes, certainly this fine team from the Pampas is dangerous. And this time it is coming at us with not only plenty of fire, which the Argentines have always had, but with cold calculation. Should this invasion be turned back defeated it will be a great feather in the hat of Tommy Hitchcock, who has taken over the leadership of American polo from the veteran Milburn. I think there can be no doubt that that leadership will be close to perfection in action on the big days, and there is always the chance that this still young star will do all but impossible things. But I doubt if this time any member of either team can play even a single notch lower than his best and come home with victory. So much has been said of Tommy's own personal prowess that it is pleasant to record the fact that he is an unselfish leader, and cares not a whit who makes the goals for his team so long as they are made. Certainly Harriman should be grateful for Tommy's persistent faith in him.

There is another angle to the coming matches that is interesting. The Argentines, while the best of sportsmen, have felt a little hurt that they have not been allowed to try for the International Challenge Cup. The powers that be, however, have felt that they could not violate the deed of gift that accompanied what was known in the early days as the Westchester Cup. It is practically admitted that Meadow Brook is the real center of the world's polo, and it is contended that the matches there should carry with them the title of world's champion, plus the historic cup. It has been pointed out that polo is coming along apace in Spain, and that India is preparing to send along another team. There are also Continental players who might well challenge. In a word, the idea is to have a tournament built on the basis of the Davis Cup in tennis. That is one of the fundamental reasons why the Argentines are so hungry for victory.

It has been customary for those of us who are far away to look upon India as the sporting-home principally of polo, pig-sticking, tent-pegging, and gymhkana. It will be a surprise to many that tennis has spread through that land like a bonfire. Bombay, Calcutta, Rangoon, and all the principal cities of that distant land boast of tennis courts and tournaments not by any means given over to the sole use of the Anglo-Indian. Rather, an attempt has been made to develop native players. There is no one in sight yet to take the place in tennis held by Ranjitsinjhi in cricket, but apparently it is not long before there will be.

Acme
A. J. KENNY
of the Argentine Team

To Merge or Not to Merge

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

THE story of mergers will constitute probably the most important chapter in the history of business during the next few decades. The urge to combine, of course, has not been limited to the strictly commercial field. Mergers of newspapers, charities, hospitals and even of clubs come with increasing frequency.

In no other field, however, is the question of whether to merge or not to merge of as vital an interest as it is in commerce and industry. Competition has grown so keen and the margin of profits generally so small that only the most economical producers and distributors can survive, let alone flourish. At present, the largest are usually the most economical.

At present the majority of American authorities believe that the size of the average organization will increase steadily. They point out that an overwhelming preponderance of the most successful companies recently have been giants—General Motors, General Electric and American Can, to mention three of the most famous.

David F. Houston, President of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, asserts confidently that "big business will become bigger. Big business of today is a pigmy compared with what it will be fifty years from now. No man had imagination enough fifty years ago to picture what business would be today, and no man today has imagination enough to picture what it will be fifty years from now. No man with whom I have been acquainted has had enough imagination to keep up with America in the conduct of his business.

"Big business, it is significant, is less feared than the little of thirty years ago and the bigger business of fifty years from now need not be feared if the present ethical tendencies of today improve as much in the next fifty years as they have in the last thirty."

A far from insignificant minority disagree very strongly with Mr. Houston's views but nearly all students of business will agree as to the important factors which favor further consolidations and those which tend to militate against them. The differences arise as to the relative importance which should be given to the various factors. Those favoring more and larger mergers are as follows:

1. Lower distribution costs. The problems of distribution are today of greater interest than those of production. America now can produce considerably more than she can consume and all businesses emphasize the necessity of finding markets for their products. At present, too many salesmen selling articles that differ very slightly in value and in price are covering the same territories. Two companies are spending, say, a million dollars apiece on advertising two products when, by spending two million dollars on one product, they could more than double the effectiveness of the advertising.

2. Lower production costs. The economies that arise from large scale production are familiar to almost everyone. The most efficient modern machinery is tremendously expensive and only huge organizations can afford to buy it.

3. More thorough scientific research. Unquestionably one of the chief reasons for the success of General Motors and General Electric is the vast amount of money which they have put into proving-grounds and laboratories. For corporations of moderate size, the maintenance of a staff of first-class research workers and the purchase of the necessary equipment for their work would be impossibly expensive.

4. The pooling of varied executive talents. It is seldom that even the ablest executive is a great buyer and a great salesman, a great advertiser and a great organizer, a great service man and a great financier. Only the biggest units can hire outstanding men in all these fields.

5. More economical financing. The public, in its present mood, prefers to invest its funds with big organizations. The mere size of a company today is an inducement to capital.

6. Stronger sales appeal. The attitude of the public, which makes it more ready to lend to a big corporation than to a small one, also makes it prefer to buy the products of a big corporation.

7. More stable price structures. Nothing dries up buying of any commodity much faster than falling prices. When they are held steady, all the sellers benefit and, as Mr. Hoover has pointed out repeatedly, it is to the terest of everyone that as many indu tries as possible should be at least re sonably prosperous.

The chief factors which limit co binations are these:

1. The tendency of any unit grow unwieldy as its size increase This tendency can be overcome in ma instances but it is always an influen that must be reckoned with. Sor corporations, indeed, have been forc to split up because they were over tended.

2. The advantages of concentrat leadership. Granted the benefits pooled executive talents, the fact r mains that one man can always lea more decisively than a committee. many cases, such decisiveness is prefe able to the better seasoned judgme of a group.

3. The dangers of monopoly. A yet, none of the tremendous busine organizations have abused their pow to any extent. But history shows th the possessor of excessive power usuall abuses it, sooner or later. This dang is acute whenever the units in industr "come to an agreement about prices.

4. The resistance of conservative to anything that looks like a fad—an some mergers have been consummate for no other very good reason than th widespread popularity of such combina tions.

5. The closer personal contact which small organizations can maintai with their customers. A customer en joys dealing directly with the presiden rather than a third vice-president, even though the latter may be a highe salaried and a more capable executive

6. The fear of executives that, i their companies came into a merger they would lose their jobs or be force to accept less attractive ones.

Reviewing the objections to mergers it can be seen that the danger o monopoly is the most serious. Obviously then, the number and extent of mergers in the years to come, as well as the size which present commercial and industrial giants will be allowed to reach will depend chiefly on the "ethical tendencies" which, according to Mr Houston, are steadily improving.

A Preface to Politics

By DIXON MERRITT

THE summer of 1902 was swelteringly hot along the lower reaches of the Ohio. At Owensboro, in Green River alluvium, they were facing streets with asphalt and there it up from it always a shimmering am permeated with the odor of minating gas from the disturbed and netimes punctured mains.

Two young Tennesseans of the sin, sick for the cold streams and blue distance of hill beyond hill, egathered about the middle of humid ernoons by the pickle barrel at the k of Rhinehart's grocery, where re was a sort of bated breath of lness from the brine, and refreshed h other with bits of Landon Carter ynes's tribute to their hills—"There ave seen the storm god after noony go take his nap in pavilions of rkness and of cloud."

They vowed, these boys in the amps with their hearts in the hills, t they would die at home though y lived in hell, that life should give m some respite at its end when they ld sit in shade that was not parched d feel breezes—cool breezes—come wn through the passes from the hills; t they would wear no coats, no eves and no collars—above all, no llars. But they had, each of them, at sort of ambition which drives ung men, as if by sword and fire, rough hardship and suffering with- t end. Before the promised day uld come, one of them must attain e heights in communication and the her in journalism. They stole those inutes of mutual aspiration, one from e managers' office at the telephone change, the other from the city edir's desk at the morning newspaper fice. They had never seen each other fore that summer. The bond beween them was their bluegrass hills. ne had begun his career as handy boy out the telephone exchange at arthage, the other as a scribbler of eighborhood news for the "Weekly emocrat" at Lebanon—thirty miles part. Now they were friends, friends s fast as Damon and Pythias, friends ho could never be separated.

Along in February of the next year, e telephone man was called from aithfulness over a small exchange to ulership over a large one. The newsaper man had received no call. The telephone man went away, from high to ever higher post, and the newspaper man plugged on in that town on the low-lying neck between the Ohio and the Green, plugged on there year after year until he came to love it as much as a man can love any place not his native home. And then, at last, the call came and he, too, went away to bigger if not better places.

The years run rapidly when once the stream comes clear of the lush grasses of youth. Soon a quarter of a century had passed since the friends ceased to meet at the back of Rhinehardt's (the stove was there in winter). Not once had their paths crossed.

The newspaper man, one day in New York, turned to his typewriter and wrote to the telephone man a brief account of his doings through those twenty-five years. Toward the end of it he wrote, "I am rebuilding the old home in Tennessee—and spending there all that I can spare of both time and money." Promptly, there came back from the telephone man in Denver an account of his quarter century of achievement. In it was this: "I bought back our old home in Carthage a few years ago. I have spent a lot of money on it. They say I am foolish, but I am going to spend more." No other letters followed.

This year the newspaper man reached his home in Tennessee on the Fourth of July. He had experienced, in Houston and New Orleans, heat which reminded him of Owensboro in 1902—of Washington and New York City in almost any year. He had his wife cut the sleeves off and the collar bands out of half a dozen shirts. His neighbors looked mild wonder at the new style, but he wore them.

After lunch last Tuesday, the newspaper man said to his wife: "One of the best highways in America runs to Carthage. Let's drive up there and see what Cordell Hull thinks about the political situation."

Along the way something reminded him of something and he said: "Do you know, Carthage is the home of that old telephone friend of mine who has been rebuilding an old house."

Yes, they told him in Carthage, the telephone man was home, puttering away up at that old house of his at all sorts of things that nobody else wanted.

The newspaper man went to the rebuilt house of the telephone man and knocked. A voice, still familiar, called from the back yard: "Come on through; I'm out here." And there he was—in a shirt with the sleeves cut off and the collar band cut out.

Let me name my characters now. The newspaper man is myself. The telephone man is Ben S. Reed, President of the Southern Bell Telephone Company.

Years make a difference. Ben's head is as white as a sheep. And he has the effrontery to say that I am bald. But we are we—and we are home, home where the streams run cold and cool breezes trickle down through the passes of the hills.

Of course we had to go back to Owensboro to start.

"Isn't it a great old town? I was there last year."

"Wonderful town. I was there last year, too, and wanted to stay."

Then the pickle barrel and our high resolve some day to come home and go without collars. I congratulated him on having the nerve really to wear a shirt with the collar band cut out.

"Yes," he smiled, "and the neighbors think I am putting on dog."

The foregoing is the preface to a political article. I think that, by my visit to Carthage, I discovered something significant. This—that big business is in a fair way of going for the Democratic candidate, Alfred E. Smith.

It is not easy to find supporters of Alfred E. Smith in and around Carthage. If the Congressman from the Fourth Tennessee District had happened to be out campaigning and the President of the Southern Bell Telephone Company at his office in Atlanta, I am not sure that I should have found one.

Carthage is a beautiful town full of fine people—comfortable, cultured, small town people. Ben Reed is the one big business man who has a home in it. And Ben Reed is enthusiastically for Al Smith.

I have seen other big business men in this region in the same frame of mind. I could make a list of their names. But I never liked catalogues —and I do like stories, particularly stories in which I am one of the leading characters.

Speaking of Books

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

The Road to Heaven

By HERBERT ASBURY

"In the Service of the King;" The Story of My Life, By Aimee Semple McPherson. Boni & Liveright, New York.

A CONSIDERABLE portion of Mrs. McPherson's literary effort, I believe, first appeared in the "New York Evening Graphic," a tabloid newspaper which has won great renown for the extraordinary vulgarity with which it presents the news. That is a much better place for it than between the covers of a book, for it is a typical tabloid production—a helter-skelter, bubbling, boiling, rhapsodic and frequently incoherent mess of religious platitudes and screeching exhortations, in which God is often mentioned but is quite overshadowed by the personality of the ballyhooing, go-getting evangelist whose frenzied forays against Satan have made her name a household word throughout the United States. As writing it is wholly devoid of merit, and if Mr. Mencken did not have a prior lien on the word I should be tempted to dismiss it with the observation that it is simply bilge. As an example of Mrs. McPherson's style, consider the manner in which she begins her opening chapter:

"Sand!

Gray Sand!

A wilderness of sand!

Lost in the desert—and night closing in!

'Help!'

'H-e-l-p!' I cried, as I stumbled over the wasteland.

'H-e-l-p!' came the mocking echo, growing softer and softer in the distance until it sobbed its way into the deathlike stillness of the desert dusk.

A drooping, forlorn, cotton-clad figure, I trudged falteringly into the swelling gloom, I wavered, staggered, scarcely able to lift one foot after the other. The heavy shoes, far too large for me, chafed burning blisters."

All of the chapters start like that, and all make just about as much sense.

Mrs. McPherson begins her autobiography with the story of the famous kidnapping case, in which she makes out an extremely strong case for herself, and then skips back to her childhood in Canada. Thereafter she rockets along in a swirling torrent of words, platitudes and generalities with the tale of how she rejected the hellish teachings of evolution, of the hardships she experienced as a young wife and mother, how she was converted and determined to save the world for Christ, and so became a missionary to the heathen, a tent revivalist, a confidant of the Lord and a healer of the sick, and finally founder and proprietor of the magnificent Angelus Temple in Los Angeles. There she now preaches to a weekly attendance of some 25,000 persons, and collects revenues fro them sufficient to have caused conside able disgraceful bickering between he self on one side and on the other h mother and others interested in t financial future of the Lord's temp But of these bickerings and squabblin there is no mention in the book.

Worthless as Mrs. McPherson book is as literature and as difficult it is to read, it has a very definite val as a clinical exhibit, and should be tr mendously interesting to students religious psychology. From its pag Mrs. McPherson emerges as emotiona gushy, theatrical and superficial— perfect specimen of the type of r ligious fanatic who has debased tr religion (if there be such a thing) a made it the laughing stock of intellige and civilized people. There is muc talk of faith in the Lord and of blin acceptance of such of His decrees His earthly ministers may see fit proclaim; and there are many accoun of people having been healed of fearf diseases by the Holy Spirit, with Mr McPherson acting as intermediar But there are no names, and one rea ing the evangelist's rhapsodic account receives a very definite impression tha had the Lord attempted such curr alone He would have been a flat failur

In common with all religionists o her type, Mrs. McPherson professes a intimate knowledge of Heaven, and o the correct road thither. The road, appears, can be traveled only by thos who subscribe to the "Four Squar Gospel," which appears to be an u questioning acceptance of Genesis, an blind faith and trust in the God of th Old Testament, the same Deity wh among other works calculated to prov His utter goodness, slew forty littl children for making fun of Elisha' bald head. More, Mrs. McPherso describes Heaven, and her conceptio is of a place of sensual, barbaric mag nificence, with "every gate of soli pearl. . . . The walls are of twelv different foundations, and are set wit precious stones—sardonyx, emerald chrysolite and beryl; the streets ar made of pure gold, refined until it as pure and clear as glass."

Obviously Heaven is quite a place a sort of celestial night club.

The Most Discussed Books

THIS list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by the following book-shops each week:

New York—Brentano's;
Rochester—Scrantoms Inc.;
Cleveland—Korner & Wood;
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort, & Barney;
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Company;
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company;
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.;
Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company;
Kansas City—Emery Bird Thayer;
Atlanta—Miller's Book Store;
Los Angeles—Bullock's;
Chicago—Marshall Field & Co.;
Cincinnati—Stewart Kidd
Portland, Oregon—J. K. Gill Company

Fiction

"Swan Song," by John Galsworthy. Charles Scribner's Sons. Read either as the last book of the "Forsyte Saga" or as an independent story, this masterly novel should please all readers. Reviewed August 1.

"The Bridge of San Luis Rey," by Thornton Wilder. Albert & Charles Boni. Those who have not yet read this beautifully written story have a delight in store.

"Beau Ideal," by Percival Christopher Wren. The Frederick A. Stokes Company. The third story of the Geste triology, which will be welcomed by lovers of the two which preceded it. The Foreign Legion in Africa once more supplies the theme. Not an atom of reality, but the action is exciting. Reviewed July 25.

"Brook Evans," by Susan Glaspell. The F. A. Stokes Company. This love story of three generations will touch and please any adult reader. It is tragic, truthful, and beautifully written. Reviewed July 25.

"The Cavalier of Tennessee," by Meredith Nicholson. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. This is the life of Andrew Jackson, perhaps the most romantic figure in American history, in fiction form. It is excellent reading for high school students as well as for adults. To be reviewed next week.

Non-Fiction

"The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism," by George Bernard Shaw. Brentano's. Almost every one will agree with G. B. S. this time; and any one with the patience to read his long book through will find it marked by his usual wit and wide interests. Reviewed July 4.

"Strange Interlude," by Eugene O'Neill. Boni & Liveright. This play, in which the dramatist steals some of the novelist's best psychological thunder, is as good to read as to see.

"Disraeli," by Andre Maurois, translated by Hamish Miles. D. Appleton & Co. You will enjoy this charming and vivid biography.

"Jesus, the Son of Man," by Emil Ludwig. Boni & Liveright. Readers of Ludwig's great biographies will be interested in this, if only to see how badly the biographer of Napoleon and Bismarck can fail. Reviewed July 25.

"Poems in Praise of Practically Nothing," by Samuel Hoffenstein. Boni & Liveright. If you enjoy light verse, this is the very best.

Two Temperaments

By RUTH SUCKOW

Woman Who Rode Away," By D. H. wrence. Alfred A. Knopf.
dren and Fools," By Thomas Mann. Alfred Knopf.

HESE volumes of short stories by two of Europe's most eminent novelists might be read as illusons in temperament. Mann, disionate, deeply and almost tragically pathetic, personally f; and Lawrence, ective, passionate, ven, now a vulgarian now a genius, perlly involved to the t of propaganda—so far apart in their ary generations, they ertheless point the h older contrast been the personal and impersonal, balanced llect and flashing inion, solid dignity and atic inspiration.

By far the most insting story in Thomas nn's volume is the t, "Disorder and rly Sorrow." It is, fact, the reason for volume, for the other ries are largely rents, dating from 1897 1911. None of Mann's rk could be negligible, —compared with this wer and longer story the earlier ones are arly so. They lack the rvelous delicacy of rception and technique at brings the almost angible subject matter "Disorder and Early rrow" to such a beauti clarity. Relatively, ver absolutely, they mechanical; while st noticeable of all, is ann's tendency in them let his great tenderss for the grotesque and the unfortute run away with him and overflow to rather too many tears.

But in that unusual and yet simply ld first story, all the finest qualities Mann's later fiction are apparent—s exquisite accuracy, his union of cool ntality and deep emotion, and above l his mastery of every phase—ctual, emotional, spiritual—of the rcumstances of his story which controls and envelops the whole. At first glance diffuse, the apparent irrelevancies resolve themselves into the most delicate detail to form the setting for the fine thread of central narrative. The chief character is a child, and this central narrative the story of the child's immature awakening. But as in Mann's great novel "The Magic Mountain," the values of the theme reach out far beyond the human simplicity of the character until they involve a whole phase of existence.

Reading D. H. Lawrence after reading Thomas Mann is like climbing a rocky path after walking a highway. There are occasional wonderful vistas, and there are chasms—and still worse, annoying little pitfalls of vulgarity. But the footing, if uncertain, is excitingly so.

By Courtesy of Messrs. E. Weyhe & Co.

"PONY TRACK AT LUNA"
Woodcut by Margaret Schloemann

Here in this latest volume is the queerest mixture of techniques, viewpoints and subjects. The manner goes all the way from the truly beautiful to a cheap slanginess that sounds like one of the many worst (not one of the ultrabest) of modern British fictioneers. Some of the stories keep well within the range of the human world; and of these the first, "Two Blue Birds," is one of the wisest. Lawrence's real passion, however, is for the darker depths. Frequently shoddy in prose, he is even more frequently splendid when he writes as a poet. There is fine poetry in such stories as "Sun," "The Border Line," and "The Woman Who Rode Away."

But it is in his feeling, not for human beings, but for the forces of nature, the darker and more Luciferian side of passion, that Lawrence is at his splendid best. This appears in fragments—lines and paragraphs. As a whole, the import of this type of Lawrence story is always a piece of camouflaged Lawrence spiritual propaganda. In this volume, the changes are rung—sometimes very subtly—on the subject of the mastery of the male. The title story is a fable. Even the marvelous descriptive passages are involved. Under the partial covering of the fabulous tale, Lawrence gives rein again to his peculiar fear of the power of women, his frequently hysterical emphasis upon the need for male domination to save this modern world in a Lawrencian savage sense. And, amusingly, he gives rein to his particular dread of the energy of American women. Two of his heroines are American women. One of them, "a dynamo," who had "all that terrible American energy," Lawrence delivers into the power of a Mexican bull-fighter. The other, still more finally, he offers as a sacrifice to the Indians, in order that the sun may once

more be greater than the moon, that humanity may regain "the mastery that man must hold, and that passes from race to race."

This is the high note of the Lawrence religion in volume number more than thirty. As in other Lawrence volumes, however, the religion may be discarded and the high, if uncertain, beauty of the writing retained. Lawrence is not the master of prose fiction that Thomas Mann is so indubitably. But he has a spirit of dark poetry abominable at its worst and at its best inimitable in his generation.

Making the Apostles Live

By EDMUND B. CHAFFEE

"The Glorious Company," By Tracy Migatt and Frances Witherspoon. Published by Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York.

"THE Glorious Company of the Apostles Praise Thee." In these ancient words the authors of this new book find their title. "The Glorious Company" by Tracy D. Mygatt and Frances Witherspoon is a suggestive and stimulating attempt to catch the real spirit and motif of the lives of that early band to whom Jesus entrusted his cause and gospel. These individual sketches are not exact history though they show wide study and critical insight; nor are they exegesis or theology but rather attempts to portray these half legendary figures as men of flesh and blood, "dauntless men who led lives of extraordinary interest and value." The authors have tried to find the psychological key to each of these heroic lives and they have called upon history, tradition and imagination to fill in the picture. The result is that these traditional, legend encrusted saints become real and living.

Glancing a moment at each pen picture drawn by the authors, these features stand out: Peter has not merely the rock-like character associated with his name, he has even more, a sureness of vision. He knew that Jesus was indeed the One. It was this spiritual insight which made him so favored by the Master. Andrew, as his very name indicates, was manly and valorous. It is men's discernment of this quality in him which has made him such a popular saint. Matthew, the tax gatherer, can be understood only as we remember his business and his renunciation of that business. Best of all the disciples he knew the way money poisons the soul. He knew that no man could serve both God and money. James, son of Zebedee, was ambitious for himself but he learned to be ambitious for the cause of the Master. Jude or Thaddeus was a shepherd and this fact seems to have helped him at times to grasp the meaning of Jesus more quickly than some of the others. Thomas, of course, the doubter, but this must not be remarked in disparagement but rather in understanding. It was his doubts which led him to the deepest thought on the ultimate problems and this thought led him to Jesus. It is fitting that this disciple should have become the saint of the Christians in philosophy loving India. Of James, the Less, we know only that he was one of three sons who had from his mother's lips the first tidings of the empty tomb. Philip and Nathanael or Bartholomew were great friends and their deep friendship for each other gave them insight into the meaning of the Kingdom of Love proclaimed by Jesus. The key to the life of Simon, the Zealot, is found in the rejection of force. He was an out and out opponent of war. He had seen the folly of the old Zealot way of violence and he was determined to work for Christ's Kingdom only by methods consistent with that Kingdom. And Paul, he also was an apostle, for he too had seen Jesus. He had heard Jesus' voice in the dying words of Stephen, "Lay not this sin to their charge." Once having found the way, Paul was not content to preach that Way to the Chosen People only. He saw that the gospel could be hedged in and confined by no bounds of race or nation. Finally, there was John, the beloved disciple; love was in truth the key to his life. We can well believe the tradition that as an old, old man he would only say, "Little children, love one another; there is nothing more." These are the twelve but our authors depict a thirteenth. Judas Iscariot is also included. He was chosen by Jesus. There must have been great qualities in him. He did what he did, as our authors see it, because of what our psychologists are wont to call, "a complex." He was not a devil any more than most of us. In him but for the grace of God we may see ourselves. The reader may well ponder this sketch.

This is a book to meditate upon. Possibly the authors did not intend it but they have written a book which the genuinely religious may use as a devotional aid. It is not a "devotional book" in the usual sense of that phrase, but it will give the religious man a much richer content when he meditates upon that glorious company of those who first knew the Christ. It is fine done. It is good for the soul.

"So It Ended"

By DANIEL ROBERT MAUE

"Lord Grey and the World War," by Herman Lutz, translated from the German by E. V Dickes. Alfred A. Knopf
"England's Holy War," by Irene Cooper Will Alfred A. Knopf
"Locarno: The Reality," by Alfred Fabre-Luc translated from the French by Constan Vesey. Alfred A. Knopf

IT'S a fine eye for complements th Knopf people have in simultan usly bringing out three auth from as many countries recently co cerned with tossing about missiles mo deadly than words. And, also, an e for timeliness.

Hermann Lutz, for the Germa camp, in his "Lord Grey and t World War" tells who assisted h country in starting the bloodshed; Iren Cooper Willis, for the critically minde of the English, in "England's Hol War," by endless newspaper quotation points out how the Liberals kept high flown ideals sopped in gore; and Alfre Fabre-Luce, for the French, or perha just for himself, in "Locarno: Th Reality" outdoes the other two author and offers up an idea for doing awa with present European troubles and th further possibility of blood-letting.

Summer has come, and school is ou however; consequently the Lut volume for a while may go a-beggin for those readers who still maintain a academic interest in the more direc causes of the World War. (Anyway we are supposed to forget all abou the causes.) Being an able docu mentarian and foot-noter, he has pro duced an efficient reference book on th many sins, omitted and committed, o Sir Edward Grey, now Viscount of Fal loden. As a major incidental he show the small part Germany really took i bringing on the actual hostilities. Tru enough, and yet Herr Lutz is somewha ungentlemanly and obviously bitte about the manner in which he heap blame upon the hapless Grey.

With its hundreds of foot-notes tag ging each chapter, the work runs t completeness commensurate with th date of publication. In his final page Herr Lutz becomes more gentle and offers up a prayer looking to English clear-mindedness.

Irene Willis succeeds in better holding down her temper. In newspaper "leaders," in telling quotations, or even in verse of the time, she tells almost as much about the war as does Herr Lutz

primary concern lies in showing the English liberal thinkers fell the error of starting a "Holy that once made holy had to be holy. She places the necessary ings and toga upon "A. G. G.," London "Daily News," but does il to clothe adequately the Liberal mander-in-Chief" H. G. Wells, g others of the English, and to some attention to the raiment of wn Woodrow Wilson.

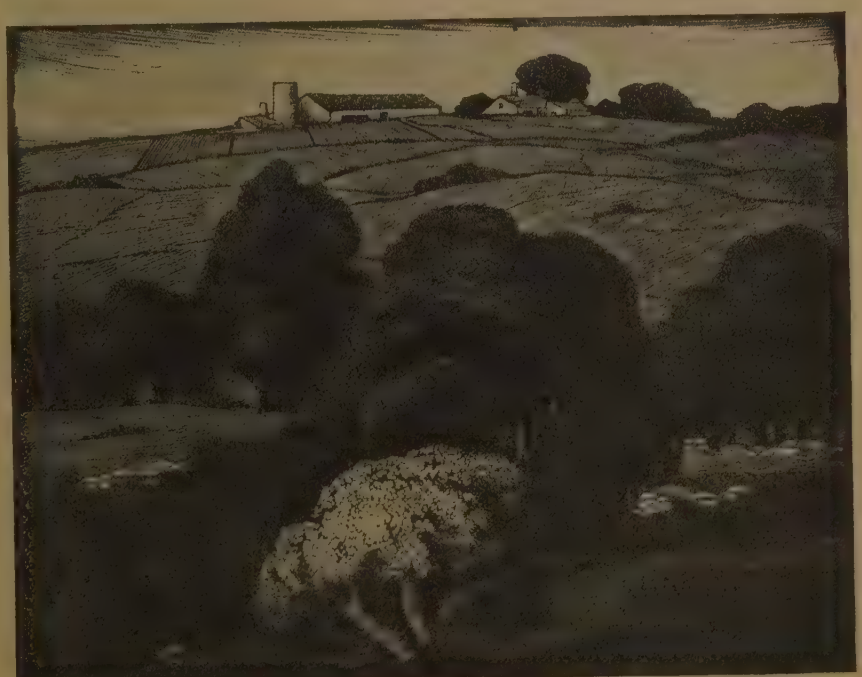
e Englishwoman gratifies a long- eed when she reveals the author- of so many of our slogans; such A war to end war," "Setting the l to rights," "A war of the mind," 'Can the Kaiser," which last turns be purely American. She neglects *Gott mit uns,"* which came to this ry on so many belt buckles. Her ry style leaves room for an occa- l chuckle over the whole mess, ut, however, detracting from the ght-provoking side of her work. before she has reached the lucid ter on "Perplexities" following the istice, she has completed her study he English war mind—which is ly any other mind of any time.

ow in his book comes Alfred Fabre- with the somewhat unexpected of a *rapprochement,* a political, omic, and possibly militiary alli- between France and Germany. ocarno, the Conference, is hardly Frenchman's subject. Locarno, policy, to him means more than the gathering of statesmen; it means foundation upon which to build with itual truths. Changes this side of , he says, "call for new instru- ts." It is his idea that an alliance ered by France and Germany, ugh the League of Nations, can to enduring European and world ty permitting "progressive union, in the limits prescribed by economy psychology." The Interallied ts are due for cancellation "because have no productive counterpart." Having prescribed, M. Fabre-Luce is to and, under the title "Learn or ish," makes a noteworthy plea di- ly to the French, so long accus- ed to the habit of belligerent think- Old fires die in the flood of ideal- . The scholar writes an entire pter "Against the Utopists," even he must know that he writes for the who can see as clearly as he. Our tesmen are not up to it, the majority not be, and those of us with the essary ability simply refuse to be pestered. In respect to some of his hopes, then, M. Fabre-Luce is himself utopian.

Two Novels

Romer Wilson calls the "Death of Society" (Knopf) a Novel of Tomorrow, but the book does not belong to the future more than to the past. It is outside time and geographical boundaries, even as its characters are "beyond good and evil." We have here a young Englishman who loves a beautiful Norwegian woman married and some years his senior. For one summer day, with the knowledge of Rosa's old husband, they permit themselves to imagine the destruction of society with all its claims and strictures. Then they part forever and resume their usual obligations: A simple and not very original story, whose brief outlines can give no conception of the beautiful Norwegian background which the author evokes with poetic significance, the subtleties of character portrayed or the ecstatic mood pervading the entire book. With the perception of genius Miss Wilson shows her hero, Rane Smith, half falling in love with Rosa's daughter, in his common-place normal personality, even while his innermost soul is aflame with his passion for Rosa. The "Death of Society" is a book for those who prefer poetic or philosophic truth to a plodding preoccupation with the actualities of daily life.

Hilda Vaughan uses the pungent Welsh dialect effectively in "The Invader" (Harper & Brothers), one of those rare volumes which make an American feel that his own, his native land, is not so bad after all. It appears that humble Welsh shepherds are just as hostile to the stranger within the gates as our own Ku Klux Klan, and that they can burn a barn or beat an unpopular citizen with all the fervor and efficiency of a Tennessee fundamentalist. It is a dour and unlovable people that Miss Vaughan portrays with so much honesty, sardonic humor and sympathy withal. Races who have had to wrest their meagre existence from the reluctant Earth, whether on the misty Welsh downs, or in the dark valleys of our Southern mountains, or along New England's rock-bound coast, have never been distinguished for their sweetness of nature, tolerance, or graciousness. There is a charming love story in "The Invader" and also a most amusing study of a spinster who utterly fails to recognize her only proposal of marriage, when she gets it, from a most eligible gentleman at that. This incident is not only original, but has a ring of truth. We fancy that a good many "born old-maids" need to have their proposal-consciousness awakened!



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Protestantism in Politics

(Continued from Page 685)

in them of God or the Church, nor is there any reason why there should be. For those articles are concerned with temporal affairs. By specific provision, the Constitution recognizes that the temporal Government it creates and sustains has no right to interfere with an establishment of religion or to prohibit the free exercise thereof. That obligation is mutual. Neither an establishment of religion nor the free exercise thereof has the right to interfere with the conduct of the Government.

THERE is not the suspicion of a shadow upon which the Protestant Church in America may base a claim of infallibility in temporal affairs. There is not a reputable shred of authority with which the Protestant clergyman may clothe himself in a garment of superior political leadership. There is not a self-respecting Christian layman of the Protestant faith in the United States today who does not resent the attempt on the part of certain of the clergy of his Church to dictate to his judgment on the political issues of the moment. That resentment is growing steadily as the attempt at dictation persists and even broadens its scope and its demands. Collateral to that resentment, there develops a scorn for the worldly intelligence and temporal judgment of the clergy that inevitably weakens their prestige and their influence in spiritual matters.

The lust of the clergy for temporal power, not the machinations of Antichrist, is the real menace to the spiritual dominion of the Protestant Church in America today, even as it was in earlier days to the Church of Rome.

A Dionysian in Concord

(Continued from Page 692)

man was an early riser and kept reminding himself during the day that he had urgent business on this planet. In fact, "in any weather, at any hour of the day or night, I have been anxious to improve the nick of time, and notch it on my stick, too; to stand on the meeting of two eternities, the past and future, which is precisely the present moment; to toe that line. . . To affect the quality of the day, that is the highest of the arts. Every man is tasked to make his life, even in its details, worthy of the contemplation of his most elevated and critical hour. . To be awake is to be alive. I h never yet met a man who was qu awake. How could I have looked h in the face?"

This ideal of life stakes itself on t conviction that man's latent capaciti are as yet unmeasured. Those of th faith find their actual capaciti limited, short-sighted, and drowsy, a therefore they seek to surpass the selves by bringing to birth in actuali the higher potentials of their ps chology. Thoreau knew that well, an a true follower of Dionysus, he aim high, for "in the long run, men hit on what they aim at."

As a model for the Dionysian li Thoreau approximates completenes for he reveals the norm of such a li in its critical, its working and its idea istic aspects. Furthermore, he d fended Dionysian conduct against tho who said that it neglected charity an due concern for social duties. H retort was utterly skeptical of th powers of human beings as they a (that is, in their present condition self-ignorance and self-love) to do an thing for the real good of their fellow He said what any student of knowin ones' self must say: "I am the wor man I know" and hence unless I c become "a worthy" my efforts to he other people are an impertinence an likely as not demoralizing from objective point of view. Thore therefore worked for self-perfection the belief that as he struggled towa it, he would automatically and only that way become an asset to his fello beings.

It is quite supererogatory to say th he did not achieve his ideals, for in the very nature such ideals continual recede from embodiment. The goo so clearly seen, is nevertheless at remote a distance that a lifetime—a Thoreau's life was comparatively sho —brings one only a league or two t ward it. Criticism accordingly dwel not upon the failure of the Dionysia in actualizing his ideals, but praises hi for steering his course by them as b the fixed stars of the heavens. It of greater profit to inquire whether th methods and means employed by th Dionysian were the most appropria ones for his immense and heroic desig and thus far these extremely practic matters have not been touched b American critics. For instance, the have not seriously tried to estimate th

(Please Turn to Page 720)

cked at Random

By Walter R. Brooks

isabeth Sanxay Holding's
he Silk Purse
Dutton

Archie was nice looking, and he knew enough to say "Please" and ank you," so Anthea married him, tried to make something out of him st what, wasn't very clear. Any- she didn't succeed. Kathie and elle loved him too, but none of them d shatter his politeness. So that r all nothing really happened, be- e you can't do much with a person is just polite.

Wallace Irwin's
yler and the Ladies
oubleday Doran

Lew had been a devil with the women in his youth, but when he started at 47 to sow a few early winter oats failed miserably. We thought it one of those things you never for- like swimming. Our guess is that r hadn't been such a devil after all. had thought about it too much, and probably talked about it in the until he had convinced himself, if his hearers. Anyway, he fails, and rns disgruntled to his wife.

Henry Wade's
e Missing Partners
ayson & Clarke

Strange discoveries following on the disappearance of Charles and James rden, partners in an old but shaky pping firm, including an excursion bootleggery from the British side. gets off to a slow start with the der wondering rather boredly if arles really did do James in, but tempo increases rapidly without rifice of credibility until the sur- sing finale. A completely logical t, but you won't guess the answer thout help.

Lewis Browne's
he Graphic Bible
Macmillan

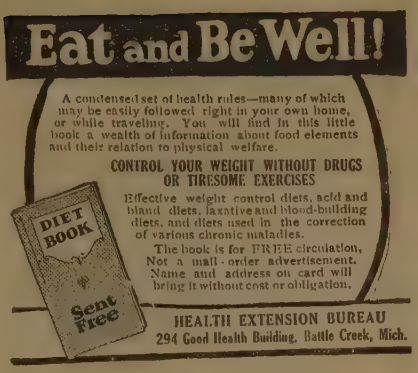
There are few books, whose action isn't completely psychological, that uldn't be easier reading if they were companied by maps and charts. The tion of the simplest story becomes nfused in the reader's mind, because is almost impossible to convey description alone any idea of pography. Undoubtedly the maps Wessex have made the novels of homas Hardy much more clear and joyable to their readers. Particu- rly is this the case with the Bible. Dr. Browne's maps are clear and simple, un-cluttered with superfluous detail. At a glance you have a clear picture of the geographical conditions which determined so much of the historical action of the Old Testament, as well as of the journeys of Jesus and Paul. A short narrative of the events goes with each map, of which there are about one hundred. This is by no means a substitute for the Bible, but a very useful and interesting supplement to it.

Octavus Roy Cohen's
The Light Shines Through
Little Brown

When John Avery disappeared, all his money went to the girl for whom he cherished a hopeless passion, Naomi Craig. Naomi married Don Logan. Then John did an Enoch Arden, with variations, and found that Don wasn't treating Naomi right. Also that there was a dark secret in Naomi's past, and that Don ruled her by threatening to reveal it. We waited expectantly all through the book for John to pound Don to a pulp, but although "the opening at the throat of his shirt disclosed a chest of mammoth proportions," John never hit Don once. Two hundred and ninety pages and not a blow struck. Neither amusing nor exciting, this book is not in the same class with Mr. Cohen's negro dialect stories.

Margaret Mead's
Coming of Age in Samoa
Morrow

In an endeavor to throw light on the study of the psychology of adolescence the author has conducted her investigation among the primitive youth of Samoa, thus eliminating many of the confusing factors of present day civilized life. Her work has unquestionable value for the psychologist, the data being handled carefully and presented logically, and the conclusions well-reasoned; but the unusual feature for a book on psychological subjects is that it is exceedingly well written and possesses charm. It seems a shame that the necessary prominence of sex in the treatment of the subject may prove a bar to the enjoyment by the general reading public of the absorbing recital of the intimate details of Samoan every-day life. The book will prove interesting and valuable to the student of psychology and attractive to any reader who does not object to the handling of natural facts with ungloved hands.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Ten-Fingered Hobby

(Continued from Page 689)

this instrument give me comfort and the antidote for as acute a case of green homesickness as ever had any seventeen year old lad fresh from home.

It was the piano (and Gilbert and Sullivan's "Patience") that gave me introduction to one of the friends I now hold most dear. I had but recently discovered the witty fantasy and beauty of this operetta and played it over and over again, front cover to back.

One rainy afternoon as I sat doing so, there was a knock at my door. I opened it upon a tall, dark youth whom I took to be a freshman like myself. He explained, however, that he was an upper classman, who had been passing my window.

He said that he too was a lover of Gilbert and Sullivan and had come in to see who might be playing the score of "Patience."

This was the beginning of many pleasant visits and experiences. My caller turned out to be a first rate amateur pianist himself (he also played the 'cello and sang a vigorous second tenor). He was taking the University's pre-medical course. Today he is a surgeon of much promise whose hobby like my own remains music. Many a happy evening we spent playing duets or solo.

Since I have left college and come to know the earnestness of earning my right to live in this competitive old world, my piano has come more than ever to be a precious part of my life.

It continues to make friends for me and to bring closer the old ones. Often I return home from a harrowing day's work. I will be dead beat. But after dinner I have but to sit me at the keyboard and my fingers will soon find an escape from the material worries and frettings, carrying me away on a wave of warmth and intensity that can come only from the perfect hobby.

Our Stammering State Department

(Continued from Page 688)

need lobbyists; but it does need intelligent public support and constructive public appreciation. It is not perfect, but the policies it administers are, on the whole, good policies and worth supporting. That they should not be supported is almost a calamity.

VARIOUS remedies have been suggested for this deficiency. Some of them are, perhaps, too radical to be possible at present; but some of them are entirely practicable. The first reform to be made is in the Division of Current Information. It should be authorized—and, if necessary, its appropriation increased for that purpose—to write a courteous and informative reply, with proper regard for official secrets, to every request for information received by the Department. Consideration and courtesy to the general public is the basis of intelligent publicity and the first step towards popular approval. The head of the Division of Current Information should be a man of high rank in the Department itself, qualified to speak with authority and to withhold information, when necessary, without clumsiness or stammering. He should, moreover, make it his business to cultivate through informal contacts a more accurate knowledge of the spirit and methods of our current foreign policy among editors, publicists, professors, and others interested in the exposition and analysis of international relations. This step is entirely within the competence and discretion of the Secretary of State, and would do much to rob the present system of press contacts of the taint of evasiveness, ignorance, and confusion.

Another step, and one which is even more important, is the regularization of the Department's relations with Congress. So long as the Senate shares, under the Constitution, in the conduct of our foreign affairs, it is futile to regard it as a rival to the Department or an obstacle to its policies. A high-ranking man—preferably of the rank of counselor of embassy—should be assigned to serve with the Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, *ex officio,* just as such a man might be appointed to serve with the Embassy at Rome, Tokyo, or London. He would serve, not as propagandist for the Department or lobbyist for appropriations, as under the present informal arrangement, but as an official liaison officer between the Senate in its executive capacity and the appropriate executive branch of the Government. If his duties justified, it might be found advisable to appoint one or two secretaries to serve with him to facilitate the work of the Senate and House committees and to obviate the clumsy formal method of calling for documents and summoning officials to testify. It would in no sense be the despatch of a diplomatic mission to the Senate; it would be putting the Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee in the position of an ambassador who heads, subject to his approval, a diplomatic staff assigned by the State Department. If it were adopted, it would mark a great step forward in the rehabilitation of the Department in the eyes of the public and of Congress. There is reason to believe that, though the move might be distasteful to some of the "social clique" in the Department, the older and more responsible officials would welcome such a solution of the present unsatisfactory system. Such an arrangement by its formal recognition of the Senate's diplomatic status would put an end to many minor misunderstandings and irritations between the State Department and Congress. This proposal could, however, be effected only through the action of the Senate and could never be directly proposed by the State Department.

The plain fact is that the Department is keenly aware of the handicaps under which it labors to win public support for wise and well-considered American policies. It it could, it would establish press bureaus in the various centers of population—probably one in each Federal Reserve district—and would maintain a staff of press secretaries at its diplomatic posts abroad, in order to end the condition of mingled ignorance and *non possumuses* which which have permitted our foreign policies to become the scapegoats of foreign propaganda and of domestic criticism. But it is unlikely that any so sensible a step can be taken in the near future.

Birth Control and the Law

(Continued from Page 687)

to that in New York, which spec "for the cure of disease." But M nesota leaves out the phrase "or vention"; an important restriction practice.

And what about other hospitals through the country? What is t policy when a woman comes one of their clinics who is with tuberculosis or heart disease diseased kidneys; so ill that ch bearing would be almost certa fatal? They charge her to avoid p nancy, and when she asks them h lessly, "What shall I do?" they sh their shoulders and say, "Find out yourself." If she comes back to t with child, they may go to the perate extreme of a therapeutic ab tion, if convinced that this is necessa if they err on the side of optimism may die. But they will not tell her simple means of prevention.

Few medical men have shown interest in ending this absurd and human situation, or in asserting t claims to freedom in the honest exer of their profession. One or two gest have been made. Largely through efforts of the Maternal Health C mittee the obstetrical section adopted a resolution recommending alteration of exisiting laws where necessary so that physicians i legally give contraceptive informat to their patients. But through sev annual conventions the general body the American Medical Association wrestled over this resolution, and it not yet been brought up on the fl The opposition has been due to factors; Roman Catholic sentim within the association, and no less cisive, that curious manifestation, m cal conservatism.

On the whole, one would say t the present laws offer the least of hindrances to the birth control mo ment. Even the Roman Cath Church, whose bitter opposition is familiar and far too long a story me to go into here, is probably not strongest enemy. In a much profoun sense it is the inertia of the medi gentry; the indifference of the inte gent classes, who enjoy the benefits family limitation anyway. Most of it is the ancient psychology of taboo; the inexplicable cycle of f running round and round from one p son to another, like a dog chasing tail.

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A Dionysian in Concord

(Continued from Page 716)

experimental method which is clearly valid as *a* technic of living, but may still not be the master technic of the art of living, but only an auxilliary. Nor has the American critic fully counted the cost of Thoreau's preoccupation with Nature. He came one night on the shores of Moosehead Lake to a profound conclusion about the Nature he loved as a poet and a scientist: there was no principle in Nature bound to be friendly to man. But—and in this he contrasts with the pre-occupation of Socrates—he was less absorbed in the study of human nature, and perhaps this was a fundamental mistake in his endeavor to fulfill his aspirations.

We must make the same allowances for Thoreau that we kindly make for ourselves. He was obliged to work without a map of life and the universe. He grew up without a central clue to the processes of experiencing and no one about him had any notion of either a map by which to travel or of a clue to the real meaning of the experiences of the traveler. Under the circumstances, he lived as nobly as he could: he used his mother wit, his commonsense, to guide him through this vale of perplexities: the by-products of his search were the only results. Curiously, though, his by-products were the very things that most men prize as ends and fail to reach. Among those by-products was health of the emotions.

Cheerfulness was his: a manly independence: fortitude. Something ab the timbre of his emotions calls to m Socrates, and one is thrilled to perce that intellectually also the comparis sustains itself, for Thoreau's ske ticism began with himself and inclu mankind and at the same time it w counterbalanced by the affirmation t it was desirable and right to lead philosophic life. The powers Socrates were larger and finer, and had advantages in his environment si the Pythagorean reformation had lost all its character even in the Athe of his lifetime. No such sources nutriment for the Good Life were be found in the Concord of 1850, yet can well call Thoreau, as he has ready been named, the Yankee Socrat

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